BRITANNIA surrounded by the SEASONS receiving their various *PRODUCTIONS.*

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THE

Lady's Magazine:

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

for the

FAIR SEX,

Appropriated solely to their

USE and AMUSEMENT.

Vol XXXVI for the YEAR 1805

LONDON.

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON,

N° 25 Paternoster Row.

73708

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JANUARY FOR 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 On New-year's Day, 5
2 On Matrimony, 6
3 The Romance of the Pyrenées, 9
4 On Roasting, 19
5 Animated Address to the Volunteers of Britain, 22
6 On Sensibility and Delicacy, 23
7 The Intrigue, 25
8 The Welsh Wedding, 30
9 Anecdote of Macklin, 31
10 Miscellaneous Thoughts, 31
11 Parisian Fashions, 32
12 London Fashions, 32
13 Account of the New Comedy called 'The School of Reform, or how to rule a Husband,' 33
14 Ladies' Dresses on her Majesty's Birth-day, 35
15 The Moral Zoologist, 40
16 Character of Mr. Gibbon, 43
17 The Country Town, a Comedy, 44
18 Modern Furniture, 46
19 POETICAL ESSAYS.—Ode for the New Year. On Viscount Dundee, who fell at the Battle of Killicrankie. Sonnet. Acrostic. 47, 48
20 Foreign News, 49
21 Home News, 52
22 Births, 55
23 Marriages, 55
24 Deaths, 56

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 An Elegant FRONTISPIECE.
2 For the Moral Zoologist—The JAY and CHATTERER.
3 A new and elegant PATTERN for a SHIRT, HANDKERCHIEF, &c.
4 Music—'INVITATION TO SPRING;' (a Variation from a favourite Prussian Air;) by W. BARRE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE essay signed Leonora is intended for insertion.

A. B.'s hint shall be attended to.

Mr. Webb's poetical communications are received, and shall appear in our next. We are sorry the piece he speaks of has been mislaid, but we cannot find it: if he will be so obliging as to send another copy, it shall certainly appear.

There are some good lines in J. T.'s poetical essay, but more incorrect ones.

We would recommend the *Effusions of Fancy* to the revision of the author.

The Maniac, the Soldier's Epitaph, &c. by J. M. L. are received, and shall have a place.

ADDRESS

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE revolving year has again imposed on us the agreeable task of expressing the gratitude which we sincerely feel for the liberal and unabating encouragement with which the LADY'S MAGAZINE still continues to be honoured by a candid and generous Public, and especially by our Fair Patronesses, to whose approbation and assistance, by their ingenious communications, we are so much indebted. Our assiduity and exertions have been unremitting, and our success has been suitable.

The original plan of this Publication was, to provide for the more amiable sex a fund of innocent amusement and useful knowledge, by opening a repository which might preserve the early essays of ripening genius, especially female genius, and present to our Fair Readers such selections from the most approved publications of the times as might contribute to their entertainment, or mental and moral improvement—equally avoiding what might be too abstruse or formal on the one hand, or too trivial and frivolous on the other; and on all occasions abstaining from entering into any of those disputes of parties on politics, or other subjects which can tend only to irritate and embitter the mind; and more particularly excluding with the utmost

care every thing that can have the most remote tendency to that licentiousness which must equally disgrace the author and the reader.

In the execution of this plan, to which we have scrupulously adhered, we have had the satisfaction of seeing our efforts crowned with that success which is the most flattering encouragement. We have received numerous and valuable communications from our correspondents, for which our most grateful acknowledgments are due; and if we are sometimes under the necessity of suppressing their contributions, to give them an opportunity to revise and reproduce them in a more correct form, that ought rather to stimulate them to make new exertions for improvement than to discourage them from future attempts.

We now enter on the THIRTY-SIXTH VOLUME OF THE LADY'S MAGAZINE, with the pleasing satisfaction that we can assure our Fair Readers that such arrangements have been made as will enable us to continue this Miscellany, which they have so highly honoured by their attention and approbation, on the same plan on which it has hitherto been conducted, and we flatter ourselves with, in various respects, additional improvement.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

For JANUARY, 1805.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I LAST night accepted an invitation to take part in a festive meeting, intended to celebrate the departure of the expiring year and usher in the new. Cards and a dance furnished us with amusement till the neighbouring bells struck up, to ring the old year out and the new one in. I then—as I am a determined enemy to late hours—left my mirthful company, and returned home; where I could not avoid reflecting on what had passed, and enquiring in my own mind from what reason it was that the termination of one year and the commencement of another should be a subject of joy. Is it, said I, because man, like a froward child, is soon tired of every old plaything, and eagerly longs for another which is new? Is the new year valued, as the frivolous or capricious value a new fashion, merely because it is new? Why should it be a subject of rejoicing that we have lived a year longer, that we have become a year older, and approached by one year nearer to the tomb?—It appeared to me, after some consideration, that the most probable solution of this difficulty was, that men, continually yielding to expectations too sanguine, constantly meet with disappointment where they hoped for unalloyed enjoyment; yet, in despite of all experience, they suffer themselves incessantly to be actuated by the same expectations by which they have been repeatedly deceived. Hence past time is ever regarded as an enemy, in whose departure we exult; and the coming day or year held as a friend in whom we may confide, as a certain dispenser of more genuine pleasure. This fond expectation of the happiness to be bestowed by futurity is general among mankind.—

> Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
> Man never is, but always to be, blest.

In every country, and every age, among civilised and barbarous nations, the new moon, the new year, and the recurrence of every epoch by which they may have divided time, has been celebrated by rejoicings and festivities. The same hope is uniformly succeeded by the same disappointment, which is again followed by the renovation of the same hope; and in this circle our days and years move on, and we imagine that we have cause to rejoice in the expiration of every portion of time by which our too-sanguine expectations have been deceived,

and to exult that it is succeeded by another, on which we fondly imagine that we can place a better founded reliance.

If, indeed, in reviewing our past conduct, or the progress we have made in knowledge, we are conscious of moral or intellectual improvement, we may have reason to rejoice at the expiration of the year which has been so well employed; but even then we ought to rejoice with trembling, lest, in the same period of time ensuing, we should not only not make a similar progress in virtue or learning, but, by yielding to indolence or temptation, lose, as it but too often happens, all that we had gained, and sink lower than the point from which we had before risen.

Jan. 1, 1805. EUDOCIA.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS the riches of a country consist more in the number of its inhabitants than in the extent of its dominions, marriage has always been encouraged by all wise political societies. The immunities granted by the Roman commonwealth to such as had three children are well known: and the custom of free-bench, as well as tenancy, by the courtesy peculiar to this nation, shows that matrimony was not formerly discountenanced in England. Its being an advantage to society is itself a sufficient proof that it is a moral perfection: yet there is no occasion to rest it upon that single argument.

If whatever promotes the great ends of the creation be a duty of morality, certainly that upon which the continuance of the human race depends must be an essential one; and if the not forwarding the designs of Providence in the creation is a moral evil, that must be so in a much greater degree which tends necessarily to defeat them. Yet, notwithstanding this plain demonstration of the moral obligation of marriage, it has been too much discouraged by some of our church, as well as by those of the church of Rome; and celibacy inculcated as a Christian virtue.

To suppose it possible for religion to contradict morality, in a single instance, is at once to overturn all the evidences of it. If then marriage be a moral duty, how much must those be mistaken who recommend celibacy as a Christian perfection, and publish set forms of prayer to implore the divine assistance to continue in a single state, which is living in a constant breach of a moral, and consequently religious, obligation?

Let us consider the force of their arguments—that we ought to subdue our passions, and imitate the angels, who are neither married nor given in marriage.

Our appetites and passions were given us to promote the designs of Providence in our creation, and, when properly regulated, tend admirably to that end. They were intended to instigate us to action, and, under the government of reason, are productive of every good quality and virtue: and whoever will argue that we ought to extinguish any passion because an irregular indulgence of it is vicious, should starve sooner than eat, because hunger is a human appetite and gluttony a vice. The other argument scarcely deserves an answer. We should, indeed, imitate the angels in conforming to the several laws of our state as religiously as we suppose they do to theirs; but wherever our duties differ, our actions ought not to be the same: and whoever agrees to the pleasing as

well as rational system of Mr. Addison, will not be at a loss to show why our duties vary in this particular.—The eternal progression of the human soul in knowledge, and its constant approaches to the Divinity, like a mathematical line that still draws nearer to another without ever being able to touch it, is the noblest idea human conception is capable of. Our present state is the first link of this great chain, and as it is reasonable that every soul should begin its progress from the same point, we alone seem properly calculated by the divine pleasure to give existence to new creatures; that so the gradation of beings perpetually rising in perfection may be continued as long as the author of this admirable system shall think fit. Thus, we ought not to aspire at being angels too soon; but be contented to fill the space designed for us by nature. Though we cannot be certain that the neglect of this duty will be positively punished, yet I think it capable of almost mathematical demonstration that it will negatively be so, by making us less happy: for if the performing the duties of this life be productive of future happiness, the increasing the number of those duties by the addition of conjugal and parental ones, must be an infallible means of increasing that happiness.

After so strenuous a recommendation of marriage, it will be expected I should lay down some rules concerning a proper choice; but, as example sways more than precept, I shall conclude with a story from whence either sex may derive instruction.

Eugenio was a young gentleman, from the nature of his education addicted to gaiety and expence; which he supported by the assistance of good sense and a plentiful fortune, without injuring his reputation or estate. Having no family of his own, he made a visit to a friend, with a design of passing the summer with him in the country. Sophronia happened to be there at the same time, by the invitation of the lady of the house, with whom she had always been educated. Her person was not distinguished by particular beauty; but a sweet disposition and a good natural understanding rendered her conversation extremely agreeable. Upon his first arrival, Eugenio was too well bred not to shew the greatest civility to one so much respected by the family; and Sophronia knew how to return it by a suitable behaviour. They had not been long acquainted before the sprightliness of his conversation, and the amiable innocence of hers, produced a mutual desire of rendering themselves agreeable to each other. Eugenio's education had been too ingenuous for him to harbour a wish that was dishonourable; and Sophronia willingly encouraged a virtuous inclination, that would be so much for her advantage. She knew he possessed no ill qualities, and thought he would easily be weaned from his love of show and expence by a more settled way of life. But his desire to live splendidly got the better of his passion; he would not throw himself away upon one who had but three hundred pounds for her portion; so determined to return immediately to London, and obliterate his fondness by the diversions of the town.

Theana came up about the same time to spend the winter with her aunt. She was the only daughter of a gentleman of fortune, by whose death she was lately come into the possession of above fifteen thousand pounds. She was determined never to marry a man who could not sup-

port her in the magnificence that such a fortune might expect; and for that reason only had refused Euphorbus, a young gentleman bred up to a profession, in which his natural abilities, joined to a steady application, promised him the greatest success. They had long been acquainted, and so perfectly agreeable to each other, that Euphorbus had just reason to hope he should prevail over her desire for grandeur, which was the only failing she possessed: but that passion was predominant; she was afraid it should be said she had acted imprudently, and that she should not be able to stand the reflection of the world for having only one footman behind a chariot and pair, when she might have had half a dozen powdered valets attending her coach and six.

Upon her coming to London, Eugenio made his addresses among the rest; and, as his fortune enabled him to make a suitable settlement, preliminaries were soon agreed on. Before they had been ten times together, the lawyers were bribed not to be dilatory. Several thousands were expended in plate and jewels. The gay livery and splendid carriage proclaimed them the happiest couple of the fashionable world. But they soon found that happiness did not consist in show. Little contrarieties of temper were the cause of continual differences; which in less than two years arose to such height, that they were only not absolutely parted. To avoid the uneasiness of home, Eugenio publicly indulged himself in his amours; and Theana was only more private. His money was thrown away at hazard; hers as religiously devoted to quadrille. He was regardless of the education of his sons, because he was not sure they were his own; and she instructed her daughters in nothing but cards and romances.

But it is time to make some enquiry after the other two. The next winter after her disappointment, Sophronia came to London with her female friend. Euphorbus accidentally fell into her company. Frequent meetings created an acquaintance: that acquaintance increased gradually into a mutual esteem; which, as it was not founded upon interest, but a thorough knowledge of each other, they had good reason to believe would continue. With this prospect they intermarried. The smallness of their fortunes was compensated by content and economy. The desire of providing for his children made him double his application to his profession, and she was in the mean time as agreeably entertained in taking care of their education. He was daily adding to their fortune, she to their virtue. In the decline of life they retired to a country-house and estate, which his profession and her economy had enabled them to buy of Eugenio; whose extravagance and ill-management had obliged him to sell the greatest part of his estate, as soon as a booby son was old enough to be bribed to cut off the entail. There, in the words of the poet,

> They know a passion still more deeply charming
> Than fever'd youth e'er felt; and that is love,
> By long experience, mellow'd into friendship.

Thus are Euphorbus and Sophronia, by a marriage founded on good sense, possessed of happiness, riches, and reputation; which Eugenio and Theana have lost by the contrary means.

ALMERIA.

Wolverhampton, Dec. 12, 1804.

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from Vol. XXXV. p. 699.*)

CHAP. XX.

SOON after dinner, Sebastian was obliged to depart, to fulfil an appointment with Francisco; but ere he left our heroine, he made her promise, that, should her too-evident indisposition not be considerably better by his return, she would allow him to summon Pedro to prescribe for her; and Victoria, once more left alone, determined to avail herself of this opportunity, in a time of promised safety, of going to her chamber to make some arrangements there for the moment of her anxiously-hoped-for escape. Accordingly she hastened thither; and as she gently approached Diego's door, she saw it open, and Pedro in the room, whom she beckoned to her, to inquire from him how all his patients were going on?—Diego, he assured her, was much amended; and Alonzo, with his wounded confederates, in a very promising way. Happy at this intelligence, she entered her chamber, where she selected from her baggage every valuable trinket she found there, and formed them into two small parcels, to be taken in her pockets at the time of her escape. She then made many arrangements in her wardrobe, to conduce to her comfort during her continuance in the castle, which she now fondly hoped would not be very long; and as this was the first time of her ever officiating in this part of the business of a *fille de chambre*, she was not very expeditious; and, added to the tardiness of inexperience, she had to contend with the inactivity her fast-increasing lassitude and indisposition naturally inspired; so that twilight had been for some time come on before she had completed her task, and the gloominess of the castle made it appear almost dark when she quitted her chamber to return to the parlour. Diego's door was closed; and hearing no noise issuing from his room, she concluded that he was sleeping.

Gently therefore she descended the staircase, the gloom of which, and the awful silence that reigned, increased the irritation of her nerves. But great and dreadful was the shock they sustained, when, as she was about to step from the staircase into the passage leading to the great hall, a strong ray of light suddenly gleamed upon her, and the black knight she had seen in the library crossed her path: his visor was up, and she beheld the cadaverous countenance of death. Victoria stopped, trembled, and held the balustrade to save herself from falling, while her distended eyes strained wistfully after the spectre. The light in an instant vanished, and all was a black void. She heard a deep groan,—her heart beat painfully; again the light gleamed, again the knight flitted across her path, and the countenance was changed to the fleshless face of a skeleton. Victoria now wildly shrieked, and darted up the staircase, at the top of which she fell senseless into the arms of Pedro, who had been drawn by her scream from Diego's chamber.

Our totally-insensible heroine was now carried by the humane surgeon to her own room; where, assisted by Teresa, whom he summoned without disturbing Diego, who was sleeping, and whose well-doing Pedro knew would be materially impeded by a knowledge of

the alarming situation of Victoria, used every possible method for her recovery; and at length her respiration returned, but not her perception. The terror she had just experienced seemed the signal for that indisposition which for some hours had been threatening her to begin its attack, which it now did with so much violence and rapidity, that the course of a few hours more found her in a delirium of a very dangerous fever, which for five days seemed to deride the skill of seignor Pedro; during which period she had no interval of reason, and all the horrors she had encountered in Spain seemed ever present to her diseased imagination; while fancy pourtrayed the shade of both her parents still hovering near to guard her from every threatened evil; while the stranger from the church, the old man and his beautiful daughter, she thought she constantly saw employed in her chamber, sometimes preparing medicines for her relief, at others plotting together to give her poison. But whatever her fancies might be, the reality was, that she was most carefully and tenderly nursed; and to this indefatigable attention, to the great abilities and exertions of Pedro, and to her own youth and unimpaired constitution, all aided by pitying Heaven, was she indebted for being snatched from the grasp of death; who for many hours appeared, even to those most interested for her fate, to have marked her for his immediate prey.

On the fifth day of her illness, Pedro, with unfeigned pleasure, pronounced her out of danger. Her senses soon returned, to animate her torpid frame, and she beheld no one in her chamber but Pedro, Sebastian, and Teresa; the two latter sitting, one by each side of her bed, anxiously watching her, as if she was their own offspring, and the only treasure they had in life.

From the moment her fever was arrested in its progress, and its virulence conquered, Victoria visibly amended every hour, and her recovery was as rapid as her illness had been from its commencement to its height; and in a very short interval of time she was able to leave her chamber, though still weak and languid. To Sebastian and Teresa her gratitude was unbounded for their parental and tender care of her; and to Pedro she evinced her ideas of what she owed to his skill and attention, by offering him as handsome a gratuity as the state of her finances would admit of, aided by some trinkets of considerable value; all of which he respectfully but peremptorily refused to take, except one ring, which he said "he would have the honour of wearing, to remind him of the highest pleasure he had ever experienced in his profession—that of having been serviceable to her." But while her gratitude was thus forcibly awakened, she had much concern to mingle with another claim upon it; by finding that her indisposition had greatly increased Diego's, from whom a knowledge of it could not long be concealed; since from the vicinity of his chamber he soon learned there was some unusual commotion in hers. And to lull the dreadful apprehensions that instantly presented themselves to his alarmed imagination, Pedro informed him of her illness, suppressing the greatness of it, and the serious fears he for many hours entertained for her life.

In the first moments of Victoria's return to reason, she informed Sebastian and Pedro of the dreadful alarm she had sustained from the appearance of the black knight; and every inquiry was immediately

made by Francisco, who possessed the power of unlocking the secrets of all hearts within the castle, to find out the cause of such a terrible alarm—but without effect; and Pedro gave it as his opinion, that she was under the dominion of her fever when she descended the stairs, and that her disordered imagination had formed the ghastly phantom. This opinion was also Sebastian's, and Victoria wished to persuade herself that they were right.

Amongst the first feelings which agitated the mind of our heroine, upon her recovery, was fear of the stranger's having effected the emancipation of his friends during her illness; and that her too cruel destiny had intervened to consign her to perpetual misery and captivity. Her failing in her appointment, unaccounted for as it was, she fancied might, from its appearance of rudeness and ingratitude, have disgusted him, and rendered him regardless of her safety. Yet he seemed too kind and compassionate to be easily induced to forsake a cause his humanity had led him voluntarily into; and he, who certainly had intelligence of many transactions in the castle, might also hear of her severe indisposition, and therefore feel no cause for displeasure, though still he might have been obliged to depart without her.

To relieve her mind from the insupportable agony of uncertainty precipitated her into leaving her chamber even before she found her strength sufficiently recovered for the exertion, and infinitely sooner than Pedro wished. But, for the first time in her life, Victoria was inexorable to the advice for her friends; and for this obstinacy fate seemed determined to punish her, in the paternal tenderness and attention of Sebastian, who prevented all her efforts for gaining an unobserved entrance into the church, by his fear of her meeting with any new alarm, to occasion a relapse, inducing him never to leave her for a moment, except when he could consign her to the care of Pedro or Teresa; who, on their parts, seemed inspired with the same opposition to her wishes: and the disappointment this officious kindness inflicted increasing by delay, the torments of incertitude almost taught the placid grateful Victoria unthankfulness and petulance.

Day after day passed on without her being able to effect a visit to the church, to learn if all her hopes were blighted, and her doom misery and bondage; and at length, almost fretted by the irritation of suspence into a relapse, she one day at dinner discovered such symptoms of indisposition, that Sebastian in alarm summoned Pedro, who advised her retiring to her chamber, to indulge for an hour or two in a siesta; and to procure a tranquillising slumber for her, he would give her a gentle soporific. To oblige Sebastian, whose wishes were now laws to our grateful heroine, she complied with Pedro's prescription, and soon fell, in despite of the misery of her mind, into a profound sleep, which continued several hours. At length she awoke, considerably refreshed, and more composed and tranquil than she had found herself for many days; when, according to Pedro's orders, Teresa (who had watched by her while she slept) left her to inform him that Victoria was awake; but in a few moments the poor old woman returned with looks aghast—

'Ah, donna! donna!' cried she in an agony of sympathising distress, 'all the good seignor Pedro's stuff has done you will soon be destroyed; for, as sure as we are both alive, I saw

that wretch Garcias as I was crossing the hall; and no sooner did I see his hateful form than I hobbled back as fast as I could, to tell you to keep the door fastened, while I go to seignor Pedro; for I am sure safety never dwells where that miscreant Garcias is.'

Dreadful indeed was the shock this intelligence gave to Victoria. She now believed the term of her promised safety was expired, and the hopes of her escape all blighted. In breathless agony she entreated Teresa to learn if Garcias was come back alone, and to return to her as speedily as possible. Teresa promising to comply, departed; when the trembling terror-struck Victoria fastened the door with every bolt, bar, and chain, poor Diego had affixed to it, and then threw herself upon her bed in a state of unutterable anguish. For a considerable time she continued in a state of the most woeful despondence, before religion's powerful sway could calm her dejection, and restore hope, fortitude, and resignation. But that ever-tranquillising influence at length succeeded, and Victoria was beginning to collect the forces of her mind and her heart, to warm in the sunshine of animating hope and reliance upon the protection of heaven, when this new-raised structure of firmness was shaken to the foundation by a summons delivered by Juan, from Don Manuel, to favour him with her company at supper.

Words cannot express, nor the mind conceive, the horror that now chilled Victoria's heart, forbidding it to beat, except with agonising woe, with trembling terror, and all the miseries of despair. Obedience to the mandate was inevitable; and with all the sad calmness which a certainty of destruction inspired, she was ready to attend Teresa when sent to conduct her down. Invoking the aid of every pitying angel and saint, she took Teresa's arm, and descended the staircase with a frame convulsed by apprehension.

'Ah! my dear donna, how my heart bleeds for you!' said Teresa, as they tremulously proceeded to the parlour. 'I well knew how alarmed and distressed you would be. Don Manuel has been returned near three hours; and I was ordered not to go near you until I was sent to conduct you down. They have brought some more captives with them, it seems, and employment for seignor Pedro too; so he could not come to you. And I could not see seignor Sebastian, to tell him what an alarm I left you in: for Garcias has ordered him to keep to his own apartments for the present; and he, poor gentleman, must obey. My master has seen Alonzo; who has made his story good, no doubt, since that wicked girl Hero is now out of confinement, and has been in the parlour this hour past. But, my dear sweet young lady, if you tremble so, and are so terrified, Pedro will have you again for a patient before the night's out; and should you be ill, you will not have those to nurse you now who would be tender and kind to you. But let me entreat you not to be so agitated and alarmed; for sure I am they never could have the heart to injure you. Indeed I have heard some of our most sanguinary ruffians say, were they ordered to assassinate you, they must do it in the dark, and with their ears stopped; for, were they to see your face, or hear the sound of your voice, the weapon of death would fall from their hands. And besides, you know, dear donna, Don Manuel himself dare not now harm you, as Francisco is your friend.'

This last sentence penetrated in a gleam of comfort to the wretched Victoria's bleeding heart. Just as they reached the parlour, at the door of which Don Manuel, with much apparent impatience, was in waiting to receive our heroine, to whom he gracefully and tenderly paid his compliments; and with an air of respectful gallantry took her passive hand, and led, or rather supported her—since without support she must have fallen—to a seat at the upper end of the table where supper was served; and taking his own place beside her, he announced her to those assembled, as 'the fascinating mistress of his heart, the lovely queen of his castle, to whom he required the most profound homage to be paid by all who hoped to gain or preserve his favour.'

Shocked by sounds so torturing to her delicacy, Victoria was awakened from her stupor of woe to contempt and indignation, which she was only withheld from manifesting by prudence, who loudly called to her not to exasperate him; and while the crimson hue of shame and anger tinged her cheeks, she cast her eyes downwards to conceal the expression that strongly irradiated them; and she obtained sufficient command over her feelings to allow her receiving the further adulations and attentions of Don Manuel, without betraying the disgust and misery he awakened and inflicted.

It may be well imagined Victoria partook not of the repast. Thought was her banquet, and comfortless it was; until Teresa's last words, like a succouring friend, darted into her remembrance, vibrating in her ears, and renovating her almost annihilated courage, by dependence upon heaven, through the medium of Francisco's protection; and at length she became sufficiently collected to admit of her observing the persons round the table, to learn whom she had to fear, and whom she might expect the consolation of sympathy from. No voice as yet, except Don Manuel's, had reached her ears; for, as his whole attention had been devoted to her, the rest of the party had preserved an unbroken silence.

Seated by Don Manuel's left hand, she beheld Hero pale and dejected. Victoria would have pitied her, had she not observed that whenever that deluded creature's eyes turned upon her there was a strong expression of sullenness and malice in them, which made her shudder.

Next to Hero sat a stranger, dressed in the habit of a Piedmontese peasant, a most uncommonly handsome man, of about three- or four-and-twenty, whose air and deportment so ill accorded with his garb, that it required no great share of penetration to discover his rank in life being far above the one he by his dress seemed anxious to be classed amongst. Victoria was surprised; and her surprise was increased by a belief that she had somewhere seen a face like his. But her mind was not sufficiently at ease to remember at once, if she really had any knowledge of him, whether she had ever seen him before, or if it was only a resemblance to any other person that seemed to make his features familiar to her; and she was prevented from making any further observation, by finding herself most earnestly gazed at by the stranger, whose large dark and beautiful eyes were so riveted upon her face, that she could not again even steal a glance unobserved by him.

Next to this stranger, and at the

bottom of the table, she beheld Garcias seated; the sight of whom awakened so many horrors in her breast, that she hastily turned her eyes from him to his neighbour, who was also her own, with anxiety to learn what his appearance portended. He was habited like the other stranger, and like him, too, his air proclaimed his garb beneath his rank. His face he seemed evidently studious to conceal from Victoria. But that solicitude, by awakening her wonder and curiosity, defeated its own aim; and in a few moments she contrived to see sufficient of his countenance to harrow up her soul; for, in beholding her profligate uncle conte Vicenza, the being of all others from whom her spotless heart most recoiled, she believed herself irretrievably lost. Fear now, with its icy fingers, grasped her heart, almost preventing respiration; a death-like dew overspread her forehead; a ghastly paleness stole on her countenance; objects became indistinct; she closed her eyes, and with a chilling universal shiver sunk back in her chair.

The young stranger, attentive only to Victoria, first observed the alarming alteration in her lovely countenance, and instantly announced her indisposition. Don Manuel, in excessive consternation, ordered Pedro to be summoned, and then, with the rest of the party, gathered round her to offer every assistance; while Polydore, in the general confusion, took an opportunity to whisper to her (for, as he saw her observation of him, he well guessed the cause of her indisposition) entreaties, 'if she prized her safety, and valued her liberty, to be circumspect, and conceal her knowledge of him and *his nephew*.'

The sound of conte Vicenza's voice proved more efficacious than any other remedy to our heroine. Terror gave to her limbs the power of supporting her; and, regardless of his entreaties, unmindful of every consequence, she started from her seat, and wildly darted to the opposite side of the room; where sinking upon her knees before a chair, and reclining her head upon the seat of it, she burst into a passion of tears, which afforded much relief to her almost bursting heart; and then, with uplifted hands, and raising her streaming eyes to heaven, she, in a voice broken by convulsive sobs, implored protection.

'Alas! alas!' exclaimed Don Manuel, 'this lovely amiable creature's intellects are deranged.'

'If so, seignor,' said conte Vicenza, in Italian, with much solemnity, 'it is fortunate, for the seignora at least, my being brought hither, as it has been for years my melancholy province to attend to the unfortunate of my species afflicted with the distempers of the brain. Few in Italy who have not heard of dottore Impazzato Delirio; and my fame has travelled even into this country; for I was now journeying from my own snug villa in Piedmont, to prove my skill in recovering, from a long deprivation of reason, the wife of a wealthy merchant residing at Tortosa, to whom I was sent for to ———'

'Leave the merchant and his wife to the care of the d—l!' exclaimed Don Manuel, impetuously interrupting him, 'and attend to the situation of this most fascinating of human beings. If my dreadful apprehensions are verified, and that you restore her to that sense which was so lately the admiration and delight of all around her, liberty and twenty thousand pistoles shall be your reward.'

Conte Vicenza, bowing profoundly, promised to exert his skill for

the restoration of the poor seignora's reason; and then advanced to Victoria, whose hand he attempted to take, but which she, with vehemence, snatched away.

'By this violence and obstinacy, seignora,' said he significantly, 'you will destroy yourself, and totally prevent my serving you, which I could else do most essentially.'

'You serve me!' exclaimed she in a tone of the most touching anguish. 'Oh, Father of mercies, protect me! save me from his machinations!'

'Seignor, alas! the poor seignora is insane, past every doubt,' said Polydore; 'but I do not despair of being yet serviceable to her, although some of her fantastic phantasies represent me to her as an enemy.' Again he attempted to take her hand. In a moment Victoria was upon her feet, and would have fled to some one present for refuge; but, upon looking around her, she saw no one to whom she could apply for succour. The forlorn hopelessness of her situation struck with an agonising thrill to the bottom of her heart: a groan of anguish escaped her; and, tottering, she sunk into a chair, covering her face with her hands to shut out a view of those her soul sickened at beholding, whilst a torrent of tears again burst from her eyes.

'These tears,' said Don Manuel in a tone of much interest, 'these tears, I should hope, seignora, are an auspicious symptom.'

'I doubt not that they are,' replied the conte; 'and I trust, after an uncontrolled flow of them, we may have the satisfaction of finding the seignora, if not more reasonable, at least more tractable.'

'We have in this castle,' said Garcias sullenly, 'dungeons, with every requisite for coercion that you can possibly want for taming this refractory maniac.'

At this moment Pedro entered. 'I sent for you,' said Don Manuel mournfully to him, 'to give into your care this lovely being, who is dearer, far dearer, to my heart than language can express. But, alas! I now fear that even you can be of little service to her, since this gentleman, who professes to cure insanity, is of opinion her indisposition is seated in the brain.'

Pedro darted a scrutinising glance, mingled with contempt, at Polydore, as he hastily approached Victoria, who now raised her beautiful and intelligent eyes with a look of piteous supplication, so expressive of her feelings, that Pedro was affected almost to tears, and, full of compassion, he took her no longer rebellious hand.

'The assertions of that gentleman, my lord, I take upon me flatly to contradict,' said Pedro, after a short pause. 'This indisposition is seated in the heart, not in the head; and my lovely patient will, I have no doubt, soon prove her mental health, by doing all she can to aid my medicines in conquering this agitation. But while I answer for this on my patient's part, I have demands to make upon yours.'

'No prosing, Pedro,' said Garcias sternly: 'you understand me.'

'I do,' replied Pedro determinately, 'and I hope Don Manuel understands me. I have been in his service now some years; have ever strictly done my duty, and will be awed into silence by no man. You, my lord, profess to prize this lady. If her fate really interests you, attend to me. The time is so short since, with the utmost difficulty, I snatched her from the grasp of death; since, with the greatest exertions of that skill you

so highly estimate, I had scarcely power to bring her through one of the most dangerous fevers I ever witnessed, brought on solely by the agitation of her mind—(Nay frown not, seignor Garcias, I will speak—Life, you too well know, has lost its charms for me; therefore I fear you not—) so short is the space, I say, my lord, since I beheld this young and lovely blossom blighted by storms she had not strength to contend with, drooping, and all but dead, that I can scarcely credit the evidence of my senses at seeing her, even delicate and weakly as she is. She wants the tenderest care, the genial soil of peace, to save her yet. In short, unless something is done, and that immediately, to relieve this agonising agitation of spirits, to release her from every species of alarm, and restore her mind to at least comparative tranquillity, I will not, cannot, answer for the consequence.'

Don Manuel, conte Vicenza, and the young stranger, in visible consternation, demanded of Pedro 'what was to be done?'

'Donna Victoria must immediately retire to her own chamber,' Pedro replied, 'where every precaution must be taken to prevent the occurrence of any circumstance that can possibly awaken apprehension in her mind; and unmolested must she be permitted to continue there until all these alarming symptons subside. Teresa must be allowed to remain constantly with her night and day; and I too shall be near at hand, to administer (if necessary) any more medicine than what I shall now hasten to give her, as I much fear I shall be obliged to pass the greater part of this night in the adjoining chamber with Diego, who has been for some time confined to his room by a low fever, which I thought almost well this morning; but this evening he has become so suddenly ill again, that—'

'Diego's chamber adjoining hers!' said Garcias with surprise and surliness—'How dare he remove to the north wing!'

'He has not removed,' returned Pedro; 'but donna Victoria, whom my lord ordered him to obey, chose to have a chamber proximate to Teresa.'

'Cursed affectation!—But she shall no longer be indulged in such caprice,' muttered Garcias.

'I am shocked, I am grieved, my life,' said Don Manuel, addressing Victoria in a voice of insinuating softness, 'that you should have chosen so comfortless, nay so wretched, an apartment for yourself. But surely, my love, now that I am here to guard, to protect you from every ill, you will not think it necessary to continue there. Come, come, my Victoria, I must exert my powers in striving to persuade you into obliging me. Return to your own chamber, my life. Do, sweet angel!—Victoria, will you, will you not oblige me?' And his obedient eyes were now illumined with the almost resistless eloquence of tenderness and persuasion.

Victoria, with looks expressive of the horror this request inspired her with, grasped Pedro by the arm in speechless agony for protection.

'Not to-night at least,' said the humane surgeon, 'can a compliance with your request, my lord, be thought of. Nothing, I again declare, must be done to agitate my poor patient.' Then advancing between Don Manuel and the conte, he spoke in a low voice, but with much earnestness, to the former.

Victoria was now all ear, since her fate seemed depending upon the result of this conference, and yet she could only catch a few unconnected words of Pedro's.

'So ill as she has lately —— I must have my way——Further apprehensions——Live this night through—Quiet alone can save—'

'On your life, Pedro, is this your real opinion?' said Don Manuel.

'On my soul it is, my lord.'

Don Manuel approached the lovely trembling sufferer. 'For to-night then, my love,' said he, 'I will cease to urge my request, and will not oppose your little caprice about your chamber. But for this indulgence, my lovely, my beloved Victoria must remember I shall expect some concessions on her part at a future period."

Victoria would have thanked him for this small favour granted to her distress, had not the impassioned tenderness of his voice and manner, by heightening her alarm and agitation, kept her still silent.

Teresa, who had been summoned to attend our heroine to her chamber, now entered; when the conscious pride of superior worth inspiriting all her faculties, Victoria arose without aid, took Teresa's arm, and, with all the dignity her own virtues, and the contempt she felt for him who had plunged her into such a gulf of misery, animated her soul with, bowing to Don Manuel and the young stranger, without deigning to notice the rest of the party, she left the room, accompanied to the door of it by Don Manuel; who tenderly bade her adieu, and in a low cautious whisper solemnly assured her, that nothing should occur during the night to cause her an alarm, or further to disturb that tranquillity he anxiously wished to behold firmly re-established.

Now, preceded by Pedro, Victoria hastened to her chamber; and not until she entered it did she perceive Hero was of the party, before whom, as she had too much reason to know her infidelity, she feared to express her gratitude to Pedro, or to implore his future protection; and, perplexed and alarmed at finding this treacherous woman was to be her companion once again, she sunk, pale and trembling, into a seat, and burst into tears.

Pedro took a chair beside her, and, whilst he looked as if he wished to comfort her, gave orders to Teresa to go and have brought thither every thing that could be wanting for their fair patient's accommodation. 'Be speedy,' said he; 'for I cannot leave her until your return, and I wish her soon to take the medicines I have yet to prepare for her.'

Teresa instantly departed; and Pedro, wishing to speak a few words to Victoria that might be incomprehensible to Hero, sat for some moments ruminating upon what method to pursue for that purpose. The Spanish, French, and Italian languages were understood by her; nor could he therefore have any hope, if Victoria was mistress of Latin, it would conceal what he wished to say from being in some degree intelligible to Hero; when, in the midst of this his perplexity, Victoria addressed him in a calm but plaintive voice—

'You are very compassionate, seignor; and I think you will not refuse to give me the comfort of knowing, if there is a chance, a hope, of my being soon released by death from misery.'

'That you soon will be released from your afflictions I have little doubt; but not by death, I trust.'

'Ah! seignor, I feel as if I

could not long sustain such complicated miseries.'

'Then you may rest assured, donna, that you will not long have them to sustain. The ways of Providence are inscrutable; but this much has ever met the Christian's eye. It afflicts us for our good, and never decrees a burden for us that we have not power to bear.'

'Ah! seignor Pedro, you were not formed for an inhabitant of this castle. How came you here?'

'I shall answer by asking you the same question. But in being here I have been fortunate enough sometimes to migitate, and sometimes to remove, the sufferings of my fellow-creatures.'

'Oh yes, seignor, my gratitude forcibly tells me that, and has engraven on my memory what I am indebted to your humanity and skill.'

'The little skill which I can boast of I have derived from experience. For many years I visited various climes as an army surgeon; and from the English of my own profession, with whom I ever loved to associate, I learned much.'

'From English surgeons? Then probably you understand their language?' Victoria eagerly exclaimed.

'I do, perfectly. Do you?'

'I understand it tolerably, but cannot speak it fluently.'

'You may then possibly like to hear how an English surgeon would prescribe for a patient in your case,' said Pedro significantly; and immediately he asked in English, Did her attendant understand that language.

'Certainly not.'

'Beware of her: and in no point whatever place the smallest confidence in her; for jealousy has awakened the most direful animosity in her mind. Alonzo, to effect his influence over her, to gain her aid to his project, taught her to believe she had subdued his heart; but since the failure of his presumptuous enterprise, he has taken no pains to delude her further; and she has discovered that he aspired to you, on whom the rage of her disappointment now turns; and, vengeance brooding in her heart, she will gladly undertake any part that may assist her malice. Therefore be circumspect before her; affect still to fear; although I am commissioned by Francisco (who is deeply interested in your fate) to assure you that he will himself secure your safety. But hold! I must no longer speak in a language unknown to that viper. Narrowly she observes us with a suspicious eye:' —then with a careless air, changing his language to Spanish, he continued, 'Thus you see, donna, how different would be their mode of prescription to ours.'

Hero, who had sat all this time in gloomy irascibility, with folded arms, and eyes beaming with malice intently fixed upon them, now smiled horribly with sarcastic incredulity. At this moment Teresa returned, attended by Juan, loaded with billets of wood, and every thing the provident Teresa thought might be wanting through the night. Pedro now departed to make up the medicines for our heroine; and Teresa, after carefully fastening the door when he and Juan retired, busily set about preparing every thing for her own and fair patient's accommodation; but not without many sarcasms levelled at Hero for neglect of duty. But all her eloquent severity was thrown away: unmindful of it, and unmoved by it, Hero sat with a countenance of sullen malignity, until Pedro returned with a medicine, which he desired our heroine to take the moment she was in bed, where he wished her to go as soon as possible.

'If the medicine contains any thing soporific,' said Victoria, 'I cannot take it; as I would not for worlds deprive myself of the power of watching.'

'There is only a sufficient quantity of opium in it to compose your spirits, but not for forcing sleep: besides Teresa, whom you know to be an excellent nurse, will sit up to watch by you; and I shall be in the next chamber with Diego, who has altered much for the worse within these few hours; and, ill as he is, it has been with the utmost difficulty I have been able to prevent his attempting to rise to perform his domestic duties as usual.'

Victoria, well divining the source of Diego's increased indisposition, was sensibly grieved; but, fearing Hero, kept a profound silence on the subject, and agreed to take the recommended medicine.

'And you, Hero,' said Pedro, 'must hasten also to bed the moment I leave the room.'

'I shall go to bed when I please, and not until then,' replied Hero insolently.

'Go instantly to bed,' said Pedro: 'my patient shall not be disturbed by you; and if you go not into the one before you, without delay, Francisco shall pay you another visit, and order you to one you may not perhaps find so comfortable.'

Upon mention of Francisco, Hero became pale as death, and, instantly dropping from pride's high pinnacle and completely humbled, prepared to obey the surgeon's peremptory command; and after giving Teresa some further orders, and bidding Victoria a good repose, Pedro departed; when our heroine retired to bed, and Teresa placed herself in the most advantageous situation for watching her interesting charge —who would have conversed with her, but found herself prevented by overpowering drowsiness. She attempted to ask a few questions, but became every moment more and more inarticulate. She strove to rouse herself, but in vain. Pedro had deceived her; for, thinking rest absolutely necessary for her, he had administered a much more potent soporific than she was aware of; and ere many minutes more elapsed she sunk into a profound and tranquil slumber, which did not terminate until after nine o'clock the succeeding morning.

(To be continued.)

AN

ESSAY *on* ROASTING.

(Written by the celebrated Henry Fielding, though not inserted in his works.)

THERE is a certain diversion called *roasting*, which, notwithstanding it is in some vogue with the polite part of the world, I have no notion of. This term is well known to be taken from cookery, from whence those who are great adepts in the art borrow also several others; such as putting the person to be roasted on the spit, turning him round till he is done enough, &c. But though this, as I have said before, is thought a very delicate entertainment by some people of good taste, yet, as it is attended with great pain and torment to the poor wretch who is thus roasted alive, I have always thought it too barbarous a sacrifice to luxury. Nor have I more willingly given into it than into their cruelties which are executed on particular animals, in order to heighten their flavour. I am an utter enemy to all roasting alive, from this which

is performed on one of our own species to that which is practised on a lobster.

It has been thought that this custom of man-roasting was originally introduced among us from some nation of cannibals: it is indeed more than probable, that our savage ancestors used to eat the flesh of their enemies roasted in this manner; though this latter custom has been so long left off, that we find no traces thereof in our annals. A learned antiquarian of my acquaintance does not carry the original of this custom so high; he derives it from the roasting of heretics, in use among the Roman churches, and fancies it an unextirpated remain of that barbarous execution. He brings, as a strengthener of this opinion, the choice which we make of an odd creature, or, in his own words, a heretic to the common forms of behaviour, to perform it on. He is a great enemy to this practice, being, as he thinks, more consistent with the principles of Jesuitism than of true Christianity.

But, for my part, I imagine this term of *roasting* to have been given to this diversion from the torments which the person spitted is supposed to endure in his mind, even equal to those bodily pains which he would undergo were he to be roasted alive.

Now the pleasure which we take in such amusements as this must arise either from a great depravity of nature, which delights in the miseries and misfortunes of mankind, or from a pride which we take in comparing the blemishes of others with our own perfections.

As for the first, my lord Shaftesbury says: 'There is an affection nearly related to inhumanity, which is a gay and frolicsome delight in what is injurious to others; a sort of wanton mischievousness and pleasure in what is destructive; a passion, which, instead of being restrained, is encouraged in children, so that it is indeed no wonder if the effects of it are very unfortunately felt in the world. For it will be hard, perhaps, for any one to give a reason why that temper, which was used to delight in disorder and ravage when in a nursery, should not afterwards find delight in other disturbances, and be the occasion of equal miseries in families, among friends, and in the public.' I advise all parents to drive, by correction, this spirit out of their children; the doing which may be called a wholesome severity.

And surely, if we thoroughly searched the bottom of our own minds, few of us would have frequent cause to triumph in these comparisons. Perhaps, indeed, we are without that particular blemish which we ridicule in another; but, at the same time, let us carefully consider whether we have not as great imperfections of another kind. I have often observed in life the person roasted to be infinitely superior to those who (to use a word of their own) have enjoyed him. To say the truth, the least oddity in behaviour, the most inoffensive peculiarity, often exposes a man of sense and virtue to the ridicule of those who are in every degree his inferiors. These seem to lay in wait for, and catch at, every opportunity to pull down a man whom nature has placed so far above them.

But though the generality of *roasters* be of this kind, and the buffoons they use may be very aptly called *turnspits*, the lowest and most despicable of their kind, yet I have known some persons of sense and good-nature too forwardly give in to this diversion; men who would by no means have consented to do any other injury, reputing this innocent and harmless. These, did they

consider the nature and consequence of their pursuing this amusement, would, I believe, soon condemn it.

If a man be wholly insensible of his being the jest and scorn of the company; if he be so unaffected by it, as to be quite easy and contented, and satisfied with himself all this while; such a person can be little more than a direct ideot, and is a melancholy, not a pleasant, spectacle: for my part, I should always shun the sight of such a monster, as an abortion or imperfection of nature. I consider myself as a son of this great and general mother; and I feel a kind of filial pity, and can by no means be delighted by any of her monstrous births. And, surely, a human creature without understanding, is a more horrible object than one born without arms, legs, or any other of its members. Such a one is the object of pity, not of scoff and merriment; nor should I entertain a good opinion of him who could go to Bedlam, and divert himself with the dreadful frenzies and monstrous absurdities of the wretches there.

But if we conceive the subject of our ridicule to be of a more sensible composition; that he sees in himself the deformity, or perhaps incurable oddity, which renders him the object of contempt; it will be difficult to illustrate his misery by any lively comparison. Contempt is, I believe, of all things, the most uneasily to be endured by the generality of men. It gnaws and preys on our very vitals, and by how much less the person so affected discovers it, by so much he often feels it the more acutely. I have seen a man in the highest agony, and even in a cold sweat, from being displayed by some ridiculous buffoon, who has at the same time played him off, as they call it, with such nicety, that it was impossible for the other to take hold of any thing for which he might call him to account. I am always apt, at such times, to pity the person who is thus turned into ridicule, and seldom or never join the laugh against him. Nay, it is not unusual with me to attack the *turnspit* himself; in which I have been often so successful, that I have turned the whole current of laughter that way. I cannot but observe, with great pleasure, the double delight of the company on those occasions: for nothing ever roasts so kindly as a *turnspit*.

Some persons have fallen into this way, in order to establish a reputation of wit, though with great absurdity; for nothing is so sure a sign of wanting it, as flying to these mean resources to appear to have it. A *roaster* gives me as low an idea of his wit, as a bully does of his courage. These beautiful qualities, where they are, will always appear. They are the fool and the coward who are continually searching out weak objects on whom to display their mock talents with safety; and it is generally in the dullest company that this most abounds. If we consider this diversion in the worst light, it will appear to be no other than a delight in seeing the miseries, misfortunes, and frailties, of mankind displayed; and a pleasure and joy conceived in their sufferings therein:—a pleasure, perhaps, as inhuman, and which must arise from a nature as thoroughly corrupt and diabolical, as can possibly pollute the mind of man.

Animated Address *to the* Volunteers *of* Britain.

(From 'Patriotism, or the Love of our Country;' an Essay, by William Frend, Esq.)

WITH motives superior to those of all other nations, the volunteers of Britain take the field, if the enemy is bold enough to execute his threats, to hazard his troops to the danger of the seas, and successful enough to escape our fleets and land upon our shores. On his side, valour and experience are not wanting: the love of plunder and mad ambition are the great incentives to his actions. No art of war will be untried by him, and the leader can depend upon his followers for the due execution of every plan which consummate skill has meditated. To detract from the strength and the skill of the enemy is absurd: to abuse him with words is unworthy the character of men and Englishmen. The whole danger being fully placed before our eyes, we are then able to meet it, and to direct our efforts to the best advantage.

Against such an enemy, volunteers of Britain! ye are to march. The conflict is made with similar arms on both sides; but ye are said to be unequal, from want of discipline, to the contest. I could wish myself, if the invasion of a country were not of too serious a nature to admit of an experiment, I could wish myself—and in this wish I shall not want for a second among the volunteers—that what is called our regular army were allowed only to be the spectators of the action. With all the boasts of French skill, with all the valour attributed to them, with all the advantages of art, they would bow to the superiority of nature. Let the plains of Egypt declare what the best troops of France, their chosen invincibles, can effect against British valour; and that valour is no less the inbred quality of the volunteer, who has never been into the field, than his who has been tried in various actions. Let us remember what was done by one of the most gallant of our sovereigns, when, resolved not to deprive his son of the glory of the best-fought day, nor even to share in his praises, he proved to the French the strength of the British arms; and a witness merely to the deeds of valour of the troops under his son's command, he led his own down, not to assist, but to congratulate the heroes who, forming only a part of his army, had fought and conquered the whole power of France.

Is there less valour, less heroism, now in England? And if not, why should we doubt of our countrymen's prowess, or suppose that so much training is requisite to enable them to meet in the field the troops of a nation which their fathers so often have conquered? Besides, how disgraceful it must be to entertain a despondiug opinion, when the numbers are now on our side, not on the French; when it is impossible for him to land in any quarter where we cannot, in the space of twenty-four hours, bring double the number to resist him! An overweening confidence is injurious, doubtless, to any cause; but to dispraise our own countrymen, to endeavour to weaken their efforts, is the madness of folly. The volunteers of Britain have already shewn themselves worthy to meet the enemies in the field; since, disregarding the obloquy and the sneers of disappointed pride, they have proceeded coolly, firmly, and deliber-

ately, in their noble purpose to perfect themselves in the use of arms, and to qualify themselves for that truly most honourable name, the name of citizen soldiers.

Yes! in spite of the ridicule of France, in spite of the equally ill-founded scorn of some of our own countrymen, the volunteers of Britain have justly appreciated the nature of the services required of them. Who can fight with more ardour for wealth, for property, for honour, for family, for friends, for country, than he who arms himself to fight for his own property, his own honour, the honour of the dearest ties of blood, the honour of his friends, the safety and independence of his country? We would not depreciate the merits of a force paid for its services, nor make a comparison on different degrees of skill; but in motives for exertion the volunteer assuredly is not inferior to the regular; not because he exercises only at times suited to his other occupations is he surpassed by every one whose daily employment is the use of arms. It is not the number of hours employed in the military any more than the other arts which will perfect the artist; and the diligence, the assiduity, the ardour of the volunteer, will more than compensate for the hours which others can bestow on military exertions.

Continue then, volunteers of Britain! as ye have begun. Perfect yourselves in the use of arms, without losing sight of the equally important duties of life. Be convinced that there is nothing in the state of a soldier which is not compatible with the duties and the employment of the citizen. Make the practice of arms your amusement: imitate the ancient Romans in this respect, but detest their love of war and spirit of domination. If your services should be required against the enemies of your country, let a just reliance on Him who alone giveth victory in the day of battle be your support; and let each man act as if the whole honour of the country depended on his single exertions.

On SENSIBILITY and DELICACY.

I WAS lately in company with one of those persons whom nature has endowed with an extreme sensibility of heart: she complained of the pains which that sensibility caused, and maintained that all who resembled her must expect to pass their lives in anxiety and perpetual agitation. I answered, that if sensibility might be considered as the source of all our pains, it was also the source of all our pleasures, and the origin of all our virtues. At that moment I felt, though confusedly, the truth of what I had advanced; and, on my returning home, I examined that proposition more closely, as I am not willing to believe what I cannot prove to myself.

Every one boasts of having a heart tender and delicate; and even those who know themselves deficient in the finer feelings endeavour to persuade others that they possess those qualities which are often injudiciously confounded together. A heart may be tender without being delicate, but it can never be delicate without being tender. Tenderness of heart, or sensibility, is often to be met with in people of very confined ideas; but delicacy either supposes good sense or produces it. Sensibility may sometimes be accompanied with gross vices; but delicacy, on the contrary, contains the seeds of every virtue.

I call that a susceptible or tender heart which is moved by the suf-

ferings of another, and is eased by relieving those sufferings: which wishes to see all around satisfied and happy, and freely gives itself up to love those it ought, without too much examining why it does so. These persons of susceptibility are very useful in society: they may be offended with impunity, they are so disposed to indulgence; and if they do not change their conduct when they perceive any neglect towards them, it is because they regard themselves in the good they do, and are too tenacious of the satisfaction they receive to deprive themselves of it because others are ungrateful. They will very readily say—'Is it my fault if you abuse my favours? and will it be just for me to punish myself for your ingratitude?' The bounty of this kind of persons is commonly blind and undistinguishing. Nothing is required to obtain all you want from them but to move their feelings; and they more frequently assist you in proportion to the impression you have made on them, than according to your real wants. They often bestow their favours without being careful to save the distressed from shame; and make them purchase a benefit very dearly, by the humiliating circumstances with which it is accompanied; and yet they do all this with the greatest good will imaginable. They would be sorry to afflict you, because your pain would increase their own. They love all mankind so generally, and so equally, that their sensibility is exhausted; and they can offer no more to the most meritorious than to those who deserve the least. I think I mistake not in advancing that this species of sensibility has its foundation in weakness and self-love. The proof is evident: place these persons in a situation not to behold any persons who are distressed, their kindness remains idle: they never seek for the wretched in order to relieve them. Yet do not, hence, think that they want sensibility; for they will feel upon the first occasion which offers. Then the heart is moved, its tenderness awakes, and it suffers at the distresses of another, till it has procured its own ease, by assisting the miserable cause of its disquiet. Another proof of what I have advanced is, that this kind of tenderness is most often found in those who have suffered themselves: the sight of another's misfortunes awakens in them a painful remembrance of what they felt in a similar situation; they hasten to banish the disagreable idea which pains them, and mechanically, by a kind of involuntary instinct, they relieve the objects, less to render them service than to banish their own uneasy sensations.

Thus it appears that this quality does not suppose great knowledge or great virtue, and sufficiently distinguishes the merely susceptible from the delicate heart. The latter knows all the degrees of misfortune, and proportions its assistance to the situation of the unhappy. There is no occasion to awaken its tenderness, to put it in action: it conceives and anticipates wants which are not publicly shewn, and even prevents those sorrows which do not yet exist. Free in its bounties, it always bestows them with reflection; it may be determined by circumstances, but never forced. As it acts coolly, it is always in a condition to banish whatever may be painful to those whom it relieves; and even gives in with such precaution and delicacy of manner, as not to shock the modesty of the relieved, and thus doubles the value of what it bestows. The possessors of the truly delicate heart have that sensibility for all mankind in general which true humanity inspires, but

there remains in them also an immense fund which they know how to distribute properly, and according to the merit which they see or think they see in the persons to whom they attach themselves.

A heart truly delicate is always tender, and thence arise the pains and anxieties to which it is continually exposed. If the objects of its attachment become ungrateful, how is it torn, both in regard to them and itself!—to them, who degrade themselves by ingratitude, and to itself, that it has been deceived; yet it sooner pardons the wrong done to itself. than that which they suffer who abuse its goodness. But if its friends are essentially faithful to the duties of friendship, yet will its delicacy raise up phantoms to encounter with: the least omission, the slightest failure, wounds, disquiets, and torments it; and it takes such pains to nourish uneasiness, that one would think that uneasiness were its proper element. It reflects upon a word, a look, and interprets it twenty different ways. If it has nothing to reproach the objects of its attachment with, yet their absence, their sickness, their disquiets, nay even those which never have happened, but to which as mortals they may be subjected, are all so many stings to a delicate heart.

CAMILLA.

THE INTRIGUE;

OR,

The LOVERS *who were* PERSUADED *to be in* LOVE.

(A Tale, from the French.)

Il y a des gens qui n'auroient jamais été amoureux, s'ils n'avoient jamais entendu parler de l'amour*. *Max. de la Rochefoucault.*

WE have heard many declamations against maternal predilections, and with reason are they blamed when hey are manifested by unjust preferences, or even by such as are too strongly marked: yet must it be admitted that they have always a foundation in reason. A mother, in her fears and hopes, may be deceived with respect to the future, but she always judges rightly for the present: for who, indeed, can have a more perfect knowledge of the real character and disposition of her children? The Roman general Æmilius Paulus replied to a person who expressed his surprise that he should have divorced his wife, who was both beautiful and virtuous—'You can see that my shoe is well made, and appears to fit me exactly; but you cannot tell where it pinches my foot.'—Still more difficult is it to fathom the sensible and delicate heart of a mother, when she appears to choose between objects so dear to her. It is doubtless a fault, but it has for its cause a misfortune. While we censure we ought to lament, and to believe that a mother who acts thus is more imprudent than unjust.

The partial affection of the marchioness de Forlis for Louisa, her eldest daughter, was generally condemned; for Juliette was considered as much more amiable, and in fact she was so. Louisa, who was twenty years of age, had that external appearance and manners which all candid persons commend, but which please nobody. Her own sex all admitted that she was handsome, and her mother believed she was beautiful.

From a description of her person in general terms, she might be thought to be extremely handsome. She had large eyes, a small mouth, and fine teeth; she was of a fair complexion, and well proportioned. But her large eyes were round, and a little projecting; her mouth open-

* There are persons who would never have been in love, if they had never heard talk of being in love.

ed disagreeably, her look was destitute of expression, and her aquiline and somewhat turned-up nose gave a peculiar cast to her features, which the flatterers of madame de Forlis sometimes called a mild melancholy, and sometimes dignity. This unfortunate nose was, besides, not unfrequently made the subject of vulgar wit by the waiting maids of the marchioness and the other domestics. The person of Louisa, though perfectly regular in its proportions, had, as well as the whole of her carriage, a certain stiffness, which was held forth by her mother as the perfect example of gracefulness and elegance. Louisa, with very little sprightliness and wit, possessed some knowledge and talents; but unfortunately she had applied them only to things which have no enlivening charm, but appear dull and heavy in society. She drew, with frigid exactness, large heads and academical figures, in black and white chalk on blue paper; and the marchioness shewed with exultation the *antique Torso*, and the *excoriated Marsyas*, the two most finished drawings of Louisa, which had been framed, and hung up to decorate the parlour. Louisa in studying history had remembered only dates; but her knowledge of these, and the readiness with which she could adduce them, was extraordinary: in geography she could repeat the names and give some account of the course of a prodigious number of rivers and rivulets. She had likewise made a great progress in music; and the marchioness, who, in her younger days, had been reckoned an excellent player on the harpsichord, was extremely pleased at her preferring that instrument to the *piano-forte*. Louisa, from a sentiment of filial piety truly respectable, always played on a large old harpsichord made by Rucker, which had been her mother's, and performed on it, only, old and long sonatas, which her mother had played in her youth. Madame de Forlis melted into extasy in listening to the pieces of Scarlatti, Galoppi, Alberti, &c. She was not to blame for continuing to admire them; but modern amateurs did not entirely participate in her enthusiasm. Louisa was fond only of the graver kind of dance: she had been told that that only suited the dignity of her figure; and she had the reputation of dancing a minuet in a very superior style, by the constant exercise of which talent she spread a languor and gloom through all the balls to which she was invited: for it is well known how little the minuet is relished by vulgar dancers, and how impatient its conclusion is wished for, that country-dances and reels may recommence. Louisa, in fine, was always insipid, and often disagreeable, in polite companies; but she possessed qualities which are pleasing to all mothers, and which render a young person amiable in a family. She was remarkable for order, economy, and a taste for the occupations suitable to her sex. She had a cool head, a good heart, and a pliable disposition: she was grateful, loved her mother, and confided in her alone.

Great moralists, when they propose to instruct youth, only tell them what may be imparted in a brilliant manner, and arrayed in the ornaments of eloquence: they treat only of the principal duties; and who can be ignorant of them? But there is a kind of advice, frivolous in appearance, which, perhaps, may be much more useful; and which is left to be given by authors of a very inferior class. I may be permitted then to inform young females, that nothing usually is more agreeable to a mother than

for her daughter to consult her on the subject of dress, especially if the mother has arrived at that age when she is no longer very attentive to her own: for though it may be commonly supposed that her taste is then somewhat antiquated, does she not retain a sufficiency, and will she not exert it for the embellishment of her daughter? So thought the good Louisa: 'My mother,' said she, 'knows better than I do what becomes me.' This sentiment alone might have determined a prudent man to marry the woman who was influenced by it with unaffected sincerity. In fine, if I may be permitted the observation, the female who, at twenty, implicitly permits herself to be guided in this particular, is never indocile in any other.

Juliette, who was handsome, lively, witty, and charming, loved and respected her mother; but she thought her taste in many things very Gothic, and her own was extremely different. She made no account of Rucker's harpsichords; she detested grave dances, even the *minuet de la cour*, notwithstanding the two or three more sprightly parts which enliven it a little; and she could only endure the gavot with which it concludes. She set not the least value on the pieces of Scarlatti; she only played their variations on a *pianoforte* of the newest fashion. She had chosen an instructress—but it was not her mother; and a friend—but it was not her sister. The countess of Adrienne, niece to Madame de Forlis, possessed entirely the confidence of Juliette. She was a young person of twenty-six, much inferior to Juliette, both in understanding and the qualities of the heart; but who dressed well, had a knowledge of the world, and conversed with an agreeable vivacity. She flattered madame de Forlis, and gave bad advice to her daughter. The marchioness was jealous of the friendship which Juliette manifested for the countess, and consequently somewhat hurt by it; yet still she entertained a good opinion of her, and had indeed a great regard for her.

The two sisters lived together in the most perfect harmony, notwithstanding the difference in their characters; because both possessed a just sense of propriety, and much native goodness of heart. The marchioness de Forlis, who was a widow, rich, and mistress of her fortune, proposed to divide it equally between her two daughters: but she was determined to marry Louisa first; and till then Juliette only had, by her beauty and natural graces, attracted a suitor. The viscount de Fonrose had become passionately enamoured of her. Of an illustrious birth, and in possession of a considerable fortune and an unblemished character, he added to these, at the age of twenty-nine, the most pleasing personal endowments. Juliette participated in the sentiments of affection with which she had inspired him; but, guided by the advice of the countess Adrienne, she carefully concealed every thing from her mother; who, not even knowing that Fonrose was in love with Juliette, flattered herself that he might be brought to conceive an affection for Louisa, to whom she therefore by every means endeavoured to attract his notice. Fonrose, who was very desirous to please madame de Forlis, expressed great admiration of the *antique Torso* and the *Marsyas*. When Louisa played her fine sonatas, Fonrose took his seat by the side of the harpsichord, which at all times has been considered as a proof of love. In short, he had several times danced a minuet with her; and madame de Forlis, who had observed in si-

lence all these favourable symptoms, began to conceive the greatest hopes

In the mean time, Fonrose had resolved to avail himself of the first opportunity which should offer to speak to the marchioness, and solicit the hand of Juliette. But from this the countess of Adrienne strongly dissuaded him.—'No,' said she, 'you must not think of it: you will certainly be refused, as so many others have been. Recollect that a husband must first be found for Louisa. Surely some man may be found who has sense enough to prefer the eldest to the youngest.'

'An idea strikes me!' exclaimed Fonrose; 'it may, perhaps, be useful.—You know, at least by name, the old baron of Verdac?'

'But too well,' answered Adrienne; 'he is carrying on a vexatious law-suit against my father.'

'He has just sent,' continued Fonrose, 'from his estate in Languedoc, his only son, the viscount de Verdac, whom he has recommended to me in the most earnest terms, and I have already presented the young man at court.'

'What is his age?'

'Twenty-two. He is rich, and of a respectable character.'

'Is he a good figure?'

'Yes: he has not indeed all the graces in the world.'

'I have my doubts.'

'He is what is called a handsome man.'

'Is he as handsome as Louisa is beautiful?'

'Precisely so. He stands five feet ten; has black hair; a timid and cold manner; marked features.'

'I think I see him.'

'No pains have been spared in his education; and his progress in learning, and his natural abilities, are much commended.'

'He is very learned and very silly!—this is certainly the man we want. Heaven has formed him to be the husband of the discreet and perfect Louisa—My aunt sets out for the country to-morrow; it will be proper to ask her permission to introduce to her your cousin.'

'It will.'

'And you will confide your secret to the viscount, that he may not embarrass you, by misplacing his attention?'

'By no means; for my young cousin has so high an opinion of my taste, that were I to let him know all I think of Juliette, he would become enamoured of her from respect to my discernment.'

'You will, then, only praise to him her sister?'

'Such is my plan.'

'I imagine he has not very violent passions?'

'No; he is extremely temperate in that respect

'He is in the army, I suppose?'

'Yes; but as the garrison in which he serves is only two leagues from the family mansion, he has never been from under his father's eye, till now that he has sent him to Paris; and he must return within a month.'

'And you really think that you shall be able to persuade him to fall in love with Louisa?'

'I will make the experiment. I am sure he will listen to my praises of her, and believe all I say, though he has scarcely heard of such a thing as love.'

'At his age, however, some little idea may be formed of it.'

'Oh! he forms no ideas. The only difficulty is, that his father, as I have been told in confidence, has already planned a marriage for him, which is almost completely arranged.'

'Has the young man seen the lady his father designs for him?'

'Not yet, nor does he know her name; and, as he has no great curiosity, he is not desirous to know it, since he is certain, as he has said to me, that his father will make no match for him that is not perfectly suitable and proper.'

'Suppose this unknown lady should prove to be Louisa!'

'No; that cannot be: for he knows, and it is all he does know of her, that his intended spouse is the daughter of a gentleman in the profession of the law.'

'The old baron of Verdac is the enemy of my father; I shall be delighted to contribute to disconcert his plans I will spare no pains to induce his son the viscount to admire Louisa.'

'She is of a very cold disposition?'

'She has been so ridiculously brought up. She has never read any romances: I offered to lend her some, very moral ones, too, I am sure; and do you know she refused them, saying, her mamma did not approve that kind of reading!'

'Well, we must make her furnish a subject for one, of which she may be the heroine.'

'If Juliette will but aid us in our scheme!'—

'Oh! I will answer for her.'

The same day on which this conversation passed, Fonrose presented the viscount de Verdac to madame de Forlis, who received very favourably the youth to whom Fonrose was the cousin and the mentor. She even invited him to supper, and the invitation was accepted. The viscount, till that time, partly from indifference and partly from timidity, had scarcely looked at any woman; but having been informed in the morning, by the most accomplished man of fashion of his acquaintance, that Louisa was the greatest beauty in Paris, he was desirous to see this master-piece of nature, and his eyes were in consequence frequently fixed on her. When the company rose to repair to the card-tables, Fonrose pointed out to the viscount the large drawings of Louisa, saying to him, *Those are superb.* The viscount, though he was tolerably well acquainted with Latin, Greek, German, history, and geometry, had not the least knowledge of the arts; and, at the first view, mistook the *Torso* for a kind of cuirass, and could not avoid making a grimace when he saw the *Marsyas.* But Fonrose explained to him what he was ignorant of; and the viscount repeated after him that these two pieces were *superb.* At the same moment Louisa approaching to invite Fonrose to the card-table, the latter advised his friend, in a whisper, to say something complimentary to her on her drawings. The viscount, in compliance with this advice, and with extreme embarrassment, said to Louisa, blushing—'Miss, we have been admiring your *Torso*, and your *skeleton*, which are delightful.' At this fine compliment, Louisa, who was well acquainted with the language of artists, could not refrain from laughing; which completed the confusion of poor Verdac. Fonrose, however, encouraged him, by assuring him that Louisa did not laugh in ridicule of what he had said; but that, from an excess of modesty, she always took for pleasantries the most sincere and appropriate praises. At supper, the countess Adrienne contrived to place the viscount by the side of Louisa; and Fonrose introduced the subject of geography, to afford an opportunity to miss de Forlis to display her knowledge in that science, especially with respect to the different rivers of France. The viscount was de-

lighted to find that the conversation had turned on a subject with which he was acquainted, and interrogated Louisa with respect to all the rivers of Languedoc; and she answered with a precision that greatly excited his admiration. This conversation lasted all supper-time: for the viscount, who was perfectly well acquainted with the province from which he came, did not spare her a single rivulet; and was so enchanted with the readiness of her answers, that, when they rose from table, he said to Fonrose—'Miss de Forlis has a great deal of wit.'

The two sisters slept in the same chamber; and when they had retired, Juliette, while undressing, asked Louisa if she had observed how attentively the viscount de Verdac had fixed his eyes on her.—'I own,' answered she, 'that I sometimes found him looking at me.'

'His attention, indeed, seemed to be engrossed by you in a very extraordinary manner.'

'He appears to be a very agreeable young man; he talks with propriety, and his conversation is instructive.'

'He is said to be very learned: he understands almost all languages, is a great mathematician, and has a knowledge of all the sciences. Did you not find him well versed in geography?'

'Yes; he is extremely well versed in that science: the questions he put to me sufficiently proved it. It is pity that he cannot converse as well, and in as proper terms, on the subject of the arts.'

'The arts! he is passionately fond of them.'

'His manner of praising my drawings was, however, very singular.'

'Oh! you may be certain that was merely a pleasantry; the countess Adrienne, who knows him well, says that he has a great deal of wit.'

'At supper I thought he had.'

'And he has much vivacity.'

'Yet there is something rather heavy and harsh in his countenance.'

'It is the more interesting on that account.'

'Yes, there is a kind of contrast.'

Here the conversation ended; but Juliette resolved to resume it, in the same manner, the first opportunity.

At the same time, Fonrose, on his part, when alone with the viscount, entered into the most rapturous praises of the perfections of Louisa; and his young country cousin admitted that he had never seen any lady so beautiful and so accomplished.

The next day, madame de Forlis set out for her country-house at Chevilly, near Paris. Fonrose was invited to pass a week there, and to bring with him his young friend. They accepted the invitation; and the countess of Adrienne was likewise of the party.

(To be continued.)

The WELSH WEDDING.

(From Malkin's Scenery, Antiquities, and Biography, of South Wales.)

ILL may it befal the traveller who has the misfortune of meeting with a Welsh wedding on the road; he would be inclined to suppose that he had fallen in with a company of lunatics, escaped from their confinement. It is the custom of the whole party that are invited, both men and women, to ride full speed to the church-porch; and the person who arrives there first has some privilege or distinction at the marriage feast. To this important object all inferior considerations give way, whether the safety of his ma-

jesty's subjects who are not going to be married, or their own, incessantly endangered by boisterous, unskilful, and contentious jockeyship. The natives, who are acquainted with the custom, and warned against the cavalcade by its vociferous approach, turn aside at a respectful distance; but the stranger will be fortunate if he escapes being overthrown by an onset, the occasion of which puts out of sight that urbanity so generally characteristic of the people.

ANECDOTE *of* MACKLIN.

THIS veteran of the stage sitting one night at the back of the front boxes, with a gentleman of his acquaintance (before the late alterations at Covent-Garden theatre took place), one of the under-bred box-lobby loungers of the present day stood up immediately before him, whose person, being rather large, covered the sight of the stage entirely from him. Macklin took fire at this; but managing himself with more temper than usual, patted him gently on the shoulder with his cane, and, with much seeming civility, requested of him, when he saw or heard any thing that was entertaining on the stage, to let him and the gentleman with him know of it; 'for you see, my dear sir,' added he, 'that at present we must totally depend on your kindness.' This had the desired effect;—and the lounger walked off.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

WE may love solitude without being misanthropes; none are less susceptible of real attachment than dissipated persons: souls of sensibility withdraw from the multitude.

In business of importance, an inviolable secrecy is necessary; in the ordinary commerce of life, a prudent reserve: but the connections of the heart require a confidence without bounds.

Pride frequently mistakes astonishment for admiration.

Hatred and anger sometimes give wit to fools.

We sometimes do justice to our enemies, to obtain an advantage over them.

The presence of the object we love consoles us for every thing, even for her coldness.

We imagine it is impossible for us to conquer our passion, because we do not sincerely wish to conquer it.

A person deficient in understanding cannot abound in sensibility.

It is less painful never to have been loved, than to cease to be loved by the object of our affection.

Self-love is more frequently duped than sincerity.

Those who have loved find pleasure in reading romances, as travellers do in looking over maps of the countries they have visited.

A man of understanding will sometimes contradict, in the same manner as we may knock at a door to know if any person is at home.

Coarse and vulgar jealousy is a distrust of the object beloved; delicate jealousy is a distrust of ourselves.

The dissatisfaction which follows pleasure is much worse than that which precedes it; it wants the desire and hope of enjoyment.

In the decline of life, the past is so much talked of only because the present makes too little impression, and the future would make too much.

To speak much and well is the talent of genius; to speak little and well is the characteristic of the wise man: to speak much and ill is the impertinence of the simple; to speak little and ill, is the misfortune of fools.

A man of sense is silent among fools, from the same reason that a rich man sometimes refuses alms to beggars:—he has no small money.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

VELVET has not been for a long time so much in vogue for the dress of the head. In full dress, a *toque* of black velvet, or deep blue, cherry-colour, or Turkish red, is worn, with an aigrette of diamonds, or an *esprit*. There are at least twenty sorts of velvet hats, all different. Those of an entirely round form, afterwards flattened and turned up before, are the most common. Sometimes the velvet is intersected or striped with yellow or white satin. Some hats are made of satin, with spots, or small stripes, of velvet: there are others of plain satin of the *vigogne*, cherry, or deep blue, colour: the feathers are still so placed that the points fall over the forehead. The cloth hats are lined with white satin: they are usually made *à l'Espagnole*, that is, with a large and flat crown and a small rim, or in the manner of a hunting hat. The fashion of small caps, with puckered trimmings under a hat, still continues. These trimmings are likewise worn with *fichus* of Turkish muslin, of which some make a turban.

The new ribands are *epinglés*, or made resembling velvet; others with a plain ground have a *passe-poil*, or chain-lace of velvet.

In full dress, some ladies of fashion wear a mameluke of fine taffety, with a large round collar without trimming. Light grey and pearl grey silk robes are much in fashion.

The number of *doulettes* does not increase. According to the newest fashion, the cloth capotes or great-coats should have mother-of-pearl buttons; there ought to be ten on each side. These great-coats are usually made of white kerseymire, of very deep chamois, or grey-peach coloured kerseymire; and have two velvet collars. The amazon dresses, which were all blue or brown, are now made of cloth or kerseymire, of the colour of these great coats, with mother-of-pearl buttons.

The fashionable dresses represented in the plate are:—1. Hat of blue taffety, ornamented with flowers, and fastened on the top of the head by a riband. Short robe of white muslin, with a *torsade* at bottom. White embroidered shawl: pearl necklace: yellow gloves: yellow shoes.

2. Head dress in hair with a band. White robe, with a gold embroidery at bottom: short sleeves, spotted with gold: lapis lazuli necklace: gold ear-rings.

LONDON FASHIONS.

STRAW, Egyptian brown, and puce velvet, bonnets are still worn in the morning; together with the Spanish beaver hat, the colour Egyptian brown. In the evening, the plain Grecian head-dress or Egyptienne. Purple and green bunches of grapes are worn for assemblies, in the form of wreaths and scarlet flowers. Turbans are

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine, Jan. 1805.

Mutlow Sc. Russell Co.

PARIS DRESS.

much worn of an evening. At the last Opera few diamonds were sported; in fact, dress seems exploded, until the fashionable season commences, which will be immediately after the birth-day.—Purple and green grapes are still worn as wreaths at balls and assemblies. Scarlet flowers are likewise worn.

An entirely new article has been introduced by our most fashionable ladies, in shawls made from the fur of the seal of the South-seas: they are ornamented with gold cord, India or Grecian borders and tassels, and have a very elegant and novel effect, as well as defending the fair wearer from the cold, being warmer, softer, and equally light as the Indian shawl.—Pelisses, and dresses made of the Georgian cloth, in its *natural colour*, which is very beautiful, will also be much worn in the first circles.—India shawls (put on as worn on the continent) are becoming more the rage than ever: a successful imitation of them has recently been made in this country, and will, we have no doubt, receive every encouragement from the ladies of the British isles.

Full Dresses.

Evening dress of a fine cambric, striped with lace; long sleeves made quite plain; the dress made full over the bosom, and confined in front with a medallion or brooch.—A small cap, trimmed with velvet, and a lace veil thrown carelessly over it.—A full dress of fine white muslin, made open from the sides, and trimmed with lace: short sleeves, made of alternate stripes of lace and muslin; the bosom formed by a divided handkerchief, which is fastened to the side of the dress, and crossed over the bosom. A petticoat the same as the dress, trimmed round the bottom with lace. The head dressed with a veil, and a bandeau of diamonds or other ornaments in front.

Head Dresses.

A morning cap of white lace over coloured silk, with a full lace border. A deep frill of white lace round the neck.—A hat of amaranth velvet, covered with blond lace, and trimmed with black velvet. A feather to match the hat.—A handkerchief-cap of white crape, finished with a bow on the left side.—Peruvian hats of coloured velvet, ornamented with velvet wreaths.—Turban of ruby-coloured crape.

General Observations.—The prevailing colours are green, yellow, and puce. Spanish hats of coloured velvet, with feathers to match, are generally worn. Black velvet pelisses, trimmed all round with lace, are most prevalent.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY called THE SCHOOL OF REFORM, OR HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND; performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Tuesday, January 15.

THE characters were thus represented:

Lord Avondale - -	Mr. Cooke.
General Tarragan -	Mr. Munden.
Ferment - - - -	Mr. Lewis.
Frederick - - - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
Old Man - - - -	Mr. Murray.
Tyke - - - - -	Mr. Emery.
Mrs St. Clair. - -	Mrs. Gibbs.
Mrs. Ferment - -	Mrs. Litchfield.
Julia Tarragan - -	Miss Brunton.
Mrs. Nicely - - -	Mrs. Davenport.
Shelah - - - -	Mrs. St. Leger.

The plot is complicated, and embraces a variety of incident.

Mr. *Radmor*, afterwards *Lord Avondale*, is in early life attached to a young and virtuous girl, but holding a very humble rank in life: they are *privately* married: he goes abroad in the suit of an ambasaador, and she follows him; the ambassador dies, and he is unexpectedly promoted to the appointment: a title succeeds, and he becomes disgusted with the base marriage he has formed, and by secret agency has her accused of practising against the religion of the country; she is immured in a convent, and he supposes her dead.—*Frederick*, a son by this marriage, he places in the custody of a young tenant of his (*Tyke*); the money sent to him turns his brain, he is ruined at Newmarket, and is banished fourteen years, for the crime of horse-stealing. *Frederick*, intrusted to his care, is deserted, but is placed in the School of Reform, and accidentally becomes serviceable to *Lord Avondale*, who makes him his secretary. The play commences with *Lord Avondale*'s arrival at his family-seat, where he has come to be united to the daughter of *General Tarragan*, who has also arrived from abroad, and has brought with him Mrs. *Radmor*, who assumes the name of *St. Claire*, and who, by continental revolutions, has been liberated from the convent where she was confined; she is determined (having the certificate of marriage, letters, and jewels in her possession, to establish her claim) to institute an enquiry respecting her child; and by a miniature which is sent from *Lord Avondale* to *Miss Tarragan*, she discovers that he is *Mr. Radmor*, her husband, and she determines secretly to prevent her husband adding a further crime to what he has committed, by a second marriage. *Tyke*, who pursues his bad courses, is brought before *Lord Avondale*: he recognizes him, and he disclaims any knowledge of the child; but says, that, by a mark made with gunpowder, he will be enabled to identify him, should they ever meet. *Lord Avondale* then discovers that *Mrs. St. Claire* has, by the evidences she possesses, power to ruin his reputation, and determines, at any risk, to obtain possession of them. He sounds *Tyke* on the subject; but he, having found his father, is affected by sincere contrition, and refuses to become his agent. *Lord Avondale*, goaded on by the dread of immediate exposure, determines himself to obtain those evidences by force: he disguises himself, and effects his purpose, but is pursued; and *Frederick*, to save *Lord Avondale*, whom he ardently loves, assumes the disguise he wore when he is supposed to have taken the property.

The marriage is about to be celebrated between *Lord Avondale* and *Miss Tarragan*, when his wife places herself at the entrance of the chapel; and, on the door opening, he beholds her demanding her lost son: in the mean time, *Tyke* has discovered that *Frederick* is her son, who rushes in, and *Lord Avondale*, on beholding his wife and child restored, kneels to Heaven in gratitude and contrition.

This play, of which Mr. Morton is the avowed author, bears strong marks, in its principal lineaments, of being drawn from the models of the German school, which, however justly or not we shall not now take upon us to determine, have of late years obtained much popularity, and have been copied by the dramatic writers of almost all the theatres of Europe.

Mr. and *Mrs. Ferment*—the former a scheming half-witted husband, the latter a cheerful rational wife, who has discovered that the only way to *rule her husband* is to

hold her tongue—furnish out the principal comic incidents, and give the second title to the play.

The character of *Tyke*, without comparison the best drawn and the best performed in the piece, excites uncommon sympathy, and the spectator is almost tempted to extenuate the crime for which this misguided rustic, who eventually reaches the proudest heights of virtue, has been banished from his country. We have scarcely ever witnessed a dramatic illusion which more strongly affected us, than that vigorous and admirable scene, in which he describes his separation from his aged father. Mr. Emery played it with uncommon power; never have the phrensy of guilt, remorse, and despair, been pourtrayed with more truth and terrific impression.

General Tarragan does not appear to us to be of English origin; he is, notwithstanding, a very entertaining character, and the audience seemed well pleased with the eccentric manner in which it was sustained by Munden. The part of *Lord Avondale* did not afford sufficient scope for the talents of Mr. Cooke; the meanness with which he suffered *Frederick* to expose himself to the consequences of the supposed commission of a capital offence sunk him so much in the estimation of the audience, that even his subsequent repentance and restoration to virtue did not re-establish him in their favour. There are none of the other characters, except that of the loquacious Housekeeper, who is perpetually regretting the loss of a memory minutely tenacious, that can boast of any novelty.

We cannot bestow sufficient praise upon the sentiments. They are clothed in nervous language, and are all elevated, refined, and enobling. The whole comic strength of the company is called forth, and the different performers exerted themselves to the utmost in their respective parts.

The epilogue was a very lively and pleasant one, and it was admirably spoken by Mrs. Litchfield.

Ladies' Dresses *on her* Majesty's Birth-Day.

The Queen—AN elegant white satin petticoat, with a net work embroidered in purple, and a rich velvet border at the bottom of the petticoat, with white velvet, white chineal, and silk flowers, and small fancy tassels; the drapery on the right side of the purple velvet, embroidered in white, relieved with large points which draw up the drapery; that on the left side embroidered in bunches of large leaves; and rich purple and white tassels, intermixed with acorns and embroidered bows, finished this dress, which had a most noble appearance. The mantle of purple and white fancy velvet, with an elegant velvet embroidered border to correspond with the dress.

Princess of Wales—The robe composed of ruby velvet, richly embroidered with silver, also polished steel to form large branches and wreaths of flowers; the train was trimmed all round with a most elegant fringe; the body tastefully ornamented with diamonds, point lace, and gold laurel; the petticoat of white satin, embroidered silver and polished steel, to correspond with the dress; the head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Princess Augusta—A magnificent dress of green satin, superbly embroidered in stripes of gold foil relieved by festoons richly spangled; draperies of green velvet, richly embroidered with a superbly elegant

border of gold; Parisian net in festoons of rich foil strawberry leaves; Hussar sash of green velvet, embroidered in stripes; at the bottom of the petticoat was displayed a beautiful shell-work in gold; the whole looped up with rich cords and tassels; train, green and gold velvet tissue.

Princess Elizabeth—The same as princess Augusta, in royal purple; train purple and gold velvet tissue, in checks. Her royal highness wore a profusion of diamonds in her head-dress.

Princess Mary—Wore a petticoat of royal purple satin, with three magnificent draperies of purple velvet, richly spangled in rings, with large gold foil, vine leaves elegantly entwined and interspersed throughout the whole; each drapery trimmed with most beautiful Brussels point; the left side of the petticoat covered with two long sashes in purple velvet, richly embroidered in the eastern style, and trimmed all round with the same beautiful point that finished the draperies; the bottom in waves of gold; and vine leaves finished this superb dress, which, for the simplicity and elegance displayed in the *tout ensemble*, surpassed every thing of the kind we have ever seen. Train, purple and gold tissue in check, the same as her royal highness princess Elizabeth.

Princess Sophia—A petticoat of orange-coloured satin, richly embroidered in silver draperies of real black lace, with rich embroidered borders of silver foil, intermixed with the lace: the whole had a most costly and superb effect, and finished with rich silver cords and tassels; train, orange-coloured velvet and silver tissue.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester—A beautiful dress of white and gold; the petticoat white satin superbly embroidered with gold in stripes, the bottom ornamented with rich border and gold fringe: the drapery consisted of a very elegant gold embroidered net, which had a very striking and brilliant effect; train of gold tissue trimmed with gold, to correspond.

Duchess of York—A white crape petticoat richly embroidered in silver waves, with an Etruscan border of real silver, oriental lamé on geranium-coloured crape; draperies of the oriental real silver lamé with wreaths of geranium beautifully painted on velvet; double draperies of crape so closely spangled with small silver spangles as almost to conceal the crape; head-dress, diamonds and feathers; train, geranium-coloured satin, trimmed with silver.

Princess Castelcicala—An elegant dress of white crape, richly embroidered in gold; drapery of purple velvet and gold spangles; train of purple velvet, embroidered and trimmed with gold.

Duchess of Dorset——A superb dress, but did not appear, on account of a death in the family.

Duchess of Roxburgh—A petticoat of white crape covered with a rich mosaique of gold and silver spangles, border royal purple velvet embroidered in real gold, oriental lamé with sprays of wheat in coloured brilliant stones to imitate topazes and rubies, and large real coques deperles set in gold; draperies, white crape, covered with hearts-ease, richly embroidered in the gold oriental lamé; border the same pattern as the petticoat, but still richer; double drapery, a gold net; head-dress, royal purple; feathers with a tiara of diamonds; train of royal purple velvet, with a deep border of real gold oriental lamé, and brilliant stones entirely round.

Marchioness of Headfort—A

white crape petticoat, with drapery of Turkish silk, trimmed with white fur; robe of Turkish silk, trimmed with fur and point; head-dress a beautiful Turkish turban, and diamonds.

Marchioness of Hertford—A white crape petticoat, embroidered in gold, with a superb Etruscan border; rich sashes of white satin and gold; body and train of puce velvet, richly embroidered; head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers, and diamonds.

Marchioness of Stafford—A dress of green crape, richly embroidered with gold draperies of velvet, looped with bullion rope and tassels: robe of green velvet, superbly embroidered with gold, and trimmed with point; head-dress, velvet and diamonds.

Countess of Aylesbury——Head-dress, a rich gold cap, with six fine white ostrich feathers tastefully disposed and diamonds, with beautiful point lace lappets.

Countess of Aylesford——Head-dress, a black velvet bandeau, with a beautiful gold net, elegantly spangled, and rich gold tassels, with a plume of fine white ostrich feathers.

Countess of Cardigan—Brown velvet petticoat, superbly embroidered with gold, brown train; head-dress brown, feathers to correspond, with a great profusion of diamonds.

Countess of Dartmouth—A superb petticoat of white satin, with draperies of white crape and gold, with handsome alegroe borders; body and train of puce velvet richly embroidered to correspond; head-dress a white and gold turban, with diamonds, and a plume of ostrich feathers.

Countess Gerebzoff—A rich silver petticoat embroidered mosaic, elegantly decorated with point lace, and silver tassels; train, rich silver tissue; head-dress a rich tiara of diamonds and white feathers, and the gown richly decorated with diamonds.

Countess of Jersey—Petticoat and mantle draperies with supporter, all of rich white satin, enriched with a curiously embroidered Etruscan border, in matted gold pearls, the corners with full medallions of matted gold pearls, and the points finished with tassels of the same, a superb matted gold fringe round the bottom of the petticoat; the train Egyptian brown velvet, edged with the same embroidery; head-dress, a most brilliant diamond plume, and a plume of ostrich feathers.

Countess of Pembroke—A white satin petticoat richly embroidered with gold sprigs, puce velvet drapery, elegantly festooned with and fastened with embroidered bands of gold and tassels, puce velvet train trimmed to correspond.

Dowager Countess of Septon—A rich black velvet dress with white petticoat richly ornamented, head-dress black velvet, ostrich feathers, and a superb diamond.

Countess St. Vincent—A white crape petticoat embroidered in gold, with an elegant border of black, and gold at the bottom of the petticoat; train, ruby coloured satin with gold fringe.

Countess Woronzow—A lilac crape petticoat, handsomely embroidered in gold, fastened with real gold clasps; black velvet train; head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Viscountess Sidmouth——A very beautiful white satin dress, elegantly ornamented with gold, purple velvet drapery, richly embroidered with gold, purple velvet train.

Lady Deerhurst——Petticoat of white crape, with a mosaique of gold spangles, border on arabesque of gold feathers on velvet of Egyptian brown, with orange-coloured

flowers, embroidered in gold, gold cord and tassels; train, pale blue sarsnet, trimmed with gold fringe; head-dress, diamonds and high white feathers.

Lady Elizabeth Fielding—A white satin dress, elegantly trimmed with swansdown, pearls, and lace; petticoat white crape, tastefully ornamented with swansdown, beads, and tassels; head-dress, pearls, swansdown, rich plume of ostrich feathers.

Lady Grantham—Petticoat white, strewed with gold leaves, bordered with a puce and gold net edged with gold, chenille drapery crape and gold straw, fastened on the right side with puce velvet wreaths, and gold tassels; left corners a rich drapery, bordered in puce and gold, and fastened with very rich gold cord and tassels. Train, puce velvet trimmed with gold and point lace; cap, puce white and gold with white ostrich plumes.

Lady Charlotte Greville—A petticoat of rich white satin, with an Etruscan border of gold embroidery on black velvet; draperies of real gold tissue, ornamented with gold cord and tassels, and drawn up with egraphs of gold on black velvet; train black velvet, trimmed round with gold embroidery; sleeves gold tissue; head-dress gold tissue turban, with diamonds and white feathers.

Lady Huntingfield—Petticoat of white crape, embroidered in stripes of silver draperies of purple velvet, embroidered in wreaths of silver flowers, with rich Etruscan border; train, purple velvet, trimmed with silver, and silver stripes; head-dress purple velvet tiara, with white feathers.

Lady Langford—A dress of amber crape richly embossed with silver, draperies of slate velvet in deep points, embroidered with silver; robe of slate velvet, richly embroidered with silver and trimmed with point; head-dress, amber and grey, drooping feathers and diamonds.

Lady Louisa Legg—A new and elegant dress of green and silver; wreaths of dead silver crossing the petticoat, and bunches of silver flowers; body and train of green velvet, and silver to correspond; head-dress a plume of ostrich feathers.

Lady Lucas—A petticoat of crape bordered in white velvet and gold, with gold fringe; a drapery of crape strewed with gold, and festooned with ruby velvet, striped in gold chenille; left side fastened with very rich gold cord and tassel, rich loop, and embroidered in white velvet and gold; train ruby velvet, trimmed with gold; and blond cap white and ruby, with gold ornaments, and white ostrich plume.

Lady Price—A handsome white and gold petticoat, with a beautiful border of gold feathers, body and train of purple velvet embroidered in gold; head-dress purple velvet and gold, with a plume of ostrich feathers.

Lady Radstock—A body and train of black velvet, trimmed with point and silver; petticoat of white satin, drapery of black velvet, embroidered with silver and rose-coloured satin, drawn up with cord and tassels.

Lady Ranelagh—A white and silver petticoat, with elegant sashes embroidered on lace; train and body of white satin embroidered in silver to correspond; head-dress a plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Lady A. Culling Smith—A petticoat of white crape, richly spangled with a border of white satin, embroidered in gold; draperies, white crape, with a mosaique of real gold rings; border of gold, embroidered with wreaths of lilacs, painted on velvet; gold cord and tassels; train, violet coloured velvet, trimmed

round with gold vandyked fringe; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Mary Taylor—A white crape petticoat, ornamented with a shower of gold spangles, a Grecian drapery drawn up with cord and tassels, body and train of white satin trimmed with gold fringe.

Lady Isabella Thynne—A petticoat of white crape, embroidered in silver waves, rich silver Etruscan border, on amarantha velvet; draperies, a rich mosaique of silver on white crape; Etruscan borders richly worked in satin, on amarantha velvet and shells of silver, the whole ornamented in silver, rich silver tassels and cord; train, amarantha velvet, embroidered in silver; head dress, silver bandeau and white feathers.

Lady Welby—A black velvet dress richly trimmed with point lace, swansdown and gold; superb embroidered crape petticoat, with swansdown and gold; head-dress elegant plume of ostrich and paradise feathers, black velvet point lace, and a profusion of diamonds.

Baroness Walkin—A pearl colour satin petticoat, with a scarlet velvet drapery, elegantly arranged with beautiful point; a Turkish robe of scarlet velvet, trimmed with point to correspond with the petticoat.

Hon. Mrs. W. Stuart—A violet crape and puce velvet dress, richly embroidered with gold, festooned with gold rope and tassels; robe of velvet embroidered with gold and trimmed with point; head-dress, violet feathers and gold.

Mrs. Beaumont—A dress of amber crape and slate velvet, most superbly embroidered in borders of spangles and embossed silver; robe of slate velvet, trimmed with silver and point lace; head-dress, amber and argus feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. Beytagh—Lavender crape petticoat, hooped up with silver cord and laurel foil, trimmed with fringe; the train of Chambery gauze, richly embroidered with silver spangles; head dress and feathers to correspond, with a bandeau and star of diamonds; diamond necklace, forming a drapery in the centre, a miniature of her brother, and the initials of his name.

Mrs. Canning—A petticoat of ruby crape, very beautifully embroidered in silver, intermixed with rings of velvet of the same colour; train of ruby velvet, most elegantly embroidered, with a Grecian border, forming a part of the drapery; the sleeves richly spangled and trimmed with beautiful point lace; head-dress, a bandeau of diamonds, and a plume of ostrich feathers.

Mrs. Dillon—A dress of great beauty, displaying a taste of true elegance and simplicity; it was of pink crape in drapery, ornamented with fringes of Roman pearl, and festooned with chains and tassels of the same; a robe of the same colour, ornamented with pearls.

Mrs. Joliffe—A body and train of white satin, the latter trimmed with silver-tasselled fringe; the sleeves ornamented with silver spangled net and point lace; drawn up with diamond loops and stars; petticoat white crape, with embroidery of convolvulus leaves, in silver and satin, forming a wreath from the right to the left, with a shower of spangles intermixed; the drapery drawn up with real silver bullion and tassels, and trimmed with silver-tasselled fringe of the same quality; head-dress of white ostrich feathers, with a diamond bandeau, feather, and crescent, diamond necklace cross, bracelets, and ear-rings.

Mrs. Kelly—A white crape petticoat, with a drapery of the same enriched with a curious embroidery of patent pearl; the drapery looped up with chains and tassels of very large

pearl; the train of white crape, edged to correspond; lace sleeves, embroidered with pearls; head dress, black velvet, pearls, and a beautiful plume of feathers.

Mrs. Spencer Perceval—A petticoat of white crape, beautifully embroidered drapery, and rich chain and tassels; head-dress a bandeau of puce velvet, covered with a rich gold chain and spangles, ornamented with five white ostrich feathers, and a beautiful bird of paradise.

Hon. Miss Coventry—A white crape petticoat, with a mosaique of silver rings; border, an ambesque of silver feathers on purple velvet; draperies, purple and white clouded crape, with a mosaique of white and silver flowers, and rich embroidered border of white and silver wreaths; train, white twilled sarsnet, trimmed with purple and silver; head-dress, silver bandeau and white feather.

Hon. Miss Townshend—A white satin petticoat; draperies of crimson velvet, ornamented with pearl beads; train, crimson velvet, trimmed with white satin and pearl beads. This dress had a very striking and elegant appearance.

The three Misses Courtney—White blond lace petticoats, with Turkish draperies in pink, covered with spangles, rich cord and tassels; trains, rich brown and silver tissue; head-dresses brown and silver turban, pink feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Miss Wynn—A crape dress trimmed, beads.

Mademoiselle de Woigroff—Petticoat of crape, with rich stripes of silver vine leaves, and clusters of silver grapes; the border most elegantly fancied with wreaths of silver grapes; a Parisian bordered drapery in the eastern style, fastened up in several places with amethysts, encircled with diamonds, silver cords and tassels; body and train of white and silver chambery; the petticoat and train trimmed with variegated green frivolity, which had a most noble and unique appearance. This dress was by far the most distinguished, and too much cannot be said of its elegance and simplicity.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from vol. XXXV. p. 713.)

LETTER XIV.

From Eugenia to the right hon. lady L——.

A PRINCIPAL genus in the order of pies is that of the crows *(corvus)*, of which Linnæus has enumerated nineteen species; now increased to forty-six, besides several varieties. This genus includes the ravens, crows, rooks, magpies, jackdaws, jays, and nutcrackers: its characters are;—the bill strong, upper mandible somewhat convex, the edges knife-shaped:—the nostrils covered with bristles which recline over them:—the tongue cartilaginous, and divided at the end:—the feet ambulatory.

Brisson has divided this class of birds into five distinct families, viz. the *chough*, the *crow*, the *magpie*, the *jay*, and the *nut-cracker*; and it must be admitted that these kinds appear to be so clearly distinguished by their external form and habits as to justify such a division.

The largest and strongest species of this genus, which seems naturally to claim the first place, is

THE RAVEN.

This bird, the *corvus corax* of

Engrav'd for the Lady's Magazine.

Common Bee Eater.

Linnæus, is so well known that a particular description of it is unnecessary; it may, however, be observed, that the female is in general of a somewhat lighter black, and has a weaker bill than the male. The plumage of the raven, likewise, is not the same in all countries. Besides the changes produced by age, the colour frequently varies, probably from the influence of climate. In Normandy and Iceland it is often found entirely white, while there are others quite black. White ravens have also been seen in England, and some have been kept and shown as curiosities. In France and Germany they have been found in nests, where the rest of the young ones were black. The Mexican raven, called *cacolott* by Fernandez, is variegated with two colours; that of the Bay of Soldanha has a white ring about its neck: and that which Brisson calls the *white raven of the north*, and which, as Buffon observes, he ought rather to have termed the *black and white raven*, has the upper part of the body of the former colour, and the under of the latter.

The raven is a bird found in almost every region of the world; it is scattered from the polar circle to the Cape of Good Hope, and the island of Madagascar. It sometimes migrates from the coast of Barbary to the island of Teneriffe. It is found in Mexico, St. Domingo, and Canada; and no doubt in the other parts of the new continent, and in the adjacent islands. He is strong and hardy, uninfluenced by the changes of the weather, and when other birds seem benumbed with cold, or pining with hunger, he is active and healthy, busily employed in prowling for prey, or sporting in the coldest atmosphere. He has a considerable degree of docility, and may be trained up to fowling like a hawk.

Pliny mentions one Craterus, who was noted for his skill in teaching ravens to fly at other birds, and who could make even the wild ravens follow him. Scaliger relates, that Louis king of France (probably Louis XII.) used to chase partridges with a raven that had been trained to that sport; and Albertus, according to Aldrovandus, saw one at Naples which caught partridges and pheasants, and when urged by the falcons would even fly at other ravens. When domesticated, he will become extremely tame and familiar, may be taught to fetch and carry like a dog, and will play a variety of amusing tricks. He may be taught to speak like a parrot, and even to sing like a man. 'I have,' says Dr. Goldsmith, 'heard a raven sing the Black Joke, with great distinctness, truth, and humour.' These speaking ravens were highly valued at Rome, and Pliny has given us a somewhat curious history of one of them. This bird had been kept in the temple of Castor, and flew down into the shop of a shoe-maker, who took much delight in the visits of his new acquaintance, and taught him to pronounce the names of the emperor, and other personages of the royal family. This raven would fly every morning to the rostra and salute Tiberius, then the two Cæsars, Germanicus and Drusus; and afterwards the Roman people, as they passed by. The shoe-maker was beginning to turn rich by those who came to see this wonderful raven, when an envious neighbour, displeased at the shoe-maker's success, killed the bird, and deprived the shoe-maker of his future hopes of fortune. The injured shoe-maker laid his case before the people, who espoused his cause, punished the

man who had done him the injury, and gave the raven all the honours of a magnificent interment.

This bird, however, at least in his wild state, has always laboured under the reputation of the worst of qualities. He is accused of a most gross and indelicate voracity, which is allured by every putrid exhalation, and gratified by the foulest carrion. He is represented as the most cowardly, ignoble, and disgusting, of all rapacious birds. His ordinary victims are the most feeble and innocent and defenceless animals, such as the lamb and the leveret; though he will sometimes attack with success those of larger size; for it is said he will pluck out the eyes of buffaloes, and, fixing on the back, tear off the flesh deliberately. His ferocity is the more odious since it is not incited by the cravings of hunger, but seems to arise from an innate delight in blood and carnage; for he can subsist on fruits, seeds of all kinds, and, indeed, will eat almost any thing. This voracity has procured the raven a different treatment in different countries; for in those which are poor, or thinly peopled, he may prove burthensome and expensive; while in those which are wealthy and populous he may be found of use to devour various kinds of filth produced in them. Hence it was, perhaps, that in England formerly, according to Belon, who wrote in 1550, it was forbidden to hurt this bird; while in the small islands of Ferro and Malta a reward was given for every one that was killed.

Among the ancients, when the pretended science of augury made a part of religion, the raven, though always, no doubt, from his above-mentioned habits, his gloomy colour, and his hoarse cry, accounted a bird of ill omen, was a particular object of superstitious attention. All his various motions, and every circumstance of his flight, were carefully observed and studied; and no less than sixty-four different inflexions of his voice were distinguished by the priests, to each of which was assigned a determinate signification. Some, it is said, even carried their credulity and extravagant folly so far as to eat the heart and entrails of these birds, with the hope of acquiring, like them, the power of foretelling future events.

In the wild state, the raven is a very active and greedy plunderer: whether his prey be yet living or has been long dead makes no difference to him; he falls to with the same voracious appetite, and, when he has gorged himself, flies to call his fellows, that they may share in the spoil. If the carcase be already in the possession of some more powerful animal, as a wolf, a fox, or a dog, the raven sits at a little distance, content to continue a humble spectator till they have done. If in his flights he perceives no indication of carrion—and his scent, it is said, is so exquisite that he can smell it at a vast distance—he satisfies himself with food which it is supposed he relishes less, such as fruits, insects, and whatever a dunghill may present.—Buffon, however, tells us, that Hebert, who was for a long course of years an attentive observer of ravens, never saw them tear or mangle dead carcases, or even settle on them: he was therefore of opinion that they prefer insects, and especially earth-worms, to every other kind of food.

The ravens build their nests on high trees, or old towers; and lay five or six eggs, of a pale green colour, marked with small brownish spots. They usually build about the beginning of March, and sometimes

sooner, according as the spring is more or less advanced for the season. The female sits about twenty days, during which the male supplies her with food, of which he commonly provides a very large quantity: for the peasants sometimes find in the ravens' nests, or near them, great heaps of grain, nuts, and fruits. It has been indeed conjectured, that these hoards are collected not merely for the female during incubation, but for the support of both through the winter. Whatever may be their motives, it is certain that ravens, as well as jackdaws and other birds of the same tribe, are much addicted to hoarding and concealing not only provisions, but other things which attract their notice, especially bits of metal, small pieces of money, or any glittering substance.

They often avoid towns, and seek unfrequented places for their nests, from the vicinity of which they drive away all other birds. They will not, according to some accounts, even permit their young to remain in the same district, but drive them from it as soon as they are able to shift for themselves. Martin, in his description of the Western Isles, avers that there are three small islands among the number, in each of which were a pair of ravens, who drove off all other birds as soon as they made their appearance, with loud cries, and great violence. According to Hebert, however—who, as was said above, made, for so long a time, so many observations on the nature and habits of ravens—these birds are particularly attentive to their young during the whole summer after they are hatched, and protract the education of their brood beyond the period when they are able to provide for themselves.

The age at which the young ravens have acquired their full growth is not determined; nor is it known how long they will live. Hesiod asserts, that a raven will live nine times as long as a man; and though this is certainly poetical fiction, it is said to be well ascertained that they will live a hundred years or more. Buffon says, 'they have been known to attain to that age in several parts of France; and in all countries, and all ages, they have been reckoned as birds extremely long lived.'

(To be continued.)

CHARACTER OF MR. GIBBON *the celebrated Historian, as given by himself in his Journal under the date May* 8, 1762.

THIS was my birth-day, on which I entered into the twenty-sixth year of my age. This gave me occasion to look a little into myself, and consider impartially my good and bad qualities. It appeared to me upon this enquiry, that my character was virtuous, incapable of a base action, and formed for generous ones; but that it was proud, violent, and disagreeable in society. These qualities I must endeavour to cultivate, extirpate, or restrain, according to their different tendency. Wit I have none; my imagination is rather strong than pleasing: my memory both capacious and retentive. The shining qualities of my understanding are extensiveness and penetration; but I want both quickness and exactness. As to my situation in life, though I may sometimes repine at it, it perhaps is the best adapted to my character. I can command all the conveniences of life, and I can command too that independence—that first earthly blessing—which is hardly to be met with in a higher or lower fortune. When I talk of my situation, I must exclude that temporary one of being in the militia: though I go through it with spirit and application, it is both unfit for and unworthy of me.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS the dramatic pieces I have formerly transmitted to you have met with your approbation, I again send you a translation of a French comedy, entitled *La Petite Ville.* The name of the author is L. B. Picard; and it was first acted at Paris about two years ago, with considerable applause.

I remain yours, &c.

Twickenham, Jan. 5. ELEANOR H——.

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

A COMEDY, IN FOUR ACTS.

DESROCHES, a young Parisian.
DELILLE, his friend.
DUBOIS, their valet.
RIFLARD, } inhabitants of the country town.
VERNON, }
Madame SENNEVILLE, }
Madame GUIBERT, }

NINA VERNON, sister of VERNON, } inhabitants of the country town.
FLORA, daughter of Madame GUIBERT, }
Madame BELMONT, a young widow, the cousin of DELILLE.
CHAMPAGNE, valet of Madame BELMONT.
FRANCIS, valet of Madame GUIBERT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Road through a pleasant Country: a Town seen at a distance.

DESROCHES, DELILLE.

Dubois. (behind the side scene) Indeed, sir, it was not my fault. I was asleep on my horse.

Desroches. (entering in a great passion) You was asleep! Ought a postillion to be asleep? A fine road we have here! the carriage overturned! a wheel off!

Delille. Come, come, there is no great harm done; you are not hurt.—

Desroches. It would be better if I were hurt.

SCENE II.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, DUBOIS.

Dubois. (entering hastily) Oh! sir, it is nothing at all; only the axletree broke, and a wheel off. I will run to the first wheel-wright I can find, and in two or three hours every thing will be set to rights.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

DESROCHES, DELILLE.

Desroches. In two or three hours!

Delille. By heavens! this is an accident that could not happen more opportunely. We have just reached that pleasant country town we were talking about the other day. As we have letters to several persons who reside in it, if we choose to make use of them, we, at least, need not be in want of a dinner.

Desroches. Very lucky, to be sure! but then we shall lose a whole day. You see every thing with great composure: but if you were as eager to be at as great a

distance as possible from the cursed capital as I am, you would feel how insupportable the least delay is, and how much reason I have to be vexed and enraged. *(Surveying the country through his glass.)* I must confess, however, this is a very pleasant place: the prospect is delightful.

Delille. Did I not tell you so? You see how charmingly the town yonder is situate, on the side of the hill—

Desroches. With a gentle declivity—

Delille. And that river, that flows by the side of it—

Desroches. And afterwards meanders through that beautiful meadow—

Delille. And that thick wood, which shelters it from the cold northerly winds—

Desroches. Nature seems to have taken pleasure in embellishing this pleasant town. It may perhaps be entitled to her favours: simplicity and happiness may reside there.

Delille. Well said! Now for a new fit of enthusiasm! Upon my soul, you are a very extraordinary character. You are in a violent rage with the least thing that happens wrong; and the next moment as extravagantly delighted by the first new object that presents itself to be decorated by your fancy.

Desroches. I was in the wrong, I suppose, to break off my intended marriage with your charming but ungrateful cousin, Madame Belmont, and to leave Paris so abruptly and hastily to tear myself from her and from love!

Delille. It is not the first time that you have been in the wrong.

Desroches. What! I did not see her behaviour to the young officer at the entertainment which I was foolish enough to give the evening before our proposed union? I did not find her in close conversation *tête-à-tête* with a man utterly unknown to me?

Delille. I know nothing of the affair, but appearances may deceive: My cousin has beauty, fortune, and the most excellent of characters; and you left her, and set out as if seised with a fit of frenzy, without enquiry, or even asking who the young officer was.

Desroches. Because experience has taught me some knowledge of the world and of women. Paris is full of nothing but intriguers, knaves, gamesters, coquettes, and prudes. I am determined to leave it, and go far from it, in search of virtue and happiness.

Delille. If you are going in quest of them, you may, perhaps, travel a long time before you arrive at your journey's end:—not that I mean they are no where to be found; but you are apt to change your mind so hastily. What pleases you to-day, will to-morrow be the object of your satire. Young, rich, under no restraint, you was born to be happy with that amiable relation of mine, whom I cannot believe to have been in fault. I saw you at Paris her admirer; impatient if you were absent from her for a moment; and now you travel with no other view but that you may be as far from her as possible. You set out without taking leave of your friends. You asked me to accompany you, and I consented; but without swearing, like you, never to see Paris again, where I have been deceived and imposed upon as well as other people; and where I, too, have met with knaves and coquettes: but I did not conceive an antipathy to the capital on that account; because I know these are to be found every where as well as at Paris.

Desroches. No, that is going rather too far. You will not say, for instance, that in the town before us,

the delightful situation of which we have just been admiring, there is as much corruption, and as much intrigue and falsehood, as in Paris?

Delille. As much is not the question: but there are the same vices, which are more despicable, because exercised on more contemptible objects. I know no person in this town; I have never entered it; but I have no doubt that we shall find in it the same ridiculous pride, the same meanness, the same paltry ambition, the same coquetry, and the same quarrels about nothing, that we do in Paris.

Desroches. Oh! but there is tranquillity, calm of mind, repose—

Delille. Except so far as they are disturbed by envy, jealousy, hatred, gossiping, and slander; the activity of which is doubled by idleness and the listlessness arising from having nothing to do.

Desroches. Well, we are travelling to amuse ourselves: we have two hours to stay here; and I have an idea that we may pass them at once agreeably and usefully.

Delille. That is what I told you, and what you rejected with so much pettishness, before your fit of enthusiasm came on.

Desroches. It would be well if we could meet with some person to tell us the shortest way to this town; for we must go thither on foot, since our carriage is broken down *(The discharge of a fowling-piece is heard.)* What is that?

Delille. It would be somewhat diverting, if, at the very entrance of this town, which you imagine to be the asylum of happiness and virtue, we should be attacked by robbers.

Desroches. Robbers! Depend on it, there are none in these happy rural retreats.

Riflard. (behind the scenes) Here, Rover, here! that's a good dog.

Delille. It is a sportsman.

Desroches. Yes, he is talking to his dog.

(To be continued.)

MODERN FURNITURE.

A CHEVAL DRESSING-GLASS.

THE style of this elegant article is from the Egyptian.—The pillars supporting the mirror are modelled after the manner of a *termini*, pannelled out and inlaid with Egyptian ornaments, in black ebony. The pillars are surmounted by a demi-bust of Antinous, the great favourite of the emperor Adrian. The termini are ornamented with richly carved human feet, supported by a pedestal, finished on each side with Egyptian chimeras in bronze. The frame of the glass is ornamented with stars and the Egyptian *lotos*, or water-lily of the Nile, in black ebony. Over the glass is a pediment, containing a carved ornament, in bronze, similar to what is seen over the Egyptian gates; namely, the sphere and the winged serpents. The size of this glass, which is intended for the prince of Wales, is eight feet and a half by three feet and a half.

EGYPTIAN WINDOW SEATS.

These costly and elegant articles are intended as substitutes for the Ottoman cushions, which have had their day, being in vogue for the last twelve years. The frames of these tasteful appendages to a magnificent drawing-room are of rose wood, enriched with bronze ornaments. At each corner is a lion's head in a concave pannel. The frame is supported by carved and bronzed chimera feet. The cushions are of black Genoa velvet, bordered at the top and around the edges with hieroglyphics in exquisitely-finished tambour needle-work.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE *for the* NEW YEAR, 1805.

By H. J. PYE, *Esq.*

I.

PORTENTOUS 'mid the stormy sky,
Dread when the livid meteors glare,
The faded cheek, the languid eye,
Pale Terror's awful reign declare;
And as athwart the face of heaven
The blazing corruscations fly,
From the green mead and pasture driven,
The flocks and herds affrighted hie:
For on the lightning's flash await
The fiery messengers of fate;
And the loud tempest's thundering breath
Wafts the terrific bolts of danger and of death.

II.

But when the golden orb of day
High in the arch of heav'n appears,
And with its salutary ray
The smiling face of Nature cheers,
Each grove a livelier verdure wears,
The beams the woodland gloom pervade;
While shining through the dewy glade,
As smooth the riv'let glides along,
The lowing herds, in peaceful throng,
Assembled on the rushy brink,
Graze on its sides, or from its bosom drink;
And bursting from each parent root,
Myriads of embryo scions shoot,
Myriads of insect tribes their wings display,
And rise to light and life, wak'd by th' inspiring ray.

III.

Fell Despotism's giant form
Shows to the subjugated mind,
As glares the meteor of the storm,
The dread, the horror of mankind;
Baleful as through the darken'd skies
With livid gleam the lightning flies,
Fierce as the fiery torrents flow
From the rent mountain's torrid brow,
When o'er Sicilia's plain and dædal towers
Ætna the stream of desolation pours,
And far as horror throws the astonish'd eye,
The wasted regions round in smoking ruins lie.

IV.

But different far the happy scene,
'Mid fertile vales and sky serene,
Where rules a King with peaceful sway;
A people's good his patriot aim;
Who, like the radiant source of day,
Sheds glowing light and vital flame:
And as along th' etherial space
Eternal laws the course celestial trace;
So Freedom's rule and Virtue's high behest
Direct the councils of the Royal breast.
And as the day-star's influence bland
Sheds plenty o'er the teeming land;
Now from th' irriguous marsh and sea-beat coast,
Raising of vapoury mists a fleecy host,
To fall again, again with genial power,
In balmy dew or gentle shower;
So grateful Albion, through each fruitful plain,
Proclaims with heart-felt joy her GEORGE's prosp'rous reign.

ON VISCOUNT DUNDEE, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF KILLICRANKIE, 1689.

BENEATH this rude unsculptur'd stone,
Reared by the peasants' artless hand,
Lies Dundee, who stood forth alone
The champion of his native land;

What time the factious slaves of gold,
Who held all principle a mock,
Their ancient monarch basely sold,
And bent their necks to foreign yoke.

On this redoubted spot he stood:
Before him fled th' insulting foe;
The green sod drank their purple blood,
And Gardie's stream ran red below:

On this spot fell: crown'd with the wreath
His loyal faith so well had won,
He press'd the crimson couch of death,
While Victory, weeping, claps'd her son.

And here, with many a grateful tear,
His gallant followers made their moan:
Their children, still assembling here,
Pour forth their prayers on this pure stone;—

'Dread spirits of our noble Sire!
'Deign but to haunt this hallow'd spot;
'So shall each mountain breeze inspire
'Our souls to emulate thy lot!'

V.

SONNET.

THOSE charming eyes, within whose starry sphere
Love whilom sat, and smil'd the hours away;
Those beads of light, that sham'd the beams of day;
That hand benignant, and that heart sincere;

Those virgin cheeks, which did so late appear
Like snow-buds scatter'd with the blooms of May,
Turn'd to a little cold and worthless clay,
Are gone—for ever gone—and perish'd here.—

But not unbath'd by Memory's warmest tear!
—Death, thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,
That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce a flow'r,
The mellower fruitage of its prime was giv'n:
Love saw the deed—and, as he linger'd near,
Sigh'd o'er the ruin, and return'd to Heav'n!

ACROSTIC.

By J. C. S.

MAY the kind gods indulgent hear my pray'r!—
In constant health preserve my charming fair;
Sleeping or waking, may no cares molest;
Serenely calm be my sweet angel's breast!
A lovelorn wretch in deepest anguish prays:—
Grant, oh ye pow'rs! some timely aid, to raise.
Now plung'd in dark abyss of black despair,
E'vn now o'erwhelm'd with life-consuming care—
Stretch forth a pitying hand, and kindly save;
Pluck from the brink of an untimely grave:
Eminently wretched, bereft of peace.
Restore his wounded mind its wonted ease.—
Chagrins dispel, and ev'ry grief remove,
Impart soft comfort to his sweetest love;
Vouchsafe, in mercy, *her* lov'd breast to guard
Against Malignity's envenom'd barb.
Look on her, pow'rs supreme! with great regard.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Madrid, December 3.

WAR with England is now certain. Government has put under sequestration all the money which the English have to claim on our merchants; and various measures, indicative of hostilities, are ordered to be taken in our ports. This blow was only wanting to put the finishing stroke to our commerce.—The *vales* are fallen to 35; our course of exchange is at a stand; and there is no trade carrying on.

Berlin, Dec. 5. Baron Knobelsdorf, the king of Prussia's envoy-extraordinary at Paris, writes from thence, that he is treated with the greatest distinction by the emperor of the French, and that all Prussian subjects, who repaired to that capital to celebrate the coronation, were very well received.

For some days past a report has been current, that hostilities between France and England would be terminated through the mediation of a great power.

The British ministry have sent, by a messenger extraordinary, to his Prussian majesty, a letter of thanks relative to the affair of Sir George Rumbold.

Vienna, Dec. 8. Yesterday the states of Austria appointed a deputation to wait on his imperial majesty, and compliment him on the assumption of the hereditary imperial dignity of Austria.

To-day their imperial majesties, all the archdukes, privy counsellors, and other attendants of the court, went in solemn procession to the cathedral church of St. Stephen, where *Te Deum* was celebrated, according to the ceremonial that had been before published. In the evening all the theatres in the city and suburbs will be open; but the illumination of the city, for which the inhabitants had made preparations, will be omitted.

Yesterday morning the commissaries of government, accompanied by heralds at arms, music, &c. read, in the principal places of the city, the proclamation declaring Francis II. hereditary emperor of Austria. In the suburbs a kind of tribune was erected, from which the proclamation was read to the people. A band of music preceded and followed the procession. After reading the proclamation, one of the heralds exclaimed—'Long live the hereditary emperor of Austria!' which exclamation was re-echoed with the loudest acclamations by the joyful popalace.

The whole garrison of Vienna have yesterday and to-day received an extraordinary gratification.

Three regiments, from Prague, and two others from Bohemia, have broken up, to form a cordon on the frontiers of Italy.

Cadiz, Dec. 10. We have this day received the disagreeable intelligence of the capture, by an English ship of the line off Lagos, of the ship La Fuente Hermosa, coming from Lima, with 780,000 dollars, of which 140,000 were on account of the king, and the rest for the merchants; 700 chests of Jesuits bark, and about 4500 fanegas of Guayaquil cocoa. This is a very severe loss to this city. It is a violent and hostile measure, taken in the midst of peace, and, during the course of insidious negociations, offered as a decoy to our government. The Neustra Senora de Buenos Ayres, from Vera Cruz, is also taken by a ship of the line, which during the night after the capture, by bad management, ran on board and sunk her. This moment a rumour is circulated of Port Mahon being taken by the English. We do not believe this news, which is

by means authentic, and appears to us improbable. Our consolation, amidst so many misfortunes, is, that we think we are entirely delivered from the dreadful contagion which made such havoc in our city. Thank God, there are no symptoms of it left, either on shore or among the seamen in the port, and the roads, &c.

Augsburg, Dec. 16. The last accounts from Italy announce, that the news of a rupture between England and Spain has produced there the greatest sensation. All Spanish vessels have received orders from their court not to quit the ports in which they now are till they shall be authorised by their government. As the Spaniards have hitherto carried on, almost exclusively, the commerce of the Levant, there are many ships of that nation in the ports of Turkey. An *aviso* has, therefore, been sent from Barcelona, by order of the court of Madrid, to give information of the present situation of affairs. Every where the greatest indignation is manifested against the English.

In Sicily every thing is quiet; there are many English agents there employed in making considerable purchases of provisions for supplying the magazines of Malta, from which the whole fleet of admiral Nelson derives its subsistence. It was some time since asserted, that the yellow fever prevailed in that island; but this report, happily, is not confirmed. Nelson has received reinforcements in ships of the line and frigates, which have been sent from the ports in England. He is stationed about forty leagues from Toulon, and watches at once the ports of France and Spain on the coasts of the Mediterranean. All Spanish merchant ships that he can seize are sunk, after their cargoes have been taken out.

Madrid, Dec. 17. The foreign ambassadors and ministers at this court have sent off couriers-extraordinary to their respective governments, with copies of the manifesto communicated to them, of the 12th instant, ordering hostilities to be commenced against Great Britain.

A part of the troops which form the garrison of this place have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at the first notice; their destination has not yet transpired.

A great quantity of heavy artillery is to be immediately conveyed from Segovia. All the other military preparations are going on with the utmost activity, and every thing announces that the war with England will be prosecuted with vigour.

Packets have been dispatched to our American possessions, to apprise the governors of the war which has broke out. Several vessels were, indeed, dispatched to that quarter, some time ago, to inform them of the state of our affairs and expectations, and there is reason to believe that they eluded the vigilance of the English.

Spain, at present, possesses a naval force of sixty-five sail of the line, some of them of the heaviest rate, and a proportionable number of frigates, corvettes, and other vessels of war.

Public prayers are ordered to be put up in all the churches in this capital, and those of the other cities. It appears certain that Portugal must speedily make a common cause with us, and declare war against England.

Paris, Dec. 20. The festival given by the city of Paris, to their imperial majesties, on Sunday last, was the worthy completion of all the fêtes that have taken place in consequence of the coronation.

When their imperial majesties arrived at the hotel de ville, and were seated on the throne, and the princes and dignitaries, habited in the grand costume of ceremony, had taken their stations on the steps of the throne, the marshal governor having received the orders of the emperor, the councellor of state, and the prefect of the department of the Seine, addressed their majesties in a long speech, expressive of the ardent wishes of the city of Paris for the prosperity of their imperial majesties and their successors. The discourse was followed by reiterated applauses from the whole assembly; and the emperor, in a voice which appeared changed by emotion and sensibility, but in a paternal tone, and with the most touching expression, returned a short answer, of which the following is the purport:—

'Gentlemen of the municipal body, I have come among you to give to my good city of Paris the assurance of my special protection. On all occasions, it will be a duty and a pleasure to me to give particular proofs

of my benevolence towards it, for I wish that you should know that in the heat of battles, and in the greatest dangers, upon the seas, and in the midst of deserts, I have ever held in view the opinion of this great capital of Europe; next, however, to the suffrage of posterity, which is all-powerful on my heart.'

26. Yesterday his holiness visited the imperial hotel of invalids. He was received by his excellency the marshal governor and the etat major. Having been introduced into the church, and conducted to the altar by the clergy of the invalids, he said his prayers upon a cushion prepared for him. From thence he proceeded to the dome, and stepped before the tomb of Turenne. His excellency presented to him in one of the chapels several ladies. His holiness then proceeded to the magnificent infirmaries of the hotel, which he surveyed with great interest. Every where he gave marks of his natural goodness, and his great affability. When he returned, he was followed to his carriage by a great concourse of people.

Leyden, Dec. 23. One of our inland daily papers contains the following article:

'The state directory of the Batavian Republic had endeavoured, in consequence of treasonable reports, originating with the enemies of good order, to circumscribe, by their resolution of November 23, the command in chief over the Batavian troops, vested in the hands of the French general in chief by treaty; but on a subsequent consideration of their engagements, as well as of the true interests of this country, they have shewn their zeal to give complete and public satisfaction to the French general in chief, by cancelling their first resolution; as appears by the following decree, extracted from the register of the resolutions of the state directory of the Batavian Republic, in their extraordinary sitting of Wednesday, Dec. 12.

'On the representation made to the meeting, and for reasons thereunto moving, it is resolved, finally to annul the resolution bearing date the 23d of November last.

'The secretary of state of the war department is charged to acquaint the officers and commanders of the Batavian Republic with this disposition, and to issue the necessary orders for putting it into execution.'

Schifdam, Dec. 25. We hear that M. Semonville, the French ambassador at the Hague, has demanded the dismission of four members of the directory of state, viz. A. G. Bezie, J. Spoors, C. G. Byleveld, and C. H. Gockinga. They have promised to absent themselves from all deliberations in that college. It is added, that the secretary Boschia, of the department of foreign affairs, is comprehended in the ambassador's demand.—*(Amsterdam Courant.)*

28. The Batavian deputation was to leave Paris on the 28th inst. on their return to this country. Gen. Marmont is shortly expected in this Republic.

Frankfort, Jan. 2. We learn, by letters from Genoa, that the French minister, Salicetti, so far back as the 20th of October, concluded a new treaty, in the name of his sovereign, with the regency of the Ligurian Republic. According to this treaty, the emperor Napoleon engages to bring about a peace between the Ligurians and the powers of Barbary; or, should it be necessary, to place their shipping under the protection of his flag. On the other hand, the republic stipulates to place at the disposal of France, during the present war, six thousand seamen, four thousand of whom are to be furnished with the least possible delay. Her harbours, arsenals, docks, and dock-yards, are also to be widened, at her own expence, and to be placed at the disposal of France, during the same period, for the purpose of building therein ten ships of the line. The Ligurians are also to put the emperor in possession of a ship of the line, a frigate, and two corvettes, which are already finished.

It was reported at Vienna, on the 22d ult. that the French troops were approaching the city of Naples; and that, in consequence of their threatening to take possession of it, the king of the two Sicilies has been forced to shut his harbours against the English. It is certain, that the Neapolitan minister at Vienna has sent off couriers to England and Petersburgh, in consequence of the receipt of dispatches by express from his court.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, Dec. 20.

ON Saturday last, the 15th, a general meeting of the principal Roman-catholics of Ireland was holden by adjournment in this city, to receive the report of the committee of twenty-five, which, though carried by a considerable majority, had been violently opposed in three preceding committee meetings.

Lord Fingal, the chairman of the said committee, reported, that they had prepared a petition to the imperial parliament, pursuant to the instructions of the last general meeting; but, that, after mature deliberation and discussion, the committee had resolved, by a considerable majority, to recommend it to the present general meeting to postpone any final decision on the said petition until the 2d of February, 1805, unless any thing should arise in the interim to make it expedient for the committee to convene a special general meeting before that period. The moderate turn which this embarrassing question has taken is ascribed to the influence which the earl of Fingal, and his respectable adherents, have had in the committee, from which Mr. Keogh has withdrawn himself in dudgeon, on finding himself out-voted, intending, as it is supposed, to try the strength of his party at the next general meeting. Most of the loyal Roman-catholics of Ireland have expressed themselves well pleased that the petition has been thus further postponed.

London, Jan. 1. Yesterday afternoon a fire broke out in Goat-court, Horsley-down, which excited considerable alarm in the neighbourhood. As there were no engines within some distance of the spot, the neighbours employed themselves in carrying water in pails to throw upon the fire, in hope of stopping its progress, till such time as engines could be procured. In this they were successful; the fire was confined to the ground-floor, where it first appeared, and on the arrival of the fire-engines it was soon extinguished, without having done any extensive injury to the premises; but when the firemen entered into the apartments, a very shocking spectacle presented itself to their view—a little girl was lying on the floor burnt to death. It appeared that the mother had left the house only a few minutes before the accident happened, and it is supposed the child set fire to her clothes.

As the firemen were returning home with their engines, about seven o'clock, they were informed that a fire had just broken out in Queen-street, Cheapside. They reached the place in a few minutes, when they found the stables of Mr. Benjamin Travers on fire. The engines being nearly in complete readiness, and plenty of water at hand, the flames were soon extinguished; three horses, however, were suffocated. It was a most fortunate circumstance that the engines were so near at hand when the fire began, as the stable is situated under Mr. Traver's sugar-houses and warehouses, which are very extensive, and contained property to a considerable amount, which, but for the timely assistance that was afforded, must have been destroyed.

4. On Thursday week a lady of New North-street was brought to-bed, and

yesterday morning at five o'clock, while the nurse was attending her, the curtain took fire, and was instantly in one blaze. Though very enfeebled, the lady ran with the child out of the room, and the flames, after entirely burning the bedding and part of the wainscot, were extinguished by the very great exertions of her husband, without further damage. The gentleman had only a shirt on. The fire burnt his knee, yet the shirt itself escaped the flames.

7. An official letter, communicating the intelligence of the Spanish government having declared war against us, was transmitted to the lord mayor.

Five waggons laden with treasure, from the Spanish frigates, passed through the Strand, yesterday morning, on their way to the bank, escorted by a military detachment.

That extraordinary working of the imagination which acts on the mind, and causes a walking in the sleep, was attended, on Saturday morning, with very melancholy consequences to lieutenant and adjutant Wills, of the Portsmouth division of the royal marines, who, about two o'clock, took the lamp out of the window, unfastened and got out of it, walked along the colonnade, and fell into the barrack-yard, a height of about twelve feet, which broke the small bones of his ancles, and fractured his head. It is with much satisfaction we learn that the consequences are not likely to prove fatal.

9. On Monday a flag of truce came out of Boulogne, and delivered dispatches to captain Owen of the Immortalité, which were immediately forwarded to town. These dispatches, it is said, inclose, in a letter from M. Talleyrand to the minister for foreign affairs, a letter from Bonaparté to his majesty.—This letter is reported to contain general expressions of a wish to put an end to the calamities of war, and is dated the 1st of January.

The dispatch from M. Talleyrand, containing the profession of a wish for peace, produced, as was to be expected, a considerable effect upon the funds yesterday.—Consols were done for February at 62¼, a rise of nearly 2½ per cent. and omnium, towards the close of the market, was so high as 13 premium.

11. Mr. Addington had an audience of his majesty, and had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand on being created viscount Sidmouth.

Dover, Jan. 11. The person who came over from Boulogne was one of Bonaparté's aid-de-camps. The papers that he brought were sealed with the new imperial seal, which is stated to be very elegant. On the outside of the papers were orders for the bearer to proceed at the rate of not less than nine miles an hour. He sailed for France again yesterday afternoon in the Immortalité, captain Owen, who, it is stated, had orders to look out for him when he came, as he was expected over.

Falmouth, Jan. 11. Arrived the ship Hind, captain Miner, from St. Thomas's, in forty days. She brings an account, that, three days prior to her sailing from thence, the town had taken fire, and, with several warehouses adjoining, was totally consumed; a great quantity of coffee, cotton, &c. was also burned: the inhabitants were in great distress, having no place to shelter themselves.

London, Jan. 13. Samuel Mitchell was executed in the Old Bailey, for the murder of his daughter, by cutting her throat with a razor, in Wheeler-street, Spitalfields. He behaved in a manner suitable to his unhappy situation.

Deal, Jan. 14. The French sub-lieutenant that brought Talleyrand's dispatches to our government, was relanded at Boulogne on Saturday last, from l'Immortalité; the weather proving so boisterous on Friday as to prevent any communication with the shore.

London, Jan. 14. The gazette contained an order in council granting general reprisals and letters of marque against Spain;—the usual form of declaring war.

15. This day, about three o'clock, his majesty went in state to the house of peers, and opened the sessions of parliament.

Yesterday a meeting, previous to the commencement of the parliamentary campaign, was held at earl Moira's in St. James's-place; at which were present earls Spencer, Carlisle, Moira, lord Grenville, Mrs. Fox, Mr. Windham, and Mr. T Grenville. The duke of Bedford and Mr. Sheridan arrived in

town, and joined the party soon after. His royal highness the prince of Wales was present during the whole of the consultation.

Chester, Jan. 18. A number of robberies having been committed in and about this city lately, the inhabitants would do well to be upon their guard, and carefully secure their premises. Amongst the number, the following deserves notice, for the address and temerity with which it was executed.—On Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, a man who had the appearance of a servant went into the Royal Hotel, and stole from thence a saddle-bag, the property of Henry Parnell, esq. (who had just arrived from Ireland, on his way to London), with which he got clear off, though immediately pursued. The next day, Sunday, hand-bills having been issued, he was taken in bed by Mr. Parnell's servant, at the Red Lion in Pulford, on the road to Wrexham: assistance having been procured, they were attempting to bring their prisoner and the bags to this city, when he said that he was so lame he could not walk, and desired he might be permitted to ride on the poney the servant had brought, which they incautiously complied with, placing on the bags first, and then the prisoner, who was no sooner seated, than he set off full gallop with the poney and bags, and was soon out of sight, leaving the astonished constable, and his wise assistants, scratching their heads. His flight, however, had nearly proved fatal; as Mr. Parnell's servant fired a pistol at him, loaded with slugs, on his first setting off, within the distance of ten yards, which fortunately for him only flashed in the pan. After riding some distance, he alighted, and left the poney and bags, unopened, in a field, where they were found soon after, but the robber has not since been heard of.

On Monday se'nnight, as five colliers were at work in Broncoed colliery, near Mold, the damp (so called) burst with such irresistible fury, that three of them were killed on the spot, and the other two shockingly lacerated: but faint hopes are entertained of their recovery. The three unfortunate victims, being members of the Mold volunteers, were interred with military honours. The ceremony on this awful occasion was conducted with great solemnity and decorum.

London, Jan. 21. On Thursday a tragical event occurred at Camberwell:—A young man for a considerable time past paid his addresses to a miss Gordon, who, with her sister, carries on the millinery and mantua-making business near the green. On Wednesday evening they accompanied each other on a walk, when the young man complained of a partiality shown by her to his brother, in consequence of which a quarrel took place, and he parted with expressing that she should never see him again alive. The same evening he took poison, and early on Thursday morning died in the greatest agony, notwithstanding every assistance was afforded by the faculty. The melancholy tidings of his death occasioned a dreadful shock to the young woman, who is at present dangerously ill, and the event has produced general sorrow among those acquainted with the parties.

On Saturday afternoon, a coal-merchant of respectable connexions put an end to his existence at the Dolphin public-house, Ludgate-hill, by swallowing a large quantity of opium. About three o'clock he called at the Dolphin, which he was in the habit of frequenting, and ordered a glass of brandy and water, and a pipe of tobacco: after smoaking the pipe, and drinking the liquor, he requested to have a glass of gin and water, over which he sat till near six o'clock, when the servant observed to her master that the gentleman had fallen asleep. The landlord went directly to the parlour, for the purpose of awaking him, and there found him in a state of insensibility. The liquor which remained in the glass the landlord perceived had changed its colour, and from that circumstance he suspected the gentleman had been mixing it with some poisonous drug, which had produced the effects he then witnessed. An apothecary was immediately sent for, who instantly gave him an emetic, which did not operate. The patient was then put to bed, but every effort to restore him was ineffectual, and he died at 12 o'clock the same evening. On searching his pockets, a four-ounce phial was found.

BIRTHS.

December 30. At his house in Upper Gower-street, the lady of John Bayford, esq. of a son and heir.

31. At Lymington, lady Charlotte Howard, of a daughter.

January 1. At Springkell, lady Heron Maxwell, of a son.

9. At Sudbrook-park, near Richmond-park, the right hon. lady Mary Stopford, of a daughter.

At Elm-grove, King's county, Ireland, Mrs. Spencer Vassall, of a son.

At Southampton, the lady of captain Vernon Graham, of the 15th light dragoons, of a son and heir.

14. At Grange, near Wakefield, the seat of John Lister Kaye, esq. the right hon. lady Amelia Kaye, of a son.

15. In Portland-place, the countess of Mansfield, of a daughter.

18. At his house in Berkeley-square, the lady of James Adams, esq. M. P. for Harwich, of a son.

20. At Hastings, the lady of captain Warner, 40th regiment, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

December 17. At Weande, near Plymouth, major Bevan, of the 28th regiment of foot, to Miss Dacres, eldest daughter of admiral Dacres.

At Harrow-on-the-hill, Mr. Edward Way, wine-merchant, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, to miss Frances Armstrong, only daughter of Mr. John Armstrong, of Harrow.

Edw. Trafford Nicholls, esq. eldest son of Edward Nicholls, esq. of Swithamley-park, Staffordshire, to miss Worser, of Whitgreave, in that county.

20. At Dungannon-park, Tyrone, Ireland, the hon. and rev. Charles Knox, son of lord viscount Northland, to Mrs. James Fletcher, daughter of Robert Bent, esq. late M. P. for Aylesbury.

By special licence, John Broadley, esq. of the borough of Southwark, to miss Letitia Bloxam, daughter of sir Matthew Bloxam, M. P.

24. At Chesterfield, William Kent Thomas, of Sewardston, Essex. esq. to miss Slater, only daughter of Adam Slater, of Durrant-hall, esq.

26. By the rev. John Jenkins, James Talbot, esq. late his majesty's secretary of embassy at Paris, to miss Ann Sarah Rodbard, of Evercreech.

At Battersea, Mr. John Barclay, to miss Rumney, both of Lavender-place, Battersea-rise.

27. Edward Acton Acton, esq. of Gatacre-park, Salop, to miss Spurgeon, daughter of the rev. J. G. Spurgeon, of Lowestoff, Suffolk.

At Mary-le-bone church, James Williams, esq. of Bedford-square, to Mrs. Bristow, widow of the late John Bristow, esq. of Bengal.

28. John Guillemard, esq. of Gower-street, to miss Giddy, daughter of the rev. Edward Giddy, of Fredica.

31. At Bristol, Dr. Kentish, of that city, to miss Rankin, daughter of Robert Rankin, esq. of Newcastle upon Tyne.

At Winslow, Mr. John Havilland Grose, of Hackney, to miss Eliz. Burnham, youngest daughter of the late James Burnham, esq. of Winslow, Bucks.

Charles Linton, esq. of New-York, to miss Eliza Lexbury, daughter of J. Lexbury, esq. of Liverpool.

January 1. Yesterday, at Wellsbourn, by the rev. John de la Bere, George Fred. Stratton, esq. of Tew-park, Oxfordshire, to miss Dewes, only daughter of Bernard Dewes, esq, of Wellsbourn, Warwickshire.

3. At St. Mary Magdalen church, Oxford, the rev. Gilbert Heathcote, M. A. son of the late sir Thomas Heathcote, bart. to miss Sophia Elizabeth Wall, second daughter of Martin Wall, M. D. clinical professor in Oxford university.

5. At Chiswick, Mr. Stalker, of Upper Guildford-street, to miss Harriet Zachary, of Strand on the Green.

At Bath, Lancelot Shadwell, jun. esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to miss Richardson, of Montpelier, Bath.

At St. Peter's church, Hereford, G. Mackay, esq. fort-major of Tilbury and Gravesend, to miss Sarah Allen, daughter of the late rev. James Allen, rector of Bishopstone, and vicar of Yazor, in the county of Hereford.

7. At St. Georges's, Hanover-square, col. Cooper, to miss Honeywood, daughter of sir John Honeywood, bart. of Argyll-street.

At Walcot church, in Bath, by the lord bishop of Cloyne, the rev. Robert Austen, LL. D. one of the prebends of Cloyne, to Matilda Sophia, eldest daughter of the hon Wm. Cockayne, of Rushton-hall, Northamptonshire.

8. At Edinburgh, George Spener, esq. merchant, Dunfermling, to miss Owen, niece and sole heiress of the late Dr. Andrew Greig, physician, parish of St. John's, island of Dominica.

At Leven-lodge, the hon. Henry Erskine, to Mrs. Erskine Munro, eldest daughter of Alex. Munro, esq. and relict of the late James Turnbull, esq. advocate.

12. At Southweald, in Essex, by the rev. Dr. Bullock, capt. Charles Finling, of the royal navy, to miss Sarah Bullock, youngest daughter of William Bullock, esq. of Wealside-house.

14. At Yoxford, Dr. Turner, of Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, son of Samuel Turner, esq. of Upper Wimpole-street, to miss Blois, daughter of sir John Blois, bart. of Cockfield hall, Suffolk.

At North Berwick, lord viscount Duncan, to miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the late sir Hew Hamilton Dalrymple, bart.

Captain Haverfield, of the 43d regiment, to miss Slade.

15. Peter Acklom, esq. of Beverley, eldest son of the late colonel Acklom, of that place, to miss M. S. Topham, youngest daughter of major Topham, of the Wold cottage.

Richard Worswick, esq. of Lancaster, banker, to miss Margaret Buckle, third daughter of the late Thomas Buckle, esq. of West-Witton, in Yorkshire.

At Buckland, capt. Rolles, of the royal navy, to miss Rawbone, only daughter of the rev. Dr. Rawbone, rector of Hatford.

At Leith, capt. Kerr, of the royal navy, to miss Charlotte Maule, daughter of the late Charles Maule, esq.

18. At Mary-la-bonne church, by the rev. George Augustus Lamb, John Hamilton, esq. to miss Fuller, daughter of J. Trayton Fuller, esq. of Ashdown house, Sussex.

At Edinburgh, capt. Johnstone, of the Coldstream Guards, to miss Charlotte Gordon, youngest daughter of Charles Gordon, esq. of Cluny.

19. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Joseph Collet, esq. of Somerset-house, to miss Ray of Chelsea.

22. At Banstead, Surrey, D. R. Warrington, esq. to miss Parry, daughter of Thomas Parry, esq. one of the directors of the East-India company.

DEATHS.

December 19. At Holyrood-house, Edinburgh, the hon. Mary Murray, only daughter of the late lord Edward Murray.

22. At his seat, at Greenwich-house, Southampton, at an advanced age, Wm. Bayard, esq.

24. At Edinburgh, Mrs. Stewart, widow of Duncan Stewart, esq. of Ardsneal, and daughter of the late John Erving, esq. of New England.

25. At the house of the secretary of war, New Norfolk-street, colonel Hamilton, of Ponvaitland.

At Stratford parsonage, Suffolk, the rev. Narcissus Charles Proby, rector of Tuddenham St. Mary, in that county.

At his house at Pontefract, in his 90th year, colonel Rameden, regretted, as he was beloved, by his neighbourhood.

At his rectory house, Hanworth, the rev. R. B. Gabriel, D. D. late a fellow of Worcester college, Oxford.

27. Aged 48 years, William Walter Yea, esq. of Bishop's-hall in the county of Somerset, eldest son of sir William Yea, bart. of Byrland-house, in the said county.

At his house, in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, in the 80th year of his age, general Tonyn, colonel of the 48th regiment of foot, and late governor of the province of East Florida.

31. At Reddish's hotel, George Evans, baron Carberry, of the kingdom of Ireland. His lordship was in his 39th year.

Mr. W. Osborne, of the Adelphi hotels, in the 69th year of his age.

January 2. At Baylis, near Salt-hill, suddenly, Alexander Wedderburn, earl of Rosslyn, baron of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, and baron Loughborough, in Surrey.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Anecdotes of William Henry West Betty, 59
2 Parisian Dresses, 64
3 The Romance of the Pyrenées, 65
4 The Moral Zoologist, 74
5 The Lesson of Frugality, 77
6 Defence of Mrs. W. Godwin, 78
7 Theatrical Anecdote, 83
8 The Monks and the Robbers; a Tale, 83
9 Anecdote, 86
10 The Country Town, a Comedy, 87
11 The Intrigue; a Tale, 94
12 The Honey Moon, a Comedy, 98
13 The Lady of the Rock, a Melo-drame, 99
14 Miscellaneous Reflexions, 100
15 Poetical Essays.—Prologue to the School of Reform.—To Fancy.—Epitaph on a Deaf Mechanic.—On hearing a Blackbird sing during a Thunderstorm.—A Valentine.—The Maniac.—A Lover's List.—Epitaph.—The Soldier's Epitaph.—Acrostic.—From the Latin of Bonefonius.—From the Latin of Secundus.—To Miss Ann Park. 101—104
16 Foreign News, 105
17 Home News, 108
18 Births, 111
19 Marriages, 111
20 Deaths, 112

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 Portrait of Master W. H. Betty.
2 For the Moral Zoologist—The COMMON BEE-EATER.
3 Paris Dress, elegantly coloured.
4 A new and elegant Pattern for a Crown-Cap.
5 Music—'THE MIDNIGHT SIGH;' set to Music by W. Barre.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope the author of the *Elville Family Secrets* will soon resume her pen, and favour us with regular continuations.

The Poem entitled the *Triumphs of Nature* is on a well-conceived plan and has many good lines, though more that are very defective. We would recommend to the author to revise and correct it with attention.

J. B.'s communication shall have a place.

J. C.'s Verses on leaving H—h, Acrostics, &c. are received, and intended for insertion.

Phœbe L.'s Acrostic shall appear.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

MASTER H.W.BETTY.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For FEBRUARY, 1805.

ANECDOTES

OF

WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY,

STYLED

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

With occasional Observations on his Representation of different dramatic Characters.

(With his Portrait, elegantly engraved.)

IN our Magazine for December, we have already given an account of the early disclosure of a genius for acting by this extraordinary boy, and of his first performances at various country theatres, extracted from the interesting Memoirs of his Life by Mr. Merritt of Liverpool. We now present our readers with some additional anecdotes relative to him, and an account of his reception, and the distinguished manner in which he has acquitted himself, on the London stage.

It has been already said, in the biographical sketch before given, that Mr. Jackson, the manager of the Edinburgh theatre, having engaged master Betty to play at Edinburgh, he performed in that city fourteen nights. 'His reception there,' says Mr. Jackson,' was, beyond all conception or belief, unexpected, heartfelt, and universal; which completed my wishes and the triumph of the youth. To heighten the brilliancy of the successful close, chance threw in a fortunate incident.

'On the forenoon of the play-day I met Mr. Home, the author of Douglas, on the North-bridge. Compliments being exchanged, I informed him that his popular play was to be performed that night. He said he had not heard of it; and enquired in what manner it was to be represented. I replied, it would be to his entire satisfaction. Explanations took place; and he promised me to be in the house before the opening of the play. "But," says he, "I must have my old place: I shall come to your house, and you shall conduct

me to it." He came according to his word; and I had the pleasure of seating him at the side of the first wing, where I had enjoyed the same honour at that very play forty-three years before: and I presume no one ever received higher gratification than he did, from the performance of the evening. I read his looks, and saw the undisguised workings of his frame. The play concluded with reiterated applause; which scarcely ceasing, the author of Douglas, in the plenitude of rapturous enthusiasm, from the unexpected gratification he had received, stepped forward before the curtain, and bowed respectfully to the audience; retiring amidst the convulsed and tumultuous acclamations of the house.

'On his being veiled from the sight of the spectators, I asked him how he had been entertained. "Never better, sir," said he: "this is the first time I ever saw the part of Douglas played; that is, according to my ideas of the character as at that time I conceived it, and as I wrote it. He is a wonderful being; his endowments are great beyond conception; and I pronounce him at present, or at least that he soon will be, one of the first actors upon the British stage."

On the extraordinary natural powers and talents of this young actor Mr. Johnson expresses himself as follows:—

'I speak not from a transient view, or from the examination of a single character: I have traced him through all the parts he has hitherto performed on this (the Glasgow) theatre, and watched his dramatic progress with a critic's eye, in order to notice expected defects, and, if needful, to point out emendations. But his correctness and graceful mode of deportment throughout the whole of the performance, and the astonishing exertions which his powers enabled him to exhibit, rendered useless my intention, and taught me to know that nature's above art in that respect; for the gifts she has endued him with, I found, stood in no great need of a preceptor. Nor, in the whole series of my acquaintance with the stage, have I ever beheld the same range of characters filled by the principal theatrical adults with a smaller number of admissible faults.'

While he remained at Glasgow so great was the general enthusiasm which he had inspired in his favour, that some person having adventured to criticise his performance rather freely, and point out supposed faults, the public indignation was so strongly excited against the author of the censorious remarks, that, when he was discovered, he was obliged to leave the town.

Immediately after his performance of the character of Douglas at Edinburgh, when Mr. Home, the author of the tragedy, was present, the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* gave the following account of his first appearance, deportment, and manner.

'His appearance, on his first entrance, chiefly engaged the attention by its extreme juvenility. He is gracefully formed; but he is not, as we understand, more than twelve years old, and he looks still younger. His face, too, though very pleasing, has all the smoothness of boyhood; and from the necessary faintness of those lines by which the passions too legibly indicate their existence in maturer age, it was not easy to anticipate a powerful delineation of emotions which could hardly be supposed to exist in the breast of the performer. But no sooner had he entered upon his part than his superiority was fully exhibited: he speedily took full possession of the audience; and after the scene with lady Randolph, in which she reveals to him the secret of his birth, the spectator

was involuntarily, and almost unconsciously, led to try him, not by a standard accommodated to his inexperience and his youth, but by one arising from the clear perception of the poet's beauties, and the recollection of what had been previously done for the character by the very first performers of the part.

'To this admirable scene we certainly never did see greater justice done; seldom, very seldom, so much. In the previous progress of the part, the youthful candidate had exhibited the ardent and aspiring shepherd, panting for honour and distinction, yet repressed by modest timidity and ingenuous diffidence. In this scene his performance breathed all the wildness of joy, the enthusiasm of filial love tempered by reverential awe, the triumphant consciousness of noble descent, and the nobler dignity of inborn worth. Never did we see those feelings more chastely conceived, more beautifully blended, or more powerfully expressed. His address to his mother was more peculiarly admirable. The taunting scene with Glenalvon was also excellent; and, in general, those passages were most prominently so in which ardent feeling was to be expressed.

'It is not by any means to be understood, however, that he was defective in the descriptive and declamatory scenes. On the contrary, his account of the hermit was the evident result of clear and accurate discrimination; and the burst of feeling with which he announced the catastrophe of the sage was the genuine offspring of nature. But the dying scene was beyond all comparison the finest.

'We have seen Mr. Kemble and others in the part; and, with a clear perception of all the hazard we encounter, we hesitate not to deliver it as our opinion, that if any previous performer has equalled, not one has excelled, this astonishing child in the delineation of life's closing scene. His voice was clear, melodious, and articulate, to the last; and yet so naturally and so accurately did its receding murmurs indicate the increasing debility of expiring nature, that each plaintive accent seemed its final effort. The dropping of the curtain was accompanied by the rapturous and reiterated applauses of the audience, whose tears had previously borne less equivocal testimony to the merits of the performer.

'It would be easy to enlarge upon other particulars of the performance, but it is probable we may be thought to have already said too much. We shall close our account, therefore, with a few general remarks.

'The readings, deportment, conception, and whole manner of this boy are entirely his own. He is, so far as we can judge, entirely *original*. He not only does not imitate the first performers of the day, but he is remarkably contrasted with almost all of them. Every one knows that the school of Garrick is now no more. The fire, the rapidity, the impassioned gestures, the quick and exhaustless variety which characterised it have given place to awful dignity, to stern elevation, to savage wildness, and to eccentric grief. It seems to have been the aim of this infant performer (if any aim can be ascribed to that which most probably is the resistless dictate of nature) to renovate that school. His whole acting, at least, is founded on its principles. It is rapid, natural, and easy. He has no artificial pauses, no affected modulation, no statue-like attitudes. Every word he utters seems the immediate result of the feeling which prompts it; and if his gestures are seldom characterised by elaborate smoothness and grace, they are uniformly true to character and passion. It is difficult

to pronounce respecting the height to which this phenomenon may one day attain; or whether, like many others (all of them, however, we contend, less wonderful) he may blaze for a day, and set in obscurity. But this we do say, that when a veteran performer shall exhibit the powers of this child he will be entitled to the praise of no ordinary excellence.'

From Scotland master Betty went to Birmingham, which was the first place at which he made his appearance as an actor in England. During his stay in that town, the following neat little *jeu d'esprit* found its way into circulation:

Nature one day with Art was notes comparing.
'I cannot bear,' said she, 'your vaunts of sharing
My sole creation: if I grant that Kemble
May of us twain yourself the most resemble—
And that, though I bestow'd the shape and face,
You added action, energy, and grace—
What then? Exclusively is Cooke my own,
Of thee regardless, nay, to thee unknown.'
'Marry come up!' quoth Art, 'since thus you flout me,
And boast that you can do your work without me,
Try; make one man, depriv'd of my assistance,
A perfect player, and I'll keep my distance.'
'A man!' dame Nature, in a rage, replied—
'A child, a very child, shall crush thy pride!'
True to her word, she stamp'd her infant son
The faithful miniature of Roscius gone;
Cooke, Kemble, Holman, Garrick, all in one.

It was during master Betty's stay at Birmingham that negociations were first commenced for his appearance on the London stage. Mr. Graham, one of the gentlemen connected with the board of management at Drury Lane theatre, happened to pass through the town on his way to London; and having been pressed to witness the performance of the young Roscius, he attended the theatre two evenings on which he played. This gentleman was so well pleased with his acting, that he made him an offer of half a clear benefit if he would perform seven nights at Drury Lane. This offer, however, was not accepted. After Mr. Graham's return to London, farther enquiries were made with respect to this wonderful boy; and Mr. M'Cready, the manager of the Birmingham theatre, was applied to for his opinion what terms would be adequate to his merits. That gentleman, without hesitation, signified, that he thought that fifty guineas a night, and a clear benefit, would not be too much. These terms not being immediately acceded to, Mr. Harris, the proprietor of Covent Garden theatre, availed himself of the delay, and sent a *carte blanche* to master Betty's friends, who entered into an engagement for his appearance at London for twelve nights, at the rate proposed by Mr. M'Cready, and a clear benefit. The original agreement, it is said, stipulated, that he was to play three nights a week during the last week of November, the same number during the first week of December, the last week of January, and the first week of February: his benefit to take place on the thirteenth night; and a new engagement to be formed on similar terms, after Easter, provided it were agreeable to both parties. The managers of the other theatre were not a little disappointed and chagrined at having lost their opportunity; but as a chasm remained open in the Covent Garden agreement, they availed themselves of it, and master Betty was subsequently engaged to play at Drury Lane in the weeks intervening between those of his performance at the rival theatre, and on the same terms.

Some variation, it appears, was made in master Betty's engagement at Covent Garden with respect to the

times of his performance; for instead of playing three nights in the last week of November, he did not make his first appearance until Saturday December the 1st, and in the succeeding week he performed five times.

From Birmingham master Betty went to Sheffield, and from Sheffield to Liverpool, where, as has been observed in our former account, all his former success and the emolument it had produced to him were greatly exceeded. While at Liverpool, he had the honour of enjoying the particular notice and protection of prince William Frederick of Gloucester, who resided in that neighbourhood, as commander in chief of the north-weſtern district. His royal highness not only testified the highest gratification at his performances, but seemed to interest himself very strongly in his welfare. He sent for Mr. Betty and his son, and expressed to the former his admiration of the young gentleman's uncommon talents, and his anxious wish that every means might be employed to bring such rare abilities to their full maturity. He recommended, also, that the produce of the youth's exertions, or a considerable part thereof, should be placed for his use in the hands of trustees; observing that the fund so formed would furnish the means of completing his education on a liberal and extensive plan, adapted to the profession which he had chosen, and of which he was likely to become so conspicuous an ornament. His royal highness also suggested, that it would be adviseable to engage, at a suitable salary, a man of learning and character, who might be qualified to accomplish such a scheme of instruction, and who would devote his whole attention to the care of his pupil. A system of education something in conformity to this, it is said, will be adopted.

On the evening of Saturday, December the 1st, Dr. Brown's tragedy of Barbarossa having been got up on the occasion, master Betty made his first appearance at Covent Garden theatre, in pursuance of his engagement, in the character of Achmet. The fame which had preceded his arrival in London had produced a degree of curiosity unknown in the annals of the theatrical world. So great was the anxiety to behold this youthful performer, that several persons sought to conceal themselves in the house on Friday night, in the hope of remaining there unperceived until the returning night should gratify their wishes by the appearance of Achmet.

So early as twelve o'clock on the Saturday, the avenues to the various parts of the theatre were nearly filled with people, and between one and two they became crowded. The managers, anticipating this eagerness and impatience, had taken every precaution against its consequences. A great number of Bow-street officers and constables were called in to preserve the peace, and prevent riot and confusion. A large party of soldiers were also stationed at the several doors, to protect the people against the necessary and fatal result of the rush of such an immense tide. About half past four o'clock the crowd became so great, that the most serious apprehensions were entertained for the lives of several persons who were fainting away under the pressure, and to whom, in the midst of the impenetrable mass, no assistance could be afforded from the outside: it was therefore thought adviseable to open the Bow-street door, though a full hour earlier than usual, with a view to accommodate the besiegers, and relieve them from the pressure which they had so long endured. In an instant the tide rushed in, and took possession of the space between the outer door and the bar in the lobby, where the money is received. As

only one can pass at a time, the pressure became so great, and its effects so much more intolerable than they had been in the open street, that the crowd broke all the windows on each side of the entrance, for the benefit of the air; yet the heat and pressure still continued so great as every moment to threaten suffocation. A board was displayed, announcing that the boxes were all full, as they really were; yet they continued rushing in until after six o'clock. One half, at least, of all those who suffered this fatigue and danger were obliged to return ungratified.

Nearly the same confusion that prevailed without the house presented itself within, during the early part of the night. The pit made a somewhat novel appearance. There was scarcely a female in it; and the pressure was so great, that in the course of the night several men were overcome with the heat and lifted up into the boxes, whence they were carried out of the house.

At the end of the second act master Betty presented himself, amidst a thunder of applause. He received the animated expressions and greetings of the admiring audience with a prepossessing modesty, and through the whole of his performance experienced as loud, as liberal, and as just applause as was ever given or received within the walls of a theatre.

On Monday, December the 10th, he appeared for the first time at Drury Lane, in the character of Young Norval, in Douglas. That immense building Drury Lane theatre was crammed in every part from the floor to the cieling, and his performance met with the same unbounded applause which had been bestowed on it at the other house. When he had performed his six nights here, after a considerable interval on account of illness, he returned to Covent Garden, where he completed his first engagement, and received his benefit, for which he acted Tancred. The amount of the receipt at Covent Garden theatre for each of the twelve nights that he acted there was, on an average, 577*l.* in money taken at the doors, exclusive of all admissions by privilege.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

HEAD-dresses in hair and turbans are still in undiminished vogue for full dress. In undress, next to the hats of black velvet, or of the same colour with the great coat now generally worn, a capote of rose-coloured satin, trimmed with a wide *tulle*, is most fashionable. The velvet hats are usually ornamented with feathers and flowers, and some are lined with a different colour: Cassimere hats, of the same colour with the great coats, are edged with black velvet.

The dress represented in the *annexed plate* is now much worn.—A great coat of blue cassimere with a black velvet collar, and a velvet edging of the same colour. (This great coat comes down to the shoes, and is trimmed in the same manner at the bottom)—*Colerette à la Medicis*—Coral necklace and ear-rings—the head-dress of hair raised on the top of the head, and fastened with a gold comb.

The cloth great coats have always large collars with folds. The taffety *douillettes*, which are pretty numerous, have likewise large collars of black velvet: they are usually of a bright nut-brown. The number of shawls continually diminishes: Palatines, both white and striped, begin to make their appearance.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine Febr.y 1805.

Mullow Sc. Russell Co.

PARIS DRESS.

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(Continued from p. 19.)

CHAP. XXI.

VICTORIA, upon awaking, found herself alone in her chamber. Instantly she arose, and speedily performed the task of dressing. Her distress had not lost its poignancy; but, from the medicine she had taken procuring for her such a long and tranquil rest, her spirits were more composed than on the preceding night. But long they were not allowed to continue so; for scarcely had she completed her morning duties to her Creator, when Hero, with much malicious exultation pourtrayed in every line of her countenance, entered the room.

'I am come,' said she curtseying with mock reverence, 'I am come with don Manuel de Bascara's most profound respects to the lady Victoria di Modena, the honour of whose presence below he humbly entreats; that, whilst seignor Garcias and the other cavaliers are at breakfast, he may have the transport of feasting his delighted eyes upon the transcendent beauties of the adored mistress of his soul.'

The wounded delicacy and pride of Victoria's pure and noble soul, felt too indignant for articulation, and yet too powerful for concealment, emanated like angry lightning from her beautiful expressive eyes.

For a moment Hero shrunk into her own natural insignificance, and with something approaching to respect she spoke again—'Will not lady Victoria comply with don Manuel's request?'

'Not any request sent from him to me by her,' calmly but determinately Victoria replied, 'who, forgetful of every feeling of delicacy, respect, and humanity, exultingly and wantonly insults the wretched and forlorn.'

'Not so very forlorn,' said Hero with a horrid smile of malignant triumph. 'Lady Victoria has friends and champions enough in the dungeons of this castle; and if her ladyship will not comply with any request sent by me, don Manuel, to evince his respect and please her delicacy, must himself come hither to make his wishes known.'

'Oh, Hero!' exclaimed Victoria in tremulous tones of the most touching distress and supplication, 'if one feeling yet remains of that humanity which once actuated your mind, threaten me not with such horrors; and do not you accumulate my misery because fate has thrown me into your power: compassionate my sufferings—respect my distress. Forget not the best ornaments of the female mind, and I will unhesitatingly attend to your request, and accompany you wheresoever don Manuel commands me to go.' She moved towards the door; when suddenly recollecting Pedro's suspicions of Hero, she stopped, she hesitated: at length she continued—'Might I not be permitted to see Pedro or Teresa before I leave my chamber? I feel as if I much required the assistance of seignor Pedro to compose my spirits, before I attempt to encounter the horrors of the day. Can I, think you, be allowed this small favour?'

'Certainly,' replied Hero with a malign sneer, 'most certainly: lady Victoria will be allowed to see them, though not exactly where she wishes. But she, who is all humanity and gratitude to her friends, will think it not too great a condescension to visit them in a dungeon.'

Victoria's heart bounded painfully with the fell shock of horrid surprise and anticipating apprehension.

'In a dungeon!' she exclaimed, almost convulsed with grief and terror. 'Explain—tell me. It is Pedro or Teresa I wish to see; where, where are they?'

'In the dungeons, with the rest of lady Victoria's wise champions! where, as seignor Garcias has just said, she may find them fast bound in the chains of her friendship, and where seignor Pedro may find some of his *English information necessary* for composing the spirits of himself and fellow prisoners, to enable them to go through the horrors of this day.'

This was a heavy blow, benumbing to all Victoria's faculties. Her feet alone seemed equal to their function. Unknowing what she did, and yet seeming to wish for an escape from the unfeeling Hero, she fled out of her chamber, and involuntarily stopped at Diego's, as if to seek comfort or refuge there. The door of it was open: eagerly she cast her eyes around the chamber in pursuit of succour, when the bed first awakened and rivetted her most animated attention. It was not only untenanted, but all the bedding gone, and the room totally deserted. She uttered a piercing shriek, and wildly articulated—'Diego! Where, where is Diego?'

'In another world,' unfeelingly replied Hero, who had closely followed her.

'Dead! Diego dead!' Victoria screamed in agonising grief and terror.

'But why does the devout, the pious lady Victoria express so much surprise and consternation at the decrees of Heaven?—Sooner or later we all must die, as the sanctified Alberti has often preached to her.'

Victoria's portion of misery seemed now completed, and she leaned against the door-case of Diego's vacant chamber, in silent, motionless despair.

'Come, come, don Manuel will become impatient at being so long deprived of a sight of his charmer,' said Hero, taking Victoria's hand; which she no sooner touched than that lovely persecuted being, shrinking from her grasp as she would from contamination's contact, hastily snatched her hand away, and, springing into action, precipitately and wildly darted down the staircase—and, to the astonishment of don Manuel and his companions, glided through the parlour into the library, and stationed herself at the door of Sebastian's apartment, where she vehemently knocked, and, in the sharp tones of reason chasing despair, fervently invoked 'her venerable friend's protection.' Don Manuel, concerned and amazed, followed her; and as he drew nearer to her, she, trembling with dismay, clung almost convulsed to the door-case.

'What! what means this distressing agitation, loveliest of beings?' said he in a soft insinuating voice: and he would have taken her hand, had not she, with all the cunning of approaching insanity, eluded his grasp and fled from him into the hall, where the ruthless Garcias soon overtook and caught the trembling fugitive.

'So,' cried the wretch sternly, as he seized her in his arms, 'you thought to be refractory, did you? But we have ways and means to exact obedience; and you shall learn to tremble at coercion, at the strait waistcoat, and other devices to bend your stubborn spirit.'

The shock which the voice and grasp of Garcias inflicted, at once recalled Victoria's wandering reason, and tears of anguish burst from her eyes, and convulsive sobs almost rent

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Garcias carrying Victoria to the dungeon of Gonzalvo.

Romance of the Pyrenees, Chap. XXI. p. 66.

her agitated breast. In vain she struggled to get free, and supplicated for pity. Inexorable, he bore her to the door of Gonzalvo's apartment, where he wrung the dismal sounding bell; and our hapless heroine felt something approaching to a gleam of comfort in the idea of being near Hippolyto and her other friends, although in a dungeon.—Gonzalvo appeared.

'Lead to that cell,' said the savage Garcias, 'where we tortured our last refractory maniac to death.'

Gonzalvo preceded them to the dungeons; and opening one of the first they came to, Garcias bore his wretched victim into it, and placed her upon a truss of straw in one corner of the dreary cell.

Victoria had now no comfort left but in her reliance upon Heaven. She raised her hands and eyes, and devoutedly, though silently, implored protection and fortitude from above. For a few moments Garcias observed her with ludicrous solemnity, and then, with a sneering laugh, entreated her not to keep so churlishly to herself all the good things she was saying—'Pray aloud for my edification,' cried the profligate, 'and I'll say Amen most piously.—Go on, go on, I beg you; for see the utility of praying. Your prison-doors are opening most evangelically, and a pretty little cherub coming in haste to fly away with you from the wicked.'

'Wretch!' exclaimed Victoria, starting from her bed of straw—her indignation at the profane insult offered to her Creator by this impious ribaldry giving renovated strength to her bodily as well as intellectual powers—'Wretch! leave me, instantly leave me! nor longer shock my ears by your daring blasphemy: and know, I had infinitely rather be the forlorn, insulted prisoner, brought by your cruelty hither for the inhuman joy of further torturing, than still to possess the blessing liberty with a heart like yours. Should it be the will of Heaven, my prison-doors will be opened in despite of you and your iniquitous associates. You have no dominion over me, but what is lent you by Providence for some wise purpose; and although the eyes of our Creator may have been long averted in horror from this castle, because you inhabit it, they will now turn, depend upon it, in pitying kindness at the supplicating voice of persecuted innocence.'

'Te, ti, te, to!—te, ti, te, tum!—a most alluringly lovely preacher, by San Jago! so alluring, that by heaven I must kiss away those seductive little Cupids that wanton in the ruby portals whence these divine tenets issue, ere one word of conviction can find its way into my apostate ears.'

Indignant purity darted its fire upon the libertine through the eyes of Victoria. His insolent threat was repelled by a single glance. He dared not to advance: but, with an affected laugh to hide his mortification, he said with a malicious sneer, that as they were not likely to convert each other, he would retire and send the renowned dottore Impazzato Delirio to try his skill; and then, with a diabolical look of triumph at the misery and terror he had awakened, the barbarian departed; and before Victoria had time to recover in any degree from the horror his depravity and insolence had inspired, she heard the bars of her prison undraw, and conte Vicenza entered alone.

'Well, my lord!' exclaimed she with that determined composure not the calm of apathy, but the firmness of a soul rising superior to the miseries which encompassed her—'Well, my lord! am I honoured with this visit for the purpose of your adding new insults to those I have already

received from you? Or do you only come to view the splendour and convenience of that apartment your kindness in expelling me from the protection of my aunt has forced me into?'

'Cruel and ungrateful Victoria!' replied the conte, apparently much surprised and disconcerted at the firm intrepidity of this address, 'is this my reception, after all the dangers and difficulties I have encountered and am involved in for your preservation? Unwearied were the pains, and innumerable were the toils, which I endured in tracing you hither. With a hope of releasing you from your horrid captivity, I, with a chosen few, adopted the daring and hazardous attempt of entering the forest which proved so fatal to you; and we have ventured our lives, our liberties, our happiness, and voluntarily surrendered ourselves to the dæmons of iniquity, to be brought in chains to this their infernal dwelling, for the sole purpose of liberating my Victoria, or to perish in the glorious attempt.'

'I have had such proofs,' returned our heroine with undaunted firmness, 'of conte Vicenza's intentions relative to the promotion and preservation of my happiness, that full well I know how to estimate those perilous achievements wilfully encountered for my advantage. But, my lord, if you have sufficient regard for me thus to hazard so much for my preservation, why did you seek my destruction by attempting to blast that purity which could alone constitute my tranquillity here and happiness hereafter? Oh! conte Vicenza, when you banished me from my aunt, my guardian, my natural protectors, you should have sentenced me to some Lethean clime, to learn forgetfulness of what is past, before you could hope to obtain my favourable opinion. Youth is, I know, the season for credulity; but sad experience has given me knowledge which my years denied me. Once I believed you so very amiable, that I loved you as my parent, and hard I thought would have been the task of making me alter my ideas of you. But when the black page of deliberate villany was opened by yourself to my astonished view, when I there saw the destruction of the innocent unsuspecting orphan whom your own roof sheltered,—the niece of your wife, committed to your care by a man whom you had ever (and with reason) called your friend—plainly and mercilessly marked out in unequivocal characters by you—I was painfully convinced that the tablet of your heart contained not one spotless page whereon virtue or honour could trace an impression. The bond of confidence was by yourself destroyed; and other proofs than your own assertions (and incontestable ones they must be) of your penitence must I have, before I can behold you without contempt and horror.'

Conte Vicenza, trembling and pale with rage and shame, vehemently articulated—'Unthankful infatuated girl! drive me not on to your destruction. Hither I came to save, to deliver you; but you disdain my kindness, are ungrateful for the perils I have run. Insult, scorn, deride me; but reflect, reflect before it is too late:—provoke not your own eternal misery and ruin. You know not what I have in my power.'

'You have me, alas!' replied Victoria; 'and too well have you taught me to fear you. But although fully aware of the helplessness of my forlorn situation, my heart will not submit to the debasement of veiling in dissembled courtesy the indignation my insulted purity has awakened. And do you, conte Vicenza, in your turn reflect, that not a sparrow falls unnumbered

by Him who formed it; and shall the destruction of an unoffending human being be passed unheeded by? No, no, believe me. Then deliberate, reflect, before you draw divine vengeance upon you; for rest well assured, the destroyer of innocence and helplessness will some time meet the dreadful day of retribution.'

There was something so awfully impressive in the solemn but fascinating melody of Victoria's accents, in her interesting youthful innocence and beauty, while something like celestial fire animated her countenance, and illumined with rays scarcely mortal her ever-expressive eyes, that Polydore felt for a moment the power of virtue, when he saw her 'in her own shape how lovely!' But the influence proved only momentary.

'Well then', said he sullenly, 'you despise my protection and succour, Victoria? You blindly urge your fate, and wilfully impel me on to abandon you to the mercy of the infernal wretches into whose hands your ruthless destiny has thrown you; miscreants who subsist on plunder, whose sanguinary souls delight in murder, and every crime disgraceful to humanity.'

'Well, my lord, I have no cause to fear death, although I have to place my confidence in you.'

'No, no, Victoria, do not believe death is the fate that here awaits you. No, no, no; a nobler doom will be yours.—Don Manuel—the just, the good, humane don Manuel—captivated by your heavenly beauty, means to make you his on terms which may not prove quite so congenial to your fastidious feelings.'

Victoria, shrinking with horror and the rankling pain of wounded delicacy, found it difficult still to preserve her firmness; but, after a pause, she calmly answered—

'Such, too, was the design of the just, the good, humane conte di Vicenza; and as he has preceded don Manuel in meditating my destruction, so does he precede him in my abhorrence: and know, my lord, let my fate in don Manuel's castle be as dreadful as vice can plan and cruelty perform, I prefer it, infinitely prefer it, to the dangers of your protection.'

'Fiends and furies!' exclaimed the conte in a paroxysm of rage and disappointment—'So then, so then, infatuated girl, it is your own choice to become the mistress of the miscreant Manuel!'

'Choice, conte Vicenza,' she indignantly replied, 'has been by you long banished from my society; and the unoffending daughter of the benefactor of your youth is by your means become a poor pliant machine, only to be actuated by the caprice of others.'

'Will you hear what I have to say, or not?' cried the conte, vehemently grasping her struggling hand.

'Even in that you see, my lord, choice is denied to me. If here you speak I must hear you: I have no place of retreat. This dungeon is not very spacious, and I am a prisoner in it.'

And now our persecuted heroine could scarcely command her feelings sufficiently to procure silence; while conte Vicenza again profaned her ears by a repetition of his debasing passion for her, glossed over with all the insidious sophistry his artful soul suggested.

'In a fatal moment,' said he, 'my ardent but ill-fated passion lulled propriety, and vanquished my struggling honour; and I had the unjustifiable temerity to shock your spotless purity by an avowal that has ever since overwhelmed me with shame and remorse. In the moment of resentment you complained to the duchessa; who, although she beheld me the most contrite of peni-

tents, affected still an alarm for your safety, and confined you to your own apartments. She was alarmed, but not by me, nor for your peace, Victoria. It was for herself she trembled.

'Be not too much shocked, my amiable, my spotless Victoria, at the depravity I am compelled, alas! to disclose of her you have been taught to estimate and reverence. Grieved am I to say, the duchessa is not that unexceptionable being she has appeared to your unsuspecting innocence; and her licentiousness has weaned my once ardent affection from her. Long did I behold even her faults through the veil of partiality; but at length your bright excellence appeared in contrast, and dissolved the charm. Partiality no longer deluded my senses; the mask dropped, I clearly saw, and despised.

'The comte de Montfort has been long the darling object of this abandoned woman's affections; but he was deaf to the syren while your superior attractions were in view. You therefore were confined; the pretence, my conduct. But the comte was importunate in his solicitations; for, being allowed to see you, and irritated by her inflexibility, he threatened to carry you off by stratagem. The jealousy that this threat awakened caused her sudden resolution of sending you into Spain—a project which she too fatally executed unknown to me. But how can I pourtray my phrensy and despair, when the cruel step she had taken was revealed to me! Almost frantic, I flew in pursuit of you; but vain my eager researches, until the only survivor of those who attended you in your fatal journey appeared before me, and related your calamitous fate. Wild with my dreadful apprehensions, I boldly formed a project for your rescue. I selected a chosen few to accompany me; and whilst I was engaged in preparations for my glorious enterprise, the weak de Montfort was caught in the duchessa's toils; and such proof was given to me of the culpability of her conduct, as to inspire a dear, a rapturous idea that I have fondly cherished.

'The duchessa's cruelty to you added hatred to my former disgust; and I rejoiced at her infamy in the flattering hope of honourably obtaining my adored Victoria.—Immediately, therefore, I had this contract drawn out,' and here the conte produced a parchment, 'which if you will now sign, promising to become my wife as soon as the tardy law will allow it, I will take you from this place of horrors, and convey you without delay to the convent where your Ursuline resides. I then will open the process for obtaining a divorce from the duchessa; and the moment that is gained, our union, my Victoria, shall take place.'

Victoria was inexpressibly agitated while Polydore was speaking; and although she felt additional horror and contempt for the depraved and ungrateful wretch who could rejoice at the infamy of a wife who had raised him from indigence to affluence, she forbore to express her feelings, and only said, while she viewed him with the steady eye of observation—

'By what miracle, conte Vicenza, did that attendant who alone escaped the massacre, since he did not accompany me hither, find out the means of directing you to the place of my captivity, so impenetrable as it has for ages been to all intruders?'

The conte hung his head, visibly disconcerted, and remained silent.

'Ah, conte,' said Victoria, 'you should have displayed a little more ingenuity in the formation of a tale intended for the ear of those not quite devoid of common sense.'

'My story,' replied Polydore, 'is

as perfect as truth can make it; and I only hesitated because I was grieved at your suspicions of my probity, compelling me to break a solemn promise. But I must sacrifice all my scruples to obtain credit with you, faithless as you are to every appearance of virtue in me. The surviving domestic could only guide me to the forest, from whence he saw you and your female attendants borne away. In the forest I could gain no intelligence. I therefore made every possible inquiry in the neighbourhood; and at Bascara Providence threw in my way a disaffected follower of this miscreant Manuel, who for a considerable bribe, and upon a solemn oath of secresy, led me to the place of my Victoria's confinement, planned the scheme for my captivity, and also for your deliverance.'

Although Victoria saw much improbability and inconsistency in the conte's narrative, she was not in sufficient health of mind to enter into any disquisition with him; and, contented in her incredulity, she made no reply. Polydore, construing her silence as propitious to his wishes, now artfully entreated her, with every specious argument his subtile imagination could supply him with, to sign the contract. He soothed, he flattered, implored, threatened—but in vain. Victoria's inflexibility seemed, if possible, each moment to increase; and in all the rage of mortification and disappointment he quitted the dungeon, telling Victoria he would give her twenty-four hours to consider well ere she sealed her own perdition: at the expiration of that interval he would return to know her final determination; when, should it prove auspicious to his wishes, he would then undeceive don Manuel relative to her insanity, which he had alleged to gain uninterrupted access to her; and then, abandoned to the power of merciless villany, she would too late repent her ingratitude to him.

When conte Vicenza departed, Gonzalvo secured the door; and Victoria was uninterruptedly left to indulge feelings so miserable, that it was some time before such a trifle as a small crumpled bit of paper upon the ground arrested her attention. Its lying close to the spot where the conte had stood when he drew the contract from his pocket giving it consequence in her estimation, she hastily snatched it up; when she found it to be part of a torn letter, written in a hand totally unknown to her; and her own name meeting her eyes, she eagerly approached nearer to the dim light, and with increasing horror read—

'Scheme portends; such
Lady Victoria is in captiv
No pity for the horrors she
by terror, such as our
inevitably fall into the snare.
chessa's wealth goes from you
Your prodigality and love of dissipa
Your victim has some property; as
the brother, as you say, can be assassi
manage with secresy, and say he fell in batt
the perils of a soldier's life canc over
come in by law for the possessions of conte Ar
can send three, who may be depended on
not flinch at the sight of blood they spill
remit money without delay.'

The blood chilled in Victoria's veins, and every nerve was convulsed with horror. Tortures should not now force her to become the wife of conte Vicenza; and, consequently, she should be doomed to suffer, in her dreadful captivity, all the cruelties which merciless villany might inflict. The prospect was almost too shocking for human fortitude to look upon; and shrinking at miseries so unmerited, the question of 'Why should a life so (I hope) guiltless as mine has been call for such signal instances of divine displeasure as threaten me?' now suddenly thrilled

through her mind; and the answer, so replete with conviction of Heaven's beneficence, gleamed with such comfort to her heart, that she fondly cherished the hope of succour it inspired; and, in contemplating the mercy of Providence, she insensibly sunk upon her knees to implore its protection. She soon found the efficacious balm distilled from the influence of piety pouring its aromatics into her lacerated mind. But from this consoling intercourse was she at length disturbed by a sudden noise of chains violently clanking at some distance from her cell, which was immediately succeeded by a dreadful confusion of voices, and clashing of swords; which soon ceased, and left no sound upon the appalled ear but that of doleful cries and groans of anguish torturing to humanity. These too by degrees died away, and all was again silent as the grave.

Our heroine, conceiving the massacre of her friends had taken place, was soon relieved from the most acute agony her mind had ever experienced, by a total suspension of every faculty. Alike insensible of existence, or the woe her heart was full of, she continued for a length of time, until awakened from her death-like stupor by a rough shake from Garcias, who had entered unheard by her, accompanied by Juan. For a moment or two she could form no idea of who he could be, or of her own situation. At length recollection returned with all its horrors; and believing Garcias was come to terminate her existence, she quickly exclaimed—

'I am ready.'

'I dare say you are,' replied Garcias deridingly: 'as you have not broken your fast to-day, you must be ready for your supper, which Juan has brought you, and I am come to have the happiness of doing the honours of the table.'

Juan hastily laid a cloth, and spread some food upon the table. Garcias desired Victoria to eat; but her heart was so full of sorrow, that her appetite was gone, and she could not comply. Garcias now sternly commanded her, and she strove to obey, giving him looks of supplication for mercy so indicative of misery, that no heart but his own could have withstood them.

'Summon Lopez,' the savage at length roared out. Juan obeyed; and a man of a surly appearance and terrifying aspect immediately entered, bearing in his hand an instrument of an extraordinary shape, which our poor trembling heroine conjectured was for torture.

'Oh!' she exclaimed in the sweetest tones of plaintive entreaty, 'Oh, for mercy, kill me at once, and do not torture me!'

Garcias for some moments beheld with the most savage delight and exultation the terror he inspired her with, and then replied: 'Kill you! No, no; you are doomed to amuse us a little longer; and instead of killing you, I am humanely intent upon preserving your life by making you take nourishment; and that instrument, which so alarms you, is nothing more than what we use to compel refractory maniacs to take their food with. It will put you to no great torture; it will only break away those beauteous rows of pearl which now adorn those coral lips. Approach, Lopez, and perform your duty.

As Lopez advanced, Victoria shrieking pushed the instrument from her. 'I will eat,' cried she in tones of terror and anguish, 'indeed I will, if you take that horrid implement away.'

Garcias ordered Lopez to retire; and now we find it totally impossible for our feeble pen to give an adequate idea of Victoria's sufferings, while she was barbarously compelled to swallow food her appetite recoiled

from and her senses sickened at, while her busy fancy presented her with the horrid image of poison in every mouthful. Tears gushed in torrents from her eyes, and a death-cold dew overspread her forehead, as she thus gratified the savage cruelty of the arch-fiend Garcias, who then poured out a glass of wine for her, which she eagerly drank to prevent herself from fainting. He then filled her another, which she took without opposition; but upon his handing her a third, she earnestly entreated him to excuse her compliance. But the monster was inexorable, and she was compelled to obey; and the moment she did so, Juan cleared the table, and with Garcias departed, leaving Victoria to those miseries they had increased.

Our persecuted heroine, conceiving that poison had been mixed with the food she had been compelled to take, hastened to perform those duties her pious heart suggested, and then threw herself upon her wretched pallet, in dreadful expectation of the tortures the poison might inflict.

Silent as death was all around her. The lamp burnt dimly: and with nothing to disturb her but her thoughts, she, whether from fatigue of mind or from the unusual quantity of wine she had been forced to drink proving a soporific to her, soon fell into a profound slumber, which lasted several hours. But at length she started from it in a state of pitiable alarm, her whole frame shaking with excessive tremor, a cold dew overspreading her forehead, and that kind of awful horror hanging about her which often pervades the human faculties on awaking from a frightful dream; while she felt scarcely aware of any cause for her present sensations but her having fancied, as her slumber broke, that she heard a doleful cry of 'Murder!' near her.

Time was scarcely allowed her to collect her almost torpid senses, when she distinctly heard, pronounced in a hoarse and hollow voice, issuing from the most distant part of the dungeon, 'Prepare for death!'—This was a terrible blow to Victoria's courage, and superstition exerted its trembling influence in full dominion over her. She believed it to be a supernatural warning, and although expecting death, a herald proclaiming it in such an extraordinary way was more than the mental strength of eighteen could sustain.

Appalled with awful terror, and conceiving herself called upon to pay her debt to nature, she aimed at raising herself upon her knees, to breathe her last words in prayer; and while striving so to do, a noise assailed her ears like light footsteps in the dungeon. Wistfully she looked around her, yet nothing could she distinguish of what she sought. The lamp, almost expended, threw its feeble and expiring rays not two inches from the spot on which it stood. She listened in breathless agony, but all was again silent. Panting with apprehension, she strove to recal her fleeting courage, and made another effort to kneel; when at the moment she effected her purpose a figure glided majestically by her, but of what form the want of sufficient light and the excess of her fears allowed her not to ascertain; and as it passed she plainly saw it wave something mournfully, and in that instant the dying lamp suddenly expired, and all was total darkness.—Victoria clasped her hands, and prayed with fervour. The mysterious voice again assailed her ears, more hollow and discordant than before, proceeding from another part of the cell. 'Wretched victim!' it said, then paused. Victoria's knees smote each other. Again she heard it, but in a cadence of woe so soft, so pathetically low, so mournfully tremulous

as if its power of voice was dissolved in pity.—'Expect no mercy!'—Again it paused; and then, as if in that short interval the feelings that actuated it had undergone a total revolution, it screamed out discordantly and frantically loud, 'Fiends! tortures! blood and murder! murder! murder!' Its articulation was now lost in a convulsive laugh, and Victoria fell upon her face almost deprived of senses.

(To be continued.)

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 43.)

THE CARRION CROW.

THIS well-known bird, the *corvus coronæ* of Linnæus, resembles the raven in its appetites and habits, but it is less bold and less docile, though, like the raven, it may be taught to articulate words. Crows will eat insects, worms, birds' eggs, fish, grain, fruits, every thing is suited to them; and they are extremely destructive to partridges and other birds by plundering their nests, from which they are said to carry the eggs to their young by breaking a small hole at one end, into which they introduce their bill. They will approach the shepherd or the husbandman with little fear, and even a kind of familiarity; but if they find him armed, they keep at a secure distance, and watch his motions so carefully, that they are but rarely shot. They are so cunning and cautious, that it is scarcely possible to decoy them into snares. They are sometimes caught, however, by imitating the screech of the owl, and placing lime twigs on the high branches of a tree; or drawn within gun-shot by fastening an eagle, owl, or some nocturnal bird, on a pole raised in some wide open place. They are also caught with cones of paper besmeared with bird-lime, and into which are put pieces of raw flesh. The crow, thrusting his head in to seize the bait, the paper cone sticks to his neck and covers his eyes. Unable to get rid of the incumbrance by which he is blinded, he flies upwards almost perpendicular to avoid striking against any thing, till, quite exhausted, he sinks down near the place where he rose. But the most singular méthod of catching crows, which besides will in some measure elucidate the nature of the bird, is thus described by Buffon.

'A carrion crow is fastened alive on its back firmly to the ground, by means of a brace on each side at the origin of the wings. In this painful posture the bird struggles and screams; the rest of his species, hearing his cries, flock to him from every side as if to afford relief. But the prisoner, grasping at every thing within reach to extricate him from his situation, seizes with his bill and claws, which are left at liberty, all who come near him, and thus delivers them into the hands of the bird-catcher, who runs to seize them.'

The female crow is known by her plumage, which shines with less lustre than that of the male. It is said that the carrion crows pair for life; and that when one dies the survivor continues faithful to its first attachment, and never forms another union. The attachment of these birds to their young is likewise remarkable: their care of them continues till they are completely able to provide for themselves. The female lays five or six eggs, and sits about three weeks, during which time the male supplies her with food.

Crows are said to be more com-

mon in England than in any other part of Europe. Buffon says, that they are not numerous in France, since two dozen of pairs can hardly be found in a forest of five or six miles in circuit, in the environs of Paris. They are scarce in the north of Europe: according to Klein, they are rare in Prussia; and must certainly be very seldom seen in Sweden, since Linnæus, in his enumeration of the birds of that country, does not mention them. They are found in the East Indies, and in New Holland and New Guinea. There are also in New Britain; and, according to some travellers, they are very common in Louisiana.

THE ROOK.

This bird, the *corvus frugilegus* of the Linnæan system, is of a size between the raven and the carrion crow, and has a deeper-toned cry than theirs. It is undoubtedly granivorous; for though it sometimes devours worms and insects, it is probable that is only when it fails to meet with its proper food. The rooks, where they are numerous, commit great devastation among ripe corn, and in fields newly sown; they never prowl in the kennels, nor will they eat any kind of flesh.

These birds fly and feed in very numerous flocks: they also build their nests in society, which some writers have pretended is regulated by a complete system of jurisprudence. They seem, indeed, to have some idea of separate property. When a pair are employed in building their nest, one must stay near it to guard it, while the other goes in quest of materials: without this precaution, it is said, the nest would in an instant be demolished by the other rooks settled on the same tree, each carrying off a part to be applied to the completion of its own nest. Others, however, say, though probably with little foundation, that this must be done clandestinely; for if the pillager be detected in the fact, such depredations are severely punished: the delinquent is attacked by those who are invested with authority, by whom he is chastised according to the nature of his offence, and sometimes banished the commonwealth.

The rooks begin to build their nests, at least in England, in the month of March. They lay four or five eggs, not so large as those of the raven, but marked with broader spots. It is said that the male and female sit by turns. As soon as their young are able to shift, they leave the trees in which they made their nests, and do not return again till the month of August. Aldrovandus says, the herons take advantage of their absence to lay their eggs and hatch them in their nests.

In France rooks are birds of passage: they arrive about the end of harvest, and announce the approach of winter. In Silesia, on the contrary, they arrive in the spring, and are the forerunners of summer. Rookeries appear to be more common in Britain than in any other part of Europe. In Italy this species of birds seems to be entirely unknown.

THE HOODED CROW,

Called also the *Royston crow* (the *corvus cornix* of Linnæus), is distinguished by its colour from every other species of crow. The head, wings, and tail, are of a fine black, with a blueish cast in some positions. The breast, belly, back, and upper part of the neck, are of a greyish colour; so that it seems to have a hood or mantle, whence it has derived its name in most countries; the Italians calling it *monacchia* or the *nun*, and the French *le corneille mantelée*, the mantled crow.

The hooded crow associates in

numerous flocks like the rook, and seems to be still more familiar with man; frequenting, in winter, the vicinity of farm-houses and other habitations. It is a bird of passage, arriving regularly about the end of autumn and departing in spring; but the place of its retreat is not known with certainty. Some have asserted, that it retires only to the mountainous and less frequented parts of the country: but as none of these birds are ever seen in this country during the summer, it is probable that they leave it entirely at the approach of that season. It appears, from Linnæus, that in Sweden they make their nests in the woods, especially among the alders, and lay commonly four eggs; but they are not known to settle in the mountains of Italy or Switzerland. The young, when first hatched, are fed chiefly with insects; afterwards they will eat almost any kind of food.

THE WOOD CROW FROM SWITZERLAND.

This bird is also called the *hermit crow*, being the *corvus eremita* of Linnæus. It is of the size of a hen: the plumage is black, with a fine tinge of green. The feathers on the top of the head are longer than the rest, and form a tuft, or kind of crest, which hangs backwards; but this tuft does not make its appearance till after the bird is full grown, and frequently the feathers that compose it fall off in old age, which causes the bird to appear bald, whence in some places it is called the bald crow.

These birds are migratory, arriving usually in the month of April, and departing in June, earlier than any other bird of passage. Their young are thought very delicate eating, and much valued and sought after by the luxurious. The old ones, therefore, make their nests on the highest rocks; yet still they are frequently robbed of their nestlings by bird-catchers, who suffer themselves to be let down by ropes from lofty overhanging cliffs, at the imminent hazard of their lives, to seize the infant brood in their recesses.

THE CORNISH CHOUGH,

Also called the *red-legged crow*, from the colour of the feet and legs, is the *corvus graculus* of Linnæus. His plumage is black, with tints of blue, green, and purple, which sparkle with peculiar lustre on this dark ground. He is finely shaped, and, though he may be tamed to a certain degree, is of an active, restless, and turbulent disposition. When domesticated, he is remarkable, like other birds of this kind, for his pilfering tricks; and will carry away money, glass, pieces of metal of all kinds, and every thing that glitters: he even carries so far his fondness for whatever is luminous and shining, that he has been known to carry pieces of burning wood from the chimney, and thus to become an incendiary as well as a thief.

In the wild state, the chough appears to be particular in the choice of his residence. He chooses old towers, or lofty and inaccessible rocks, though not indiscriminately; for, according to Edwards, he prefers the rocks on the west coast of England to those on the south or east. In Switzerland, too, and the neighbouring country, he frequents only certain parts. Nor does he seem to be equally attached to every bleak eminence, but to be directed in his choice by some particular circumstances, which have as yet escaped the notice of observers. The female lays four or five white eggs with spots of a dirty yellow.

According to Hasselquist, these birds, which in Europe are migratory, arrive in Egypt and spread through the country after the inundation of the Nile has subsided,

probably allured by the abundance of food afforded by the lands which the waters have so lately left to the influence of a tropical sun, for they feed on insects and seeds recently committed to the ground and beginning to vegetate.

Gerini, an Italian naturalist, mentions a chough with black feet and a black bill, which may be considered as a variety of the common species.

(To be continued.)

The LESSON of FRUGALITY; AN ANECDOTE.

ABOUT the middle of the last century a venerable old Dutch gentleman, who had passed through all the offices in one of the principal towns in Holland with honour and reputation, and had gained great riches without reproach, resolved to retire for the remainder of his days to his country-seat. In order to take leave of his friends and acquaintance in a handsome manner, he invited the young and the old of both sexes (persons of the first fashion in the place) to an entertainment at his own house. They assembled with great expectations; but, to their no small surprise, saw a long oak table, hardly covered with a scanty blue cloth, on which were alternately placed platters of butter-milk, sour-crout, pickled herrings, and cheese. The rest of the cheer was made up with butter and rye-bread, and cans of small beer were at hand for those who chose to drink. Trenchers served instead of plates, and not a single servant attended. The company secretly cursed the old man's humour; but, on account of his great age, and still greater merit, they restrained their resentment, and appeared contented with their homely fare. The old gentleman, seeing the joke take, was unwilling to carry it too far; and at a signal given two clean country maids, in their rustic garb, cleared the table, and brought in the second course. The blue cloth was changed for white linen, the trenchers for pewter, the rye bread to houshold brown, the small beer into strong ale, and the mean food into good salted beef and boiled fish. The guests now grew better pleased, and the master of the feast more pressing in his invitations. After he had given them time to taste the second course, a third was served up by a *maître d'hôtel* in form, followed by half a dozen powdered servants in gaudy liveries. The most beautiful flowered damask was spread on a sumptuous mahogany table; the richest plate, and most curious china, adorned the side-board; whilst a profusion of soups, olios, tame and wild fowl, fricassees, ragouts, in a word, all that the art of a modern French cook could produce, ranged in a well-disposed judicious order, seemed to court the taste, and renew the appetite of the whole company. To this were added generous burgundy, sparkling champaign, in short, a choice of the best wines commerce can procure in a trading country; and, that nothing might be wanting that could please the senses, as soon as a sumptuous dessert was brought in, a melodious concert of a variety of instruments of music was heard in the next room. Healths went round, mirth increased, and the old gentleman, seeing that nothing but the departure of him and the gravest of the company was waited for to give a loose to joy and pleasure, rose up and thus addressed his guests:—

'Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for the favour you have done me by honouring me with your company. It is time for one of my age to withdraw; but I hope those who are disposed for dancing will accept of a ball which I have ordered to be pre-

pared for you. Before the fiddles strike up, give me leave to make a short reflection on this entertainment, which otherwise might appear whimsical, and even foolish. It may serve to give you an idea of the source of our wealth and prosperity. By living after the penurious manner exhibited in the first course, our ancestors raised their infant state, and acquired liberty, wealth, and power. These were preserved by our fathers, who lived in that handsome but plain way exemplified in the second course. But if an old man may be permitted, before he leaves you, whom he dearly loves, to speak his thoughts freely, I am really afraid that the profusion which you have witnessed in the last course will, if we continue it, deprive us of those advantages which our ancestors earned by the sweat of their brows, and which our fathers, by their industry and good management, have transmitted to us. Young people, I advise you to be merry this evening, but to think seriously to-morrow on the lesson I have given you to-day. Good night.'

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

HAVING lately met with the 'Ladies' Select Pocket Remembrancer,' for the present year, I could not without concern observe in it an attempt to prejudice the minds of its readers against the character and writings of the late Mrs. Woollstonecraft Godwin. It must indeed be confest, that neither her writings nor her conduct will admit of a complete vindication; but, conceiving that her reputation has been greatly injured, by the attacks of a wanton and ill-informed malevolence; and likewise that her works, if not perfectly unexceptionable, possess very considerable merit; I beg the insertion of a few remarks, in order to remove or diminish the odium with which her memory has unjustly been loaded.

And first, I would premise that no difference of opinion, either political or religious, ought to be considered as a just ground of censure. Whenever we undertake to investigate a subject, we cannot, with certainty, affirm what will be the result. Do we then wish to be indulged with the liberty of judging for ourselves in all questions of importance, let us by no means refuse that liberty to others.

Mrs. Godwin was not, perhaps, a consistent believer in the truth of Christianity. I say a *consistent believer;* because, though she probably entertained no doubt of our Saviour's divine mission, she does not appear to have received the scriptures as a complete rule of faith and practice. One or two instances of this remark are adduced in the publication above mentioned. Of those instances I shall take no further notice than just to observe that it is a circumstance to be regretted; because, in proportion as reverence for the scriptures is abated, the less likely they will be to regulate the conduct: and perhaps not every one who adopts Mrs. Godwin's sentiments may entertain the same regard for the unchangeable principles of morality.

Nothing can exhibit the character of this lady in a more advantageous light than the concern which she shewed for the welfare of her own relations, and the pains which she took to promote their interest, after the neglect and unkindness which she had experienced from them. For a detail of these circumstances, I must refer to the memoirs published by her husband. It may, however, be fairly questioned whether those

who are so forward to censure Mrs. Godwin would themselves have acted so noble and generous a part in her situation, and after experiencing similar treatment. And it may be safely affirmed, that such conduct would have done no discredit to the more distinguished Christian professor.

That Mrs. Godwin entertained just sentiments of the nature of virtue, of the duties incumbent on rational, immortal, and accountable beings, I shall endeavour to show, by extracts from her writings; and shall content myself with two citations from the most celebrated of all her publications, 'A Vindication of the Rights of Women.' The first passage, if I am not greatly mistaken, displays exalted ideas of virtue, and a mind of no ordinary cast.

'Love, such as the glowing pen of genius has traced, exists not on earth, or only exists in those exalted fervid imaginations that have sketched such dangerous pictures. Dangerous, because they not only afford a plausible excuse to the voluptuary who disguises sheer sensuality under a sentimental veil, but as they spread affectation, and take from the dignity of virtue. Virtue, as the very word imports, should have an appearance of seriousness, if not of austerity; and to endeavour to trick her out in the garb of pleasure, because the epithet has been used as another name for beauty, is to exalt her on a quicksand; a most insidious attempt to hasten her fall by apparent respect. Virtue and pleasure are not, in fact, so nearly allied in this life as some eloquent writers have laboured to prove. Pleasure prepares the fading wreath, and mixes the intoxicating cup: but the fruit which virtue gives is the recompence of toil: and gradually seen, as it ripens, only affords calm satisfaction; nay, appearing to be the result of the natural tendency of things, is scarcely observed.' P. 160, 2d edit.

'We should endeavour to view ourselves as we suppose that Being views us who seeth each thought ripen into action, and whose judgment never swerves from the eternal rule of right.' P. 208.

I may next be permitted to quote a short passage from a professed admirer of Mrs. Godwin, to whom it immediately refers.

'More genuine benevolence, more enlarged philanthropy, more solicitude for the interests of her fellow creatures, and more deference to the dictates of duty, as far as she could make a clear discovery of them, never warmed a human breast*.'

These passages are brought forward as an antidote to that prejudice which has probably been excited in the minds of many readers against a meritorious character. They have seen extracts artfully selected from her publications, and so commented on as in several instances to make them convey ideas which the writer never intended, and which could not have been suggested by a candid perusal of her works. But what reason can be assigned why Mrs. Godwin should be condemned unheard? Why may not her life and writings be permitted to speak for themselves? Why must the minds of readers be so previously biassed as to reject without examination every argument in her favour? Who can have a right to condemn her failings with merciless severity but those who are both infallible in their judgments and irreproachable in their conduct; who

* See 'A Defence of the Character and Conduct of the late Mary Woollstonecraft Godwin, founded on Principles of Nature and Reason, and applied to the peculiar Circumstances of her Case, in a Series of Letters to a Lady.' Wallis, Paternoster-row. This book is said to have been written by a clergyman.

having impartially investigated her sentiments, and known by experience her trials, have notwithstanding her errors? If such there be, let them reproach her memory without restraint, and without compassion.

It will doubtless be alleged, that a desire to preserve youthful minds from the contamination of her principles is the sole motive for exposing her mistakes and her faults. But surely, if this be so necessary an undertaking, it might be effected without calumny and misrepresentation. Cannot the dangerous tendency of a principle and the impropriety of an action be illustrated without unjustly aspersing the memory of one who, whatever might be her defects, wished for nothing so ardently as to witness the increasing amelioration, virtue, and happiness of her species?

The writer who has collected the extracts above referred to from the works of Mrs. Godwin frequently alludes to the connexions into which she entered with Messrs. Imlay and Godwin; though she was afterwards legally united to the latter. This part of her conduct I would by no means attempt to defend. On the contrary, I think it is to be deeply regretted. But it may be observed in her favour that she esteemed her engagements with the first of them equally sacred as though they had been ratified at the altar. She adhered to them with inviolable fidelity; and, when she could scarcely hope to recover the heart of her faithless paramour, she undertook a dangerous journey into a northern climate, to settle some of his affairs. When, after this important service and her subsequent endeavours to regain his affections, she found herself totally deserted, she formed a similar connexion with another. If this conduct be indefensible, can it be too much to affirm, that it discovers no symptom of a depraved heart?

'This severe censor of Mrs. Godwin professes his 'concern and surprise that there are still advocates hardy enough to defend her principles and character; and having some time since endeavoured to select such passages of her works as appeared to characterize the mind and feelings of their author, he now submits them, with occasional remarks, to the serious attention of the British fair.' But is it at all candid, is it just, to select every exceptionable passage from her writings, and every unjustifiable part of her conduct (though she might view both in a different light), and represent them as a just delineation of her 'principles and character;' while whatever is calculated to excite our esteem and admiration is carefully concealed? Is this a suitable method to check the progress of her principles? Those who have leisure to peruse her works with attention, and who possess judgment to discriminate, it is presumed will find no reason to regret such an employment of their time. Numerous passages besides those already adduced, might be extracted, which are entitled to our warmest approbation. But I conceive it much better to refer to her publications, and leave readers to judge for themselves. After what has been said, I shall not have occasion to notice many of the citations made by this writer. Those which appear in some measure inconsistent with a due regard for the scriptures, and those which relate to her improper connexions, it may easily be supposed that I shall pass over in silence: and there is little besides that requires consideration.

'I must fly from thought, and find refuge from sorrow in a strong imagination—the only solace for a feeling heart.'—'My heart flutters. Fool! it is time thou wert at rest.' These two sentences are taken from different parts of Mrs. Godwin's Tra-

vels into Norway &c. and it is concluded that, 'the reader cannot mistake this *recourse to suicide*.' If any reader can find a 'recourse to suicide' in either of these sentences, it must be because he is pre-determined to find it, whether the words be capable of such a construction or not. If she could find refuge from sorrow in a 'strong imagination,' what need could there be of having 'recourse to suicide?' And surely it was at least *possible* for an oppressed heart to be at rest without totally ceasing to beat. So far, therefore, from deducing this inference from what is here said, I feel confident that she at that time entertained no such idea: and I appeal to any reader of ordinary candour whether or not he perceives it in her expressions. It is true that she afterwards made such an attempt; and this circumstance has given her adversaries an occasion of defamation. But is it not both inhuman and unchristian to judge with unrelenting severity a fellow creature whose extreme sufferings have induced her to commit an act at which humanity revolts? Have not such rigid censors reason to tremble at our Saviour's denunciation, 'With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged?'

'If contentment be all we can attain, it is perhaps best secured by ignorance.' This sentiment I shall not undertake to defend. But in what manner is it animadverted on by our author? 'Most admirable this, from the champion of *petticoat-philosophy!*' This will doubtless be acknowledged as an 'admirable' compliment to the ladies. We must recollect that it is a remark, among others equally significant, 'submitted to the *serious attention* of the *British fair!*'

Having already occupied so much of the 'Ladies Magazine,' I am unwilling to trespass on the patience of my fair readers longer than is absolutely necessary. I must therefore pass over several remarks of which it would be easy to show the futility, and shall only notice those which seem most worthy of attention.

'The most vigorous and hottest constitution always prevails, and produces its kind' Here the writer observes that 'Mary in both her acknowledged cohabitations, that is with Messrs. Imlay and Godwin, produced girls.' I certainly should not have thought this remark worthy of notice, but on turning to the 'Rights of Women,' page 153 (I can only refer to the second edition), I find it is not Mrs. Godwin's own observation, but given by her from Dr. Forster's account of the isles in the South-sea. This may serve as a specimen of the candour with which she has been treated.

'I am more and more convinced that the same energy of character which renders a man a daring villain would have rendered him useful to society, had that society been well organized.' 'The discovery here announced,' we are told, 'is, that one man is no more virtuous than another; and that all vicious men would be good men, if all good men were not in some degree vicious.' I perceive no intimation of any such 'discovery,' in the words of Mrs. Godwin. The very terms which she uses are inconsistent with the idea that all mankind are equally virtuous or vicious. She could not think the term 'daring villain' applicable to all men without exception. As to the manner in which characters are formed, *that* is a distinct consideration. No individual, however virtuous or religious, can say that he might not have been of a disposition totally opposite had he not been trained up to the practice of his duty, but left in

his youth to idle and dissolute companions, exposed to all the temptations incident to such a state before he was aware of his danger. What habits might he not then have contracted?

After this unfair treatment of a lady who had few equals in talents, or superiors in virtue, the author proceeds to animadvert on the closing scene of her life. 'Not one word of a religious cast fell from her lips.' But Mrs. Godwin's views of the divine perfections were too just to imagine that she should meet with any other reception from her Creator than what her previous character and conduct entitled her to expect. She knew that in order to future felicity certain qualifications are indispensably requisite, which it is too late to attain on a dying bed. She knew that she had always entertained a profound reverence for the Deity, and assiduously laboured to promote the welfare of her fellow-creatures: she could not therefore apprehend that her involuntary errors or failings would be rigidly canvassed. She had no idea that the performance of any religious ceremony at such a time could in the least contribute to her future happiness. Her religion was rather internal than pompous and ceremonious. There is therefore no reason to conclude, from her silence on the subject in that awful crisis, that she had abandoned the hope of a happy immortality.

As to the adoption or the rejection of Mrs. Godwin's principles, it ought to be left to the judgment of those who candidly investigate them. They certainly have no claim, nor were they ever intended, to be implicitly received; neither is it reasonable that they should be condemned without examination. They are proposed to the understandings of intelligent beings. There is much to be applauded both in the conduct and writings of this celebrated female; and doubtless there are some things to be shunned. Her intellectual endowments were of a very superior cast; but she appears by no means to have been free from that pride of understanding to which eminent abilities are so exceedingly liable. Her feelings were extremely acute, and her passions uncontrollable, even by her own powerful reason. To this cause it was owing, that, while her exertions in favour of her friends were unbounded, she was hurried into excesses ever to be lamented. But it is not for cold and unfeeling hearts to arraign *her* at *their* tribunal. *They* can have no conception of what she endured, and therefore cannot be qualified to pronounce sentence against her. She has gone to appear before an unerring judge, and it is of little consequence to her whether mortals censure or commend.

Yet it ill becomes those who possess the means of information to cherish and propagate groundless prejudices against a character so distinguished, and a writer so deservedly renowned. Let her life and writings be considered with attention, and with favourable allowances for her circumstances, before she is condemned. She will perhaps never be without admirers while the English language continues to be read. With another citation from one of those admirers I shall conclude this epistle, requesting pardon for the length to which it has been extended.

'It is my unequivocal opinion that (considering the circumstances of her youth, the difficulties of her more advanced years, and the highly ungenerous treatment which she latterly experienced) in loftiness of spirit, decisiveness of character, clearness of intellect, purity of intention,

and benevolence of heart, the great luminary of heaven never yet shed his beams on a human creature superior to Mary Woollstonecraft Godwin.'

I am sir,

Yours, &c.

R. ALLCHIN.

Maidstone, Feb. 2d, 1805.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

(From the Memoirs of Marmontel.)

'I HAD been a long time engaged in a dispute with mademoiselle Clairon on the manner of declaiming tragic verse. Advice different from mine prevailed, and, unwilling to become troublesome and give offence, I said no more; when, some time afterwards, I unexpectedly found the actress had, on a sudden, adopted my opinion. She was preparing to play Roxana at the little theatre at Versailles. I went to see her at her toilette, and for the first time found her dressed as a sultana, without a hoop, with her arms half bare, and in the true oriental costûme. I complimented her on the improvement of her taste. "You will now be satisfied with me," said she; "I lately made an excursion to Bourdeaux, where, in a small theatre, I resolved to make the experiment of that simple kind of declamation which you have so often recommended. I had the greatest success, and I will now try it at this little theatre. Come and hear me." The event exceeded her expectation and mine. She was no longer the actress; she was Roxana herself. The illusion, astonishment, and rapture, were extreme. I saw her after her performance, and attempted to congratulate her on her success. "Do you not see," said she, "that you have ruined me? I must now dress naturally in all my parts. Propriety of declamation must accompany that of dress. All my rich theatrical wardrobe is become worth nothing; I lose, by this depreciation of its value, ten thousand crowns."

'In Electra, instead of a ridiculous hoop, and the ample mourning robe in which she had been used to act, she appeared in the simple dress of a slave, with dishevelled hair, and her arms confined with long chains.

'From that time all the actors were obliged to give up their long flowing perukes, their hats with feathers, their fringed gloves, and all that fantastic apparatus which so long had disgusted every person of taste. Le Kain himself followed the example of mademoiselle Clairon.'

THE MONKS AND THE ROBBERS;

A TALE.

(Continued from Vol. XXXV. p. 649.)

VERRUCI started with astonishment at first sight of this unexpected visitor, and could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. He was much altered, too, since he had last seen him,—was pale, thin, and appeared much fatigued. The count, however, when recovered from his surprise, welcomed him with the utmost cordiality; and congratulating him on his escape, spoke of the concern and surprise his sudden disappearance had occasioned him, and the unsuccessful endeavours he had made to discover by what way it was effected. Rudolpho soon unravelled that mystery, and proceeded to mention other matters which had befallen

him since his separation from the count. 'My foot slipt,' continued he, speaking of Sanguigno and Gaspar darting on him from behind the angle of the rock (as mentioned in a preceding chapter), 'and I well remember rolling down the rugged precipice into a chasm of considerable depth; but my senses forsook me ere I reached the bottom. How long I might lie in that insensible condition I know not; but when again I recovered the exercise of my faculties, I found myself on a couch, in a small and low-browed cavern which was lighted by a lamp; and a man of a tall and robust figure, clad in mean and coarse attire, bending over me and watching my recovery with much solicitude in his aspect. Perceiving my recollection returned, he bade me not be under any alarm; and gave me many assurances that I had fallen into good hands, and might depend upon his rendering me every good office in his power. I soon found he promised no more than he intended to perform. He attended me with the most unremitting assiduity, and sought by every means in his power to accelerate my recovery from the dangerous state in which I then was. The weapon of one of the ruffians pierced my shoulder as I fell; I had received several severe contusions in rolling down the craggy precipice, and, had not the bushes that grew on its sides broken the force of my fall, I perhaps should not have escaped with life. The care, however, and attention of my preserver soon prevented every dangerous symptom; yet it was many days ere I could rise from my couch, and still longer before I could traverse the cavern. In the mean while, the appearance and behaviour of my host considerably interested my attention. He appeared rather advanced in years, but seemed still of great bodily strength. His countenance was dark and severe, and there was a remarkable degree of solemnity to be observed in every thing he said or did. He never smiled; but was always gloomy, thoughtful, and silent. In his deportment was visible an air of dignity, which the coarseness of his apparel could not hide; in his looks a piercing expression, and in his converse a something which commanded respect, and induced me to think he had formerly been a man of some rank in life. But whatever might have been his former situation, his present one I began to suspect was not of the most honourable kind. His martial appearance; his leaving me often for hours together, frequently in the day-time, but always at night; his residing among rocks and caverns, far removed from human intercourse, and in the midst of a dreary forest; were circumstances that awakened a suspicion of this man's occupation, and it was not long before I made a discovery which at once confirmed that suspicion. A few nights ago, when I had in a great measure recovered my strength, I was roused, a short time after my host had left me, by a faint noise of men speaking from without. Surprised at the unusual sound, I arose, and, advancing into the mouth of the cave, beheld, by the lamp which one of them carried, two men, standing a few paces from me, cautiously surveying the lofty and inaccessible rocks which entirely environed the small space before the cave I inhabited. They were in discourse together when I first saw them; but before I could make out the subject, they were retreating by a narrow opening among the rocks, and were soon out of my sight and hearing. The ferocious looks and armed appearance of these men gave me no favourable opinion of them; and I felt strongly tempted to follow, and watch their proceedings. My host, as I regained my strength,

allowed me, for the benefit of the open air, to traverse the small space before the cave's mouth; but gave me to understand, that my life would be endangered if ever I ventured beyond the opening at the end of it. Though unable to account by any possible conjecture for this prohibition, I had hitherto obeyed it; but in my desire to observe these men I forgot his injunction, and passed, before I was aware, the limits he had prescribed, and found myself among some ruins which were shewn by the light of the moon, and seemed to me the remains of some very large monastery. The chapel part of the cloisters, and many of the arches leading to them, were still standing in the midst of piles of stones and rubbish, but all exhibiting strong marks of decay.'

The count remembered the ruins he had seen on the night he encountered the phantom, and it struck him that those Rudolpho spoke of were the same. He forbore, however, to interrupt the recital.

'The two men proceeding but slowly,' continued he, 'and frequently stopping to reconnoitre, it was not long before I had them again in view; and, as I looked after them towards the darkest part of the ruins, I saw, at some distance, a stream of light issue from a darkened wall, and the shadow of a man glide along by it and disappear. The two men saw it as well as myself, and they directly stopped. I heard them whisper each other in a tone of alarm, and presently after I found they were returning with all speed. Fearful of detection, I ran before them; but finding they gained upon me, I concealed myself in a small cleft in the rock, and by that means escaped discovery. As they passed my hiding-place, I heard one say to the other—"He had like to have caught us; but though it won't do this bout, come what may we'll try it again to-morrow night." While I stood in the cleft, watching the two men as they passed among the rocks, a murmuring of voices, which seemed to proceed from some distance within, struck upon my hearing. I looked, and perceiving a feeble light issuing from the bottom of the cleft, endeavoured to make my way to it; but the passage, which was of some length, narrowed as I advanced, and would scarcely admit me on hands and knees. At length, however, I reached it, and found it a small chasm in the side towards the top of a lofty and extensive cavern. It was lighted throughout by several lamps suspended from the roof. Immediately beneath the chasm, piles of baggage and merchandize of different descriptions lay upon the ground, and against the sides of the place hung various pieces of armour and many warlike weapons. In the middle stood a table covered with cups and flaggons, round which, in noisy carousal, sat some twelve or fourteen of the most ferocious-looking fellows I ever beheld. Their garb and armed appearance proclaimed them banditti; and if any doubt could be entertained on the subject, the sight of the place and the subject of their discourse would sufficiently confirm it. Others of the banditti at this moment were entering from the further end of the cave; and among these, as they advanced, I distinguished the two whom I had followed. They seated themselves with the others at a table, and circulating the wine with wonderous dispatch, they made the vaulted roof ring with boisterous merriment. But, in the midst of their joviality, a loud shrill whistle was heard from without, and in an instant stopped the clamour. I found by what they said, that that whistle announced the entrance of their chief, and immediately after he appeared at the lower end of the cavern. His figure, tall and commanding, attracted my attention, and looking earnestly at him, I recognized my preserver:

though, from my suspicions, in a great measure expectant of this, I could scarcely persuade myself that the man to whose humanity I owed my life could really be the associate and the chief of robbers and assassins. I looked again, but it was indeed him. I saw him seat himself at the upper end of the table, and my curiosity being gratified, and the couchant posture in which, from the smallness of the place, I was obliged to remain, becoming irksome, I withdrew from the scene. On the next night, resolved to watch the re-appearance of the two robbers, and to discover their intent, I posted myself, when my host left me, as usual, at the end of the narrow opening where I had discovered them the preceding night. After waiting a considerable time, I saw one of the men advancing along the same track as before—I expected to see the other behind, but I found he was alone. He went forward among the ruins, seeking, as before, the darkest parts; and I stole softly after him. By the light of the moon, which then, as on the night before, shone in its full splendour, I saw him enter the ruined chapel, and, cautiously as the rubbish that covered its pavement admitted, proceed across it. I crept after him into the chapel; and from behind one of the pillars that still stood erect, saw him by the moon-light, which, piercing through the large chasms of its roof and sides, illuminated almost every part of the building, pass a breach in the wall and suddenly stop. A ray of light streamed just past him, and he stood as if listening; while I, hearing a faint murmuring of voices beyond, endeavoured to get nearer to observe what was passing: but in so doing had well nigh been discovered; for, suddenly, the man I followed rushed from his post back into the chapel, hastily pursued by another, in whom, as they rushed by me, I thought I recognised my preserver. They past close to my hiding-place, and were out of sight in a moment. Scarcely were they gone when I thought I observed a something move beneath the broken wall from whence they came, and, looking again, I distinctly beheld a tall majestic figure glide into the chapel. At this sight I felt a degree of awe, which I could not wholly repress, steal over me; and the time and place contributed to increase it. The figure passed close to the pillar behind which I stood; the moon-beams struck upon its pallid aspect, and, to my inexpressible astonishment and terror, I beheld the individual features of Manfredi! I started back; and the phantom was hastily gliding away again, when, recovering from my first emotion, I rushed forward, with an intention of speaking to it, but my words fell from my lips in inarticulate accents. The figure turned its head, started, and advancing close to me, pronounced my name in the well-known voice of Manfredi. But I could not answer it.—I saw the vision smile—I heard it call upon me—and I felt it grasp my hand.'

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

DURING the representation of a new piece at the French opera-house, a quarrel chanced to arise between the pages of the king, and those of some of the princes of the blood. One of them, a youth of about ten or twelve years of age, was knocked out of the box in which they were, and fell into the pit, carrying with him the peruke of a grave gentleman who happened to sit near him.—'My good little fellow,' said the gentleman, 'I wish, when you fall, you would take care what you do.'—'I ask your pardon, sir,' said the page, as soon as he got to the bottom, 'I do assure you I did not do it on purpose.'

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

A COMEDY.

(Continued from p. 46.)

ACT I.

SCENE IV.

DESROCHES; DELILLE; RIFLARD, *in a sportsman's dress.*

Riflard. James, you may take Rover home. I shall shoot no more to-day.

Delille. Sir, may I take the liberty—

Riflard. (with an affected air) A thousand pardons! I had not the advantage of perceiving you at first. Will you do me the honour to inform me in what manner I can serve you?

Desroches. Will you be so good as to tell us which is the shortest way to the town we see before us yonder?

Riflard. My residence, gentlemen, is in that town; and if you will permit me I shall have the honour to conduct you to it.

Desroches. (to Delille) This obliging gentleman gives us a very favourable idea of the politeness of this part of the country.

Delille. Mingled with a little of the ridiculous—a little affectation.

Desroches. Well, if he has real good qualities we must not quarrel with him for a little harmless absurdity.

Riflard. Do you propose, gentlemen, to make any long stay in our town?

Delille. No; I think not.

Desroches. We do not yet know.

Riflard. I am sorry for it: though I have not the advantage of your acquaintance, I should have done myself a pleasure in shewing you the curiosities of the place; for I do assure you our town is not deficient in them. Before the invention of cannon it was a fortified city, as appears by the ramparts, remains of which are still to be seen. It sustained a siege under the reign of Clovis, in which fifty thousand of the inhabitants lost their lives.

Delille. I thought it had never contained above five or six thousand at the utmost.

Riflard. Very true—very true—but the chronicles of the times—The lower town is ancient, old-fashioned, and ill-built. There is a part of the principal street where two persons can hardly walk abreast; but the new quarter is an immensely fine specimen of modern building.

Desroches. I perceive yours is a charming town.

Riflard. Very agreeable, at least. We have picturesque promenades, a superb mall, exquisite fish in the neighbouring streamlets, the wines of our vintage not inferior to those of Burgundy, two fairs in the year, most select society, and a subscription theatre established for benevolent purposes, where our amusement becomes an act of charity.

Delille. I perceive we are speaking to one of the principal inhabitants.

Riflard. I act a certain part to be sure. You may have heard speak of Francis Riflard: though I have there only a foot of land as I may say; because I generally reside at my seat, which is exquisitely situate, particularly for the sports of hunting and shooting, of

which I am immensely fond. It has its turrets, its battlements, and a drawbridge which I have preserved from respect to the memory of my ancestors: not that I am devoted to all the chimeras and prejudices of *noblesse* and *feudality*, of which I rejoice with the philosophers that we are now disembarrassed; but it is not disagreeable for one to recollect, and to remind others, that one has had an ancestor who was killed in the first croisade.

Delille. Indeed! You had an ancestor—

Riflard. Rodolphus Riflard, aide-de-camp to Baldwin count of Toulouse: he is mentioned in the Jerusalem Delivered.

Delille. Why your town is quite a little Paris.

Riflard. Exactly so. We have a masked ball for the winter, a *ball-champêtre* for the summer; a confectioner who will furnish you with ices in perfection—provided you order them a week beforehand. Our young men are gallant and brave, and are able to thrust and parry with the most expert masters of fencing in the regiments that pass this way. I myself, too, am pretty well acquainted with the use of the foil. Our women are virtuous, and faithful to their husbands or their lovers. With respect to literature, we have a journalist, a printer, and two authors, without reckoning amateurs who make charades, logogriphs, and bouquets. But I ask your pardon for taking up your time with a recital of these trivialities. I might have fixed myself in Paris; but I do not love Paris.

Desroches. You do not love Paris! Oh, you are very much in the right.

Riflard. All noise and tumult, scandal, dissolnteness, and general subversion of morals! Oh give me the country! *(looking through his glass down the stage).* But excuse me—If I am not mistaken, there is the cabriolet of madame de Senneville!

Desroches. How! Madame de Senneville! Does she reside in this vicinity?

Delille. What! do you know her?

Riflard. Do you know her?

Desroches. She is a fine woman.

Riflard. She is one of the finest women in this part of the country; and we do not want for them, I do assure you.

Desroches. I have had the pleasure of seeing her at Paris, when she was there with her uncle.

Riflard. What that asthmatic old fellow who is always engaged in building?

Desroches. She probably would not recollect me.

Riflard. She is a charming woman, of the most refined sensibility, and, between ourselves, feels some degree of interest in favour of your humble servant. There were a thousand rivals, but the moment I appeared they were all eclipsed. I will present her to you. I shall return in an instant; so without ceremony, gentlemen— [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Desroches, Delille.

Desroches. Well! I have already found a person of information; and a woman truly amiable. Here we have a pure air, a bright sky, simple and virtuous manners. These good people cannot be artful, interested, and knavish. Every one, contented with the fortune of his father, is a stranger to ambition or avarice.

Delille. O, certainly! The innkeeper here is never guilty of extortion on the traveller; the dealer sells conscientiously; the physician cures his patients without delay; the law-

yer labours incessantly to reconcile his clients: it is quite a privileged place.

Desroches. Oh, you may laugh at me as much as you please; but I would venture to wager—Here is Dubois; what does he want?

Scene VI.

Desroches, Delille, Dubois.

Desroches. Well, what say you?

Dubois. You will be very angry, sir, I am sure; but indeed it is not my fault.

Desroches. Why, what is the matter?

Dubois. The smith tells me that your chaise will not be ready till this time to-morrow.

Desroches. Not till this time to-morrow!

Dubois. These people, sir, think of nothing but what they can get; and I am very sure that, if you would promise to pay them something extra, they would have your chaise ready a great deal sooner. I am very much concerned that you should be so delayed.

Desroches. No, no; you need not be so much concerned: do not let them hurry themselves. I shall be extremely pleased to pass twenty-four hours here.

Dubois. You seemed at first, sir, very angry at being detained.

Delille. And he would now be as angry if he were forced to continue his journey. You have lived long enough with Mr. Desroches not to be surprised at these little changes.

Dubois. Very true, sir; but so much the better: for we shall now have time to put the chaise into complete repair. [*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Desroches, Delille.

Desroches. Perhaps, Delille, this delay may be disagreeable to you?

Delille. To me! Oh no. Nothing is disagreeable to me.

Desroches. You see, however, that it is merely necessity—

Delille. Oh! no doubt.

Desroches. But here comes our new acquaintance, with his conquest. Faith! she is far from being disagreeable.

Scene VIII.

Desroches, Delille, Riflard, *Madame* Senneville.

Madame Senneville (turning towards the side-scene.) I must entreat you, Bastien, not to go too fast as you go down the hill. Do not fatigue the poor beast: it is a good creature. Bless me, how hot it is! I am almost overpowered; quite tired and jaded.

Riflard. May I ask where you have been, fair lady?

Madame Senneville. At Mr. Rigaud's: he has been keeping his vintage.

Riflard (somewhat piqued.) What you visit Mr. Rigaud, do you?

Madame Senneville. Come, you must not be jealous. We had some very excellent company. We played at loo at a penny a fish. I should not have returned to town so soon, only this is my day for seeing company.

Riflard. These, madam, are the two gentlemen whose manners and conversation I did myself the honour deservedly to commend to you, just now.

Desroches. Madame Senneville, perhaps, does not recollect me.

Madame Senneville. Pardon me; I think I recollect—

Desroches. When you was at Paris, at my uncle's, who is of the same name with myself, Desroches!—

Desroches. What are you the young nephew of Mr. Desroches? Yes, now I recollect you perfectly. How does your good uncle do?

He is a very excellent man. I am delighted to see you in our part of the country. Does this gentleman too come from Paris?

Desroches. Yes, madam.

Madame Senneville. And what is there new in Paris?

Delille. Nothing, madam, nothing. People go to the exchange or to the theatres; every one, as his business or pleasure leads him. Those who think they have wit, laugh at those they suppose to be fools; more than one fool makes his fortune; more than one knave passes for an honest man, and more than one impostor for a man of merit. Every thing is the same: it is there as it is every where else.

Madame Senneville. Do they still wear scarlet shawls, jonquil ribands, amaranth tunics? are the fichus crossed like an X or a Y? do the ladies wear their own hair or perukes?

Delille. Why, I cannot say that I have attended so much to these particulars as they may deserve.

Madame Senneville. My milliner, I must tell you, is very negligent: she sometimes does not send me a new fashion till three months after it has come out, and that is very provoking; for when one makes it a point to be well dressed—

Riflard. Yes, Madame Senneville, I do assure you, gives the *ton* to the whole town with respect to dress and taste.

Madame Senneville (affectedly.) You must not say so, Riflard—Oh! Paris is a delightful place; I have been there three times in my life, and staid a fortnight each time. Mr. Senneville was then living, I was exquisitely entertained, and my journeys were of great advantage to me.

Desroches. That is very apparent, madam.

Madame Senneville (with affectation.) Do you think so?

Desroches. Yes, indeed; it is visible in your manner, your conversation, your whole air.

Madame Senneville. But, to confess the truth, I should not love to reside there constantly; for the country—to a heart of sensibility—Oh! the country!—There the beauties of nature, clad in smiles, inspire us with the mildest and purest sentiments.—The verdant meads, the melodious birds, the refreshing shades, and simple and rustic manners, must impress every heart—Oh! the country has so many charms!—I hope you will do me the honour to frequent my house during the stay you make in our town. I live with an aged and respectable uncle, to whom I cannot shew too much attention, since to him I am indebted for my education and all that I am.

Riflard. In delicate sensibility no person can exceed madame Senneville.

Madame Senneville. I shall retain you for to-day. There will be a great deal of company at my house this evening. You are no doubt acquainted with several persons here.

Desroches. I have a letter for madame Guibert; do you know her?

Madame Senneville. She is one of my most intimate friends; a most charming woman! She has a celestial daughter, an excellent musician, whom her mother would be very glad to see well settled. She has indeed had a few adventures, but they are all forgotten; for she is of a very good disposition, though no great genius, unless we believe her own account of herself. I love her with all my heart. You will do me a very sensible pleasure if you will come and dine with me to-morrow, and I will to-day invite madame Guibert and her daughter.

Delille. To-morrow, madam, we must continue our journey.

Madame Senneville. So soon!

Desroches (aside to Delille.)

Hold your tongue. *(Aloud)* The invitation with which you honour us is a motive sufficiently powerful.—

Madame Senneville. You will be of the party, Mr. Riflard?

Riflard. Permit me to offer you the fruits of my morning's sport—a brace of very fine partridges.

Madame Senneville. You are always very gallant.

Riflard. You must invite Mr. Vernon and his sister.

Madame Senneville. Indeed! what, a rival?

Riflard. Poor gentleman! He did not expect to have me for a competitor. If he were not so fond of law-suits and chicanery he would be a finished character; he makes admirable verses, and speaks as he writes, in sentences and adverbs.

Madame Senneville. His poor sister begins to be a little on the decline; when she is completely resigned to be an old maid she will be very amiable. Well, it is agreed, then; to-morrow at three—for I keep Paris hours. Mine is the only house in the town where they do not dine at one o'clock. You may choose whether you will play at matrimony, commerce, lottery, or whist. My uncle will be delighted to renew his acquaintance with the nephew of his friend: and if you will only stay two days, I will present you with a ticket for our private theatricals. We play Figaro and the Spanish Barber.

Riflard. You will see madame Senneville act Rosina and Juliet.

Delille. Do you not take a part too, Mr. Riflard?

Riflard. I have sometimes acted the Sneezer, by particular request; but I generally appear as Colin or Corydon in operatic entertainments.

Madame Senneville. Well, I declare, here is Mr. Vernon coming!

Delille. What the poet so fond of law-suits and chicanery, whom you were speaking of this moment?

Madame Senneville. The same. *(To Riflard)* Now pray command yourself a little, and let us have none of your jealous airs.

Riflard. Have I any reason to be jealous?

Scene IX.

Desroches, Delille, Riflard, *Madame* Senneville, Vernon.

Vernon. I did not expect, madam, to have the inestimable pleasure of meeting with you here.

Madame Senneville. I am very happy to see you. Where may you have been?

Riflard. Is it necessary to ask that question? At some neighbouring court of law, no doubt.

Vernon. You are very right. I come from the court of appeal. They will be the death of me with delay. The cause is again put off for a fortnight.

Madame Senneville. Gentlemen, will you permit me to present to you one of the most respectable persons in this part of the country?

Vernon. You are pleased to be pleasant, madam.

Madame Senneville. It is true you are very fond of law-suits.

Vernon. I fond of law-suits! No, I detest them.

Madame Senneville. Yet you are at law with every body?

Vernon. How with every body?

Madame Senneville. With me—

Vernon. With your uncle, on account of the summer-house which he has thought proper to build directly in front of my mill, and which certainly intercepts the wind. It is, however, in your power easily to bring about an accommodation.

Riflard (aside to Desroches and

Delille.) This is well said, but it will not do.

Madame Senneville. With Riflard—

Vernon. Yes, on account of the rabbit which he pursued into my orchard. But we are reconciled. When a person behaves so politely as Mr. Riflard—

Riflard. Oh! I am the most accommodating man in the world. *(Aside to Delille)* I would have thrown him out of the window when we were before the justice of peace if he had said much.

Madame Senneville. With madam Guibert—

Vernon. Yes; that is very different. When my sister had sent for a box of vegetable rouge directly to the eminent perfumer at the golden-bell at Paris, madame Guibert obtaining it by mistake, was certainly in the wrong to convert it to her own use. But we shall see.

Madame Senneville. You will, however, have no objection to dine to-morrow with madame Guibert at my house?

Vernon. None in the world: people may maintain their rights, and yet dine together.

Madame Senneville. We shall have Mr. Riflard, and these gentlemen who have just arrived from Paris.

Vernon. From Paris!—I shall be delighted, enchanted!—*(Aside)* I do not like these Paris gentry; they only come to carry off our wives, or cheat us of our money. *(Aloud)* Well, gentlemen, what is there new in Paris? How go on the lyceums, the institute? What do the journals say? Do they still circulate a great many satires?

Delille. There is no want of subjects.

Desroches. Nor of inclination to satirize Delille. But of ability there may be.

Vernon. And the wild man of Aveyron? the Chinese shadows? the oratorio? the young lions in the menagerie?

Madame Senneville. Come, come, you will have time enough to talk of literature and news at table to-morrow. The day advances: my cabriolet must be at the bottom of the hill. A-propos, were you at madame St. Hilairé's assembly, yesterday evening?

Riflard. Yes, indeed, it was very dull. You were not there; the supper was ill-served up; every thing cold.

Vernon. There were but thirty-three dishes in the dessert.

Riflard. There were thirty-five at the last tea which madame Senneville gave. The little Remival made a *faux-pas*. She chattered incessantly with La Morisière.

Madame Senneville. How can he attach himself to such a yellow, pye-bald, insipid creature!

Vernon. And madame Verbois gave a box on the ear to Florancy.

Riflard. He is said to be the author of the satirical verses on her, that are handed about the town.

Madame Senneville. Well, say no more; you know that I detest scandal. I must be going; I have an endless number of appointments.

Scene X.

Enter Dubois.

Dubois (whispering to Delille.) Your cousin, madame Belmont, who has followed us, attended by Champagne, her old domestic, is arrived.

Delille. Madame Belmont!

Dubois. She does not wish to see Mr. Desroches; she desires to speak with you alone.

Delille. I will be with her immediately.

Madame Senneville. Give me your arm, my dear Riflard. These

two young gentlemen are very agreeable.

Vernon. We will all follow you.

Desroches (to Delille.) You must admit, my friend, this is a charming town.

[*Exeunt madame Senneville, Riflard, and Vernon; Desroches follows them to the bottom of the stage, and then returns.*

Scene XI.

Dubois, Delille, Champagne.

Champagne. Well, Dubois; where is Mr. Delille? my mistress is out of patience.

Dubois. Here he is.

Delille. Desroches may surprise us; take care to let us know when he is coming.

Scene XII.

Enter Madame Belmont.

Madame Belmont. Do not suppose, Delille, that I have the weakness to follow your unworthy friend. I am going, that I may forget him, a hundred leagues from Paris, on a visit to my respectable aunt. But on the road recognizing your valet, I could not resist the desire to inform myself——

Delille. Why should you endeavour to conceal from me the real motive of your journey, my dear cousin? You have followed Desroches. Is there any great harm in that? You love him still.

Madame Belmont. What will the world say to such a step?

Delille. What matters it what the world says? I see nothing to blame in your conduct. You know Desroches as well as I. His natural vivacity leads him into some extravagancies; but no man has a better heart.

Madame Belmont. But to break off so abruptly a marriage when ever thing was concluded and arranged, an thus to fly me without explanation- how must this expose me to the malig nant falshoods of the dealers in scan dal! And what reason could h have?

Delille. The hastiness of his cha racter; the experience he had alread had of infidelity and inconstancy.

Madame Belmont. But, surely-

Delille. He surprised you in clo conversation with a young officer, stranger to him, at a ball.

Madame Belmont. Can that b the cause? I can very satisfactori explain——

Champagne (running to them.) Si Mr. Desroches has just left his com pany; he is coming.

Delille. If you will be guided b my advice, take a lodging in an in not far from that at which we hav put up. I will inform you of ever thing that passes.

Madame Belmont. I do not wis to see him; I must be gone. I cer tainly shall follow your advice.

[*Exi*

Delille. You will find that yo cannot do better.—This woman extremely well adapted for him; bu who can expect reasonable condu from a man who is continually i variance with reason?—It does no signify—the arrival of madame Be mont encourages me; I still hope.

Scene XIII.

Delille, Desroches

Desroches. Where have yo been? I had lost you.

Delille. I saw you in close con versation with madame Senneville and I left you, that I might not in terrupt you.

Desroches. She is, indeed, a charm ing woman! full of wit, grace, sen sibility. As she got into her carr

ge she gave me such a glance! and ressed my hand.

Delille. And what do you think f Riflard?

Desroches. He is a fool whom he amuses herself with.

Delille. And this is you who cannot endure coquettes!

Desroches. Oh! this is no coquetry; it is sympathy, delicate sensibility.—But we are losing our time; et us enter the town. I will confess hope that we shall remain here for ome time, for how is it possible to uit a place which has so many attractions?

Delille. You will not have been n it four-and-twenty hours, before ou wish yourself out of it again.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

(To be continued.)

THE INTRIGUE;

OR,

The LOVERS *who were* PERSUADED *to be in* LOVE.

A TALE.

(Continued from p. 30.)

WHEN they had arrived at Cheilly, Louisa in the evening, after upper, entertained the viscount by playing on the harpsichord. Verdac, n imitation of his friend, took a hair beside the instrument, and, ightly leaning on the edge of it as t stood open, beat time with his oot, with sufficient exactness, because he followed the movement given by Fonrose. As often as the atter cried *Bravo! Charming!* the iscount, though much inclined to leep, roused himself; and, with a stifled yawn, repeated the same exclamations. But, at length, as he was not naturally very wakeful, he was completely overpowered by the soporific of wand Morpheus, and that at a moment when Louisa surpassed herself in executing one of her most difficult cross-fingerings. Fonrose, however, perceiving his situation, under the pretext of applauding with transport, struck down the supporter of the lid of the harpsichord, which fell with a terrible but harmonious crash, that suddenly suspended the rapid cross-fingering of Louisa, made madame de Forlis tremble for her instrument, and completely awaked Verdac, who, starting up, exclaimed mechanically, *Bravo!*—'Ah!' cried Fonrose, 'this is true musical enthusiasm! Verdac seems scarcely to notice the din that has so much alarmed us; he hears only the music of Handel; and, amidst all this confusion, his first expression is that of applause. This proves the amateur of just feelings and exquisite taste. While absorbed in listening to such harmony, the crash of a falling world, to adopt the language of Horace, would not divert his attention.'—'It is certain,' said madame de Forlis, with a smile, 'that the viscount listens to music with profound attention.' Verdac, flattered with these praises, answered in that cold manner which was natural to him, declaring that he was most passionately fond of music.

The next morning Juliette, when she awoke, said to Louisa—'Good heavens! my dear sister, what has been the matter with you to-night?'

'What do you mean?' said Louisa.

'You have been talking in your sleep about the viscount de Verdac.'

'The viscount de Verdac?'

'You pronounced his name repeatedly.'

'That is inconceivable, for I declare I do not know that I ever thought of him.'

At this answer, Juliette began to laugh with a satirical air. Her sis-

ter, much surprised, enquired her reason; and Juliette gave her to understand that she suspected she had a partiality for Verdac. Louisa denied it, with great simplicity and with great truth; but Juliette insisting on her opinion, she, at length, said no more.

The next time Louisa saw Verdac she examined him with a kind of curiosity; for she wished at least to know something of this young man, for whom she had been told that she was suspected of having an inclination: and Fonrose soon made the viscount observe that miss de Forlis eyed him in a very particular manner.

On the same day, after dinner, the countess Adrienne took the two sisters into a closet, and said to them—'Fonrose tells me that the poor viscount de Verdac is almost distracted with love for Louisa. He sleeps in a chamber which is only separated from that of Fonrose by a very thin partition; and during the whole of last night he was crying *Bravo!* in his sleep, and beating time with all his strength.' Louisa, on hearing this, looked at her sister and blushed. Juliette expressed her admiration of the wonderful sympathy that there sometimes is between two persons; and Louisa could not but admit that such a coincidence of ideas and sentiments was very extraordinary.

Fonrose told the same stories to Verdac, who at first was rather incredulous, assuring his friend that he had never been addicted either to talk or to walk in his sleep; but Fonrose declaring to him that nothing was more true, he admitted that he could not disbelieve him, and said he supposed he must have the nightmare. He, however, shewed very evidently, that he was not a little pleased that miss de Forlis should have talked of him in her sleep.

The next day was Sunday, and it was customary at madame de Forlis' country seat, on all holidays, to have a dance in the great dining-room, to which the upper domestics of the family, as well as many visitors from the neighbourhood, were admitted. The viscount de Verdac could not dance, but he declared that he should with the greatest pleasure be a spectator of this *bal champêtre*. Scarcely a quarter of an hour had, however, elapsed before he was so tired of it that he resolved to make his escape to breathe the fresh air of the gardens, and angle in the fish-pond, which was with him a favourite amusement. He stole away from the ball-room at the moment that miss Louisa had begun a minuet with Fonrose, and had performed with the utmost dignity, the profound *ployé* of the *pas grave* which follows the two first curtsies. She perceived the viscount as he was retiring. Louisa never had the least coquetry; but what woman is entirely insensible to the first passion which she has inspired, or believes she has inspired? She went through the remainder of the minuet with a negligence which had never before been observed in her, and she gained by it in the opinion of every one; for nothing was more disavantageous to her than her manner of doing every thing with a stiff and laboured application and exertion; the consequence of which was, that she gave entire satisfaction to her teachers, and completely disgusted every spectator.

When the minuet was ended, Fonrose said in a whisper to Louisa—'I know well why Verdac so hastily left the room.'

'Why?' asked Louisa, with curiosity mixed with surprise.

'Because he was fearful he should not be able to govern his emotions, and thus might attract observation; for, notwithstanding he appears to have so much gravity and reserve, he is a young man of a most ardent and

mpetuous disposition. He has great energy in his character. He is a mount Hecla, ice without, and flame within.' This geographical allusion was much approved of by Louisa.

Fonrose then went to seek his friend in the garden. He found him sitting on the edge of the fish-pond, near an artificial ruin representing an ancient tomb.—'My dear friend,' said he to him very gravely, 'why do you give way to this gloomy melancholy, which leads you to fly every pleasure, and come to meditate here among the tombs?'

'What do you mean?' answered Verdac, astonished at the serious air of Fonrose. 'I am not melancholy I assure you; I have always been fond of angling.'

'Disclose your heart to me,' replied Fonrose in a sentimental tone.

'I declare I have no secret.'

'Will you, then, persist in endeavouring to conceal the passion you have conceived, and which is so evident?'

'What passion?'

'Must I be still more explicit?—You are in love.'

'With whom?' asked Verdac, with an expression of curiosity in his countenance.

'With miss Louisa de Forlis,' answered Fonrose.

At these words Verdac dropped the angling-rod he had till then held, into the water, and became motionless with surprise.—'My dear friend,' said he, 'I believe you have guesed right.'

'Oh! it did not require much penetration to discover it.'

'You know me better than I know myself.'

'You have had no experience; this is your first passion.'

'Yes, it is my first.'

'It will decide the future destiny of your life; you have made a most excellent choice.'

'It is certain that miss de Forlis—'

'You loved her from the first day—'

'It is true that I was much struck with her beauty and her talents; but unfortunately my father has other views.'

'Your father has not yet positively given his word; and he will not wish to render all your future life unhappy.'

'It is true that, at present, it would not be very easy for me to forget miss de Forlis.'

'My dear friend, you must not abandon yourself to despair. You are not very communicative; but I see clearly that you suffer most acutely.'

'I feel a kind of uneasiness, I own.'

'You must be sensible that miss de Forlis, independent of her amiable personal endowments, is a very advantageous match with respect to her birth and fortune. As to the consent of your father, I will undertake to obtain that.'

'You will render me a very great service. But am I certain that I am agreeable to miss de Forlis?'

'You were born for each other, be assured of it: it is easy to perceive that she has a partiality for you.'

'I will endeavour to render myself worthy of her esteem.'

After this conversation, of which an account was given to Louisa with all the necessary embellishments, these two lovers began to engage somewhat more the attention of each other; and the countess Adrienne, who shared with Fonrose in the confidence of Verdac, advised him to declare his passion to Louisa, and promised to procure him an opportunity. Accordingly, one day, when they were all taking a walk together in the garden, Adrienne, Fonrose, and Juliette, left the viscount and

Louisa *tête a tête* in a little pavilion, under pretext of fetching Juliette's guitar; she having consented, after having been repeatedly requested, to sing a favourite song. They did not return for above half an hour; and then found the two lovers playing at shuttlecock, but neither had said a word to the other. Fonrose then advised the viscount to write, and dictated to him a very passionate letter, which the countess Adrienne undertook to deliver to Louisa; who returned a verbal answer, signifying that she was much obliged to the viscount de Verdac for his polite and flattering attention to her, and that when he should have obtained the consent of his father she would authorize him to speak to madame de Forlis.

In the mean time, Louisa, now certain that Verdac was in love with her, told every thing to her mother, who was surprised and disappointed at finding that Fonrose was not a suitor to her eldest daughter; for she would have preferred him to the viscount, whom she considered as less agreeable and accomplished, and likewise too young. However, as he was the eldest son of a man of quality who was immensely rich, she gave her approbation to the proposed union: she was even very desirous of it, when Louisa confessed to her that she had loved the viscount from the first moment that she became acquainted with him. Louisa gave her mother a faithful account, not of the truth, but of all that she had been told, and persuaded to believe. This narrative appeared to madame de Forlis most interestingly romantic. Nothing is more pleasing to a mother than to be made the confidante of the amours of a beloved daughter and the lover whom she intends to be her husband; and the letter dictated by Fonrose appeared to madame de Forlis a master-piece of delicacy and sensibility.

In the mean time, the countess Adrienne set out for the capital, promising to return the next day. At Paris she learned strange things. The young lady whom the baron de Verdac intended for his son was her sister; and this marriage, which had been privately planned by the two fathers, was to terminate a law-suit which had long been carried on between them at a great expence to both, on which account it was particularly desirable for the family of Adrienne. The father of Adrienne, knowing that young Verdac was at Chevilly, at the villa of madame de Forlis, related all these particulars to his daughter, charging her to use every means in her power to pre-dispose the viscount in favour of her sister. Adrienne, equally vexed and mortified to think she should have engaged in an intrigue so prejudicial to the interests of her family, resolved to make every exertion to counteract and frustrate it; and flattered herself that she should find no difficulty in separating two lovers, neither of whom had ever been in love with the other. What appeared to her most difficult was to do this without the knowledge of Fonrose and Juliette, and to betray them without their perceiving it. She could not, besides, without rendering herself suspected by the viscount, discover to him either her own personal interest in this affair or the stratagems that had been employed to persuade him that he was in love. It was absolutely necessary, however, to get him away from Chevilly, by inducing him to renounce Louisa. To effect this she framed a plan from which she hoped success, and returned with all haste to Chevilly.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY called THE HONEY MOON, performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Thursday, January 31.

THE characters were thus represented:

Duke of Aranza	Mr. Elliston.
Count Montalban	Mr. Bartley.
Rolando	Mr. Bannister.
Balthazar	Mr. Wroughton.
Jacquez	Mr. Collins.
Surgeon	Mr. Mathews.
Peasant	Mr. Purser.
Juliana	Miss Duncan.
Zamora	Miss De Camp.
Volante	Miss Mellon.
Hostess	Mrs. Sparks.

Duke's Servants, Peasants, &c.

The scene lies in Spain or Portugal, the author has not positively told us which; but there is nothing of novelty in the plot. The *duke of Aranza* becomes enamoured of *Juliana*, one of the daughters of *Balthasar*, whose quality is not sufficiently defined: she is drawn as proud, wayward, and capricious; impatient of controul, and exacting obedience from her future lord. To curb this impetuous spirit, the *duke*, after the marriage ceremony has been performed, removes her, under pretence of taking her to his castle, to a lowly cottage, where, exercising an honest artifice, he informs her that he is no duke, but a poor and needy man. The high spirit of the lady ill brooking this falling off of her state, becomes rebellious; and the *duke*, in the exercise of his privilege, has recourse to the harsh expedient of putting his *better half* under constraint, or, in more homely but intelligible language, locking her up. From this, after having previously contrived to communicate her disappointment and situation to her father, she is liberated by the husband; and she, with his consent, is allowed to go where she pleases. The first use she makes of her liberty is to hasten to the *duke's* palace, for the purpose of obtaining redress. She is here introduced to the presence of *Jacquez*, one of the *duke*'s domestics, who, during the absence of his master, assumes all his state and authority. The *duke* enters in humble guise, and a scene of recrimination takes place, in which *Jacquez* acts as arbiter; who at last decides, that *Juliana* should return with her husband to pass the *Honey Moon* with him, at the termination of which, if she did not acknowledge herself satisfied, a divorce should be granted to her. The *duke*, in the course of that time, effects an alteration in her sentiments and disposition, and happily moulds them to his will. Her father repairs to the cottage, and claims satisfaction for the imposition practised on his daughter, and insists on carrying her to the *duke*. Her obedience to her husband predominates over her duty to her parent, and she refuses to go, except with his concurrence. This she obtains, and *Balthazar* and his daughter repair to the castle, when the *dénouement* takes place, and *Juliana* finds that she has really wedded the rightful *duke of Aranza*, and that all her mortifications were but a trial of her obedience and affection.

This is the principal incident; but there are some minor occurrences subservient to it, which conduce to the completion of the story. *Juliana* has two sisters, one of whom, *Volante*, is beloved by count *Montalban*, friend to the duke, and the confidant of his secret; the other, *Zamora*, conceives a violent passion for captain *Rolando*, a nominal woman-hater, but possessing in reality an ardent and romantic passion for the sex, and whom she attaches herself to in the capacity of a page. Dismissed from that employment, she manages to put herself in his way attired as a female, and after the necessary explanations,

and mutual avowal, attachment takes place. In the sequel, *Montalban* and *Rolando* are united to the sisters of *Juliana*, and the comedy terminates.

This comedy is written in verse, after the manner of Beaumont and Fletcher and the other writers who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century. The prologue represented it as the production of a person who is now no more, and it has since been published under the name of the late John Tobin, esq. It was received with considerable and merited applause, though it possesses very little originality in point of plot, incident, sentiment, or character. The author, whoever he is, or has been, is entitled to the praise of possessing reading and ingenuity enough to *compile* with judgment and with taste. There is not one of the prominent characters in the play which has not its prototype either in the comedies of Shakspeare, of Beaumont and Fletcher, and even of Farquhar. *Aranza*, is copied from *Petruchio*, and *Rolando* is a heterogeneous mixture of *Benedict*, and *Duretéte* in the comedy of *The Inconstant*. *Juliana* is a kind of second-hand Catharine; and the disguised page is one of those whining love-lorn damsels, one of whom is generally to be found in the comedies of the earlier ages. There is scarcely a scene of the *Honey Moon* which might not be traced to the works of some of the poets we have quoted or could quote. Without possessing, however, therefore, the least originality in the essential constituents to dramatic composition, the *Honey Moon* is a rational and pleasing comedy. The attraction derived from its real merit will be increased by the novelty of its style. Although the author cannot boast of displaying original powers, he has compiled a piece which forms an agreeable variety among the common-place productions of the day.

A dance being introduced in one of the scenes, Elliston and miss Duncan shewed so much address in it that they procured an *encore*. Bannister, miss Mellon, and miss de Camp, deserve many thanks from the author. The play was unanimously applauded throughout. The prologue, spoken by Mr. Bartley, solemnly assured the audience that the author '*is no more!*' The epilogue, by miss De Camp, alluded to the 'Rule a Husband' of the other House, and played upon the attractions of a *Honey Moon*, through several lines, till she announced a conclusion of her '*lunar observations.*'

ACCOUNT of the NEW MELO-DRAME, in three Acts, entitled, THE LADY OF THE ROCK, represented, for the first time, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Tuesday, February 12.

THE characters were as follow:

Donald M'Lean - -	Mr. H. Johnston.
Dugald M'Lean - -	Mr. Raymond.
Campbell - - - -	Mr. De Camp.
Sandy - - - - -	Mr. Bannister.
Argyle - - - - -	Mr. Dignum.
Lady M'Lean - - -	Mrs. Powell.
Moggy - - - - -	Mrs. Harlowe.

Two boys, sons of Sandy, and a little girl (miss Bristowe), daughter of Donald and lady Maclean.

THE STORY,

Which is laid in Scotland, is very simple in its construction. *Donald M'Lean* is the laird or chieftain of his clan. *Dugald*, actuated by ambition and avarice, arrives to inspire his brother with the most jealous suspicions of his wife's fidelity, and finally prevails upon him to send her

out to sea under the care of a wretch who has consented to become his instrument, and who, in pursuance of his instructions, leaves her upon a barren rock which is overflown by the sea at high water, and where, it is supposed, she must infallibly perish. In the mean time he prepares poison for his brother, in the hope of succeeding, by means of his death, to all the honours and possessions of his house. By mistake, however, he takes the poison which he had prepared for his brother, and dies, after ineffectually attempting to stab *Donald*. *Sandy*, a fisherman, whom *Dugald* had faithlessly endeavoured to persuade to aid him in his crime, finding that some one has been taken to the rock, and suspecting who it is, immediately launches out his boat in a tremendous storm, accompanied by one of his sons, and succeeds in rescuing *lady M'Lean* from her perilous situation. *Donald*, in the interim, gives out that his lady had died suddenly; and orders her funeral to be prepared, to which he invites all the Campbells. The latter come armed, headed by *Campbell*, the brother of *lady M'Lean*, in disguise, who had previously arrived in that part of the country, having been saved from shipwreck by *Sandy*. *Campbell* discovers himself, and, after reproaching *Donald* with the suspicious circumstances attending his sister's supposed death, challenges him to single combat. They are about to fight, and the clans to fall upon each other, when *lady M'Lean* rushes in—a reconciliation takes place between her and her husband, as well as between all the other parties, and the piece concludes.

This piece, which is the production of Mr. Holcroft, contains scenes and situations which certainly are by no means deficient in interest; but the character of *Dugald* is so much overcharged as to throw a shadow over the piece. In the scene where *Dugald* is brought in dying—and in that state, instead of expressing the slightest contrition, attempts to stab his brother, at the same time expressing only rage and disappointment that his crimes have been fruitless, intermingled with curses upon his brother—the author has evidently mistaken the horrid for the pathetic. The scene was revolting to the feelings of the audience, who were generally disgusted. Notwithstanding this, however, the piece is, in many respects, well managed; although the idea of introducing a child to tell tales against her mother is by no means a happy one.

The performers did great justice to their respective characters, and contributed, by every means in their power, to the support of the piece. Some of the scenery is very beautiful, particularly the sea during a violent storm, at the end of the second act, when the scene very happily drops, leaving the audience in suspence for the fate of *lady M'Lean*, for the purpose of attempting whose deliverance *Sandy* has embarked.

Miscellaneous Reflexions.

JEALOUSY not only sours the temper, but obscures the understanding; and, like many other violent human efforts, generally produces the very evil it is on the watch to prevent.

Obstinacy is an advantage to our enemies, a trouble to our friends, and a certain and deadly injury to ourselves.

The glory of the aged is their experience and wisdom; the glory of a young man is his modesty and submission.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SCHOOL OF REFORM.

WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR.

SPOKEN BY MR. BRUNTON.

IN due obedience to old custom's right,
The Prologue comes to pay its court to-night;
But with no mean petitionary air,
Which true-born Britons must disdain to wear.

A bard, whose muse has gain'd your smiles before,
By hope emboldened, ventures here once more.
Nor is that hope to vanity ally'd,
The swelling produce of o'erweening pride,
But, rais'd upon your merit, not his own,
The grateful tribute laid at Candour's throne.

If there be Critics here who come by rule
To judge our drama by the Grecian school,
From sages so profound in ancient art
Our author's simple refuge is—the heart;
To that soft arbiter he dares appeal,
Assur'd of lenity from those who feel.

And think not ye, of nicer modern mode,
He means to dramatize the Penal Code *;
If, slighting well-bred vice, for once, he draws
A plain and homely victim of the laws;
Some latent good we in the worst may scan
To claim the sympathy of erring man.

Then blest be they † whose lib'ral hearts combin'd
To sooth the horrors of the guilty mind,
And, with a genuine philanthropic glow,
Have rescu'd innocence from want and woe.
Amid the Charities which grace our land
Their honour'd fabric shall conspicuous stand:
No more the friendless orphan shall despair,
Secure of shelter, and of succour there:
Hence future times shall guard the hallow'd dome,
The School of Virtue, and the Wand'rer's home.

* Vide The Critic. † The Philanthropic Society.

TO FANCY.

A SONNET.

WHENE'ER my fond imagination strays
With thee, sweet maid, along thy motly bow'r,
With joy I wander through each winding maze,
And eager grasp each gay and gaudy flow'r.
'Tis then the charming maid for whom I sigh
Without reserve comes flying to my arms,
Love's ardent passion beaming in her eye,
While I, with rapture, gaze upon her charms.
But when those airy visions quit my sight,
And all the gay delusive dream is o'er,
With various passions is my bosom tore;
My love is flown, my joy, my soul's delight:
O Fancy! change the scene, these cares dismiss,
And kindly realise each fond ideal bliss!

Oxford, Dec, 5. 1804.

J. W. V.

EPITAPH

ON A DEAF MECHANIC.

READER! whose serious mind delights to tread
These solemn shades where sleep the village dead,
In pensive musings pass some moments here,
And drop o'er frail humanity a tear;
Heave, with the solitary muse, one sigh
O'er the green turf where Charles's ashes lie.
Wise Heav'n was pleas'd, in childhood's gay career,
To take from him one sense—the pow'r to hear—
And doom'd poor Charles, throughout life's lengthen'd day
To plod in solitude his dreary way.
Sweet music's charms, which cheer the drooping heart,
To him no glad sensations could impart;
The sweets of social converse ne'er were his,
Nor ever did he taste connubial bliss.
Yet think not, reader, the deceas'd was found
An idle, useless, cumberer of the ground;
For he was skilful in mechanic art,
On life's low stage he play'd a useful part;
Till, touch'd by death, each nice pulsation stopp'd—
The mortal drama clos'd—the curtain dropp'd!
Departed shade! tho' o'er thy grass-clad tomb
No sculptur'd cherub weeps, no laurels bloom,
Sweet rest be thine upon thy bed of clay
Till the last trump proclaims a rising day;
Then mayst thou mount (thro' mercy), and obtain
A lowly station with the ransom'd train,
And gain in realms of light a humble seat,
Where bliss inferior still is bliss complete.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

ON HEARING A BLACKBIRD SING DURING A THUNDER-STORM.

HARK! how the Blackbird chaunts his rural song,
While the loud thunder shakes heav'ns ample concave,
And the fierce light'ning gilds the awful gloom!
Sing, unappall'd, thou sooty child of harmony!
Thy little breast's a stranger to pale fear;
For innocence, long fled from Eden's bowers,
Has found an unmolested refuge there.
Sing on, sweet bird, while man, the coward man,
Shudders with horror at the vivid flash,
And trembles at the elemental roar.
What makes the coward tremble? conscious guilt!
'Tis conscious guilt that turns his visage pale,
And summons up a train of ghastly terrors:
He fears th' etherial fire, or swift-wing'd bolt
Should prove the dreadful messenger of fate
To plunge him down to shades of black despair.
Great God of Thunder! Power Omnipotent!
Oh may thy grace subdue my stubborn heart,
And subjugate my rebel inclinations!
Then, if the sulph'rous blast pervade this frame,
'T will be a soft transition to fair scenes
Of bright, transporting, never-ending bliss.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill.

A VALENTINE.

Dear Mary!

THIS auspicious day
Invites the soul to love;
But how shall words to thee convey
The pleasing pangs I prove?

Or how shall my poor pen dare tell
A mind so richly stor'd
How long I've lov'd thee, and how well
Thy beauteous form ador'd?

How oft with pleasure I have hung,
When music's power you try'd;
Or when some wretch's fate you sung,
For love perchance who died?

How oft' I've led the lightsome dance,
With gracefulness and thee;
How oft, if left alone by chance,
I've bent to you the knee?

How oft I've whisper'd in your ear
How fervently I lov'd;
Yet you would never seem to hear,
Nor tell me you approv'd?

'Tis not alone thy many charms
That bid affection live;
As much thy mind my bosom warms,
As much delight doth give:

Its highly-cultivated pow'rs
Would grace a monarch's throne;
Would give a zest to all his hours
And make each joy his own.

These thoughts would drive me to despair,
But Hope, the lover's friend,
Bids me, in spite of ev'ry care,
On thy fair form attend.

She bade me thus address my love,
My fondest wishes tell;
She whisper'd, Mary, thou wilt prove
Sincere to

J. M. L.

Feb. 14, 1805.

THE MANIAC.

THE boist'rous blast blew loud and long,
The ruthless rain in torrents fell;
Fierce forked lightnings flash'd along,
And oft was heard the thunder's swell:

Mad Mary mov'd along the plain;—
She minded not the beating storm;
Nor fear'd the thunder nor the rain,
Nor eke the lightning's flashes warm.

Alas! poor maid! though fearless now,
Suspended sense forbids to feel,
You once was wont at storms to bow—
Devotion taught you then to kneel:

Devotion taught to bless your God,
And bend submissive to his will;
If sorrow came, to kiss the rod;
If joy, to be subservient still.

But grief's too weighty to be borne
Press'd on thy poor devoted head:
A mother from your arms was torn;
She sank, and mingled with the dead.

Your father for his country fell;
In Britain's fleet he fought and died:
His tale of pity oft I tell,
Meek modest truth alone my guide.

Misfortune on misfortune bore,
A vast accumulated load;
They weaken'd reason's guardian pow'r,
They drove your wits from their abode.

May Heav'n in mercy heal your brain,
Or take you to its peaceful rest!
May sense resume her happy reign,
Or may you, Mary, join the blest!

J. M. L.

Jan. 5, 1805.

A LOVER'S LIST

TO Evelina first I bow'd,
And call'd her oft my pretty fairy;
The next to whom soft love I vow'd
Was sentimental, mournful Mary.

Selina then my heart enthrall'd;
She suited not my wayward fancy:
On Betsy next I often call'd,
And soon I courted nimble Nancy.

Then throbb'd my heart for Ann the fair,
But chang'd full soon for merry Molly;
Then fell in love with Hannah's hair,
Next with the foot of darling Dolly.

In Clementina beauty shone,
In Sophia, Susan, and in Stella:
I lov'd them all, but soon, I own,
I paid my court to Isabella.

To humble Joan and Julia gay,
To Lucy and to Leonora,
I paid attention ev'ry day;
But soon I met with lovely Flora.

I flirted long with this fair maid,
But left her beauties, like a ninny:
To her succeeded Winifred;
To her again succeeded Jenny.

Then Bridget, Blanch, and Bertha came;
Then Harriet, Helen, aye, and Hebe:
Then fifty more I cannot name,
And after them came pretty Phœbe.

For Caroline I felt a flame;
With Emma too I oft would dally:
I lov'd Maria for her name;
But fair perfection dwelt with Sally.

I jilted some, some jilted me;
But all my wand'ring passions rally.
No mortal happier sure can be
Than I am now with beauteous Sally.

J. M. L.

Feb. 4, 1805.

EPITAPH.

HERE, beneath the grass-grown grave,
Sleeps fair Meina of the cot;
Earthly joys no more shall crave,
Earthly hopes are all forgot.

Sorrow was her lot below:
Cross'd with care, and cross'd in love,
Heav'n beheld her weight of woe,
And caught her soul to bliss above.

J. M. L.

Jan. 5, 1805.

THE SOLDIER'S EPITAPH.

OH! softly stealing, let thy footsteps stray
Across the lonesome grave-encumber'd way;
This simple stone in lays as simple tells,
Who 'tis beneath its narrow bound that dwells.
A brave and virtuous veteran was he,
Who ne'er to base dishonour bent the knee:
His name was Albert. War's stern path he trod;
Died for his king, then flew to rest with God!

J. M. L.

Jan. 5. 1805.

ACROSTIC.

By J. C. S.

M ay those days of joy return
I have with my charmer past!
S oon may Agnes cease to mourn,
S oon may Clifford clasp his lass!
A s the moss-rose, after show'rs,
'G ins its fragrant sweets to spread,
N o less fresh from sorrow's hours,
E ver lovely, blooming red,
S oon may Agnes raise her head!
P erish ev'ry wretch malign!
E v'ry wretch of envious mien!
R ig'rous malice we'll defy;
C ruel scandal then will die:
I f she dare her front to rear,
V ainly shall her sting appear.
A *ll* our bosoms *feel* we 'll prove:
L et them rail, but let us love.

Jan. 13, 1805.

FROM THE LATIN OF BONEFONIUS.

WHILE I, fair maid! enjoy your sweet embrace,
And fondly press those honied lips to mine;
While I, with transport, view that heavenly face,
And clasp those beauties, more than half divine;

'Tis then I seem above creation blest,
And with the Gods my happy state compare;
Or, if my joys must needs be more expreſt,
I all the raptures of Elysium share.

But when, alas! my circling arms you shun,
And from my lips those lips of coral tear,
No more I seem th' ethereal course to run;
No more the raptures of Elysium share.

Then, then, methinks, I pass the shades below,
Where Pluto's seated on his ebon throne;
Or, comfortless, through desert climes I go,
And lie unpitied 'neath the torrid zone.

Oxford, Dec, 5. 1804.

J. W. V.

FROM THE LATIN OF SECUNDUS.

'GIVE me, sweet girl (I cried), one little kiss!'
And quick you grant me all the wish'd-for bliss:
Your ambient arms around my neck you throw,
While from those lips luxuriant kisses flow;
Then, as the youth whose piercing eye descries
The venom'd snake quick o'er the meadow flies;
So from my fond embrace you haste away;
No pray'r can stop you, and no sigh delay.
O! is it thus, my love! the balmy kiss you give?
O! is it thus you bid your lover live?
No! no! my sweet! this only will inflame
My youthful bosom with a fiercer flame.

Oxford, Dec. 5, 1804.

J. W. V.

TO MISS ANN PARK---R,
Robertson's Row, Kingsland.

GRACEFUL creature! charming Ann!
Oh listen while I sing!
Nor chide thy fond adorer's plan,
His tribute thus to bring.

My humble pen in vain would try
To paint thy matchless form;
And oft the hopeless heartfelt sigh
Escapes my bosom warm.

Each sprightly grace of mind and mien,
Dear Nancy! are your own:
Then let for me one smile be seen,
And end my plaintive moan.

LYANDER.

Shacklewell, 1804.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Florence, December 18.

THE Austrian cordon, drawn along the Italian frontiers, on account of the epidemical fever, is so strong that it is considered as likewise an army of observation.

Vienna, Jan. 2. Orders have been given to fit out at Venice, in a short time, twenty-two corvettes, from twelve to eighteen guns.

We are assured that General Mack will have the command of our strong cordon of troops on the Italian frontiers.

Genoa, Jan. 3. On the 28th of December the French fleet lay still at anchor at Toulon; the report that it had put to sea was premature. On the 21st of December admiral Nelson, with 18 ships of war, sailed from Cagliari, in Sardinia.

Vienna, Jan. 10. General count Bellegarde is appointed our ambassador to France, in the room of count Cobentzel.

They write from Constantinople, under date of December 4, that the troops assembled at Sebastopol, which were supposed to be destined for Corfu, have unexpectedly received orders to defer their departure for an unlimited time. In the preceding month, two Russian ships with troops from Sebastopol had sailed for Mingrelia.

Stockholm, Jan. 12. Accounts from St. Petersburgh state, that the greatest activity prevails in the dock-yards, both at Cronstadt and Revel; at the former place, several new ships are building: a formidable fleet, it is said, will soon be in a state of readiness.

From Berlin we hear, that the late encroachments of the French in Hamburgh, the seizure of sir George Rumbold, and the messengers, have ever since made his Prussian majesty view all the motions of Bonaparte with a jealous eye.

Vienna, Jan. 12. To-day a courier arrived from our ambassador at Paris to the minister of state, who immediately after dispatched a courier to the court of Berlin. The subject of the dispatches of those couriers is said to be the affairs of Italy. A French courier has likewise arrived here from Paris.

16. It is said that marshal Brune has left Constantinople. This report, however, as yet, requires confirmation.

The hope that the peace of the Continent will be maintained and confirmed by the endeavours of our court, in conjunction with those of St. Petersburgh and Berlin, continually appears better founded.

The military force of Austria consists at present of sixty-three regiments of the line, seventeen regiments of frontier infantry, eight regiments of cuirassiers, and six regiments of dragoons, six regiments of light horse, twelve regiments of hussars, three regiments of Uhlans, one regiment of chasseurs, four regiments of Tyrolese militia, one corps of bombardiers, one corps of pioneers, one corps of miners, one corps of sappers, and one corps of pontooners.

To this army are appointed nine field marshals, thirty-five generals of artillery and generals of cavalry, 136 field-marshal lieutenants, and 258 major-generals.

Frankfort, Jan. 17. Accounts from the Lower Rhine state the number of troops that are detached from the army of the coast, and drawing towards Italy, at 40,000 men.

They write from Paris, that the Pope,

in case of certain changes in Italy, will fix his residence at Compeigne.

Nyborg, Jan. 17. Yesterday their Swedish majesties left this place, and crossed the Great Belt, without any accident. They afterwards proceeded on their journey, by the way of Rotschild, for Elsineur. The Danish adjutant-general Lindholm met the king just as he left the city, and was most graciously received by his majesty. Count Moltke, who was likewise coming to meet him, with the Danish court equipage, was obliged to stop at Corsoer, on account of the ice.

Madrid, Jan. 18. A great number of families that the yellow fever had driven from Gibraltar have found a refuge on the African coasts. The dey of Algiers receives them without any precaution, always asserting, that the epidemic disorder respects the mussulmen, and only exercises its ravages among Christians.

The annual enumeration of the inhabitants of this city has been lately made. The result is, that from the 1st of December, 1803, to the 1st of December, 1804, there have been in this capital 1,053 marriages, 5,024 births, and 11,307 deaths, exclusive of men who died in the monasteries and hospitals. The number of deaths this year exceeded that of the last by 5,377.

It appears that the Spanish government are now occupied in the circulation of pious works in America, and with the alienation of the ecclesiastical property, for which it has been said that a letter has been received from the pope.

Paris, Jan. 20. A division of the grenadiers and chasseurs of the imperial body guard has marched to Lyons; from thence they will proceed to Milan, whither a detachment from the corps of Mamelukes is already gone.

The last advices from Guadaloupe and Martinique of the 9th of November, state the arrival of the frigates *La Ville de Milan*, and *La President*, with ammunition and provisions; and that both islands were, in consequence of such arrivals, in the best state of defence.

23. The march of troops rom this capital, and our emperor's intended journey to Italy (which, however, is yet officially known), furnish matter speculation. The best-informed sons, however, still think, that there will be no war on the Continent with Russia, much less that there is any possibility of a dispute with Austria. Nay, many politicians speak rather of a general peace, which, giving satisfaction to all the powers, would restore the political balance of Europe. The plan of such an agreement is ascribed to the elector arch-chancellor.

We are informed that the emperor of the French has written a very flattering letter to the Batavian government, respecting the extraordinary legation they sent to assist at the coronation.

Every thing concurs to render it probable, that we shall soon be able to announce the accession of his imperial highness, prince Joseph, to the throne of Lombardy. The emperor's journey to Italy will, we are informed, be connected with that new monarchy. It is added, that the arrangements necessarily required by that event will undoubtedly delay, for a while, the settlement which remains to be completed, relative to the political situation of another neighbouring state. It is said, that his holiness will, on his return to Rome, perform the coronation of the new king of Lombardy.

Hague, Jan. 24. The French ambassador having complained of the great encouragement afforded to the desertion of conscripts raised in the Belgic provinces, from the ready admission they found in this country, the government of state has been obliged to issue an order to prevent the entrance of any French citizen into the territories of the republic who is not furnished with a proper passport.

Letters from Hamburgh, of the 18th instant, state, that England and France are reported to have accepted the mediation of Prussia; but that the negociation would probably be very protracted.

27. Private letters from Mentz of the 19th instant state that there was much talk of the breaking up of the camp of Boulogne, &c.

Paris, Feb. 5. Yesterday the counsellors of state, Segur, Beguen, and Des-

solles, communicated to the legislative body, in the name of the emperor, a letter which his majesty has written to the king of England, containing overtures of peace.

" Sir and Brother *(Monsieur mon Frere)*,

" Called to the throne of France by Providence and by the suffrages of the people, and by the army, my first sentiment is a wish for peace. France and England abuse their prosperity—they may contend for ages; but do their governments well fulfil the most sacred of their duties; and will not so much blood shed uselessly, and without a view to any end, accuse them to their own consciences? I consider it as no disgrace to make the first step. I have, I hope, sufficiently proved to the world that I fear none of the chances of war—it besides presents nothing that I need to fear. Peace is the wish of my heart, but war has never been contrary to my glory. I conjure your majesty not to deny yourself the happiness of giving peace to the world, nor to leave that sweet satisfaction to your children; for, in fine, there never was a more favourable opportunity, nor a moment more favourable to silence all the passions, and to listen only to the sentiments of humanity and reason. This moment once lost, what period can be assigned to a war which all my efforts will not be able to terminate? Your majesty has gained more within ten years, both in territory and riches, than the whole extent of Europe—your nation is at the highest point of prosperity—what can it hope from war? To form a coalition of some powers of the Continent?—The Continent will remain tranquil—a coalition can only increase the preponderance and continental greatness of France.—The time is past for renewing internal troubles.—To destroy our finances?—Finances founded on flourishing culture can never be destroyed.—To take from France her colonies?—The colonies are to France only a secondary object; and does not your majesty already possess more than you know how to preserve? If your majesty would but reflect, you must perceive that the war is without an object; without any presumable result to yourself. Alas! what a melancholy prospect to cause two nations to fight for the sake of fighting! The world is sufficiently large for our two nations to live in, and reason is sufficiently powerful to discover the means of reconciling every thing when the wish for reconciliation exists on both sides. I have, however, fulfilled a sacred duty, and one which is precious to my heart. I trust your majesty will believe in the sincerity of my sentiments, and my wish to give you every proof of it.

" NAPOLEON."

M. de Segur communicated at the same time the following letter from lord Mulgrave to M. Talleyrand, minister for foreign affairs:—

" His majesty has received the letter which has been addressed to him by the head of the French government, dated the 2d of the present month. There is no object which his majesty has more at heart than to avail himself of the first opportunity to procure again for his subjects the advantages of a peace, founded on bases which may not be incompatible with the permanent security and essential interests of his states. His majesty is persuaded that this end can only be attained by arrangements which may at the same time provide for the future safety and tranquillity of Europe, and prevent the recurrence of the dangers and calamities in which it is involved. Conformably to this sentiment, his majesty feels that it is impossible for him to answer more particularly to the overture that has been made him till he has had time to communicate with the powers of the Continent with whom he is engaged in confidential connections and relations, and particularly with the emperor of Russia, who has given the strongest proofs of the wisdom and elevation of the sentiments with which he is animated, and the lively interest which he takes in the safety and independence of Europe.

(Signed) " MULGRAVE."

A deputation of twenty members was appointed to carry up an address to his imperial majesty on the subject of this communication.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, Jan. 18.

AT one o'clock this day, the hon. Mr. justice Johnson was arrested, at his house near Miltown, under a warrant of lord Ellenborough, dated 24th November last, and indorsed by Mr. justice Bell, a magistrate of the county of Dublin; he sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, which prevented his deportation this evening, and will be brought before the lord chief justice, at his chambers, to-morrow at 12 o'clock. This is the first arrest which has taken place under the 44th Geo. 3. c. 92.

19. The lord chief justice, before whom the hon. Mr. justice Johnson was brought up by *habeas corpus*, thinking it right to give a full and solemn discussion to this new and interesting case, called upon as many of the judges as happened to be in town for their assistance, at the hearing of such arguments as should be offered by Mr. justice Johnson's counsel, upon the return on the writ. The judges who attended at the chief justice's chambers were the lord chief justice of the common pleas, the lord chief baron, the honourable barons George and Smith, and the honourable justices Day and Finucane. The arguments have consumed the whole of this day. The court adjourned to Monday next, at twelve o'clock. Mr. justice Johnson was allowed to go to his house at Miltown, on his promise to attend at the meeting on Monday.

Mr. justice Johnson read to the court a correspondence he had held with government, comprising letters of sir Evan Nepean, Mr. Marsden, and the lord chancellor of Ireland. He is in a very bad state of health, and was attended during the sitting of the court by his physician, sir Henry Jebb.

The accounts from some parts of the south of Ireland are rather of an unpleasant nature. The barbarous practice of houghing cattle has again been resorted to in some places; and in the county of Waterford in particular, the sheriff has deemed it necessary to call a general meeting of the magistrates, in order to consider of the best means to be adopted for preserving the peace of the county.

Birmingham, Jan. 24. On Monday noon a reputable gun and pistol manufacturer of this town, having occasion to reprimand his son, a youth about nineteen, for misbehaviour, the latter, unmindful of the ties of filial duty, struck and beat his parent so outrageously, that he applied for the interference of a constable, as well to preserve the peace of his family, as to ensure his own personal safety. This, however, only encreased the young man's intemperance, who immediately ran up stairs to an apartment which contained some finished fire-arms, and furnishing himself with a double-barrelled gun and a horse-pistol, he threatened to destroy his father, or any other person daring to approach him. When the constable arrived, he was dissuaded by the family from attempting to apprehend him, especially without further assistance, the father having prudently left the house when he found himself in such imminent danger. A very considerable time had elapsed before the constable returned to the house, with two assistants, at one of whom, on his enter-

ing the back yard, the young desperado fired through a window with slugs; but the man, providentially, seeing the piece before it was discharged, dropped beneath its level, and the contents dashed against the wall and brickwork. Instantly raising himself, the man gained the stairs of the warehouse unhurt, but before he had ascended to the first floor the frenzied wretch had placed the pistol to his head, and blown a large portion of his skull off, which with his brains lay scattered over the warehouse; thus, in a moment, putting a period to his own existence—a shocking instance of human turpitude, resulting from the impulse of unrestrained passion, and a contempt of filial duty!

London, Jan. 28. Yesterday morning, at a quarter past three o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out in the house of Mr. Barr, tallow-chandler, Upper Adam-street, Edgware-road. It was discovered by a coachman, who had been putting up his horses at a neighbouring stable, and who, on passing through the street, was alarmed by a strong smell of smoke. He immediately knocked at Mr. Barr's door, and alarmed the neighbourhood by a loud cry of 'fire.' In a short time Mr. and Mrs. Barr appeared in the balcony of the first floor, with each an infant in their arms. Several of the neighbours, who had been roused from their beds by the noise, were now in the street, in the front of Mr. Barr's house, and having procured ladders, they rescued him and Mrs. Barr, with the two children, from their perilous situation. The house was by this time all in a blaze, and a coachman of the name of Pierce, who resided in the second floor, was fortunate enough, at the imminent risque of his life, to rescue his daughter, whom he carried down stairs amidst fire and smoke. He had scarcely reached the street in safety with her, when, recollecting that his wife remained behind, he exclaimed, in an agony of grief, 'Oh! Betsy, Betsy, Betsy!' To return as he came was impossible, as the stair-case was completely enveloped with the flames; but he had scarcely uttered the above words, when one of the windows in the two pair of stairs front room opened, and the unfortunate woman presented herself. Without a moment's hesitation, she precipitated herself into the street. By the fall, her thigh was broken, her neck dislocated, and she instantly expired, in the presence of her husband and daughter, who were eye-witnesses of her melancholy fate. The fire had, by this time, got possession of every part of the house, which presented nothing but one entire blaze, and no hope was left that any of the unfortunate inhabitants that remained in it could possibly escape. They consisted of Mr. Adams a coachman, and his wife, an elderly lady, and her two grandsons, fine lads, and two young men, servants out of places, all of whom, to the number of seven, melancholy to relate! fell victims to the fury of the flames. None of the bodies have been yet discovered, the rubbish not having been sufficiently removed in the course of the day. The foot-guards quartered at Portman-street barracks, and the Mary-la-bonne assosiation, attended, and used every exertion to prevent the spreading of the fire, and to protect the property of the neighbourhood.

30. Yesterday morning early, the workmen renewed their labour in clearing away the rubbish, to come at the two bodies which were left in the ruins on the preceding night. The body of Adams was first found, near to which was that of his wife, who was pregnant; after the latter was loosened from the earth, and the workmen were conveying it on their shovels to the shell, the spectators were shocked at a sight which it would be indelicate in us to describe. The bodies were placed with those found on the preceding day, and at three o'clock an inquisition was taken on the whole of them, before G. Hodson, esq. coroner. The verdict was of course—*Accidental death.*'

Plymouth, Feb. 3. Yesterday the Spanish prisoners were landed at Mill-bay, and escorted, under a guard, to Mill-prison, which is fitted up very comfortably for their reception. They are to be kept (from their inveterate hatred of the French) in the above prison, to prevent any communication between the prisoners of Spain and France.

London, Feb. 5. On Saturday, at Bow street, John Steward, groom to a nobleman of distinction, underwent an examination for casting a quart glass bottle from the two-shilling gallery into the pit of Drury-lane theatre, on Friday night, and wounding a Mrs. Moss. It appeared, that the defendant, in company with another groom, had gone to the theatre with two bottles, one of which was filled with gin, the other with water. After having drank them out, they amused themselves with snatching them from each other; and ultimately the defendant threw one into the pit. Mrs. Moss, the present prosecutrix, the wife of a coal-merchant, had her head severely cut by the bottle; and a miss Watson was also cut, but slightly. The performance of the Anatomist was stopped until Mr. De Camp assured the audience, that whoever would secure the offender should be handsomely rewarded; when the defendant and his companion were pointed out, and taken to the watchhouse by the constables of the theatre. Steward was committed for trial.

Weymouth, Feb. 6. On Friday last the Earl of Abergavenny, capt. Wordsworth, sailed from Portsmouth with the other outward-bound East-Indiamen, under convoy of the Weymouth frigate. The weather being unfavourable, and the wind strong against them, induced them to run into Portland roads.—The Weymouth frigate separated the very first night.—The Wexford, capt. Clark, being the oldest captain, and of course commodore, made the signal for the ships that had pilots on board to run for port. At about three P. M. on Tuesday, having got a pilot on board, the Earl of Abergavenny bore up for Portland roads; but the ebb tide setting in fast, and slack wind, she drove on the Shambles off the Bill of Portland. Signal guns of distress were immediately fired. At four P. M. she made much water, and gained fast upon the pumps. The crew endeavoured to bale her at the fore hatch-way; but all their endeavours to stop the leak, or keep the water under, were found to be in vain.—From that time to dark, and till eight o'clock, the situation of all on board was dreadful; it was seen to be impossible to save the ship, which was sinking fast and settling in the water. At eight P. M. more guns of distress were fired for boats to come off to save the crew, passengers, and king's and company's troops on board.

The purser was dispatched at eight, in one of the ship's boats, with the papers and dispatches, in order to save them.—The third mate, a cousin of the captain, and of the same name, accompanied the purser with about six seamen.—One boat came off from the shore; which took on board Mr. and miss Evans, miss Jackson, Mr. Routledge, and Mr. Taylor, a cadet, all passengers.—About ten P. M. the water had got above the orlop-deck in spite of the most unremitting endeavours of the crew, who are described as having behaved in the most cool, exemplary, and orderly manner.—In the mean time all on board were anxiously looking out for the boats from the shore; unfortunately in the general distress and agony of the moment the ship's boats were forgotten to be hoisted out. About eleven P. M. the ship gave a surge, and went down almost in a moment, in twelve fathoms water, two miles from Weymouth beach. As she was sinking, the crew and passengers got up as fast as they could to the tops of the masts, about eighty persons in the whole. There were on board altogether nearly 400—Ship's crew was 160; between fifty and sixty passengers, and the rest king's and company's troops.—Some Chinamen were also on board to the number of thirty.—All but those who had got up the shrouds, and into the long boat, which floated, and who were at the top of the wreck, were lost, to the number of 300.—About half past eleven P. M. boats were seen coming off the shore, and came nigh enough to be hailed; but did not save those who were still clinging to the shrouds and wreck. About twelve a sloop came to an anchor close to the ship, sent a boat and took off all the persons we have mentioned as being above water, and carried them to Weymouth. Not a single article of property or cargo, which was very valuable, was saved. She had 70,000l. in dollars on board.

BIRTHS.

January 26. At Douglas, Isle of Man, the lady of Henry Michael Goold, esq. of a daughter.

27. At Rempstone, near Loughborough, the lady of Horace St. Paul, esq. of a daughter.

29. In Queen-square, the lady of E. Maitland, esq. of Shinfield, Berks, of a daughter.

29. The lady of Charles Milner, esq. of Preston Hall, in Kent, of a son.

30. At his lordship's seat at Wretham, the right hon. lady Paget, of a son.

Feb. 5. The lady of brigadier-general Crosbie, of Northland, Sussex, of a son.

9. At Eyewood, in Herefordshire, the countess of Oxford, of a daughter.

12. In Old Broad-street, the lady of W. Thornton, esq. of a daughter.

13. At his lordship's house in Curzon-street, lady Henry Fitzroy, of a daughter.

19. In Manchester-square, the lady of Thomas Grimston Estcourt, esq. M.P. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

January 23. The rev. John Glasse, rector of Barnham, in Norfolk, to miss Anna Maria Martin, third daughter of sir Mordaunt Martin, bart. of Long Melford, in Suffolk.

24. At Easby, near Richmond, Yorkshire, Robert Chloner, esq. of Guisbrough, to the hon. Frances Laura Dundas, third daughter of the right hon. lord Dundas.

29. At St. Clement's church, Edward Morris, esq. barrister at law, member of parliament for the borough of Newport, in Cornwall, to miss Mary Erskine, youngest daughter of the hon. Thomas Erskine.

31. At Lymington, Hants, C. Plunkett, esq. of the Maltese corps, to miss Harriet Villebois, third daughter of the late William Villebois, esq. of Feltham-place, Middlesex.

Rear-admiral George Campbell, brother to lord Cawdor, to miss Eustatia Campbell.

Samuel Rowland, esq. of Derby, to Mrs. Heyward, relict of the late Mr. J. Heyward, of Norwich.

Feb. 4. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Anthony Buller, esq. son of the late John Buller esq. of Morval, in Cornwall, to miss Isabella Lemon, daughter of sir William Lemon, bart. M.P. for Cornwall.

7. At Mary-la-bonne, by the rev. J. Cholmeley, F. L. Austen, esq. eldest son of F. M. Austen, esq. of Shippington Park, Kent, to miss P. Cholmeley, fourth daughter of the late M. Cholmeley, esq. of Easton, Lincolnshire.

Robert Wolseley, esq. lieutenant-colonel of the 2d Staffordshire militia, to miss Hand, only daughter of the late rev. archdeacon Hand.

9. By special licence, the earl of Clonmell, to lady Harriet Greville, second daughter of the earl of Warwick, at her father's house, in Hill-street, Berkeley-square.—The ceremony was performed by the rev. Robert Dealtry, in the presence of the earl and countess of Warwick, and two or three friends.—At four o'clock the happy couple set off in his lordship's chariot and four to pass the honey-moon at his house near Guildford, lately taken for a few months.—Her ladyship's dress was very plain and becoming, and set her off to the greatest advantage. The train was of a beautiful fine soft muslin, with lace sleeves, and petticoat to correspond; a white satin bonnet, and a very rich Brussels lace veil. She wore a beautiful gold chain round her neck, which hung down her left side, with a miniature of her lord superbly set in diamonds at the end; and on her finger a diamond loop, valued at 1500 guineas. On her entering the chariot, she wore a fine pompadour pelisse, with a broad lace at the bottom.

9. William Balcome Langridge, esq. of Lewes, Sussex, to miss Vidler, daughter of John Vidler, esq. Milbank-row, Westminster.

11. At St. Bride's, Peter White, esq. of Mapes-house, near Wilsdon, Middlesex, to Mrs. Doo, daughter of G. B. Devon, esq. of Bucks.

At St. Mary's, Islington, lieutenant Nicholas Bell, R. N. to miss Jane

Crease, youngest daughter of Anthony Crease, esq. Flushing, near Falmouth, Cornwall.

13. At Mary-la-bonne church, Capt. Purvis, of the first or royal regiment of dragoons, eldest son of Charles Purvis, esq. of Darsham, Suffolk, to miss Randall, eldest daughter of the late John Randall, esq.

14. At Donhead, St. Andrew, John Horsey Waddington, esq. of Little Park, Hampshire, to miss Emma Philippa Grove, second daughter of J. Grove, esq. of Fern House, Wiltshire.

At Mary-la-bonne, George Snowden, of Sandwich, Kent, to miss Diana Grove, youngest daughter of the late Silvanus Grove, esq. of Woodford, Essex.

At Mary-la-bonne church, George Wilhelm baron de Donop, light dragoons, king's German legion, to miss Augusta Cox, fifth daughter of the late general Cox.

At Mary-la-bonne church, Capt. Edward O'Bryen, of the royal navy, and nephew to the marquis of Thomond, to miss Hotham, eldest daughter of general Hotham.

16. At Brighton, —— Osborn, esq. to miss Ward, daughter to the Hon. Mr. and lady Arabella Ward, and niece to the earl of Glandore.

18. At St. Margaret's, Henry James Barchard, esq. of East Hill, Wandsworth, to miss Fawkes, only daughter of Edward Fawkes, esq. of Great George-street, Westminster.

At Aldgate church, Capt. W. Payne, of the royal artillery, to miss Staines, daughter of the late Wm. Staines, esq. of Farningham, Kent.

19. At West Ham church, by the rev. Dr. Gregory, Dr. Lewin, of Liverpool, to miss Kelsall, sister to the late Hon. John Kelsall.

20. At Christ church, Blackfriars-road, John Till, esq. to miss Maria Yonwin.

DEATHS.

Jan. 19. At Woodcote-green, near Epsom, Mrs. Bristow, widow of William Bristow, esq. of Bath.

25. At Bath Easton, lady Croft, relict of sir Archer Croft, bart.

26. At his lodgings, Case's-street, Liverpool, Mr. Richard Hurst, who for above forty years had performed as an actor on the London and Liverpool theatres, with characteristic propriety, in union with Garrick, Barry, Cibber, Pritchard, &c.

30. John Robinson, esq. professor of natural philosophy in the university of Edinburgh.

In Pall-Mall, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Shakespeare, wife of Arthur Shakespeare, esq. M. P. for Richmond, and sister to sir M. W. Ridley, bart.

In Great Portland-street, Mrs. Sharp, sister to the late sir William Sharp, bart.

At his father's house, at Totteridge, Herts, Charles Lewis, esq. of Brazenose college, Oxford, aged 19, eldest son of James Lewis, esq. of Powis-place.

At her mother's house, Great Queen-street, miss Susannah Lisle, youngest daughter of the late Robert Lisle, esq. Acton, Northumberland.

31. Thomas Banks, esq. R. A. aged 70.

At her house in Bryanstone-street, Mrs. Smith, wife of William Smith, esq. late treasurer of the Ordnance.

At her house in Baker-street, baroness de Stark, sister to sir Chaloner Ogle, bart. and the late dean of Winchester, and aunt to Mr. Grey, Mrs. Whitbread, and Mrs. Sheridan.

Feb. 2. Mrs. Jane Gore, of Park-street, Grosvenor-square, in the 72d year of her age.

Mrs. Clarke, widow of the late Capt. Peter Clarke, of his majesty's navy, and niece to the celebrated Dr. Franklin.

After a few days' illness, at his house at Edwardstone, in the county of Suffolk, Edward Burman, esq. aged 92.

At Ball-Haye, Staffordshire, aged 78, the rev. John Dobson, prebendary of Salisbury, and vicar of Deverell-Langbridge, and Market-Lavington, Wilts.

3. In the 59th year of his age, Matthias Wright, esq. chief magistrate of Bury St. Edmund's.

5. On Tuesday morning, at her father's house in Gloucester-place, Portman-square, in the 18th year of her age, miss Elizabeth Ann Ayton, the only child of John Ayton, esq.

At his house, on Ditton common, Capt. Thomas Geary, of the royal navy.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MARCH, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Botany for Ladies, 115
2 The Monks and the Robbers, 116
3 The Origin of Villa Viciosa, 119
4 On Calumny, 120
5 The Romance of the Pyrenées, 121
6 Visit to the Giant-Mountains of Silesia, 133
7 Description of the City of Breslau, 139
8 Poor Matilda, a Fragment, 143
9 The New Comedy—To Marry or not to Marry, 145
10 The Country Town, a Comedy, 148
11 The Intrigue, 152
12 Mr. Smith and the Young Roscius, 155
13 London Walking Dress—Parisian Fashions, 156
14 POETICAL ESSAYS.—Lines upon a Picture representing the Death of Mark Antony.—April Alphabet—To Miss S. I-b-t, of Devonshire.—Lines to Miss Ell—s, Robertson's-row, Kingsland.—Parting.—Fair Anna's Fate.—Amelia's Grave.—Acrostic.—Another.—To Miss A—s P—l.—Acrostic. 157—160
15 Foreign News, 161
16 Home News, 164
17 Births, 167
18 Marriages, 167
19 Deaths, 168

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 BOTANY: Two Plates.
2 LONDON WALKING DRESS, elegantly coloured.
3 A new and elegant PATTERN for a SLEEVE of a GOWN.
4 Music—'HOW CHEERFUL ALONG THE GAY MEAD,' from the Oratorio of ABEL, by Dr. ARNE; now singing with great applause by Mrs. BLAND.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to Miss Eliz. Yeames for her communication.

Our readers will observe that *The Monks and the Robbers*, concerning the completion of which so many enquiries have been made, is promised by the author to be concluded next month.

The request of M. C. and other subscribers for the insertion of longer portions of *The Romance of the Pyrenées*, she will perceive, has been complied with this month; and it is intended that there shall not be less than eight or ten pages of that novel in each number till it is completed.

Eliza W—— will now see that the improvement she recommended, by giving plates of London Fashions, has been adopted.

The Lines on Mr. Webb's *Evening Walks*, signed A. E——y, are as deficient in metre and rhyme as in sense, candour, and politeness.

Edward, a ballad, by P. L.; *Lines to an early Primrose; Spring*, a rhapsody; E. T's. epigrams; the communications of Jane C-k-g and Clement Coote; are received. We shall endeavour to comply with the request of the latter.

We are sorry for the typographical mistake in R. Alchin's Defence of Mrs. Godwin, and accordingly insert the following

Erratum in our last—page 80, col. 1, line 3, for "have notwithstanding her errors"—read "have notwithstanding *avoided* her errors."

*** We have, in the present number, our readers will perceive, given *Two Plates* in illustration of *Dr. Thornton's Botany for Ladies*, commenced in the present month. We do not, however, mean to promise the same every month: there will be some lessons which will require no plate to elucidate them; but it was thought adviseable to give the plates relative to each lesson in the same number with the text they are intended to explain.

Publish'd as the Act directs April 1, 1805, by Geo. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For MARCH, 1805.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

FIRST LESSON.

THE science of Botany is rendered so extremely terrific by the use of hard and crabbed terms, of difficult pronunciation, and foreign origin, that many of the fair sex are, probably, from this cause frightened from a study the most congenial to their natures. It has been often questioned, how far it was truly necessary to employ such terms in order to instruct in a science which otherwise possesses the most attractive charms. On the other hand it may be said, that all other sciences have their peculiar terms, and those of botany are only frightful and difficult from our not being accustomed to them, but that a little use will make them familiar to us, and our fears are precipitate. This will be very strongly exemplified in our very first onset towards the acquisition of this inviting science.

The gardens are flushed with the blooming beauties of the vegetable kingdom: let us pluck from yonder parterre a Poppy, a Tulip, and a Lilly (vide pl. 1. A, B, C); and, instead of admiring only their transient colours as the vulgar do, let us examine them with the eye of science.

We shall find in the center of each of these flowers a columnar appearance of a greenish hue, and this part has been called by botanists the PISTILLUM (pl. 2. figures A, B, C).

I think I observe the terror inspired by the word PISTILLUM; it will be fortunate, however, if the laugh is not turned against us profound botanists, who have derived this term from the Latin word PISTILLUM, which signifies a *pestle*, an instrument with which apothecaries pound their drugs in a mortar. Every one will now consent with me, that it is far better to employ the scientific learned appellation PISTILLUM, now in common use among botanists, than to give it an English air.

This part is also called THE FEMALE, in ordinary discourse, as bearing that office; for if we examine this part more narrowly, we shall find it to consist always of *two* (vide pl. 2. A, B) and not unfrequently of *three parts* (vide pl. 2. C).

The *lower part* of the PISTILLUM

is swollen at the base (like the *pestle* of the apothecary), and, from its resembling the *bud* in trees, is denominated the GERMEN, which is the Latin word for *bud* (vide pl. 2, *a, a, a)*; and as we preferred the term *pistillum*, to *pestle*, so here we should rather choose to call this *inferior part* by the term GERMEN, than by the English word, BUD.

If we were to open the GERMEN we should find it replete with small *seeds;* hence the propriety of denominating the PISTILLUM the female. (Vide pl. 2. G, H, I.)

Connected with the GERMEN directly, or mediately, is a *second part*, called by botanists the STIGMA (vide pl. 2. A, B, *b, b,* and in C, *c)*. In the tulip it is like a three-cornered-hat, and in the poppy radiated like a parapluie.

Long since familiarized to the expressions *germ* and *stigma,* we now pluck up our lost courage, and smile at the false terrors which are passed away. The Romans used to mark runaway slaves with an instrument called a *stigma,* just as we burn in the hand our criminals with a hot iron; and from such, I might say a strange fancy has also arisen this botanical term.

Sometimes the PISTILLUM has (as mentioned above) a *third* part connecting, or intermediate betwixt, these two, and this is called THE STYLE. (Vide pl. 2. C, *b.*) This word we are also accustomed to, as when we say a good style, and the derivation is likewise from the Latin; STYLUS signifying a steel instrument, with which formerly they wrote on tablets of wax, like engraving. Thus then to recapitulate:—

The PISTILLUM, or female of each flower, is composed of two parts,

1st. GERMEN, &
2d. STIGMA;

or consists of *three* parts,

1st. GERMEN,
2d. STYLE, &
3d. STIGMA.

After a certain time the style and stigma wither, and the GERMEN assumes the office of the seed-vessel, when it is called

PERICARP (vide pl. 2. D, E, F), a word derived from the Greek PERI, *surrounding*, and KARPOS, the *seed.*

(To be continued.)

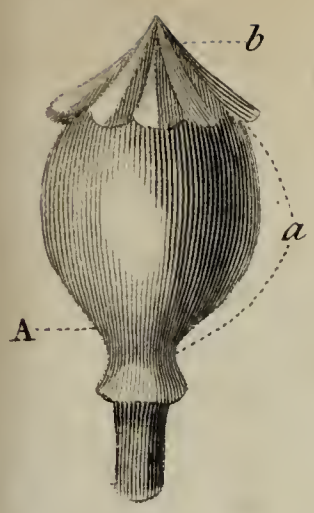
THE

MONKS AND THE ROBBERS;

A TALE.

(Continued from p. 86.)

THIS movement, though it startled me not a little at first, convinced me by the touch that it was the actual substance of Manfredi; and the superstitious apprehensions that, in spite of effort, I felt gathering fast upon me, dispersed in an instant, before the different and more pleasing sensations which the certainty of his existence produced. Manfredi seemed scarcely less amazed than myself; and, while we were absorbed in the emotion which this singular and unexpected meeting had excited in us both, my preserver, who I have since learnt was the man I had just before seen pursue the robber I followed, returned through the chapel, but we noticed not his approach till he stood before us. He seemed much surprised at beholding me, but not at all so at sight of my companion. They appeared, and I afterwards found they were, perfectly well known to each other. I found that Manfredi, like myself, was indebted for his life to this humane robber, who, accidentally passing by the spot where we supposed him to have been murdered, found him senseless and bleeding on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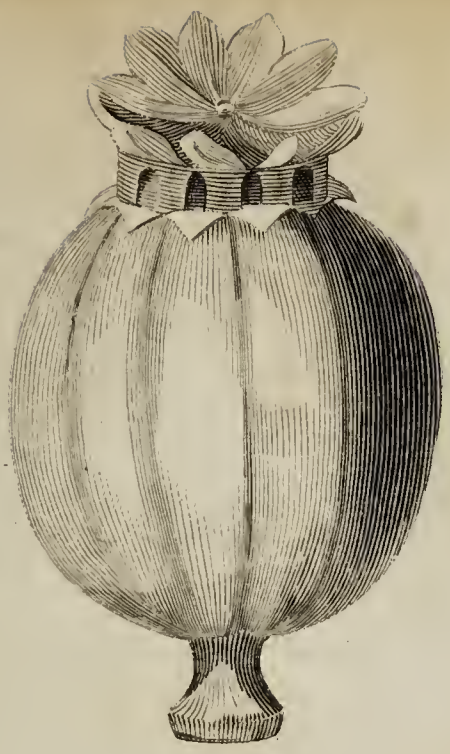
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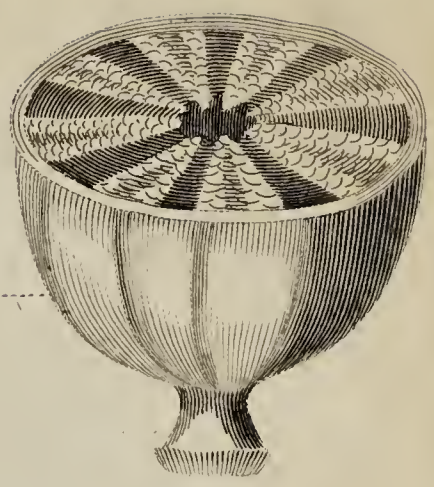
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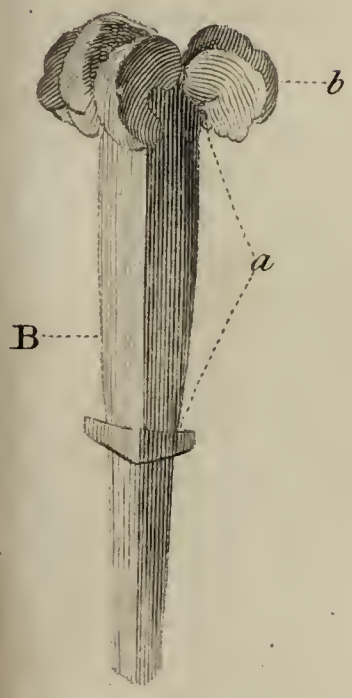
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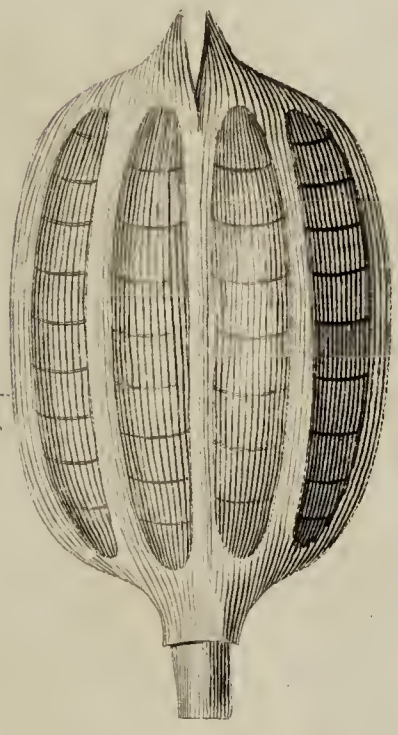
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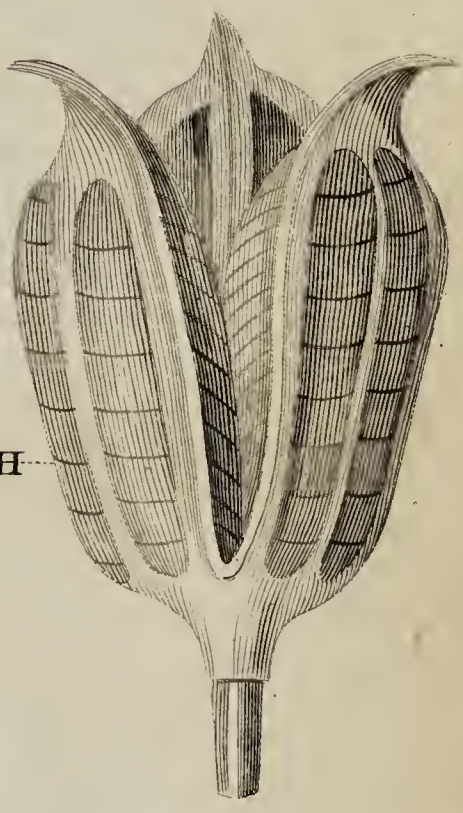
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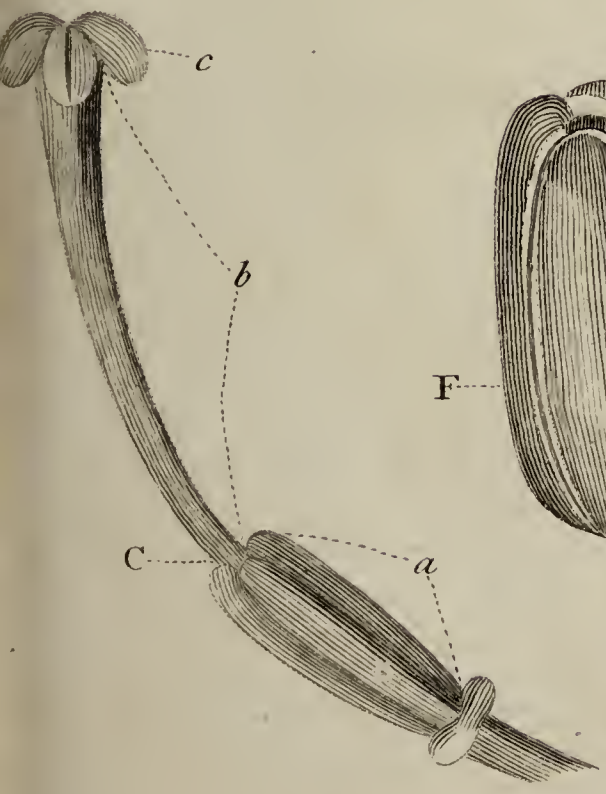
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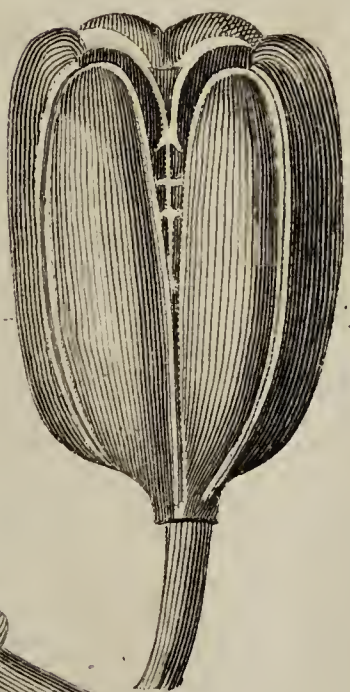
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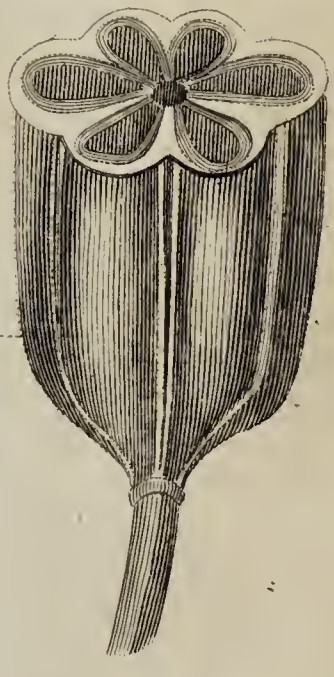
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the ground. The assassins, disturbed, it is probable, by their approach, had not time to complete their murderous purpose. This humane robber, perceiving that life was not yet extinguished, bound up his wound, and, with the assistance of those who were with him, conveyed him to the lurking-place of his troop, and from thence among the ruins adjoining the chapel, where he attended to him himself as he did to me.

Count Verruci upon this enquired into his present state, and gave Rudolpho the most obliging charges to remember, that if any thing in his power could render him or Manfredi the least service it was freely at their command. Rudolpho thanked him for his courteous offer, and added, in reply to his enquiry, that, by the care and attention of the friendly robber, he was happily recovering, though not as yet perfectly restored.—'And now, my lord,' proceeded he, 'I have a matter to communicate which more immediately concerns yourself; I'm charged, my lord, with a message to you from this captain of banditti.'

'A message to me!' exclaimed the count in some surprise.

'Aye, my good lord, and rather an extraordinary one; for my own part I'm entirely at a loss to conjecture what it can mean. He bade me tell you, that the time is now come when that for which you have so long been seeking shall be restored; and then, repeating that message, enjoined me to deliver to you the exact words he had spoken: he said you would perfectly well understand what they meant.—'Tell him,' said he to me, the last thing when I departed, 'tell him you are come to conduct him hither. Tell him to come this night, and this night that promise shall be fulfilled.'

The count started at these words: his adventure among the ruins, and the promise he had there received, rushed upon his thoughts; and immediately concluding that this mysterious message had some reference to the restoration of his long-lost son, hope was once more rekindled in his bosom; but it was hope much repressed by doubt and disquietude: the ambiguity of the message, and the strange and unexpected channel by which it came, made him look forward to the event it promised with a kind of doubtful joy—with joy mingled with many apprehensions of being deceived and disappointed in this matter, for which he had waited with such eager and anxious expectations—those expectations which now impelled him unhesitatingly to a resolution of obeying the summons he had received.

It was now past sun-set, and darkness began to overspread the face of the earth: yet the count, ardently desiring the performance of the promise, and restless and agitated by alternate hope and fear, brooked not the smallest delay, but ordered preparations to be made for immediate departure; and, at the head of a band of well-armed dependants, he and Rudolpho set forward to the forest with all expedition. The moon by this time had arisen, and its clear and cloudless light assisted the travellers in their progress through the gloomy and almost impenetrable wastes, far retired in which lay the place they sought to reach.

They had now advanced some time through this dreary wilderness, when, entering a rocky and mountainous region toward their journey's end, they found the way afforded but an uncertain and dangerous footing to the horses; they therefore dismounted, and on foot ascending the steep and rugged declivities of the rocks, arrived and halted in a hollow way deeply embosomed between high and overhanging crags. As they advanced toward this place, the count

thought he recollected the way, but, on entering it, he directly recognised the very same where he first encountered the phantom.—'This is the spot, my lord,' said Rudolpho, as they past into it, 'to which I was to conduct you.'—Scarcely had he spoken these words when the hollow voice of the spectre was heard from the midst of the rocks. The count and Rudolpho both started at the sound; and the latter, looking in astonishment around, began to feel an unusual and by no means agreeable sensation stealing over him; and that sensation increased when he perceived the tall majestic figure of the apparition gliding beneath the shade of the surrounding rocks. He gazed intently upon it as it approached; and, though not addicted to superstition, he could not but feel that its presence oppressed him with some alarm. The shadow slowly advanced upon a part enlightened by the rays of the moon, and waved its arm as if they were to advance. Again it waved them forward, and the count directly obeyed. It glided away, by the same path as before; and the count, without hesitation, followed. Rudolpho, recovering from the emotion which this awful appearance excited, endeavoured to persuade him by no means to go with it; but his resolution was already taken, and persuasion was fruitless. Rudolpho, finding this, determined, that since he would follow it he should not follow it alone: let the consequences be what they might, he would accompany him; and with that, unsheathing his sword, he pursued the footsteps of the count.

Descending the steep declivities that led among the ruins, they proceeded silently between some piles of rubbish, and a few steps brought them beneath a half-decayed gateway, which in former times had been the principal entrance to the monastery. Entering on one side of this arch a kind of chamber surrounded by a low stone bench, on which stood a lighted lamp, the shadow halted before them, and, throwing off its flowing habiliments, discovered beneath a tall robust figure, accoutred in a leathern cuirass; a short cloke hung upon his back, an iron cap covered his head, and a ponderous sword, of antique workmanship, was slung from his girdle. The count and Rudolpho both started with astonishment at this phenomenon; and that astonishment increased, while the awful sensations which had preceded it gradually but rapidly diminished; when, advancing close to them, the figure laid its hand upon Verruci—'Be not alarmed, count!' it cried, in a tone deep indeed, but far less hollow and terrific than before, 'it is the substance, not the shadow, of your friend Morena.'

So strongly was the count persuaded of the death of the barrone, and of this figure's being the shade and not the corporeal frame of his friend, that the surprise of finding it otherwise deprived him during some time of all power of utterance and of motion; while Rudolpho, recovering himself almost directly, exclaimed, in a tone of infinite surprise, and looking intently on Morena—'Santa Vergine! is it you, signor? in faith you have not surprised us a little!' and with these words, turning to Verruci—'This is the signor,' said he, 'whom I mentioned to you, by whom I was snatched from destruction, and to whom I am indebted.'

'Go to! pray you no more o'that,' interrupted Morena; 'I have matters of more concern to you both to speak of. I promised you, Rudolpho, that every thing which had excited your curiosity relative to myself should be fully explained, and I shall keep my word: and you, my lord,' added he,

addressing himself to Verruci, 'shall find that the promise I made while I personated a ghost shall not vanish with my ghostly appearance. I promised that your long-lost son should be restored to you; and now, signor,' proceeded he, taking Rudolpho by the hand, 'behold him!'

Both started with fresh astonishment at this; and Morena directly added, 'Give me leave a while, and this mystery shall soon be explained.'

(To be concluded in the next.)

The Origin of Villa Viciosa.

AT the distance of about fifty miles from Madrid is a little town, pleasantly situated and neatly built, but distinguished by the reproachful appellation of *Villa Viciosa*. Various reasons have been assigned for its receiving this name; and the celebrated father Feijoo—whose essays, published under the title of *Teatro Critico* (The Theatre of Criticism), reflect so much honour on himself and Spain, seldom honoured by literary productions—has written a small tract on this subject, entitled 'The Complaint and Vindication of Villa Viciosa.' In this tract the town is introduced complaining of the topographers, and writers of tours, for falsely depreciating its air, its water, and its soil; and seeking even in the bowels of the earth on which it stands for the cause of an opprobrious name, with the real origin of which they appear to have been unacquainted.

In other countries, says father Feijoo, vice alone is branded with the stigma of infamy; but in Spain the same reproach attends on whatever is esteemed meanness. Glory is the passion of the country, and a name and long line of ancestry are respected more than any laws divine or human. All errors are treated with severity, and those especially which appear disgraceful in their consequences. When, therefore, a person of noble and illustrious birth marries one who is greatly inferior to him in rank, he forfeits the esteem of all his equals, and is treated by them with the utmost contempt. That which in more liberal and enlightened countries is often an effect of prudence, and at the worst a departure from propriety which may claim forgiveness, is there a greater and more lasting infamy even than depriving a fellow creature of life.

In the days when the extravagant punctilios of high birth were scrupulously attended to, and long before Cervantes had laughed them and some others out of fashion, a Spanish nobleman of the first class, whose name the author has suppressed to avoid giving offence to his family, discovered captivating charms, and the most estimable virtues, in a person greatly his inferior. The Spaniards of those days held gallantry to be honourable, while they treated a disproportionate marriage as the worst of crimes. The nobleman attacked the fair of whom he had become enamoured. He rode before her window; he procured music to serenade her; he displayed before her all the splendour of dress and equipage which was suitable to his distinguished rank and fortune; and invoked her in amorous songs, as the inspiring genius by whose influence he became superior in every manly and liberal exercise.

The lady was less reserved than, perhaps, she would have been, had her station in life been more exalted. She saw him freely, and he flattered himself that success was certain. When he poured forth all his passion, she owned that she did not view him with indifference. He was in extasies at his conquest: but it was a short-lived glory; for when he spoke of love, she talked of marriage.

Having owned her affection for him, she explained the delicate and exalted nature of it; and when he hinted at dishonourable terms, she rejected them with a dignified disdain. He offered her immense sums; but she told him the value of virtue was a thousand times greater. He swore eternal constancy; but she ridiculed his vows, and answered him that there could be no truth in an engagement the foundation of which was in vice. He urged the impossibility of marriage: she told him death was easy. 'If you are insincere, my lord,' said she, 'I ought only to despise you: yet when you leave me, my life must end; and if you love me, as you have declared, still less can I consent to live if the irremoveable barrier which rank has placed between us must eternally separate me from you and your love, however ardent and sincere, except on terms which must render all my future life dishonourable and contemptible, not only in my own eyes, but, on reflexion, even in yours. No: death is unavoidable, and infinitely preferable to either of these dreadful evils.' Thus saying, she drew a dagger, exhibiting it as her determined resource.

The nobleman paused, for love reigned absolute in his heart; and he cast down his eyes that he might not too evidently betray his feelings. He entreated her to desist from, at least to delay, the execution of her stern purpose; and she granted him all the time he asked. 'My life and death,' said she, 'are yours; and yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, or hereafter, are all equal. What matters it whether I begin this week or the next to be forgotten?'

They parted, and, in despite of custom and prejudice, the Spaniard found that his countrymen were fools; that virtue, always and in all ranks of life, is and must be honour; and that there could be no just infamy but in forsaking one whose soul disdained the meanness of its birth, and who to the Roman spirit, which could brave death, added the Christian reverence for virtue. He married her. Long he pleaded in vain with his family and friends for a pardon of what they considered as a crime; and when he found that pride had banished reason and virtue from their hearts, he retired for ever from them, and, fixing on the delightful spot where this town now stands, built the first house, the remains of which are, it is said, still to be seen.

Example can effect much, though it cannot hastily wean a whole nation from its habitual opinions and deep-rooted errors. While the grave folly of the nation maintained the spirit of contempt against this innovator, any one whom love reduced to his condition, when he could not prevail on terms of infamy, consented to retire. The first erected edifice had soon its similar companions, and there arose an elegant town on the ruins of what the Spaniards call glory. It hence received the ill-merited name by which it has ever since been called; and when any person was observed to shew attention to a female beneath him, it was proverbially said—'Such a one is going to settle at Villa Viciosa.'

ON CALUMNY.

CALUMNY may be defined a false injurious detraction from the character of any person either in speech or writing. The most abandoned and sordid minds have the least abhorrence of calumny. He who is but moderately wicked dares not venture upon it: he who has the least particle of ingenuousness in his disposition disdains it. One asked a Spartan whether his sword was sharp? He answered—Sharper than calumny.

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(Continued from p. 74.)

CHAP. XXII.

FROM this state, so nearly approaching to insensibility, was our heroine recalled by conte Vicenza and Gonzalvo, who entered the dungeon in about an hour after she fell. Pale, trembling, and dismayed, she arose from her pallet; but without power to stand, she sunk upon the only seat her prison afforded. Wistfully she looked around her; but nothing could she see of what had so dreadfully alarmed her. Gonsalvo trimmed, lighted the lamp, and departed, leaving Polydore to persecute still further the hapless innocent victim of his villany, and who now beheld him with additional abhorrence; for, beside the depravity of his conduct towards herself, he now stood confessed to her as the pre-meditating murderer of her beloved brother. Her soul sickened at the presence of this arch-fiend; her frame was chilled with horror as she viewed him, who hastened to demand her final determination. But ere she replied, she mentally addressed a fervent prayer to Heaven, to support her in a firm adherence to those resolutions her sense of rectitude inspired; nor to allow the horrors she had in that dungeon encountered, or those more dreadful which she might be threatened with, to enervate her mind, and terrify her from that path which virtue herself marked out. At length she answered, and spoke, with firmness, a determined unequivocal negative to his vile proposition.

Again the conte urged his suit with all the sophistical rhetoric a mind profound in art could supply him with, threatening every calamity to her which he knew her spotless soul would revolt from if she should persist in her present determination. But instead of beguiling her reason, or intimidating her firmness, he had the mortification of each moment perceiving the tones of her mind visibly acquiring new power; and, irrevocable as death, he found her resolution to encounter every horror don Manuel and his dæmons might torture her with, rather than yield to a measure replete with danger to her beloved brother.

'You then, Victoria,' said the conte in a phrensy of rage, disappointment, and mortification, 'you then decidedly reject my honourable protection, and willingly remain here a prey to vice? Little did I imagine depravity had shelter in that bosom; and that you, whom I fondly thought the most spotless child of virtue, would voluntarily await a fate that purity would shrink from.'

Victoria darted a look of ineffable scorn upon him—'Whatever fate may await me here,' she replied, 'I prefer it, infinitely prefer it, to becoming the wife of a man whom every good property of my soul recoils from. Great is the difference made, in the records of heaven's chancery, between voluntary and involuntary action. Unwillingly was I brought hither; by force am I detained here; and whatever may befall me through the villany of others my Judge will not condemn me for. But were I to sign that contract, knowing, as I do, the dreadful crime it would occasion—yes, conte Vicenza, knowing it would be the *fiat* for my beloved Alphonso's assassination—my soul would find no mercy. I act from principles which tortures shall not shake.'

Her manner was even more de-

cisive than her words. It spoke not the transient enthusiasm of the moment; its language was the calm firmness of a soul resolved; and conte Vicenza, overwhelmed with shame and amazement at the knowledge of his meditated assassination of conte Ariosto being no secret to her, quitted the dungeon in a fermentation of contending passions, with their concomitant miseries, and uttering a thousand threats of vengeance for her obstinacy and ingratitude; when Victoria, believing his departure to be the signal for Garcias to return and renew his savage sport of tormenting her, and feeling that her enfeebled frame could not long sustain such cruelty, calmly and humbly sunk upon her knees with all the fervent piety of a true Christian, without a single murmur at a doom so sad and unmerited; satisfied that death would soon rescue her from every ill; and, as a Christian devoted to die within a given time, she hastened to prepare for the awful and inevitable moment of dissolution; and in about four hours after the conte's departure, had an assassin entered her cell, she would have met the stroke of death undismayed. But not with such heavenly serenitude did she receive don Manuel, who appeared alone.

With the air and manner of a most ardent and respectful lover he approached the lovely, agitated, persecuted Victoria; to whom he apologised, with all the insinuating blandishments his designing heart and flowery eloquence could supply him with, for the ungentle treatment she had received through the unfortunate supposition of her mental derangement; but that now, from the ingenuous confession of dottore Impazzato, who had just acknowledged his reprehensible mistake, and proclaimed her intellectual health, he was come to implore her pardon, and to conduct her from that wretched abode where ignorance had placed her.

He now offered his hand to lead our heroine, who accepted it with the tacit resignation of hopelessness, but with a tremor so excessive, that it was with difficulty she proceeded from the dungeon to the library, where conte Vicenza, his young companion, Garcias, and Hero, were assembled.

Don Manuel placed his lovely trembling captive upon a sopha, and seated himself beside her; when in the showy flowers of his rhetoric he hastened to declare an ardent and unchangeable passion for her, and his unalterable resolution of making her his immediately, by the most irrevocable ties which the laws of that community he had the honour of belonging to would admit of. Then he informed her, without waiting for her reply, or indeed seeming to think one necessary, that on the table before her lay the contract for their union, which had already been signed by him in the presence of his friends and vassals before whom she must now affix her signature; and concluded with an artful insinuation of no person, however beloved, daring to dispute or disobey his decrees with impunity.

Victoria, shocked and dismayed beyond expression, scarcely retained the power of respiration, while Garcias, with savage exultation, pushed the table close to her, on which a parchment and an inkstand lay: and upon a signal from don Manuel, several of his ruffian soldiery rushed in, some under arms, and some bearing horrible and terrific implements for torture; and in an instant they ranged themselves in awful divisions before the three unoccupied sides of the table—cruelty and death gleaming in their most direful aspect from each grim, dark, and ruthless countenance.

Don Manuel, snatching Victoria's hand, put a pen into it and placed it on the spot where he desired her instantly to sign her name. She panted for breath; her senses in alarm were all forsaking her; and coward fear was about to guide her trembling hand in striving to trace her signature, when a thought, suggested by her expiring reason, of its being the very contract which would bind her to conte Vicenza, recalled at once her fleeting faculties. Precipitately she arose, and, dashing the pen indignantly from her, exclaimed with emphasis—

'Sign my brother's death-warrant!—Never!—Men, take your victim, and Heaven receive my soul in innocence!'

'Oh! matchless virtue!' exclaimed don Manuel; while Garcias, with horrid imprecations, consigned our heroine and her innocence to his own black patron; and, rudely seizing her, affirmed with an oath, that he would that instant make her sign the contract. But from this profane wretch's touch her pure spirit recoiled, and she sunk upon the couch she had just arisen from as apparently lifeless as if the ruffian soldiery had performed the task she had reason to believe assigned to them: and several minutes elapsed before she betrayed the smallest symptom of returning respiration, and many more before she opened her languid eyes, when she found herself extended upon the couch, and don Manuel, with tenderest solicitude, bathing her temples with restoratives; the young stranger applying salts to her nose; while, in an attitude of much anxiety, conte Vicenza was standing bent over the couch, with one hand resting against the wainscot. Don Manuel and the young stranger had scarcely time to inquire how Victoria found herself, when the conte uttering a cry of horror, his hand fell from its resting-place, his eyes, nostrils, and mouth distended with strong expression of dreadful amazement, while his looks were fixed in earnest gaze of speechless dismay upon the wainscot. Fear's cold tremor pervaded all his faculties; his breast heaved convulsively, and he at length fell to the ground in a swoon; while nothing was seen by any one else present that could at all account for such consternation, and such a serious effect.

The general attention was now of course turned from our heroine to conte Vicenza; and don Manuel choosing to have him removed to his chamber, he was accordingly conveyed away; when Victoria happily found herself relieved from further persecution for the present. When supper-time arrived, don Manuel, with much appearance of tender solicitude, supported our heroine to her accustomed seat at the supper-table. Garcias and Hero following, took their usual places. Nothing of Polydore or his young companion was heard of or seen, and an almost total silence prevailed. Garcias, gloomy and sullen, evidently betrayed, by the glances of malignant triumph he occasionally directed to Victoria, that he was brooding new mischief. Don Manuel was abstracted, and often apparently lost in painful musing, but by no means inattentive to our poor heroine when out of these frequent reveries. No, indeed; far from it: often during his fits of meditation his eyes were riveted in pensive earnestness upon her; and when he addressed her, his looks and voice were softened to a degree of tenderness that seemed the genuine effusion of the purest feelings of susceptibility.

At length this almost silent meeting was dissolved by Juan, who at the usual hour appeared to conduct Victoria and Hero to their chamber. Juan alone performing this ceremony

darted a pang of bitter affliction through the feeling heart of our heroine. Where now, alas! were Teresa, Hippolyto, and Diego? She burst into tears at the horrid retrospection; and with a voice broken by agonising sobs she bade don Manuel good night, and with a sorrowful heart and streaming eyes followed Juan to her gloomy chamber. Passing Diego's room, now desolate and uninhabited, added new poignancy to her grief, and in an agony of tears she threw herself into a seat between her own bed and the secret passage to the church.

Juan hastened to trim the lamp, and retired leaving our poor heroine alone with the woman whom she had been taught to believe meditated the most direful mischief against her, and the determined deadly malice of whose looks added considerably to her apprehensions. She trembled at the idea of enclosing herself with such a bitter foe, and shutting out all assistance should Hero's vengeance lead to her requiring any. But her fears of conte Vicenza and Garcias conquering every other, she with trembling hands, and eyes full of suspicion fixed upon her companion, barricadoed the door, and then returned to her seat close to the secret passage; through which she resolved to retreat, should Hero approach her with hostile intent: and having placed the lamp conveniently for taking with her, she justly concluded that Hero, left in total darkness, and unacquainted with the actuating spring, would be unable to pursue her.

Having now arranged the only plan of safety she had in her power to adopt, Victoria glanced her streaming eyes around her gloomy chamber, where every thing which met her view bespoke Teresa's absence. The beds unmade—the ashes littering the hearth since the fire of the last night save one—the collection of culinary utensils still remaining, which poor Teresa's kindness had collected there to prepare nourishment for her—all, all was comfortless: and the desolation of her apartment brought the forlorn misery of her situation more forcibly into her mind; and she sobbed, nay almost groaned, from the anguish of her heart. She was now left friendless, and destitute of every aid. She clasped her hands in an agony of despair, and, starting from her seat, exclaimed, in the most piteous cadence of affliction, 'Where, where have I now a hope to rest upon!' Suddenly the whole expression of her countenance changed; she sunk upon her knees, her hands still raised, and firmly she said—

'In heaven, upon my God!'

Every idea of fear was now lost in the pure fervor of sincere piety; and for upwards of twenty minutes Victoria lost the recollection of every thing but the omnipotence and mercy of him whom she was humbly addressing. The potent balm distilled from the beautiful plant christianity dropped gently into her wounded heart; her pain assuaged, her spirits tranquillised by its sweet influence, she arose from her knees, and found her chamber occupied by herself alone.

Great indeed was the amazement of our heroine. The door still remained fastened upon the inside as she had left it. The trap could not have moved without its sounds, so forcibly impressed upon her recollection, awakening her attention; nor could Hero have passed through the passage to the church without disturbing her, as she knelt in such a direction as totally to prevent the departure or entrance of any one that way unknown to her. How then could Hero have possibly disappeared? Was it friends, or was it foes who conveyed her away? Her

friends must be Hero's enemies; and with them the vindictive creature would not surely have gone without resistance; *that* she must have heard. However, go by what means soever, Victoria beheld her departure as the kindness of Heaven to herself; and, devoid of apprehension from the mysterious event, she shortly after retired to bed; where, although surrounded by horrors of every denomination, she slept until morning; and more serenely sweet were her slumbers than those of the persons who (though still the free agents of their own actions) had the power to injure her; for she had no pang of conscience to disturb her sleep; and, enveloped in the pure faith of true piety, she believed herself secure.

CHAP. XXIII.

IN the morning, when Juan came to conduct Victoria from her chamber, he inquired for Hero; and, on being informed of her mysterious disappearance, he betrayed the most evident amazement; and, on preceding our heroine into the parlour (where Don Manuel, Garcias and conte Vicenza's young companion were assembled), hastened to announce the vanishing of Hero. Although Don Manuel was visibly astonished and discomposed at the intelligence, he made no comment on it, but strove to hide his chagrin and surprise in attention to Victoria; while Garcias, more vehement in temper and less master of dissimulation, betrayed the most violent sensations of astonishment and consternation; while half sentences of mysterious import fell unguardedly from him; and it required all the address of the wary Manuel to awaken him to a sense of his imprudence, without further increasing the curiosity or conjectures of the stranger.

They all soon after sat down to breakfast, when Don Manuel's manners to our heroine were as on the preceding evening; while the young stranger looked upon her with increased pity and admiration. Victoria was a silent spectator of this meal. The sight of Garcias, and the sensuous assiduities of Don Manuel, ever renewed those terrors which her reliance upon Providence subdued in their absence; and the recollection of what she had already encountered in that castle, and the dreadful apprehension of what in this day she might be doomed to, made up an olio of misery for her to feed upon, and threw such a sadly interesting expression of the affliction of her mind into her wan and languid, though still lovely countenance, that Don Manuel seemed much affected; and once, after gazing pensively at her for some moments, he turned to Garcias and said something to him, but in so low a tone Victoria could not distinguish one word of it; but not so was the reply of Garcias delivered; for, striking his clinched hand against the table, he emphatically exclaimed—

'D——d pusillanimous nonsense! What! be turned to a milksop by the pitiful sorrow of a whining girl's countenance? For shame! have you not ever found vengeance sweet? Remember'—when, now perceiving Victoria was listening attentively to him, he suddenly ceased, darting a petrifying look of brutal malice at her that made her tremble. Shortly after breakfast being ended, he arose, and, sullenly desiring the young man to accompany him, departed through the glass door into the piazza.

Highly and reasonably as Victoria feared and hated Garcias, she saw his departure with the most painful emotions; as it left her totally alone with Don Manuel, who, though she now, from his late conduct towards

her, firmly believed pitied her, was yet compelled to take a cruel part against her; and, in sad expectation of hearing something torturing to her feelings from him, she some time trembling sat, when at length Don Manuel broke the silent interval by a repetition of his ardent passion for her, and an information of his fixed resolution of making her his without delay; and, as she so highly disapproved, he said, of the long-established custom of affiancing adopted in the castle, he should, contrary to the approbation and wishes of his associates, have the marriage ceremony performed by a priest, who was to be admitted for that sacred purpose the succeeding morning at ten o'clock, when he trusted her own good sense and ductile disposition would prevent the necessity of resorting to any violent or disagreeable measures; and, that she would graciously, before his friends and vassals, make him the happiest of mankind, by unreluctantly bestowing her hand upon him.

Victoria, subdued by horror and agitation, could not articulate a reply. She could only bow a kind of hopeless acquiescence. Well she knew that if this marriage was determined upon, her struggling against such superior power would prove ineffectual, while her appearance of submission might possibly prevent the adoption of any violence against her during the twenty-four hours of respite now employed; and during that period she fondly hoped the goodness of Providence would intervene to save her from this dreadful fate which now threatened her.

The acquiescence of Victoria to his proposition, although too evidently a painful assent, so much amazed Don Manuel, that, instead of doing what an ardent lover would have done —thank her for her kindness—he, in a tone of much astonishment, exclaimed—

'What can this mean, lady Victoria? You this morning unhesitatingly consent to honour me with your hand, whilst yesterday you preferred death to affixing your signature to our contract. Surely there must be some illusion. You have some subterfuge. Some one has dared to meditate and promise you escape from—'

Victoria now raised her eyes, filled with all the sublimated fire of virtue. 'Don Manuel,' she firmly said, 'I *dare* to act as my principles direct me. My union with you can only lead me to misery, but not to guilt; and if it is the will of Heaven to consign me to a life of wretchedness, I will patiently submit to its harsh dispensations, whilst my cheerless days can be taught fortitude by the firm hope of happiness in a world to come. But was I now to sign that contract, knowing as I do the direful pitiless crime it would be the black mandate for committing, I should become a diabolical principal in the monstrous guilt: and what balm of future bliss could still the rankling wounds of conscience? Tortures, I again affirm, shall not make me guilty; but in your power it is to make me wretched.'

At the close of her last sentence Victoria's firmness forsook her, and she burst into tears.

'Heaven forbid,' exclaimed Don Manuel, 'that I should make such exalted virtue wretched! No, lady Victoria, no; believe me, although it may be in my power, it will never be in my inclination to afflict you;" and with the most benign and conciliating tenderness he took her handkerchief from her hand to wipe her tears himself away. At this moment the sound of near-approaching footsteps struck his ears from the

piazza, and he heard the voice of Garcias: he started from Victoria's side; and had her eyes at that moment been turned upon him, she would have seen a marked and instantaneous change of expression diffuse itself over his countenance. The tenderness of sympathy gave way to a smile of rapturous triumph; and, as he met Garcias and his young companion at the door, he joyfully exclaimed—

'The angel smiles propitiously, and I am the most to be envied of mankind.'

Garcias advancing, stood before Victoria, and through his heavy and bent brows fixed his penetrating ferocious eyes for some moments in an earnest gaze of doubt, surprise, and scrutiny upon her; and, as he turned away, his face displayed a smile so diabolical, so ghastly, so mysterious, that Victoria could not define it, though it made her shudder.

'Don Manuel,' said the wretch with a dæmonian sneer, 'I am grieved to tear you from this condescending angel by cruelly reminding you of that terrestrial vulgarism, business; but this is, alas! the moment for your attending an appointment of the utmost consequence.'

Don Manuel now bade adieu to our heroine, and with Garcias was about to leave the room, when the young man who loitered behind, evidently anxious to gain a moment's conversation with Victoria, recurred to his recollection, and suddenly he stopped.

'Conte Urbino,' said he, "your uncle requires your attendance, so pray lead the way: nor can I submit to your paying your devoirs to this lady, who in some hours hence will be my bride. Go, signior, you are too young and too dangerous a rival for me not to fear you.'

The young cavalier, overwhelmed with confusion, chagrin, and disappointment, departed with Don Manuel and Garcias, leaving Victoria sick at heart with misery and apprehension.

This young man then, thought our heroine, is conte di Urbino; he who is so universally esteemed for his amiable qualities. He doubtlessly compassionates my distress, and wishes to befriend me. It was evident that he had something of moment to impart to me, and Don Manuel would not suffer him to speak to me—Don Manuel my destined husband! Oh, pitying Heaven, can this be thy decree? Tears of bitterest anguish now burst from her eyes, and for some moments she sobbed convulsively. At length, while painful reflexion agonised her mind, her last interview with Don Manuel repassed in retrospection. His manners, when unrestrained by the presence of Garcias, seemed more the effusions of pity than of love; and she now felt fully convinced of what she had during the last day suspected, that he only affected to be her lover to forward the vile schemes of conte Vicenza and his vile coadjutor Garcias. She had surmised from many circumstances, even before she had so providentially found that torn part of a letter in the dungeon, that Polydore's following her to Don Manuel's castle had been part of the plan adjusted even before she had been sent from France; and Don Manuel having so openly named conte di Urbino before her, seemed as if he no longer thought it necessary to affect ignorance of his knowledge of his new guest, whom at first it was evident they wished her to consider as a captive. And now the result of all this retrospection was, a thorough conviction that there was no real intention of uniting her to Don Manuel, but that something perhaps even more dreadful, which this measure was meant to aid in terrifying her into, awaited her on the morrow. She

shuddered, she trembled, and at length asked herself, Can I do nothing to prevent the realising these anticipated horrors?

Oh yes! she suddenly thought: she was now alone, and most probably unobserved; this was then, therefore, her only opportunity of striving to obtain even one moment's conference with Sebastian, who was capable of advising her, and would interest Francisco to protect her further. She hastily approached the door of Sebastian's apartment; and as she went, she thought of her friend in the church, with whom her illness had excluded all communication, and about whom she had sustained much painful anxiety; but now firmly believing that his departure had long since taken place, she cast a wistful look towards the map, accompanied by a deep-heaved sigh and starting tear, which she hastily wiped away as she gently tapped at Sebastian's door. No answer being returned she rapped again, but still no answer.

Vexation at her disappointment inspired our heroine with the temerity to knock louder, when the only answer she received was from the babbling echo repeating the sound of her knocks, which vibrated loudly along the vaulted roof of the library. Attentively she listened—all within was silent as the grave. Her painful anxiety to be heard induced her to try her voice, hoping if that reached Sebastian's ears he would recollect it, and in pity appear to her. Sebastian's name she therefore repeated several times, louder and still louder each reiteration, but still to no purpose; when almost driven to despair by disappointment and terror for the safety of her venerable friend, she suddenly heard her own name distinctly repeated in a gentle and well-known voice. Victoria's heart almost bounded from its seat with surprise and joy; and timidly but hastily turning her eyes to where they were so unexpectedly summoned, she beheld the chasm leading to the church open, and her but too much admired young friend, whom she had firmly believed far distant, standing within it, who eagerly beckoned her approach, and she hesitated not to comply as speedily as the agitation of her frame would admit of.

'Great and terrible has been the anxiety which I have suffered, lady Victoria, since last we met,' said he, tenderly but respectfully taking her trembling hand. 'I knew of your illness, of your danger, and, oh happiness! of your recovery. Again I waited with eager solicitude and impatience here; but you forgot me, and no longer sought to meet a friend who would—but I must not waste the precious fleeting moments in telling you all my friendship would lead me to do for you, since I am happily here to inform you what I can do to serve you.'

Victoria, overpowered by joy, hope, surprise, timidity, stood covered with the varying blushes of sensibility, trembling and in tears, unable to articulate a single sentence.

'Compose your fluttered spirits I conjure you, dearest lady Victoria,' continued the stranger in the softest tones of gentle kindness, whilst his intelligent countenance displayed the most animated interest in every thing that could affect her. "Let me intreat you to exert your fortitude to hear with firmness that the moment for your liberation draws very near I trust. All will be in readiness this very night for your escape. Be firm, I implore you, in your belief of my integrity; and when the castle clock strikes one, fearlessly venture from you chamber through the secret passage to the church. I will be at the shrine, to receive and conduct you to some other of your

friends, who with myself will convey you to any place of refuge you may wish to fly to. I entreat, I conjure you, exert your mental powers until we again meet; since you will, alas! have no other support till then. Temporise with the assassins of your peace by affected submission; and, if possible, by an appearance of composure, lead them into a belief of your having become more compliant than you have hitherto been. This will at least insure you a cessation from persecution during your continuance with them, and probably may prevent the forming of any new plan to interfere with our projected escape. Come then, cheer up, dearest lady Victoria; condescend for once to deceive, and, ere morning, I trust you will be in a place of safety. And now, adieu! until the propitious hour of one: no longer dare I indulge myself by staying here; for, were I now to be discovered, fatal would be the blow given to all my schemes, to all my fondest hopes. Farewell! and may Heaven protect and support you, most amiable, most interesting of human beings!'

With a graceful and tenderly respectful bow he precipitately closed the pannel, and Victoria sunk upon the couch beneath it, her mind in a tumult of sensations that almost subdued every faculty. While her young friend had been present, she had lost the power of articulation. Soon after he was gone she recollected fifty things she wished to say to him. She looked wistfully towards the aperture —it was indeed closed. She doubted if his momentary appearance had not been an illusion of her disturbed imagination. Reflexion convinced her he had been there, and had promised to rescue her from horror and misery that very night.

Her tears now flowed in torrents, unlike those she had long been accustomed to shed; for these were tears of joy, and, as long absent strangers, she gave them free indulgence. At length, becoming more composed, Heaven had her grateful acknowledgments for its promised kindness: and as her perturbation subsided, her reason began to operate; and, fearing every thing which might lead to a discovery of her intended escape, she judged it expedient to quit the library, lest her own consciousness of what had just occurred there might by some means awaken suspicion of a something, and lead to observation, and ultimately to detection; therefore, with trembling steps and a palpitating heart, she measured her way to the eastern piazza, where she seated herself, and was fully occupied by busy thought until dinner time, when Don Manuel himself came out to seek her and conducted her into the parlour, where conte Vicenza, his nephew, and Garcias, were already assembled — Polydore looking very pale, languid, and thoughtful, his nephew dejected beyond measure, and seeming as if he no longer dared to turn his admiring pitying eyes upon Victoria.

The spirits of our heroine were too much agitated to admit of her availing herself of the attentive hospitality of Don Manuel during the repast; but, mindful of the advice her young friend had given her, she strove to appear unembarrassed and serene; but a novice in art, she could not preserve that even degree of tranquillity indicative of a mind at ease. Nature was Victoria's guide, and the feelings she inspired could not be concealed. One moment fear and anxiety, in despite of every effort, sunk her to the lowest degree of sadness; while, in the next, hope elevated her spirits to such a pitch, that the bright emanations of joy, too powerful for disguise, would burst from her heart in some mirthful sally

of playful gaiety which charmed Don Manuel, surprised and displeased conte Vicenza, increased his nephew's dejection, and drew an expression of mysterious triumph into the diabolical countenance of Garcias.

When dinner was ended, conte Vicenza complained of being still so much of an invalid as to feel exhausted and to require rest; he therefore retired to take a siesto, accompanied by his nephew, whom he ordered to watch by him while he slept; and Don Manuel, after many tender speeches and apologies to Victoria, departed upon business, attended by Garcias. Happy in being thus relieved from society so hateful to her, our heroine resolved to avail herself of this unexpected opportunity to go to her chamber, there to make some arrangements for her promised escape. Accordingly, when she reached her chamber, she took from her baggage the parcels she had formerly made up, containing her trinkets, and deposited them in her pockets, lest, in the moment of departure, her spirits, hurried as they doubtless would be, might occasion her leaving them behind her. A parcel with some changes of linen she concealed in her bed, as being too large to carry about her: and as Victoria carefully looked over every article her baggage contained, that she might not leave any thing portable behind her which she might afterwards regret, a length of time necessarily elapsed before she was ready to return to the parlour; and, just as she was preparing to leave her room, she, to her utter dismay, heard a hollow bound against the trap-door, and immediately after an attempt made to force back the bolts. Alarmed beyond measure, she flew to the chamber door, when her flight that way was unexpectedly prevented by the murmuring sound of voices in the lobby. Should she venture or should she not? She trembled with apprehension—she hesitated—she listened attentively, and was no longer in doubt. She distinguished the voice of Garcias, and in an instant darted through the tapestry door, which she carefully closed after her; and, without waiting to take breath or consider what she was about, swiftly glided down the staircase, raised the step with ease, and, unannoyed by any impediment, in a few moments found herself in the church, making the best of her way to the passage into the library, which she hoped to enter unobserved, as at that hour she never remembered to have seen any of Don Manuel's people in the library.

On approaching the monument leading to the passage, Victoria looked with trembling caution around her; and, on arriving at the short dark arcade communicating with the other aisle, she suddenly stopped to inspect it, from the shelter a cluster of pillars at the corner afforded her, lest in passing the end, which she must do to reach the monument, she might be seen and discovered by some of those people the stranger warned her of. The instant she took her station among the pillars she distinctly heard the sound of retreating footsteps along the passage. The icy chill of fear thrilled through her heart. Cautiously and apprehensively she glanced her eyes along the arcade, and beheld her young friend walking slowly on, with one arm supporting a female, of a commanding height and most graceful form, a hand of whom rested familiarly upon his shoulder.

A pang of torture never before felt by our heroine now shot through her throbbing heart—a death-like sickness assailed her—she tottered, and sunk at the foot of the pillars which concealed her, but still directing her eyes in earnest gaze upon her friend and his companion, who at length stopped, apparently in serious confer-

ence. Worlds, had she possessed them, would Victoria have given to hear the subject of their conversation, but by listening she would not for worlds obtain that gratification. Chance had conducted her to where these lovers, believing themselves unobserved, were pouring out the secrets of their hearts, and honour and generosity forbad her meanly stealing their secrets from them; and instantly she resolved to effect her retreat into the library, whilst their backs continued to her.

Trembling, Victoria arose to put her design in execution; but the moment she was about to emerge from her hiding-place she perceived they had turned about and were slowly advancing. To escape unobserved by them was now impossible: to discover herself might involve her friend in difficulty or danger, and certainly would overwhelm his companion with confusion: to conceal herself behind the pillars still was therefore her only alternative. The gloom of the place was favourable to her intention, and she gently laid herself down amongst the pillars, scarcely allowing herself to breathe, and in a state of mind the most pitiably humiliating. Conscious of rectitude, yet still she shuddered lest her friend should discover her as he passed. In what a light must she then appear to him—a secret observer!—She sickened at the thought; but she had no longer time for anticipating fears. They approached her—her heart almost bounded from its seat, and her limbs were convulsed with tremor. They ascended the steps, and, without any intention of listening, these words struck Victoria's ears as they passed the place of her concealment, although delivered in a low and plaintive accent by the female.

'Think of the anguish that I shall suffer during your absence, still uncertain if you will ever be allowed to rescue me from hence. In the society of this too interesting, too fascinating Victoria, you will learn to forget your poor Matilda, who can know no peace till you return. Ah! what misery, what anxiety, what restless and anticipating fears shall I be doomed to suffer, while you are—Oh! happy Victoria!'——

They were now gone too far for our heroine to hear more; but she had heard sufficient to make her weep. The sound of their retreating footsteps at length no longer reaching her ears, she ventured from ambush, and with a beating melancholy heart ascended the monument and gained an uninterrupted passage into the library, where she seated herself near to the place she had emerged from, too much subdued by agitation to proceed further, or to think of any thing but what she had just heard and seen. She was grieved she scarcely knew why. Her friend had told her of his having a tender attachment, and why should she feel thus mortified and distressed at beholding the object of it, whom she doubted not was very deserving, since she was the choice of the most aimable of mankind.—'Ah! how amiable! how very very good! His dear Matilda, it appears, is not allowed to share in my escape; and yet his humanity leads him from this beloved object to rescue a helpless fellow-creature from destruction. Oh, bless him! bless him, Heaven!—and Matilda too, for is she not good and generous? for, agonising as this separation is to her, she benevolently suffers him to leave her to save me from endless misery. But she shall not, no she shall not, long be left to anguish, to anxiety, and restless anticipating fears, for me; he shall place me in some convent in Roussillon, and immediately return to her, to ease her mind of every apprehension. Oh! why did she call me happy? Surly it is

happy, happy Matilda, beloved by such a being. She knows that she is so.—Then how could I awaken uneasiness in her mind? What could induce her to fear me, or to call me too interesting, too fascinating?—Misfortunes may have made me interesting, but Heaven forbid that I should fascinate him your heart is plighted to! Oh, no, no, no! I am not such a worthless wretch as to form a wish for doing so.'

Victoria's head now sunk upon her hand, her elbow resting upon one arm of the couch, and, in the deepest train of melancholy reflexions, she continued quite unmindful of the approach of night or where she was, until Don Manuel, advancing to her from the parlour, disturbed her meditation by informing her she had been sought for throughout the grounds and castle, and that he had experienced the most dreadful alarms for her safety.

'Was I sought for here, Don Manuel?' replied Victoria, endeavouring to conceal, by affected composure, the apprehension she felt lest her flight through the church had been discovered.

'No, believe me,' said Don Manuel, tenderly taking her hand to lead her to the parlour; 'since this is the last spot in the castle any of my people would wish to enter after the close of day; nor could I expect to find so young a female, not even lady Victoria, enlightened as I know her matchless mind to be, alone, in the gloomy hour of approaching night, in an apartment where men of dauntless courage in the field dare not keep such vigil.'

'There is something inimical then to mental as well as personal courage in this castle,' replied Victoria; 'for here your people, signior, have been taught to fear the dead, and I have first learned to tremble at the living. It is a sad knowledge I have gained; but Heaven avert the more dreadful one from me of fearing the shadow of a substance I had injured.'

Don Manuel flung her hand from him; but ere they had proceeded many paces he took it again with gentleness. 'You are an extraordinary creature,' said he; 'and it is well for the cause I am embarked in that our *tête-à-têtes* have not been suffered to have been more frequent.'

They now reached the parlour just as conte Vicenza, his nephew, and Garcias, entered from the piazza in evident consternation. The moment Garcias beheld our heroine, he furiously demanded where she had been skulking, and why she had given them so much trouble?

'Garcias,' said Don Manuel sternly, 'your zeal transports you beyond the limits of propriety. When speaking to a brother ruffian, such harsh and insolent terms may perhaps be sometimes necessary; but when addressing a lady, nothing can extenuate the omission of politeness. Lady Victoria, too justly intimidated by your savage manners, and fearing her evil destiny might lead her to encounter you, took refuge amongst the spectres of the library; and I found her sitting undismayed there, even at this hour, where *you* and *other heroes* of our community dare not for a moment remain alone.'

Garcias slunk into a seat, silenced into an impenetrable gloom. Conte Vicenza appeared evidently disconcerted at this sarcasm; while Don Manuel, unmindful of their chagrin, took a chair by Victoria, and entered into conversation with her, exerting every power of his mind to entertain her; and had she been in a place of safety, with a heart at ease, and without a knowledge of the depravity of his life and principle, she must have been highly charmed by his conversation: but although Victoria strove with all her faculties to bestow her whole attention upon what he was

saying, and to appear unembarrassed and in some degree cheerful, yet, as the night advanced, her spirits, fluctuating between ten thousand hopes and fears, became so tumultuous, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could conceal her agitation, or bear any connected part in conversation.

Supper-time at length arrived; and although this repast was dispatched with unusual expedition, Victoria thought an age had been devoted to it. Conte Vicenza, as each moment passed, became more restless and uneasy, his nephew more dejected, Garcias more observant, Victoria more abstracted, and Don Manuel more insinuating; not one moment did he suffer to pass in silence, eagerly starting new subjects when the old ones seemed nearly exhausted, as if he feared to trust himself with his own thoughts, which seemed every moment softening into something of painful fond solicitude for the interesting Victoria.

At last the moment so much wished for by our heroine arrived, and Juan entered to conduct her to her chamber. In the most dreadful and obvious trepidation, she arose from her seat and almost inarticulately bade the party a good night. Her heart bounded and beat with the most tumultuous violence; her trembling limbs could scarcely perform their functions; and her colour varied with a rapidity that proclaimed at once the perturbation of her mind. Don Manuel, as usual, led her to the door, but, without his accustomed tender farewell speech, pressed her hand with energy, and precipitately left her in evident emotion, mysterious and powerful; and so alarmed was Victoria by the singularity of his conduct and by the uncertainty of her own fate, that she found herself compelled to request Juan's arm to support her.

(To be continued.)

A Visit to the Giant-Mountains of Silesia, the Sources of the Elbe and Oder, and the Riesenkoppe, or Giant's-Head.

(From Letters written during a Tour through Silesia, by J. Q. Adams, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of Berlin.)

Schreibershau, August 2, 1800.

THIS day was devoted to the view of the Schneegruben, or Snow-pits, which are considered as among the greatest curiosities of the mountains, and likewise to visit the source and fall of the Elbe.

At seven in the morning we took to the cart, and after jolting over the rocks up-hill for two hours, came to the place beyond which no carriage can proceed. From the time when we left the cart, we ascended, for about one hour, a steep of which you can form an idea when I tell you that it was throughout about equal to the steepest part of Beacon-hill, in Boston. We then came to a peasant's hut, here called a *baude* (pronounce it in English *bouder*), of which there are many upon these mountains, and of which, as they and their inhabitants have several distinguishing peculiarities, I shall say something more in a future letter.

After resting an hour, and taking some refreshment at this, which is known by the name of the Silesian, baude, we recommenced our ascent, and after toiling and panting half an hour longer, reached what is called the back of the Riesengebirge, that is, the summit of the whole range, though single rocks and hills upon them rise much higher. On this back we found a boundary-stone between Bohemia and Silesia; for the limits between the two provinces run all along upon this summit. We had, however, another half-hour's walk

chiefly ascending, though less steep than before, when instantly a precipice, nearly fifteen hundred feet deep, opened its ghastly jaws before us; a sort of isthmus, or tongue of land, however, allowed us to proceed about a hundred rods further, until we could fix ourselves against the side of a rock, and look over into the tremendous depth. We had then the precipice on both sides of us, and it passes by the respective names of the Great and the Small Snow-pits. They are so called because generally the snow at the bottom remains unmelted the whole year round; although this has not been the case for the last two summers, and at present they contain no snow at all. We were now elevated more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Beyond the jaws of the precipice, somewhat higher than ourselves, was the summit of a mountain called the Great Wheel, or the Great Storm-cap. Just beneath our feet was the dreadful precipice, at the bottom of which lofty pines slanting downwards upon the still-descending mountain scarcely appeared to our eyes of the height of a lady's needle; while, beyond the foot of the mountains, our eyes ranged to almost an immeasurable distance, over hills and dales, corn-fields and pastures, cities and villages, until they were lost in the grey vapours that bordered the far-extended horison. The weather, which is here almost always cold, even when the regions below are melting with heat, was so unusually mild, that we had no occasion to take our cloaks, while we sat about an hour, and enjoyed the prospects around us. At the snow-pits, as at the falls, there is every appearance as if the immense masses of granite, of which these mountains consist, had been split and shivered by some great natural convulsion. The basaltic rocks, which rise in irregular pyramidical shafts from the bottom of the pits, to the height of four or five hundred feet, furnish materials for the controversy between the natural philosophers, whether it is a marine or volcanic production. L—— from this spot returned to the Silesian baude, while I took an hour and a half more to visit the source and the fall of the Elbe, which required about a mile of descent on the Bohemian side. As there was no path leading towards it, and part of the way was not only very steep but between low bushes and shrubs, in which the feet might easily get entangled, this was the most disagreeable part of this day's journey. The fall of the Elbe is higher than either of those on the Silesian side, being of about two hundred and fifty feet; but has the same disadvantage, of extremely penurious waters; a disadvantage which, though much less in the spring of the year than at present, must always be considerable, owing to the proximity of the falls to the sources of their streams. In returning from this fall, we saw two or three of the eleven springs, from which, according to some of the German writers, the Elbe derives its name, as its waters.

Hirschberg, August 6, 1800.

In limiting each of these letters to a single sheet of paper, I find myself often obliged to break off in the midst of my story, and to give you in different letters fragments of our transactions in one day. My principal reason for this is to spare your patience, which I hope will last the longer for only having to undergo the trial of one sheet at a time. I now proceed, therefore, in the account of our excursion on the 2d instant to the snow-pits and the Elbé fall.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that upon this mountain, and certainly within three or four English miles of each other, are the sources of the Elbe and of the Oder, two of the largest rivers in Germany; one of which

runs easterly, until it empties itself into the Baltic beyond Stettin; while the other takes its course westward, and rolls its waters into the North Sea, at Cuxhaven. The sources of both are numerous; for instead of eleven springs, which some of the German geographers would assign to the Elbe, there are probably here above fifty which pay their tribute to it; and the springs which finally send their streams to the Oder, on the Silesian side, are equally numerous. It is one of the pleasing peculiarities which first meet the traveller's attention here, that he can scarcely walk ten minutes in any direction without meeting some ripling current, so cool and clear, that the mere sight or hearing of it, as it steals along, is enough to refresh his thirst, and relieve his fatigue. But whence all these waters, so near the very summit of the mountains, can be supplied, is a question which, I think, would have occurred to my mind here, even if I had not heard it started many years ago by our uncle C——. He was of opinion, that the mere rain which falls upon the top of high mountains could not be sufficient to feed the mighty rivers which there originate; and, after seeing the numberless brooks which run here so near the highest pitch of these mountains, and the great and inexhaustible masses of water which proceed from them, I am altogether of the same opinion. This is not however the controversy which was once so warmly debated between the neighbouring Bohemians and Silesians upon this mountain, concerning the source of the Elbe. That question was, on which side of the summit the real source of the Elbe was; for the Silesians, not content with the honour of possessing the original source of the Oder, contended likewise that the Elbe originated on their side. You must not be surprised to hear that this contest was once carried so far as to occasion scenes of riot and bloodshed between the neighbouring borderers; nor that, even to this day, the encroaching Silesians have not universally abandoned their hypothesis.

Between two and three in the afternoon we returned to the Silesian baude, where we stopped to dine upon the provisions we had carried with us, and upon what we could get there. They could only supply us with brown bread, milk and butter; for which, however, they made us pay the double of what the same articles would have cost us in any of the Silesian cities. I mention this because these mountaineers have been represented to us, both in conversation, and by the books of travellers hither, as the most perfect models of patriarchal virtue, happiness, and simplicity. Every thing we have seen of them has tended to give us ideas of them directly the reverse of these.

Their houses are situated at such an elevation upon the mountains that the ground will produce nothing but grass, and they can raise nothing but cows, goats, and a few fowls. For six months in the year, they are in a manner buried under the snow, and are cut off from all intercourse with other human beings. Their log-huts are of a single story, and a hay-loft; the floor below is divided into four apartments, one of which is a stable for their cattle, another their dairy; the third is the common dwelling-place of all the family; and the fourth a very small room for the reception of strangers. The family-room serves at once as kitchen, eating room, and bed-room, and is heated with fires all the year round. There is a wide bench goes all round the room, on which they sleep, for they have no beds, or, at most, only one for the master and mistress of the house; and if the strangers who pass the night there require soft beds, they

must content themselves as well as they can with sweet hay, for straw is a luxury unknown to these virtuous patriarchs. As they have not this article for their cows to lie down upon, they keep their stables uncommonly clean, and generally make one of the streams which are so abundant upon the mountains, run through them and through the dairy: but their cow-yard, in which all their manure is kept, is close upon the house, so that you nose it at a great distance upon your approach to the house; and, by this community of the roof between the family and all the other cattle, so much filthiness arises that it is scarcely conceivable how they can keep even their dairies clean. Of their persons they appear to take no concern at all; and are, of course, as dirty as any other peasants in the most wretched hovels in Europe. The houses are generally full of children, clad in no other garb than a coarse shirt, oftentimes stark naked, and loaded with vermin like the land of Egypt at the last of its plagues. Such is the condition of these venerable and blissful beings, whom we had heard extolled as the genuine children of nature—the true samples of mankind in the golden age. Their manners are varied according to their individual characters; all are coarse, most of them disgusting, and some rude and insolent. As to their treatment of strangers, the only two by whom we have been entertained imposed egregiously upon us in their charges.

From the Silesian baude we returned after dinner to our inn at Schreibershau, which we reached at about seven in the evening. It partakes rather too much of qualities above described as belonging to the peasants' huts, but is not quite so bad.

Sunday, August 3:

One of the great inconveniences to which the traveller in these regions must be subject, is an extreme dependence upon the weather. There are but three months in the year when the mountains can, with any comfort, be ascended; and at least three quarters of that time they are veiled in clouds, and obstinately deny the view of all their most striking beauties. From the appearance of the last evening, we expected that this would be an unfavourable day for our intended excursion, and we were well pleased to have a day of rest after three of very hard labour. I likewise intended to improve the time by bringing up my Journal with you, which, by the continual motion since our departure from Hirschberg, had necessarily run in arrear. Even this morning, when I first rose, the clouds of the night had not dispersed, and I sat down quietly to begin my last number. I had written only a few lines, however, when our friend Seidler came and told us the weather was clearing away, and that we must immediately take advantage of it. Before eight o'clock we were in the cart, and rode in a couple of hours to Seydorf, a village at the foot of the Schneekoppe, or more properly the Riesenkoppe (the Giant's Head), the loftiest of all those mountains, and the highest point of land in Germany. The weather being excessively warm, we stopped at this village during the heat of the day.

At four in the afternoon we seated ourselves again in the cart, and for three hours rode up hill as steep as any carriage could go; we then came to the Schilingel's baude, so called from the name of the person who keeps it. Here we left the cart until our return, and pursued our ascending route about an hour more, when we reached the Hempel's baude, otherwise called the Samuel's baude, from the names of its present and its former pro-

prietor. This is the house at which almost all the visitors of the Giant's Head, from the Silesian side, pass the night before they go up: it has served for that purpose these hundred and thirty years; but though, during the season of visiting the mountain, it is always full of strangers, its accommodations are very little better than those of its other namesakes.

The reason which induces travellers who propose a visit to the *Riesenkoppe* to pass the night before at the Hempel's baude is, that they may ascend the mountain in the morning early enough to see the sun rise from its summit. Such was our intention; but when we rose at two o'clock in the morning, L—— found herself suffering so severe a head-ache, that she was obliged to give up the idea of going with us; and I set out accompanied only by Whitcomb and our guide. We had at first a steep and painful ascent for about twenty minutes, then a gentle sloping downwards, and a plain for a quarter of an hour, until we came to the immediate foot of the particular hill which bears the name of the Giant's Head. The darkness of the night had been gradually dispersing, and the borders of the horizon at the east gradually reddening, from the moment when we left the baude, so that I was apprehensive that the *queen* of day, as Zöllner on a similar occasion calls the sun, would shew his glowing face before we should reach the summit; and, to avoid this disappointment, doubled the usual pace of ascent, and in another quarter of an hour stood at the door of the chapel on the top of the mountain. About ten minutes after, the great luminary rose in all his glory, from the lower cloud which bordered the horizon; for although the weather was remarkably fine for this region, the sky was not perfectly clear, and a murky vapour hung upon the atmosphere, which intercepted a part of the immense extent of territory which would otherwise have been within the compass of our vision. I had heard so much of the apparent magnitude of the sun's disk, when seen rising from this spot, that when I came to view it I found it less striking than I imagined. It appears about the size of a large coach-wheel; but the same effect may at any time be produced by looking at it through a telescope.

The prospect from this spot is of course more extensive than from any other point upon these mountains; and its grandeur is augmented by the circumstance that the eye can range freely, bounded only by the horizon on every side. The spectator has but to turn on his heel, and all Silesia, all Saxony, and all Bohemia, pass in an instant before his view; it is therefore truly sublime; but as it has the defect usually attendant upon sublimity, of being indistinct, and in some sort chaotic, the lover of beautiful objects must content himself with a smaller elevation. A painter of Hirschberg, by the name of Reinhardt, who is employed by the Academy of Sciences at Berlin to paint views of the most remarkable spots in this province, observed to me, that from the highest mountains there was nothing *picturesque*, nothing that he could employ as a subject for any one of his paintings.—When on the Schneekoppe, I felt the force of his remark; for when the eye embraces at once such an extent of objects, it perceives only great masses; whereas all the pleasure that painting can afford, is by the accurate representation of details.

The proper Giant's Head is of a conical form, and the surface of the summit is not more, I think, than a hundred yards in diameter; its per-

pendicular elevation is about six hundred feet, and the path by which it is ascended forms nearly a regular angle of about forty-five degrees: the ascent would indeed be too steep to be practicable, but that when the chapel on the top was built, in the year 1668, a flight of stone steps was made to assist the traveller in mounting to it, of which a sufficient part remains to give no small assistance. The mountain itself appears to be a solid block of granite, upon which there is no appearance of vegetation, unless a kind of red moss, resembling rust upon iron, which grows on the loose stones that cover it on every side, may be so called. These loose stones, part of which are of granite and part of white flint, are in such abundance that they wholly conceal the side of the mountain itself. On one side of the path, as you approach the top, a precipice of about 1500 feet opens, by the side of which you continue to mount; it ends at the bottom in a narrow vale of perhaps a mile in extent, along the course of which are scattered a number of peasants' huts. Here, too, it looks as if the body of the mountain had been riven at a single stroke, and the rocks which stand on either side correspond in such a manner as to resemble the teeth of a saw. Opposite the summit, to the westward, is a mountain somewhat lower, called the Little Koppe, from the foot of which is a sloping glass-plot that goes by the name of Rübenzahl's pleasure-garden *. Other remarkable spots within the view are called his meadow, his pulpit, his grounds, &c. the whole neighbourhood is full of his name. I asked our guide to tell me honestly whether he had ever seen him: but he thought I was joking him, and said that he had not only never seen him, but had never believed in him; that the Silesians had never given credit to the stories about him, all of which had been believed and circulated by the Bohemians alone. I suppose a Bohemian guide would have assured me that it was merely a Silesian superstition which his countrymen had always derided.

The chapel at the summit is a small round building, partly of laths, partly of stone, and not more than twelve or fifteen feet in diameter: it was built by a count Schafgotsch, whose descendant still owns the whole range of these mountains, and is the richest subject in Silesia. The number of his vassals is said to be upwards of 35,000. The chapel is dedicated to St. Lawrence, and the

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* 'This Rübenzahl,' says our author in a preceding letter, 'is a personage so important upon the Silesian mountains that you would perhaps be glad to have some account of him; but as yet I know nothing further of him than what Zöllner tells. He says that it was formerly a general belief among the mountaineers that on the highest summit of the mountains there resided a giant genius, named Rübenzahl; a very capricious sort of spirit, who assumed at pleasure the shape of a wolf, or a bird; a monk, or a bear; a huntsman, or a goat; a serpent, or a wisp of straw: who would often offer himself as a guide to the traveller, and, according as he happened to take his fancy, guide him faithfully, and make him handsome presents at parting, or lead him into swamps or wildernesses, and then leap upon a tree, and burst out into a horse-laugh at the perplexity of his miserable dupe: that he had a wonderful facility at raising instantaneous snow-storms, or thunder-storms, according as his fit of caprice happened to be cold or hot; and that nothing gave him so great offence as to hear his name spoken. Hence the peasants, who frequented what they considered as his dominions, used to call him Mr. John, or the giant lord, or the great mountain god; that they might not incur his displeasure by pronouncing his name. But since a chapel has been built upon the spot of his abode, poor Rübenzahl has been obliged to fly, and nobody knows what has become of him: at least, it is certain, that since that period, now nearly one hundred and forty years, he has not been seen.'

Cistercian monks at Warmbrünn are obliged to perform the mass in it on the saint's day, and upon four other feast days annually.

After passing about an hour and a half upon this spot, we thought it time to descend once more to the habitable regions of the earth; but when we had got about half-way from the bottom of the mount to the baude, who should we meet but L—, whose head-ache had left her as the day advanced, and who, after coming so far, had determined, at all events, not to return and leave the most important object upon our whole tour unseen. I turned back of course, and went up a second time with her. It was now about eight in the morning, and the sun had risen so high as partly to disperse the vapours which had intercepted the view at my first ascent. The mountain now appeared familiar to me as an old acquaintance, and the temperature of the air upon it was so uncommonly mild, that we might have dispensed with putting on our cloaks. It has so happened that the three or four days which we have spent upon the mountains have proved to be among the very warmest of the year; and, excepting the few minutes before sunrise this morning, the cold has, in no one instance, been troublesome in scarcely any perceptible degree to us. We had indeed taken the precaution to be very warmly clad, and, as we were advised, have never been without thick cloaks to put on whenever the occasion should require.

Sentiments of devotion I have always found the first to take possession of the mind on ascending lofty mountains. At the summit of the Giant's Head, my first thought was turned to the Supreme Creator, who gave existence to that immensity of objects expanded before my view. The transition from this idea to that of my own relation, as an immortal soul, with the Author of nature, was natural and immediate; from this to the recollection of my native country, my parents and friends, there was but a single and a sudden step. On returning to the hut where we had lodged, I wrote the following lines in the book kept there for strangers to insert their names:

From lands beyond the vast Atlantic tide,
Celestial Freedom's most belov'd abode,
Panting I climb'd the mountain's craggy side,
And view'd the wond'rous works of Nature's God.
Where yonder summit, peering to the skies,
Beholds the earth beneath it with disdain;
O'er all the regions round I cast my eyes,
And anxious sought my *native home*—in vain.

As to that native home—which still infolds
Those youthful friendships to my soul so dear;
Still you, my parents, in its bosom holds—
As fancy flew, I felt the starting tear.
Then, in the rustling of the morning wind,
Methought I heard a spirit whisper fair:
'Pilgrim, forbear, still upwards raise thy mind,
Look to the skies—thy *native home* is there.'

Description *of the* City *of* Breslau.

(From the Same)

Breslau, 2d September, 1800.

BEFORE we left Berlin to come upon this tour, we were advised not to pass through Breslau at all. It was said to be a large old city resembling all other great cities, and containing nothing that deserved the attention of travellers; we had, therefore, not put it down upon the original list of our route. But when we found ourselves, in the course of our excursion, within a few miles of it, we thought, after making so long a tour round the whole province, it

would be shewing the capital too great a mark of contempt to neglect it altogether, and concluded to give it a few days of our time upon our return. We have no reason to repent of this final determination: for, although the place is, as it had been described to us, nothing more than a large, old and very dirty city; and although the weather, since we came into it, has been constantly such as to confine us a great part of the time to the house; we have still met with objects of curiosity sufficient to amuse and employ the few days we have devoted to the place.

Breslau contains upwards of sixty thousand inhabitants, of whom about one third are Catholics, and nine tenths of the other two thirds Lutherans. Yet, from the vast number of churches and cloisters which present themselves to the stranger's eye in every quarter of the town, a person without further information would take it for a place entirely Catholic. Nine of these churches suffice for the Protestant inhabitants; the Catholics have twenty-six, many of which are however cloisters; and the streets are full of friars of all colours, 'black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery.'

The two principal churches are the Catholic cathedral, and the Lutheran church of St. Elizabeth, both of which we have visited. The cathedral, as it now stands, was built about the year 1150, and is principally remarkable for several magnificent chapels, which have been added to the body of the church by several of the former bishops. It contains relics, too; for what is a Roman catholic church without relics? That of most note here is the staff of St. Elizabeth, with a silver spiral plate winding round it, upon which is engraved some account of her and her family. She was a daughter to a king of Hungary, born in 1207, and died 1231. She was canonized in 1235; but whether, like St. Hedwige, for going on foot up a hill to hear mass, or for what other cause, does not appear. A part of the head of St. John the Baptist (for they have not here, as in many other churches, the whole head) and his fore-finger are only shewn upon great festivals. Upon one of the altar-pieces they have a skeleton, decked out with abundance of finery, which they keep under a glass frame: they are the hallowed bones of St. Theodore, whose legend I have not the happiness of being acquainted with. This church has several monuments of fine sculpture, particularly a statue of St. Elizabeth, in the chapel dedicated to her, which is very much admired: it has likewise many paintings, the best of which are the twelve apostles, done at Rome, though our attendant could not tell us by whom.

We likewise saw the inside of the bishop's palace, which he is rebuilding in a style of princely magnificence. It is situated near the cathedral, on the banks of the Oder, commanding at once a beautiful prospect of the town and the country round. The see is not dependant upon any archbishopric, but immediately upon the pope. Before the Prussian conquest, the bishop had frequently been an archduke of Austria: the present prelate is a prince of Hohenlohe.

We saw another Catholic church belonging to a convent of Augustine nuns, in which, however, we found nothing worthy of remark. The Lutheran church of St. Elizabeth itself looks more like a Catholic than a Protestant house of worship. It was built some centuries before the reformation, and still contains several altars, at which certain masses were founded: these masses, by an agreement between the two religious parties, are now celebrated in the cathedral church by the priests who

have previously been authorised to say them by solemnities at the original altars.

There are, likewise, libraries belonging to most of the churches and cloisters; but none of them are of great value, excepting that in the church of St. Elizabeth, which is a public library, the foundation of which was laid about a century ago by a person of the name of Rhediger, whose name it still bears, though very much enlarged by several considerable donations. It contains, besides, many large and costly compilations in print, a number of valuable manuscripts, among which is a copy of Froissart's Chronicle in four large folio volumes, written upon parchment, and adorned with a great number of coloured drawings executed in the best manner of the age when it was written. Its date is of 1468, and it contains about one third more matter than the printed edition of Froissart, whose editor thought it expedient to omit every thing which he thought would not redound to the honour of the nation. I asked Mr. Scheibal, the present librarian, why he did not publish an edition of the book from this genuine manuscript? He said that such things could be undertaken at this time only in England; and that the work in Germany would not pay the expence of the publication. We were shewn another manuscript of a very different kind; though, perhaps, not less curious. To the naked eye it appears to be a drawing of the Venus de Medicis, upon a half-sheet of folio paper; by looking at it through a magnifying glass, you find it is a copy of Ovid's Art of Love, perfectly legible, and the whole five books within a compass of ten inches in length, and three in width. There are various other curiosities of a similar nature; a few valuable pictures, particularly one portrait by Rembrandt, and one of Luther, by Lucas Cranach; collections of medals, of marine shells, of minerals, &c. This library is open twice a week for the use of the public: like most other public libraries in Europe, it is crowded into too small a room.

At the Magdalen, which is likewise a Lutheran church, there is also a library, but of so little consequence, that Mr. Manso the librarian, a poet of distinguished talents and learning, did not think it worth while to shew it. We only saw, therefore, the collection of paintings belonging to it, among which there are some copies from Rubens and Rembrandt, and many good original pictures, especially landscapes, though by painters of inferior name.

The church and other buildings belonging to the college of Jesuits are among the most remarkable objects of curiosity at Breslau. The university was founded in the year 1702, by the emperor Leopold, and the buildings were begun upon so large and expensive a plan, that they were not completed in 1740 at the period of the Prussian conquest; and as a great part of the funds appropriated to the works then ceased, they have remained unfinished. One of their houses the government took away from them, and at the time when the order of Jesuits was abolished, in the year 1774, the university here was continued under the title of a royal school institution. The principal apartments are two churches, one large, and magnificently decorated, the other a small one, where occasionally sermons are preached to the students in Latin; the Leopoldine hall, where all the public disputations are held; and an astronomical observatory at the top of the building, which has been erected within these few years. The philosophical and astronomical apparatus is small; the only instruments we saw were New-

tonian telescopes, caustic mirrors, a micrometer for measuring the distance of the stars, a quadrant with a meridian line, an air-pump, and a couple of electrical machines. From the observatory there is a very fine view of the vast plain in which Breslau is situated, and of the distant mountains by which it is bounded, all which we saw with double advantage through their excellent perspective glasses. The number of students at this college is about six hundred, and that of the professors is seventeen. Their course of studies comprehends a period of eleven years, five of which are devoted to the ancient languages, three to philosophy, and three to theology; but under the term philosophy they embrace almost every object of human science. The professors are all paid from the appropriated funds, and the instruction is given free from all expense.

There are public schools, likewise, connected with the churches of St. Elizabeth, and Mary Magdalen, the first of which has about twenty professors and teachers, and three hundred students. The instruction here is only preparatory to that of an university.

About an English mile out of the town, are the country-seat and gardens of prince Hohenlohe, the governor of Breslau. The place is called Scheidnich. The gardens are spacious and agreeable, and always open to the public; they contain various small monuments, erected by the prince in honour of Frederick the Second, and the late and present kings. Last week the king and queen paid a visit here; there was a splendid entertainment, at which the gardens were finely illuminated.

Breslau is a place of considerable trade, and has much more an appearance of business and activity that Berlin. The most essential articles of its exportation are broad-cloths and linen; the latter of which, however, the merchants here all draw from the mountain towns. Nor do they manufacture themselves a quarter part of the broad-cloths which they send abroad. Their situation, watered by the river Oder, which gives them an immediate communication with Hamburgh and Stettin, naturally makes them the centre of the commerce of the province. They have likewise some trade over-land with the east, which is carried on by Russian caravans; which, from the description that has been made to us, we regret not staying here long enough to see.

There are no manufactories of importance in the town. The sugar refinery is indeed very large; and, having to supply the greater part of the province, refines sugar to the amount of several millions of dollars annually. Like that of Hirschberg, it belongs to a company, the property being divided into shares, originally of seven hundred dollars, but which are now worth more than three thousand.

We have visited two other manufactories which had been mentioned to us; one of what they call Turkish yarn, because it was formerly made only in Turkey; and the other of sewing needles. The yarn is spun from cotton, imported by the Russian caravans from the East, and dyed red. The difficulty consists in the dyeing—an operation of which cotton requires much preparation to be made susceptible; not having, like wool, a natural oil, which imbibes the colouring particles, and facilitates the work. This yarn, when dyed, is used to weave in a mixture with linen. I mentioned having seen one such manufactory at Schwiedeberg.

The needle manufactory is principally remarkable as it is one of those in which the division of labour

is carried to the greatest extent. Every needle must pass through seventy-seven hands before it is fit for use. But the needles made here are much inferior to those of the low countries, of Munster, and Aix la Chapelle, and bear no comparison with the English.

The most common ornaments of the rooms and chambers in this country are busts, portraits, and imitations of antique basso-relievos, in stucco, or plaster of Paris. We have scarcely entered a house in Silesia without meeting more or less of these; and we have here been to the workshop of a man who makes them. He takes good likenesses, and the work is very cheap.

There is a cannon-foundry here, but the works are all for the account of the king, and for the last two years they have had nothing to do. It resembles, in every respect, that which you saw at the Hague.

I have dined once in a society upon the same principles with the Cassino at Berlin. Here it goes by the name of the *Resource*, and consists of more than two hundred members. The company at dinner was mixed, as is usual at such places; chiefly officers of the army. I was seated next to a general Lentken, who told me he had been forty-eight years in the service, and in the seven-years war had received a wound for each year. The scars upon his face and hands testified to the truth of what he said. You will readily conceive that when you have once entered upon the topic of the seven-years war, and Frederick the Second, with a Prussian general, you are in no danger of lacking materials for conversation. I found that of the general, of course, very amusing, though his circle of ideas and of information appeared to to have been extremely cautious of spreading beyond the line of his business—

'And little of this great world could he speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle.'

POOR MATILDA.

A FRAGMENT.

I WAS sitting on a part of the beautiful ruins of Kirstall abbey, ruminating on the uncertainty of worldly grandeur, when a strain the most mournful, at the same time the most melting, struck my ear; so that, in spite of myself, honest nature forced her way in a big tear which stole down my cheek; I suppressed it not, for when an honest tear makes its appearance, I would not, through a false pride, disclaim its acquaintance for all the unmeaning smiles you could bestow.

'Who 's that?' said I to a beautiful female stranger, who seemed to be attentively listening to the same notes.

'It is poor Matilda,' answered she —'full well I know the sound'—

'T is poor Matilda's broken pipe
In mournful strains you hear:
Each note you hear the fair-one strike
Is blighted by a tear.
The ruthless hand of care hath plough'd
Deep furrows in her cheek;
Since Edwin, who the fair-one woo'd,
Hath left her long to weep.
His words were but air,
They, alas! meant no more—
Matilda was fair,
But, alas! she was poor.

'Yes!' said she with a tear, 'Matilda's sufferings have been great as they are unmerited; but soon they will end. Winter and summer does she brave, in yonder little wood. Beneath yon willow is her bed of moss, and the stone by the brook is her seat. Ah! unfortunate and hapless maid! that heart of thine, true as it

is, will soon cease to beat: and sure Heaven, who witnesseth all thy sufferings, will repay thee with abundance; and the author of thy miseries, when retrospection knaws his heart, will feel it tenfold.'

'Come,' said I, 'fair stranger, lead me to the habitation of Matilda; and let us cheer, if possible, the gloomy habits of her mind.'

'Most willingly I will go,' said she, 'but her sorrows will never be eradicated; they are deep rooted, and their malign influence, like the blight on the flower, will pierce her to the quick.'

She then led me softly towards the habitation of the forlorn fair-one. Her hair was hung in careless tresses, which half o'ershadowed her bosom; a loose robe, half demolished by time, was tied across her shoulder; she stood with one foot on a stone, while the other immerged in a purling stream ruffled its bosom. One hand she held full of corn in the ear, which she had been previously rubbing between her hands to satisfy the calls of hunger; and with the other she was beckoning to a robin that was perched on her favourite willow, lamenting the loss of its mate. She addressed it in notes so wild, yet so harmoniously pathetic, that from my memory they will never be erased.—

Hither, sad and pensive mourner!
Hath man robb'd thee of thy mate?
In life's chequer'd scenes a learner,
Silly bird, avoid his fate.
Make my bed thy habitation,
There I'll shield thee from all harm:
If thou court a kinder station,
This sad breast shall keep thee warm.

With sods of moss I form my pillow,
Fragrant flowers grace my bed;
And this pensile weeping willow
Draws a curtain round my head:
Angels watch my broken slumbers,
Guard me with indulgent care;
Around they watch in countless numbers,
And swiftly bear to heaven my prayer.

Mark those cheeks, where peace sat smiling,
Boasting then a lively hue;
Henry's love the hours beguiling,
Moments swift unheeded flew:
From my arms a father tore him—
Ah! how cruel was the deed!—
To far-distant shores he bore him;
Pierc'd, my heart was left to bleed.

Here 's the spot where last we parted—
Sacred shade it seems to thee—
I, like thee, am broken hearted;
Come, then, mingle tears with me.
Frowning winter, dark and dreary,
While this breast can boast a glow,
Here I'll brave, and never weary—
Summer's sun, and winter's snow.

In our tale each tree shall glory;
Every leaf shall bear a sigh;
Maids from them shall learn the story,
When with us our sorrows die.
Then make my bed thy habitation,
There I'll shield thee from all harm:
If thou court a calmer station,
This sad breast shall keep thee warm.

When she had concluded her invitation to the bird, she stept forward to where it stood. It flew away. 'Silly bird!' cried she, 'if thou art not yet weary of the world, go! but when misfortunes press heavy on thee, direct thy flight hither; thou wilt find Matilda still the same.' She heaved a sigh for the fate of the robin; and lifting up her fine dark eyes, discovered us approaching.

'Matilda!' said the sympathising stranger, offering her her hand, 'who is it you are addressing?' Matilda smiled, at the same time a ray of recollection seemed to dart across her mind. 'A poor unfortunate bird,' said she, 'robbed of all its treasure. Yet there appears some tie in life, for which it will not embrace my solitude: I would have nursed it with a parent's care. In the day I would have fed it ere I served myself; and in the night it should have reposed on my bosom:—but it would not, silly bird! Fare thee well!' A tear stole down the stranger's cheek, as she pressed the fair maniac's hand. I

felt its force, and if ever my heart beat in unison for the woes of another it was now. 'Come,' said I, 'let us ascend the steep; perhaps the robin may have retired there.' 'No,' said she, 'I would not force it to accept my protection; it might think it was not well meant: in distress it will again visit me, and I will receive it.' 'Ah, Matilda!' said Anna (for such I found to be the name of the stranger), 'turn with me to the cottage of my father, whose life and sorrows are nearly at an end. It will cause a smile to play upon his care-worn cheek if you would condescend to visit him. He knew you from your infancy, and marked with pleasure the growing beauties of your mind and person; and oft have I heard him sigh, that so fair a plant of fifteen summers' growth should by one chilling frost be for ever blighted.'

Matilda sighed, and seemed to be unconscious of the surrounding objects; and for my own part, though scarcely any one hath felt the lash of fortune more severely than myself, yet I never knew the real luxury of grief till now. 'I wish not,' at last said Matilda, 'to see your father: parents are cruel, cruel as the grave; it was a parent that robbed me of my Henry—Yes! it was a father that snapt the strings of my heart: but now I can smile at their utmost malice—Yes! now, undisturbed by all the busy crowd, I ask not their assistance. Heaven is my canopy, the earth is my pillow, the smiling fields supply me with sufficiency of food, and the silver brook, as it bubbles by, denies me not its cooling beverage; and that Power that hath supported me in all my sufferings will at last restore my Henry safe; he will appoint an angel to watch him from morn till night, to Heaven he will bear his sighs, and, meeting mine as they ascend, they will, in concert, call down the cherubs of mercy, who will gladly recompense our wrongs.' She then, with the swiftness of a hart, hid herself from our sight.—Farewell, poor Matilda! in some interval of business I will again visit thy retreat; and thou, no less unfortunate Anna, point me out thy cottage, and in my way I will call upon thee; when, together seated on Matilda's bed of moss, we will spend the live-long summer's day relating and listening to each other's story.

Leeds, Feb. 5, 1805. J. B.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY called TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY, performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, on Saturday, February 16.

THE characters were thus represented:

Lord Danberry - - -	Mr. Munden.
Sir Oswin Mortland - -	Mr. Kemble.
Mr. Willowear - - -	Mr. Farley.
Mr. Lavensforth - - -	Mr. Cooke.
Amos - - - - - -	Mr. Brunton.
Lady Susan Courtley - -	Mrs. Glover.
Mrs. Sarah Mortland - -	Mrs. Davenport.
Hester - - - - - -	By a young lady.

THE PLOT.

Mr. Lavensforth, in the early part of his life, had been governor of a British settlement, but being impeached in the senate by *sir Oswin Mortland,* was obliged to quit his country, leaving his only child, *Hester,* in the care of a *Mr. Ashdale. Mrs. Sarah Mortland,* an antiquated virgin, having seen this young lady at a ball, is much prepossessed in her favour, and gives her a general invitation to her brother's house. Solicited in marriage by a man she could not love, *Hester* sought, by flight, to avoid the hated match, and availed herself of *Mrs. Sarah*'s invitation. *Mr. Willowear* (*Hester*'s lover)

having discovered her asylum, waits upon *sir Oswin*, requesting him to return the young lady to her guardian, which the baronet promises to do if *Hester* cannot clear up her conduct to him. In his interview with *Hester*, *sir Oswin* is captivated by the simplicity of her manners, and feels a warm attachment for the young fugitive, who, on her part, is no less prepossessed in favour of *sir Oswin;* and when *Mr. Willowear* waits upon him again, he persuades that gentleman to relinquish all hopes of *Hester*, and to pay his addresses to *lady Susan Courtly*, whom *sir Oswin*'s uncle *(lord Danberry)* is pressing him to marry. *Mr. Lavensforth*, about this time arriving in England, lives secluded in a cottage. He is acquainted, by *Mr. Ashdale*, with the circumstances of his daughter's flight, which awaken his revenge, and he orders his black servant *(Amos)* to watch the motions of *sir Oswin*, and writes to *Hester* to come to him. *Hester* obeys the summons, and takes leave of *sir Oswin*, to return to her father; but he, fearing she is to meet another lover, resolves to accompany her. Upon the road, they are met by *Amos*, who, accidentally discovering *sir Oswin*, fires at, and wounds him. *Sir Oswin*'s horse takes fright, and bears his master to the cottage of *Lavensforth*, who runs to the stranger's assistance, binds up his wounds, and leads him into his dwelling. *Amos* arriving, relates what has happened, and *Lavensforth* discovers that he has his enemy in his power, but nobly disdains to injure him while under his roof. *Hester*'s arrival dissipates the anger of *Lavensforth*, whose innocence is recognised; and that young lady relating to her father the kindness of *sir Oswin*, he is reconciled to him, and the parties set out together on their return to *sir Oswin*'s house. *Lady Susan Courtly*, supposing *sir Oswin* killed, in the mean time listens to the proposals of Mr. *Willowear*, and thereby releases the former from an extorted promise of marriage. An explanation takes place, and *Lavensforth* bestows his daughter upon sir *Oswin*.

Upon these simple incidents, Mrs. Inchbald, a lady whose dramatic labours have eminently contributed to the moral advancement of the stage, and the object of whose muse has invariably been

'To mend the morals, and improve the heart,'

has constructed a pleasing and interesting comedy. Although it does not abound in that luxuriance of humour, or those sallies of wit, which constitute the graces and the ornaments of the comic muse, the dramatic effect of which is to excite and gratify the imagination, yet the ingenious conduct of the fable, the natural delineation of character, and the chaste and appropriate sentiments which are discoverable in it, entitle it to the highest praises of those who frequent the theatre as well for improvement as amusement. The moral tendency of it is unexceptionable; the mischiefs which sometimes occur from the exercise of great oratorical powers are forcibly illustrated; and the ostentatious nature of fashionable female friendships is properly exposed and chastised.

There are none of the characters which can be fairly regarded as strictly novel. *Sir Oswin* and *Hester*, upon whom the business of the comedy principally rests, are copies of originals with which we are familiar: indeed, the affinity which the latter bears to *Amanthis*, in *The Child of Nature*, was too apparent, in the first scene, to be easily mistaken. The same *naïveté* and ingenuous simplicity are to be found in both, and recollecting the popularity which that character obtained when first produced, we are not surprised that Mrs. Inchbald

should have preferred drawing from the same source to exploring dangerous and uncertain qualities in human life and manners.

Every justice, generally speaking, was done to the comedy by the performers. The part of *Hester* was acted by a young lady, whose name we understand to be Shuttleworth, who, although new to the London stage, we believe, has had the advantage of some theatrical experience. Her figure is extremely elegant, and her countenance, without possessing much animation, or any of that expression peculiar to the character, is handsome and interesting. She appeared to enter perfectly into the spirit of the character, and as far as the embarrassments inseparable from a first performance, and the want of that expression we have alluded to, would allow her, she was not deficient in giving due effect to the part.

Mr. Kemble appeared to much advantage in *Sir Oswin*. We cannot sufficiently applaud the proofs of sound and acute discrimination which he exhibited; and altnough we are not among the number of those who are enthusiastic admirers of his attempts in comedy, we are obliged to declare that his performance was fully entitled to the approbation that was bestowed upon it. He failed in giving all the expression which the author intended to one of the most material passages; we mean that where *Hester* enters when he is inveighing against women: but the failure is to be imputed to physical effects, which are amply compensated by the admirable judgment of this favourite performer. It being his first appearance since his severe indisposition, no ill effects of which, we are happy to find, were perceivable, he was received with an enthusiasm of applause that should satisfy him that his popularity has been but little impaired by the extraordinary theatrical events which have occurred during his involuntary retirement.

The most striking and impressive character in the piece is that performed by Mr. Cooke; and in the few scenes in which he had a fair opportunity for the display of his great talents, he played with a vigour, discrimination, and effect, that called down unbounded applause, and left the exertions of all his competitors at an immeasurable distance behind him. The black servant, *Amos*, was excellently performed by Mr. Brunton: no one in the profession could have pourtrayed the horrors of involuntary guilt with more truth and energy; they well deserved the applause which followed them. Neither the character of *lord Danberry* nor *lady Susan Courtly* affords sufficient scope for the great comic abilities of Mr. Munden and Mrs. Glover; the faint outlines with which they were furnished were filled with all the judgment and dramatic effect that we had reason to expect.

Mr. Farley acquitted himself with considerable success in *Willowear*; but unless Mr. Lewis declined the part, we think that the interest of the theatre, the entertainment of the audience, and the popularity of the comedy, would have been better consulted and provided for by placing it in the hands of that spirited and versatile performer. From our experience of his judgment and talents, we are persuaded he would not only have made it an entertaining but decidedly the most prominent character in the play.

The comedy was received throughout without a murmur of disapprobation; it is not, however, without defect. The fourth act is insufferably tedious; and the *languor* which pervaded the long, very long scene between *Sir Oswin* and *Hester* would have brought into jeopardy the

success of a comedy coming from any other pen than that of Mrs. Inchbald. We are, notwithstanding, of opinion, that although it may not obtain with the 'million' equal degree of popularity with the works of some dashing modern dramatists, those who admire chasteness of sentiment, pure and elegant dialogue, and characters truly and forcibly drawn, will always see it with increased satisfaction. The elegant and moral author of it has added fresh laurels to the dramatic wreath, which the unanimous concurrence of the public had long since crowned her with.

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

A COMEDY.

(Continued from p. 94.)

ACT II.

Scene, a Street—on one side an Inn, on the other the House of Vernon.

SCENE I.

VERNON, *coming out of his house;* *Miss* VERNON, *following him.*

Miss Vernon. Are you going out, brother?

Vernon. Yes, sister, I am going out.

Miss Vernon. Your lawsuits continually occupy all your time; and you leave your house, and you leave a young unexperienced person like me exposed to all the arts and intrigues of men of gallantry and pleasure.

Vernon. A young person like you! I am only ten months older than you.

Miss Vernon. Well; you are a young man, brother.

Vernon. But if I were of your sex I should be an old maid.

Miss Vernon. That is as much as to say that I am old.—Such language is not very genteel, nor very delicate, let me tell you.

Vernon. Who can we speak to with freedom, if not to a sister?

Miss Vernon. Well; I know, then, what I am to think with respect to my age. But you must be aware of the danger to which you expose my reputation by taking so little care of me; whereas, brother, you ought to be the guardian, the father, of a poor defenceless orphan like me.——

Vernon. In good truth, sister, I think you are big enough, and old enough, to take care of yourself.

Miss Vernon. Well, well; we will say no more of that: but suppose I should tell you that I have met with a gentleman who would be very happy to marry me.——

Vernon. So!—What, the old story! For these ten years past you have imagined yourself on the point of being married. It is surely time for you to begin to have a little common sense. The life of an unmarried woman cannot be so absolutely intolerable. When you are become resigned to your condition, you will find that it is not. To associate principally with persons of mature age; to give advice to young girls, and read to them lessons of prudence; to be treated as a respectable person in society: is this a life to be despised? Is it not much to be preferred to going about to balls, to dancing at your age; to following the fashion with absurd anxiety, to acting the child, in a word——

Miss Vernon. What cruelty, what tyranny, is this in a brother! If I do not shew myself, if I do not display my graces, my means of pleasing, how can I hope to obtain an establishment?

Vernon. I wish to Heaven that you could obtain an establishment!

Miss Vernon. Yes, you would be rid of me: is not that your meaning? I shall not perhaps remain long with you to trouble you; for I believe the tender glances of this young stranger———

Vernon. What! one of those two Parisians who have just put up at that inn?

Miss Vernon. The youngest, the most agreeable.

Vernon. You will recollect that this is not the first time that you have procured yourself to be laughed at by travellers who have lodged at that inn.

Miss Vernon. Can you accuse me of running after them?

Vernon. No; but you are always fancying that they run after you. All the diligences are full of your admirers. Take care, and do not again expose yourself with this young stranger. You are not sufficiently aware of the consequences. I do not love law-suits; and I have already five or six on my hands on account of your charms. Those cursed romances have turned your brain.

Miss Vernon. Delightful perusal! I have read all that have been published within the last four years:—the Castles, the Dangers, the Children of Mystery, the Happy Intrigue, Cecilia, Camilla, Rosalia, Celina, Agatha, Rosalba—

Vernon. Yes; and you dream of love and intrigues, and imagine yourself Cecilia, Rosalia, Rosalba, and I know not whom.

Miss Vernon. And why should not my heart have its natural feelings as well as yours? Why should not we young persons———

Vernon. We young persons! will you never leave off that nonsense?

Miss Vernon. No; I cannot, nor I will not. Is it not notorious through all the town that you are an obsequious and amorous dangler after Madame Senneville?

Vernon. I have a great esteem for her, I own; but I do not think that any body can say———

Miss Vernon. Come, come; do not prevaricate—You know that you are afraid of Riflard.

Vernon. I know that I neither fear his sword, nor his sneers. I have no views on Madame Senneville.—But *apropos* of that lady: we are invited to dine with her to-morrow, and with Madame Guibert and her daughter.

Miss Vernon. I shall not go; it is quite enough at Madame Senneville's assembly this evening. Miss Guibert is a child who acts the woman; and Madame Senneville acts the child, yet she is certainly older than I am.

Vernon. Well; just as you please. The two strangers will be there.

Miss Vernon. Indeed! Are you certain of that?

Vernon. What! that alters the case, does it not?—You will go now, I make no doubt. It is time, I think, to make the division of our property which has been long proposed; for I do not wish to have any law-suit with you.

Miss Vernon. Why, I believe I am of age.

Vernon. I think you must be at five-and-thirty. Endeavour then to cure yourself of this folly of pretending to be young.

Miss Vernon. Endeavour to cure yourself of the folly of being always at law.

Vernon. Do you think I go to law for any pleasure I find in it? If any person enquires for me, I shall return immediately; I am only going to my attorney. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Miss Vernon *alone.*

What little gallantry we find from

brothers! Happily the world sees me with other eyes: that young gentleman especially who has ogled me through his glass, with so much tenderness—I have been the constant subject of his conversation with his friend, and that dear little chambermaid at the inn, whom I love from my heart, because she took the first opportunity to come running over to tell me all he said of me; and he has said what must be certainly very flattering to any young lady.—But this shews to what my brother's negligence might expose me—I am here left alone in the house. This young man appears to me extremely amiable; yet I have no knowledge of his character or connections.—But is not that him coming out of the inn with his friend?—I must instantly retire into the house. Ah! brother, brother, you are not fit to have a young person under your guardianship! *(She goes into the house.)*

Scene III.

Desroches, Delille.

Delille. Well, which way will you go? Shall we take a walk and see the town, and call on those persons to whom we have letters?

Desroches. Ah, my friend! my lot is cast. I am in love, strange as you may think it.

Delille. Indeed! I should never have thought that Madame Senneville—

Desroches. Do not go on too fast. Madame Senneville is very handsome, I grant; and I can perceive that I have made some progress in her heart. But I mean another charming object.

Delille. It certainly well becomes you so hastily and violently to condemn and reproach my cousin, when you flutter from beauty to beauty with such levity and fickleness.

Desroches. Women have taught me to be as fickle and faithless as themselves. I wish to make love to and deceive all I meet with.

Delille. You entertain vast designs.

Desroches. And my stay in this town will favour them. What I feel is no longer that first enthusiasm which you once reproached me for. You understand that I do not think her an assemblage of all possible perfections: but we may amuse ourselves with an adventure or two.

Delille. While I am waiting for my good fortune to throw an adventure likewise in my way, may I enquire who this new object is?

Desroches (pointing to the house of Vernon). Do you see? She resides in that house.

Delille. What that in front of our inn? I saw a woman there, but she was somewhat past her bloom; her charms were rather in the wane.

Desroches. Oh! an aunt or a mother, probably. I have seen her, and the maid servant at the inn confirms me in my opinion, there is a marriageable young lady there. I have, indeed, only seen her at a distance. We have only conversed by signs. *(Miss Vernon appears at her window.)* See—there she is!—I am not mistaken—The window opens—Do you see her?——

Delille. Yes, I do see her; but—

Desroches. It is her—it is her!—At this distance, near-sighted as I am, I cannot judge.—O heavens! what can I have done with my glass?—She is young, is she not?

Delille. Young? yes, very young—*(aside).* Poor fellow! to fall in love at such a distance when he is near-sighted!

Desroches. She is about fifteen or sixteen.

Delille. Eighteen or twenty.

Desroches. That is the age I would wish; and she is handsome?

Delille. Celestial! I must compliment you on your choice. *(Aside)* This adventure, however, will not be very dangerous to Madame Belmont.

Desroches. You are to know that I have already made some progress with her.

Delille. Indeed!

Desroches. Yes, by Heavens! I have set the little chamber-maid at our inn to work. She has received my proposals with modesty, delicacy, decency, and becoming coyness: but I have no doubt that she may be brought to yield. Where is Dubois?

Delille. He will be here in a minute; I have sent him——

Desroches. I want him. I have written a letter; and, under a pretext, he may introduce himself into the house.

Delille. You are in a devilish hurry.—Here he is.

Scene IV.

Enter Dubois.

Desroches. Where have you been? I never can find you when I want you.

Dubois. Sir, I am, like yourself, delighted with this town. You know there has always been a kind of sympathy between us.—I have been walking by the river side, on the bridge, in the church-yard, up one street and down another.—*(He whispers Delille)* Madame Belmont lodges at the Golden Lion—the post-house; near the bridge: she expects you with impatience.

Delille (to Dubois.) I will be with her immediately.—*(To Desroches)* My dear Desroches, it would be useless to press you to take a walk with me. I shall leave you to employ yourself with your new conquest: she well deserves your exertions; believe me. *(Aside as he goes out)* He has made a good beginning, however, to take an old dowager for a child. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Desroches, Dubois.

Desroches. She is still at the window!—Dubois—

Dubois. Here am I, sir.

Desroches. You have now an opportunity, my good fellow, of shewing your zeal in my service, and your address.

Dubois. I hope I am not deficient in either of those qualities. What do you wish me to do?

Desroches. Find your way into that house.

Dubois. Yes; I am there already.

Desroches. You will find there a charming girl—

Dubois. The deuce I shall!

Desroches. And you are to give her this letter.

Dubois. She shall have it.

Desroches. But be cautious: you will perhaps meet with a mother, a guardian, or some old governante. The lady I mean is this moment at the window. Observe her, without seeming to look at her, to prevent any mistake.

Dubois (looking at him with surprise). Surely, sir, there is some mistake already! That the lady!—

Desroches. Yes. You are not wanting in address: you may enter into conversation with one of the servants, under some pretext; and, without any person perceiving it, you may find an opportunity to slip into her hand the letter.

Dubois. It relates, I suppose, to some business of importance.

Desroches. Blockhead! cannot you perceive that it is a love-letter?

Dubois. A love letter! Oh! I must be gone immediately, then.

Desroches. Yes, lose no time.

Dubois. Very well, sir, since you will have it so. *(Aside)* But surely you must have lost your senses. *(He goes into the house.)*

SCENE VI.

DESROCHES, *alone.*

She does not leave the window; yet she must have seen Dubois go in. If I dared—*(He makes a low bow; miss Vernon curtsies in return, and shuts the window)*—She returns me my salute—she shuts the window! What innocence, simplicity, and delicacy in her manner! She is an Agnes!—This is a delightful adventure!——But Dubois stays a long time. I hope he has been able to deliver my letter. The blockhead surely cannot have suffered himself to be detected. Oh! here he is.

SCENE VII.

Enter DUBOIS.

Desroches. Well, Dubois?

Dubois. You will have an answer immediately.

Desroches. I shall have an answer?

Dubois. She was alone in the house—no parents, no guardian—I only saw an old woman at the bottom of the court-yard. The lady herself met me with a timid air. She took your letter, blushing, but hesitated to open it. I urged, I entreated her, and at length obtained her promise that she would write an answer, for which I must return immediately.

Desroches. My good Dubois, you are a truly valuable fellow! Take that—*(gives him his purse)*.

Dubois. I am very much afraid, sir, that you will soon regret your money.

Desroches. Never, my boy, never!

Dubois. I know not how to accept it; for I think I ought, in conscience, to tell you—

Desroches. Say not a word; not a word. Go for her answer. She must have written it by this time. Be gone: be gone.

Dubois. I am gone: my duty is to obey; but, at least, remember that you prevented my speaking. *(He returns into Vernon's house.)*

SCENE VIII.

DESROCHES, *alone.*

This Dubois is a generous fellow, as well as a faithful, intelligent, and active servant. He wished, no doubt, like Delille, to speak to me concerning madame Belmont. They are all very desirous to induce me to return to her; but I will shew her that I can follow her example, and be as inconstant and faithless as herself. Besides, I no longer care for her; I love her no longer. The charms of this amiable girl—Madame Senneville, too, is extremely agreeable.

(To be continued.)

THE INTRIGUE;

OR,

The LOVERS *who were* PERSUADED *to be in* LOVE.

A TALE.

(Continued from p. 97.)

THE countess Adrienne, on her arrival at Chevilly, learned that Fonrose, being ill with a violent cold, kept his chamber, and would remain in it the whole day. This incident favoured extremely the execution of the plan she had formed, and she resolved to take advantage of it. She took the viscount to a retired part of the park, and, when alone with him, made the illness of Fonrose the subject of their conversation.

'Poor Fonrose!' said she. 'I am sorry he is so very ill! Perhaps you do not know the cause of his illness?'

'Very ill!' replied the viscount; 'he is indisposed with a cold, but a cold is not a dangerous disorder.'

'A cold! and can you really believe that a cold would be sufficient to confine Fonrose to his chamber, and to render him inaccessible to all his friends?'

'He is in bed, and, as his valet tells me, much inclined to sleep.'

'Whether he be inclined to sleep or not, he wishes to see nobody. Have you no suspicions?'

'No; I assure you I see no reason to suspect any thing.'

'You are certainly of an extremely open and candid disposition yourself; but, at the same time, you are not deficient in discernment.'

'My discernment can discover nothing in the indisposition of Fonrose.'

'I must reveal to you a great secret; my wish to render essential service both to you and to the unhappy Fonrose obliges me. But you must promise me, on your part, inviolable secresy, and especially that you will never tell Fonrose what I now disclose to you.'

'You may depend on me: I give you my word that I will not.'

'I rely on it—Learn, then, that Fonrose is your rival.'

'My rival!'

'Yes, my dear viscount: he adores Louisa. He flattered himself that he should obtain her of her mother; but on discovering your passion, and that she had a partiality for you, he sacrificed his own love without hesitation.'

'I protest, madam, that nothing could be further from my thoughts than that he made such a sacrifice, or I never should have suffered it.'

'Now your eyes are opened, you must recollect many things which leave no doubt of the real sentiments of the unfortunate Fonrose.'

'He certainly always spoke to me of miss de Forlis with an enthusiasm—'

'Which could not appear to you natural.'

'Love alone can express itself in that manner.'

'That is true: he loves her almost to madness. He dies for her.'

'I have always considered him as a most faithful and generous friend, and this instance exhibits the greatness and goodness of his character in a very striking light.'

'You will not suffer so rare and so faithful a friend to languish thus, and die?'

'To die! Heavens! madam, no! What must I do to save him, to restore him to health?'

'I ought likewise to tell you that your father will arrive here the day after to-morrow, and that it is irrevocably determined to unite you in marriage to a young lady whom he has chosen for you. I have learned this by the greatest chance in the world, but it is certainly true. Would you, then, wish at once to incur the heavy displeasure of your father, and cause the death of your friend?'

'No, madam, no; I renounce from this moment miss de Forlis.'

'This noble sacrifice is worthy of the viscount de Verdac. I will tell you in what manner I would advise you to act. Do not say a word to Fonrose on the subject. It is agreed that you shall speak to madame de Forlis to-morrow, to ask of her the hand of her daughter; instead of which you will tell her that you are informed, by a letter from your father, that he has entered into engagements for your marriage within a few days, and that you are come to take your leave of her. You will afterwards set out hastily, without seeing either Fonrose or miss de Forlis.'

'Madam,' said the viscount, 'you

may rely on it I will punctually follow your advice.'

This generosity cost no great effort to Verdac; nevertheless, though he was as little susceptible of ardent friendship as of violent love, he was capable of making, at this moment, a real sacrifice to Fonrose. He had a very common mind, but an excellent education had implanted in him just opinions and virtuous principles; and such an education will be sufficient to insure a proper and generous conduct in youth, when these first impressions are not combated by violent passions. Verdac felt little, but he thought well. He had neither sufficient experience nor understanding to distinguish minute differences. He easily confounded heroism with simple duty; and, only following the judgment of those who possessed his confidence, he would have performed a sublime action with simplicity, without either knowing its greatness or claiming to himself any honour for it, if the person to whose guidance he committed himself had directed him so to act.

The countess Adrienne, fearing to be surprised alone with Verdac, now left him in the garden, and returned into the house. The viscount reflected seriously on what had been told him, and took the resolution effectually to serve his friend before he set out, without mentioning that the countess Adrienne had spoken to him on the subject. He naturally loved, when he talked at all, to talk of himself; and he recollected how much pleasure he should have in relating to others the surprise he had himself felt at the discovery now made to him, and in making some display of the sacrifice he had made of his love, and the generous resignation of his pretensions. He, the same evening, requested madame de Forlis, in a somewhat mysterious manner, to grant him a private interview, as he had something of a very particular nature to communicate to her. As the evening was then far advanced, she appointed him to come to her the following morning at nine o'clock.

The next day, before the hour agreed on, the viscount was at the door of madame de Forlis' apartment, and was immediately admitted. He at first found himself not a little embarrassed; but, deriving courage from the recollection of the interesting discoveries he was about to make, he at length said—

'I am come, madam, to tell you something which will probably much surprise you.'

Madame de Forlis could not refrain from smiling at this introduction. 'I believe,' said she, 'sir, I can very nearly guess at what you have to say, surprising as it is.'

'No, madam, that is impossible.'

'What, then, may it be?'

'You suppose, no doubt, that Mr. Fonrose was very ill with a cold yesterday. That is not the fact.'

'How, sir! I do not understand you.'

'No, madam! Mr. Fonrose had not a cold yesterday, nor has he a cold.

'Dear sir, explain yourself: What is it you mean to say?

'Mr. Fonrose is in a very dangerous state; he is dying.'

'Gracious Heaven!' exclaimed madame de Forlis, in the utmost alarm and agitation, we must send immediately to Paris for medical assistance.'

At these words, she started from her seat with precipitation, to ring the bell; but the viscount stopped her:—

'No, madam,' said he, 'a physician is not necessary; you can yourself effect the cure with a single word. Fonrose is passionately in love with miss Louisa de Forlis: it is for her he dies.'

Verdac no longer appeared either simple or ridiculous in the eyes of madame de Forlis; she listened to him with equal attention and interest. 'How,' said she, 'Fonrose in love with my eldest daughter!'

'Yes, madam, he adores her.'

'Are you certain of it?'

'Yes, madam, it admits of no doubt.'

'And why did he not declare himself to me?'

'Because he discovered that I entertained the same sentiments.'

'And who would have thought that my daughter could have made the same impression on both! How extraordinary, how affecting is this on either side!'

As she said these words, madame de Forlis wiped the tears from her eyes, and presented her hand to Verdac. 'My dear viscount!' said she, 'I feel and admire, in a manner which I cannot describe, your candour and generosity.'

'I only do my duty, madam,' replied the viscount, animated by this eulogium; and I come to solicit of you the hand of miss de Forlis for Mr. Fonrose.'

This was precisely what madame de Forlis wished; for she had never comprehended how her daughter could prefer Verdac to Fonrose, though, from that moment, she conceived the most profound esteem for the former. Certain of her influence over the mind and even the inclinations of Louisa, she wished to speak to her before she proceeded further in this affair; but Verdac pressed her so earnestly to send immediately for Fonrose, that she consented. A messenger was accordingly dispatched, requesting his attendance as speedily as possible in madame de Forlis' apartment; and, in the mean time, the viscount walked about the chamber, rubbing his hands in a kind of extasy, and enjoying, by anticipation, the agreeable surprise which he should cause to his friend.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MR. SMITH AND THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

THAT accomplished and much respected gentleman, Mr. Smith, formerly of Drury-lane theatre, has presented the young Roscius with a seal of Garrick, finely engraved, and a striking likeness. This is certainly the highest compliment that has yet been paid to that extraordinary and interesting youth; and the manner in which the favour has been conferred reflects much honour on the liberal and enlightened donor. The following are the poetic lines, and admonitory note, with which the flattering present was accompanied:—

TO MASTER BETTY.

Roscius, the boast of Rome's dramatic story,
Left undisputed trophies of his glory;
Not more illustrious by his scenic art
Than by the social virtues of his heart.

Our *British* Roscius great and good,
When on the summit of applause he stood,
Melpomene and gay *Thalia* join'd,
To grace his talents with a taste refin'd:
Whilst these immortalis'd his splendid name,
His virtues consecrated all his fame.

May'st thou, young genius of the present hour!
Whose bud anticipates so rare a flower,
Spreading thy blossoms to a ripen'd age,
Prove a third *Roscius* to the admiring stage;
And, like those stars of Britain and of Rome,
Bear thy unfaded laurels to the tomb!

MR. SMITH'S LETTER.

"Young gentleman,—The fame of your talents has drawn an old fellow labourer in the theatric vineyard from his retirement, at a considerable distance, in a very advanced age;

and he feels himself well rewarded for his trouble.

'May your success continue, and may you live to be an honour to the state, and to your country!

'Let me recommend to you strict attention to the moral duties, and to the cultivation of your mind, by the arts and belles-lettres, without which little improvement can be gained in your profession, much less in society.

'Accept from me a seal, a strong likeness of our great predecessor Garrick: when you are acquainted with his character, keep his virtues in your mind, and imitate his professional talents as far as possible.'

Couldst thou in this engraved pebble trace
The living likeness of his plastic face;
Whilst thy congenial spirit caught its fire,
His magic eye would thy whole soul inspire.

LONDON WALKING DRESS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

CARAVAN hat, lined with swansdown; with brown feathers; short swansdown tippet; and the throat Egyptian brown velvet pelisse, trimmed with broad lace, clasped down the front; the petticoat worked muslin, between a border of tucks, gossamer flounce; brown velvet shoes; parankie muff.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE turbans are made round behind, but in front they are elevated, and present the point of a diadem. Velvet turbans are more in fashion than in any preceding year. They are almost uniformly of bright colours, seldom of black velvet. Next to rose, which still maintains its ground, the most prevalent colour in caps and hats is white. Very large bunches of velvet ribbons, cut in points more or less rounded, are displayed instead of flowers, in the front of most of the dress hats. Flowers are worn in bunches, without any mixture of leaves, and are of the most delicate colours. Feathers are very few, considering the season, and aigrettes are particularly rare. There are no cloth riding-coats that are not trimmed with black velvet. The little cambric bonnets are trimmed with tulle instead of lace. The most elegant woman in Paris requires only the simplest articles to be well dressed. No ornaments in the style of luxury and wealth are requisite. To be complete, she wants almost nothing. The Parisian elegante, like the young country maiden, to dress herself, wants only a little fern round her robe, a little fern round her cestus, a little fern round her head. It is true, that the fern of the Parisian shepherdess ought to be of gold, and if it meets here and there a few diamonds, these are accidents which do not spoil it.

It is merely to vary their costume that several elegantes, instead of collars with profane medallions, wear a string of beads round the neck, and diamond crosses. The larger the beads, and the longer the cross, the more elegant is the petite maitresse. The locks of Caracalla, and the plaited hair of Titus, which used to adorn the head of a young Parisian elegante, have been succeeded by the hair in a bunch on the top of the head, like that of a Chinese mandarin.

Round dresses are much worn at balls, with large detached bouquets. To make it more exactly resemble the costume of the Opera, this light dress is open at the sides.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES

UPON A PICTURE REPRESENTING THE DEATH OF MARK ANTONY.

By W. J. Denison, esq.

ILL-FATED chief! is this thy final doom—
Thou, who once sway'd the destinies of Rome?
This the last scene of all thy care and woe—
Shunn'd by each friend, unpitied by each foe?
Was it for this you sunk to Cæsar's slave,
And stemm'd the Rubicon's forbidden wave?
For this you arm'd against your country's cause,
Proscrib'd her senates, and defy'd her laws;
Mercy's soft precepts banish'd from your mind,
With all those feelings gen'rous victors bind?
O, happier far! if, in the martial strife,
The Parthian dart had clos'd your stormy life;
Tho' flight alone your vet'ran troops could save,
You, like a soldier, met a soldier's grave.
Or nobly fall'n at Actium's fatal day;
Since this whole orb the conqu'ror must obey;
When you, inglorious, left the din of arms—
Left fame, left empire, for a strumpet's charms:
In silken harams, and in roseate bowers,
Lost, beyond hope, the fleeting golden hours:
While swarthy Nile, indignant, blush'd with shame,
And beardless eunuchs mock'd the warrior's name.
The tow'ring pyramids, with rage, survey'd,
And frown'd a deeper and more gloomy shade:
While Thebes and Memphis clos'd each lofty gate,
And spurn'd the man who seem'd to court his fate.

Ah! where are now those scenes of festive joy,
When eastern pomp almost appear'd to cloy—
When pleasure rivall'd, with her fairy smile,
Armida's garden, or Calypso's isle?
Where all the gems from India's spicy vales,
The soft perfumes of blest Arabia's gales?
Where the gilt bark admiring Cydnus bore,
When Venus steer'd and Cupid ply'd the oar;
When the fair Houries, fabled in romance,
Cheer'd the gay feast, and wove the mazy dance?
The lute, the song, alas! no more can please;
No more can give the tortur'd bosom ease:
The shady bow'r, the deep retir'd alcove,
That ev'ry sense to ev'ry rapture move:
Ev'n your lov'd Circe, with her syren smile,
The last sad moments can no more beguile;
Her artful blushes, and her well-feign'd ire,
That seem'd to deaden, though they rous'd, desire:
Oblivion's aid no longer can impart,
Or calm the suff'rings of an aching heart;
While doom'd to drink the bitt'rest cup of woe,
And feel ingratitude's distracting blow.
The servile crowd, that own'd your former sway,
Fly like the splendours of an April day;
Their once kind master, in his ruin, shun,
And meanly haste to court the rising sun.
Awake, ambition! by this frantic dream
(The statesman's beacon, and the schoolboy's theme),
See the sad exit of his hapless life,
His chequer'd scenes of pleasure and of strife;
Betray'd, deserted '*at his utmost need*,'
By his own dagger, see the warrior bleed!
No weeping friend to close his sinking eye,
Nor pay the tribute of a parting sigh:
Bereft of hope, tho' gasping still for breath,
Corroding conscience whets the sting of death;
Brings back, thro' mem'ry's agonizing view,
The home that once his artless childhood knew;
Paints the sweet spot, endear'd by ev'ry tie,
Where his forefathers' honour'd relics lie;
Recals the lares, once his guardian pow'rs;
Recals the scenes that charm'd his happier hours;

When youth's warm side, with gen'rous ardour fir'd,
Beat high with honour, and to fame aspir'd;
While Rome's stern Genius, hov'ring o'er his shade,
Demands the victim fate had long delay'd;
Shews the proud path that once he might have trod,
Lov'd as a Father, honour'd as a God;
Contrasts his actions and his tarnish'd fame
With great Camillus' or with Scipio's name;
Contrasts the riot of unbounded power
With each fond comfort of his peaceful bower—
With each fond blessing of domestic life,
His injured children and deserted wife.

But pause not here—the moral yet pursue:
First—the gay victor, young Octavius, view,
Adorn'd with titles and the robes of state;
Tho' guards and lictors on his footsteps wait,
How vain he found the pageantry of show
To lull the anguish of paternal woe!
To drown reflection at the midnight hour,
Or smooth the steps by which he rose to power!
How strew'd with care his busy anxious reign—
The dear-bought prize of danger and of pain!
While Rome's fam'd empire never prosper'd more,
Nor deck'd with laurels Tiber's classic shore.
No more her matrons hail the martial throng,
Gild the proud arch, or raise the choral song;
No more their smiles the vet'ran's toils repay,
Or cheer the evening of his care-worn day.

Tho' guiltless nations swell her wide domains,
And injured monarchs sink beneath their chains;
Tho' each bright gem of elegance and art,
That fires the genius, or that melts the heart,
Her plund'ring chiefs transport within her walls,
To grace her temples and her trophied halls:
She found, too late, what all her triumphs gave—
'*The paths of glory lead but to the grave;*'
That all she gain'd by conquest's flowing tide
Feeds some fierce soldier's low unletter'd pride;
That all the realms she vainly call'd her own
Serve but to prop some despot's gaudy throne—
Serve but to rouse his fev'rish thirst of rule,
Or fill the coffers of some needy tool.
Too late she found, depriv'd of Freedom's ray,
Each manly virtue falls in quick decay;
Each youthful energy that warms our frame,
That nobly dares the slippery heights of Fame,
That nerves the Hero or the Patriot's breast,
Sink in the torpor of luxurious rest.
While bold Adventurers seize th' Imperial robe,
And scourge with insolence the prostrate globe;
Display each vice from upstart pride that springs,
That power usurp'd, or mushroom greatness brings.
Her abject Senates, trembling, kiss the rod,
Her crafty Priests adore the new-made God,
In impious strains their rival flatt'ries waft,
Till ermin'd Pomp derides the nauseous draft:
Pomp, that disdains the fickle worthless tribes
Immers'd in pleasure, or seduc'd by bribes;
That sooths their passions with Corruption's dole,
From suff'ring Friends, from ruin'd Vassals, stole;
Till thoughtless Mirth forgets her Country's woes
In feasts, processions, pantomimes, and shows.
Her rights betray'd, her laws, her honour, sold;
Her freedom barter'd for the lust of gold;
Barter'd with oaths, as empty as the wind,
To please her Tyrant's dark suspicious mind;
On wintry Baltic's bleak and stormy shores
The whirlwind rises, and the tempest roars;
With awful force the gathering torrents roll,
Crush the broad rampart, sweep the lofty mole;
For all her crimes a tardy vengeance bear,
Deaf to her cry, and callous to her pray'r;
In scenes of woe her blood-stain'd Empire clos'd,
And the proud Victors felt what they impos'd.

APRIL ALPHABET.

A USHERS in April: adieu to the snows!
B the Beauties this varying season disclose.
C the Charms of gay Flora fast spreading around:
D the soft falling dew that bespangles the ground.
E the Elegant flow'rets divided in rows;
F the Frost that their beautiful forms discompose.
G the Glooms of the morn that in April prevail:
H the Hurt to the plants by the cold blighting hail:
I the Ice-sparkling morn, that oft nips the young bud:
K the Keen-blowing winds, that now ruffle the flood.
L the Laurels so lively, of beautiful green:
M the Mist of the morn, on the mountain-top seen.
N the Newly-blown daffodil glaringly gay:
O the Opening buds that will blossom in May.
P the Primrose so modest, in humble attire:
Q the Quick-growing beauties of spring we admire.

R the Rose-tree, just budding, its beauties expand:
S the Sun-beams of spring that enliven the land.
T the Trees that preparing to blossom appear:
V the Verdant green mantle, the pride of the year.
While W Wishes they plenty may bring,
Loyal X Y and Z, all sing Long live the king!

Kingsland, March 5, 1805. I. M.

TO MISS S. I---B---T, OF DEVONSHIRE.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

OLD Zeuxis, to compose a perfect piece,
Cull'd beauty from an hundred belles of Greece:
This to be sure a deal of trouble gave him!
Now were that painter from his tomb to start,
And wish again to try his peerless art,
Sophy! what trouble thou alone would save him!

LINES, TO MISS ELL---S, ROBERTSON'S-ROW, KINGSLAND.

DEAR Nymph! attend the votive lay
Thy blooming charms inspire;
Thy speaking eye's all-powerful ray,
That beams with liquid fire.

Sweet conversation's cheering pow'r
Is eminently thine,
To lull affection's mournful hour
With soothing most divine.

Oh! then, fair maid! but deign to smile
On love as fond as true;
For, ah! my heart is free from guile,
And beats alone for you.

VERTUMNUS.

Hackney, March, 1805.

PARTING.

OH, sad is the hour,—and, ah! sad is each heart,
And sad is the loveliest prospect to view,—
When lovers so tender reluctantly part,
And pensively sigh out the lengthen'd adieu!

Dear, dear is the kiss!—ah! how dear the embrace!
—Their hearts cling together in unison sweet—
What tender solicitude speaks in each face!—
What impatience again to be happy!—to meet!

Behold the fond couple now part—now unite!—
Behold the fond bosom, that labours with love—
Behold the emotions that *us'd* to delight!—
Ah! see the sweet passion with anguish improve!

Yet, yet *once* again they take leave of each charm:
Time leans on his scythe and surveys them with pain;
Then flaps his old wings: Love takes the alarm,
And, parting, they *hope* to be happy again!

J. P. E.

FAIR ANNA'S FATE.

FAIR Anna boasted ev'ry charm,
And dwelt afar from London's city;
In love she fear'd no lurking harm:—
But learn her fate from this sad ditty.

Young William gain'd her truest love;
A wretch was he, unus'd to pity;
Seduc'd, he left her then to prove
The fate I tell in this sad ditty.

Fair Anna sank beneath the blow:
The grave receiv'd her form in pity,
Where yonder weeping willows grow
She lies whose fate has fill'd my ditty.

March 6, 1805. J. M. L.

AMELIA'S GRAVE.

YON humble sod, so gaily green,
Is spread o'er poor Amelia's grave:
Her smile so sweet no more is seen,
The joy is gone her presence gave.

Let friendship's tear bedew the spot;
Let sorrow heave the pitying sigh;
Let mis'ry mourn her hapless lot,
Nor pass her tomb unheeding by.

Her breast was virtue's spotless throne;
Her face the index of her mind,
Where softest charms resplendent shone,
With sense and elegance combin'd.

Amelia lost, in early youth,
A tender mother's fost'ring care;
Too young to feel the awful truth,
She smil'd at what might cause despair.

As years roll'd on her loss she knew,
And deeply miss'd a mother's love:
Morose and stern her father grew;
To meet his ev'ry wish she strove.

Alas! in vain her sweetest smile
To warm with love his churlish soul:
Affection there gave place to guile,
Whilst sordid sins his mind controul.

A haughty lordling saw her charms;
His child the impious parent sold;
For lucre gave her to his arms;
Alas! the god he serv'd was gold.

Fix'd was Amelia's wayward fate:
'Mother, I come!' she faintly cried:
She mourn'd her father's wretched state,
Pray'd for his faults, and praying died.

J. M. L.

March 6, 1805.

ACROSTIC.

By F. B. C.

A TTEND, lov'd girl! an humble suitor's pray'r;
G rant him thy love, nor drive him to despair;
N or cloud thy face with anger not thine own:
E xtend your charms; be your bright beauties shewn—
S o shall I live, angelic girl! for you alone.

P ermit me, then, to breathe my vows to you,
E nvy'd by all my rapt'rous bliss who view.
R eturn, sweet Agnes! to my longing arms,
C lad in thy native dignity and charms;
I then, so truly blest, might surely prove
V ain of that prize I wish, "*my Agnes' love!*"
A n humble vot'ry to attend your call,
L ow at your feet will C—— grateful fall!

Feb. 28.

ANOTHER.

By the Same.

M ONKS and enthusiasts the cross may kiss,
I n raptures gaze upon the sacred shrine;
S weet Agnes is my only source of bliss,
S o fair, so beauteous, lovely, and divine!

P ardon th' intrusion of my humble muse,
E ver desirous you, fair girl! to praise;
R elieve my tort'ring doubts; defects excuse;
C ome, quickly listen to my artless lays:
I f to my ardent vows you lend an ear,
V ain of my fate, beyond myself I'll rise,
A nd gen'rous love my lonely hours shall cheer;—
L ife without thee I'll scornfully despise.

March 3.

TO MISS A——S P——L.

ACCEPT, sweet girl! the tributary praise,
Nor my fond vows refuse:
Think not I fulsome flatt'ry pay,
'Tis foreign to my muse.

When first thy graceful form I view'd,
What raptures fill'd my breast!
Thy radiant brightness gave delight,
Thy beauty stood confest.

Thy sparkling eyes, those beaming gems,
Dart forth celestial fire:
Thy coral lips, and damask cheeks,
The fiercest love inspire.

Nor can the snow on Alpine hills
Surpass thy lily arm:—
In short, with ev'ry beauty blest,
'Tis you alone can charm.

No dulcet sounds can e'er excel
The music of thy tongue;—
What sweet sensations struck my soul,
Whilst on thy voice I hung!

What a blest lot that man attends
On whom you deign to smile!
You all his sorrows will dispel,
His tedious hours beguile.

Then pity me, and let me hope
You'll not my vows despise:
Ye Gods! how great, how vast, my bliss,
With such an heav'nly prize!

F. B. C.

March 3.

ACROSTIC.

B E every earthly blessing yours, my friend:
E ver may rosy health your steps attend.
L ong may you walk in virtue's shining way,
L ed by the graces' all-alluring sway.

R emember her whose thoughts are oft on you:
E ver to friendship's sacred claims be true,
E ternal things regard,—store well your mind,
D ear comrade of my youth—companion kind!

ELIZA H——.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Dec. 30.

THE French minister, M. Talleyrand, has transmitted a note to the Turkish ambassador at Paris, Haleb Effendi, of which marshal Brune, a short time before his departure from Constantinople, delivered a copy to the Reis Effendi. This note expresses surprise at the refusal of the Porte to acknowledge the emperor of the French, since France has ever been the oldest and most sincere friend of the Porte. The causes of this conduct are then adverted to, and it is ascribed to a faction in the Turkish ministry inimical to the true interests of the empire, which has had the art to procure the rejection of all advantageous propositions on the part of France, and to connect the Porte with another power. In conclusion, it it is asserted, that the present conduct of the Porte is inconsistent with its former mussulman dignity, which would never suffer it to render itself dependant on, and subject to, any foreign power, without well-founded motives. On the communication of this note, the Reis Effendi declared, that, with respect to the refusal of acknowledgment of the emperor Neapoleon, the Porte had been guided by the protestations of other powers.

Madrid, Jan. 11. The following is an extract of a letter from the camp at St. Roch, dated the 6th inst.

The winter has occasioned no check to the ravages of the yellow fever among the garrison of Gibraltar; it has been observed, that many more English than natives, in proportion, have died of it, which is ascribed to the former being less temperate in the use of strong liquors. We have now double reasons to hold Gibraltar strictly blockaded.

The English have turned away several neutral ships which were endeavouring to enter Cadiz: the animosity against the English is very great at Cadiz.

Italy, Jan. 14. According to letters that may be relied on, the continuance of the court of Naples in the system of neutrality it has hitherto observed is now fully confirmed by the formal consent of the emperor Napoleon; and the French commander in chief, general St. Cyr, has already given assurances that the French troops will not pass the stipulated line of demarkation, unless compelled by some unexpected hostile attempts.

Constantinople, Jan. 22. The report that a new alliance has been concluded between Russia and the Porte, and between those two powers and England, has been officially contradicted, as the Porte means only to continue and fulfil the convention she entered into with those powers during the last war after the attack of the French in Egypt. Hence it appears why the Porte could not refuse a passage to the Russians to Corfu, and why it was necessary to make certain communications previous to a recognition of the French imperial dignity.

Paris, Jan. 25. The propositions of mediation from the Prussian court, with respect to the differences with Russia and England, have arrived here, and we flatter ourselves they will produce the best effects.

Venice, Jan. 25. Four English frigates have arrived here from Malta,

to take in corn. The largest carries 40 guns, and 300 men.

Vienna, Jan. 26. The new French ambassador, M. de Rochefoucault, is now employed in negociation with our court, relative to the affairs in Italy.

Austrian Territory, Jan. 27. The march of a number of Austrian regiments to Italy appears to cause a considerable sensation at some foreign courts: but this movement has been made from two motives very consistent with peace; the first to secure from any infectious distemper, by a strong cordon, the extensive coast from Callaro to the Tyrol; and secondly, to give some relief to Bohemia, Moravia, and Austria, where it is well known the last harvest was very deficient, by the removal of several regiments to Italy. The system of our court is entirely pacific.

Marseilles, Jan. 31. Three days ago a French fleet of eleven ships of the line, seven frigates, and two brigs, sailed from Toulon. Its destination is unknown; it has between eight and nine thousand land troops on board, and is provisioned for a long time. It appears as yet to have escaped the fleet of admiral Nelson, by which it has long been blockaded.

Frontiers of Italy, Feb. 2. On the 29th of January, it was announced to the French garrison of (Italian) Prona, that the emperor Napoleon, the pope, and prince Joseph, would arrive at Milan in the course of the month of February. The latter will be crowned king of Lombardy, and consecrated by the pope.

Amsterdam, Feb. 2. The Italian republic will now soon be suppressed, and the kingdom of Lombardy established in its stead. We have accounts here that his French imperial majesty has consented to accept the royal crown of Lombardy, prince Joseph having made difficulties with respect to receiving it. The nephew of the emperor, the son of prince Louis, is to be the eventual successor to the throne of Lombardy.

Florence, Feb. 2. An amicable convention has been concluded between Austria and France, that no more troops shall, on either side, be sent to Italy.

The anointing and coronation of the king of Lombardy will be performed in the castle of Monsa.

The electoral colleges of the Italian republic are convoked for the first of March.

Naples, Feb. 4. On the 28th of January, the fleet of admiral Nelson, consisting of twelve ships of the line and five frigates, appeared before Palermo. A frigate advanced, and sent off a boat, which landed an officer with a parcel for general Acton, and a letter for the English banker, Gibbs. It was then three in the morning—the fleet continued in sight till eleven, when it proceeded for Messina.

Stockholm, Feb. 4. The royal family arrived here on Thursday, all in perfect health.

Milan, Feb. 5. It is reported at Vienna, that the emperor of Germany, during his purposed stay in Italy, will have an interview with the emperor of the French, on the banks of the Adige: and that it is probable Francis II. will be present at the evolutions of an encampment of French troops in Lombardy, and the emperor Napoleon at those of the Austrian camp at Palmanova.

Genoa, Feb. 9. The French frigate la Cornelie, which put into this port, sailed yesterday for Toulon, to rejoin the fleet. It is positively asserted that the fleet is returned to that port. It is said that a ship of the line and two frigates, belonging to the fleet, were considerably damaged in the storm which compelled it to put back; and that one of these made for a Corsican port, to repair.

Paris, Feb. 14. On Tuesday, the 12th instant, his excellency M. Schimmelpenninck, ambassador-extraordinary from the Batavian republic, was admitted to their majesties to take leave.

Respecting the squadron which has sailed from Rochefort, we read nothing in our journals; but the Moniteur, in communicating the English news, and stating from them the departure of that fleet, says, in a note—"It is now a month since the Rochefort squadron put to sea, and, according to all the letters from England, no conjecture could be formed there relative to its actual destination."

Stockholm, Feb. 15. On Wednesday arrived the Prince of Wales and Earl of Leicester packets, after meeting with great difficulties in the ice: a frigate and a cutter also appeared off Morstrand the same day, the former having on board M. Novoseltzoff and suite; but from the state of the ice they could not make a landing. They were seen on Thursday going up the Cattegut towards the Sound, where it is thought any attempts to land will be quite useless.

Berlin, Feb. 15. The negociations for accommodating the differences between Russia and France, under the mediation of our court, go very slowly forward. Russia has indeed declared that she was disposed to accept of the mediation of our court; but that she had entered into certain engagements with England, by virtue of which she was prevented from coming to a final adjustment without the concurrence of the court of St. James's.

There is a current report here of a treaty of subsidy between Russia, England, and Sweden, which is supposed to be already ratified. From another quarter it is asserted, that the remaining neutral powers, particularly those of Prussia and Austria, have taken the firm resolution of preserving their neutrality; nor was there ever observed so close an unanimity as exists at present between those two courts.

Paris, Feb. 16. It is conjectured that the English squadron which was off Messina on the 28th of January is in pursuit of the French squadron which sailed from Toulon on the 18th, and that the latter is gone to Egypt.

London is still in uncertainty with respect to the destination of the squadron from Rochfort.

Feb. 28. The Toulon fleet sailed the 15th of January last, having on board a body of troops, under command of general Lauriston. After being four days at sea, it was overtaken by a violent storm, which compelled it to return to port. A ship of the line and three frigates had parted from the fleet. The frigate la Cornelie, which had cast anchor in the port of Genoa, and the ship of the line which had sailed for Ajaccio, are already arrived at Toulon. The frigates l'Hortense and l'Incorruptible have been more fortunate; they fell in with an English merchant fleet of forty sail, and had taken or destroyed the whole of them. Two large corvettes, which convoyed this fleet, also fell into our hands, after an engagement which continued an hour. L'Hortense and l'Incorruptible have put into a Spanish port, where they sent five or six hundred prisoners on shore.

Amsterdam, March 1. His excellency M. Schimmelpenninck, since his arrival, has had several conferences with the directory of state; and yesterday he had an interview with the commission of the departmental government of Brabant.

General Marmont is expected to arrive in the Hague in the course of a few days.

The fate of Portugal, as to her share in the present contest, does not seem as yet to be finally decided. It is, however, generally thought that she will not be suffered to remain neutral.

Paris, March 3. One hundred and three English prisoners have been removed from Verdun to Sorrelibre.

The emperor is expected at Dijon about the 10th of March; — he will travel incognito.

The naval magazines in the Texel are being supplied with provisions again. The commissary of marine has received orders from the commander in chief to adopt the necessary measures with respect to every thing that concerns the completion of objects relative to the Texel expedition.

Something important is negociating between the courts of Petersburgh and Berlin, if we may judge by the frequency of the couriers from one city to the other, and particularly by the persons of distinction charged with the dispatches. On the 10th of February the baron de Winzengerode, the emperor of Russia's aid-de-camp, arrived at Berlin, and had an audience of the king.

In the new organisation of the Italian republic, there is to be, it is said, a senate, and a legislative body. The vice-president will have one of the first dignities.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, Feb. 16.

THIS evening, at a very full meeting, lord Fingal in the chair, our labours terminated, by the unanimous vote of the assembly for the petition for our entire emancipation. Lord Fingal, sir Thomas French, and sir Edward Bellew, barts. with Dennis Scully, and James Ryan, esqrs. are appointed to present the petition, and are to proceed to London forthwith. They are to offer it to Mr. Pitt; should he decline it, they are to take the best mode to have it presented. A committee of twenty-one is appointed here, with whom those deputies are to communicate during their mission.

London, Feb. 24. The channel fleet has returned to Torbay: but before admiral Cornwallis was obliged to leave his station off Brest he dispatched a squadron, consisting of the St. George, of 98 guns; Spartiate, of 84 guns; Atlas, of 74 guns; Veteran, of 64 guns; and Eagle, of 74 guns; to the southward. Their destination is unknown.

Woolwich, Feb. 26. Respecting the fever which has caused so much alarm in this town, it appears, by the best information we can obtain, to be the Typhus, or a species of jail fever. It has been wholly confined to the cadet academy. About thirty of the gentlemen have been confined with it; but only one has died. The rest are fast recovering. There are only eight or ten now confined, and none have been taken ill for nearly a fortnight; and the faculty are of opinion, that in the course of a week or two they will all be perfectly recovered. The academy will be shut up till the 1st of April, and the gentlemen have obtained leave of absence till that time.

28. The great line of defence from Shorncliffe by Hythe, through Romney Marsh, is proceeding with the most unexampled activity; such is the ardour with which it is prosecuted, that the workmen are employed even on Sundays. As it is solely intended for a military work, to stop the advance of an enemy into the interior, in the event of having made good his landing, the course it takes is not in a line, but in angular traverses, following, as far as it is practicable and suitable, the basis of the hills; obviously, therefore, adapted to permit an enfilading range from the batteries which will be placed behind it. The Martello Towers immediately on the sea-coast may be considered as the advanced posts of this great work. One of them will be constructed at the east end of Dymchurch Wall, and others also along and behind the wall, at Wyllop Marsh Land, and Clobesden Guts, to cover and protect the sluices at those places: these, with the different redoubts already constructed, will perfect the first line of defence from Hythe to Rye.

London, Feb. 28. This morning Rich. Hayward, alias Haywood, for cutting and maiming Benjamin Chantry; and John Tennant, for a burglary in the house of Robert Shaw, esq. Bridge-street, Blackfriars; were executed in pursuance of their sentence, before the debtors' door, in the Old Bailey. The conduct of the former of these miserable men, since his condemnation, has been

one continued scene of depravity: he yesterday attempted the life of one of the keepers, and otherwise so conducted himself, as to render it necessary to chain him to his cell.

March 1. The daughter of a peer eloped on Monday morning with the tutor of her brother. It was about two o'clock that the lady left her father's house in a post-chaise and four, in company with two of the male friends of her lover; he following the chaise at some distance, to avoid any unpleasant circumstances which might have arisen, had they been overtaken, from his being found in the lady's company.

It was from his lordship's seat in Norfolk that the fugitives took their departure. They were traced to Whitechapel by lord and lady P——. On their arrival in town, they applied to sir Richard Ford, and other magistrates in the Middlesex district, for assistance; but, notwithstanding every possible means were resorted to, the parties remained undiscovered. A letter is said to have been sent by the young couple yesterday, entreating forgiveness, and adding, that they were married by banns published some time since. They have not yet, however, discovered their place of residence.

The hero in this business is about thirty, and the lady is eighteen years of age. The attachment has been a growing one for some time, and is said to have been discovered a short time since by lady P. who acquainted her husband with it, and his lordship, in consequence, gave the gentleman intimation that it was his intention to procure him a more eligible situation. The tutor, apprehensive that he had been discovered, hastened to secure her flight without delay. Lady P. is stated to be inconsolable on the occasion.

It is, we suppose, the above young lady for the discovery of whom twenty guineas reward is offered.

2. A case of a curious nature was yesterday exhibited at Marlborough-street office. Susannah Williams, alias Smith, was charged with combining with others and false imprisoning Benjamin Chant. The prosecutor is the person who gave the principal evidence against Williams, now under sentence of death, for a highway robbery, in forcibly taking from a boy a quantity of newspapers, in Rupert-street. It appeared, by the statement of Chant, that he was called up by his master, Mr. Latchfort, a bit-maker, in Rupert-street, on Saturday evening, while at work, two men having said they had come to apprehend him, by warrant, for beating his wife. Chant denied the assertion; when they forcibly put him into a hackney coach, and he was conveyed to a receiving-house for seamen, at Tower-hill. He was there detained several hours, and he was informed that a woman, answering the description of the defendant, had given information at that house that he was a seaman, and they had consequently brought him thither. It also appeared, that the defendant had paid the coachman his fare. Yesterday morning Gregory and Slade, constables, procured a warrant, and repaired to the defendant's house, No. 2, Chapel-street, Grub-street, where a person of the name of Clark also resides, who made an unsuccessful attempt to invalidate the testimony of Chant, during the trial of Williams. The defendant was denied, when the constables repaired to Newgate and secured her. She confessed thas she had given information against Chant, who, she stated, should forfeit his life. The magistrate comm tted the prisoner, and gave directions that the other conspirators should be immediately searched for. It is but justice to an individual to say, that the receiving officer at the rendezvous set Chant at liberty, on hearing the circumstances by which he had been brought thither.

Jersey, March 5. The Young Phœnix, capt. Duval, arrived here last Saturday from Naples; sailed again for the Motherbank. She sailed from Naples 16th January, and stopped at Gibraltar, but without anchoring or having any communication with the shore. She has had sixteen days' passage from Gibraltar, and was there informed,

that the fleet from Malta to England had been captured by two French frigates; that the fleet consisted of thirty sail, convoyed by a sloop of war of 11 guns, and a six-bomb ship; that the sloop of war had fought the two frigates a long time, but was at last obliged to yield; that twenty-five of the convoy had been captured: five have escaped; one of these last was in Gibraltar Bay, the captain of which gave him the intelligence.

London, March 5. The committee upon the Middlesex election delivered their opinion this morning upon the petition presented against the return of the sheriffs, which is—

"That George Bolton Mainwaring, esq. was not duly elected.

"That sir Francis Burdett, bart. was duly elected, and ought to have been returned.

"That the petition against the said return was not frivolous nor vexatious."

Plymouth, March 7. Came in a rich Spanish prize, from Rio de la Plata, with some diamonds, ingots of gold and silver, dollars, and a valuable cargo, taken by the Pallas, of 32 guns, captain lord Cochrane. Another Spanish ship, Fortune, from Vera Cruz, laden with mahogany, logwood, and 432,000 dollars, captured by the Pallas, is not arrived. The Britannia, of 120 guns, rear-admiral Northesk, and Temeraire, 98 guns, captain Hervey, for Homoaze, will be soon ready in Cawsand Bay to join the channel fleet, which passed down for the Brest station yesterday, consisting of 16 sail of the line, 4 frigates, and 3 cutters.

Sailed for the river Thames all the Spanish vessels taken before the declaration of war against Spain, and condemned as droits to the admiralty, under convoy of a gun brig.—This day the Foudroyant of 84 guns, and Prince, 98 guns, took on board their bullocks, and will sail to-morrow or Saturday, to join the chanel fleet off Brest.—The Pallas and Endymion have been two of the most fortunate frigates in making rich captures since the Spanish war. The shares of the seamen and royal marines will be about 300 dollars each.

London, March 12. On Monday se'nnight an inquest was held on the body of John Nutter, who met with his death in the shop of Mr. Wm. Lister, of Halifax, clock and watch maker. The following circumstances relating to the fatal event appeared before the coroner and the jury:—One George Saltonstall, of Wadsworth, requested the deceased to purchase a clock for him: on the 2d instant, Saltonstall went with the deceased into Lister's shop; seeing a gun, he took it up, and on observing that the lock was worth nothing, Lister said it was a good one, and never missed fire. Lister then took it up, cocked the lock, struck it, and the gun went off, and, being charged with gunpowder and shot, the contents struck Nutter on the lower part of the belly, and he died the following day. It also appeared that Mr. Lister and the deceased were in perfect habits of intimacy, and that no harm could possibly be intended. Other witnesses were examined, who corroborated the facts above stated; but as it was advanced that Lister had, a very short time previous to the melancholy accident, charged the gun for the purpose of shooting a rat, it was thought that somedegree of negligence was imputable to Lister; and though a verdict of *accidental homicide* was returned, yet the coroner thought it proper to make out a warrant of commitment against Lister for the castle at York, to answer for the neglect and inattention he had been guilty of. A widow and six children are left to mourn the premature fate of a kind husband and an affectionate father.

12. Sir William Rawlins and Albion Coxe, esq. the sheriffs who returned sir Frances Burdett at the general election, were, by a vote of the house of commons, ordered to be committed to Newgate. No period was specified for their confinement:—the house of commons, we believe, never fix any precise time for the imprisonment of those whom they may think it necessary to order into confinement.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 17. At his house in Upper Grosvenor-street, the lady of the hon. George Villiers, of a son.

20. The right hon. lady King, of a son and heir.

23. In Edward-street, Portman-square, the lady of sir William Blackett, bart. of a son.

26. At Castle-Malwood Cottage, Hants, the lady of the hon. Charles Murray, of a son.

27. The lady of James Peter Auriol, esq. of Park-lane, of a daughter and a son.

28. At Portsmouth, the hon. Mrs. Dashwood, lady of captain Dashwood of the navy, of a son.

March 2. The lady of captain Gooch, of Brunswick-square, of a daughter.

9. At Trevalor, in Cornwall, the lady of Rose Price, esq. of a daughter.

11. In Wimpole-street, the lady of John Neave, esq. of a son.

12. At Farringdon, Berks, the lady of Joseph T. Hone, esq. of a son.

12. At Dolevorgan, Montgomeryshire, the seat of John Herbert, esq. the lady of Richard Mytton, esq. of a daughter.

12. In Park-lane, the hon. Mrs. Codrington, of a son.

13. At his house in the Royal Crescent, Bath, the lady of P. J. Parker, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 12. At Folkstone, John Finuiss, esq. paymaster 56th regiment, to miss S. Major, youngest daughter of the late William Major, esq. of that place.

19. At St. Ann's, Westminster, Mr. H. Tweedy, to miss Mary Anne Reid, of Chelsea.

21. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Cha. Woodcock, youngest son of the late Elborough Woodcock, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to miss Ann Parry, youngest daughter of Thomas Parry, esq. one of the directors of the East India Company.

21. At Oakham, Rutland, lieut. col. Kent, 10th foot, to Mrs. Steele.

21. At Mary-la-bonne church, capt. Leicester, of the royal staff corps, to miss Shirley, daughter of Barnard Shirley, esq. of Jamaica.

23. At Stonehouse, Devon, John Davies, esq. major in the Montgomery militia, to miss Charlotte Butt, third daughter of the late Peter Butt, esq.

23. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, John Gibson, esq. M. D. of York-street, St. James's-square, to miss de la Fontaine, of St. James's-street.

23. At Knaresborough church, by the rev. Francis Reed, Bethel Earnshaw Stag, esq. to miss Ellin Blake, youngest daughter of sir Francis Blake, of Twisel Castle, bart.

25. Edmond Luscombe, esq. of Stonehouse, Devon, contractor for Swedish stores to the royal dock-yards, to miss Caroline le Grice, second daughter of the late rev. Charles le Grice, of Bury St. Edmund's.

25. At Mary-la-bonne church, by the rev. Mr. Sandilands, Henry F. Greville, esq. late lieut. col. of the 4th dragoon guards, to lady Lambert.

28. At Dawlish, the rev. Charles Robinson, youngest son of sir George Robinson, bart. of Cranford, Northamptonshire, to miss Charlotte Pennyman, of Rise Cottage, Devon, daughter of sir James Pennyman, bart. of Ormsby Cleveland.

28. At Tavistock, the rev. Robert Serrel Wood, of Osmington, Dorset, to miss Bray, only daughter of Edward Bray, esq. of Abbey House, Tavistock, Devon.

28. At Colney-hatch, John White, jun. esq. of Devonshire-place, to miss Anne Down, daughter of Richard Down, esq. banker, Bartholomew-lane.

March 2. St. George's church, Hanover-square, Mr. Charles Booker, jun. of Guildford, Surry, to miss Neals, of the same place.

5. At St. Martin's in the Fields, Simon Brown, esq. of Chelsea, to miss Lowes, of West Hart-street, Covent-garden.

9. At Lymington, Hants, James Monro, esq. to miss Samber, only daughter of James Samber, esq. captain in the royal navy.

9. Mr. James Van Sommer, jun. of New Millman-street, to miss Eicke, of Highbury Terrace.

9. Mr. Richards, of Chancery-lane, solicitor, to Miss King, of Highgate.

11. James Cooper, esq. of Lavender

Hill, Surrey, to miss Ann Tomson, at St. Lawrence's, Ramsgate, niece to admiral Fox, of the same place.

12. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Isaac Rolfe Boggis, esq. of Colchester, in the county of Essex, to miss Elizabeth Mavor Stubbs, second daughter of G. Stubbs, esq. of Great George-street, Westminster.

12. At Moccas Court, Wales, Mr. Lewis, to miss Harriet Cornwall, daughter to sir G. Cornwall, bart.

13. At Hackney, Mr. Hollis Solly, of Crutched Friars, to miss Harrison, of Grove Place, Hackney.

13. At Farndon, Cheshire, lieut. col. H. Maxwell, to miss Ann Thomas, daughter of the late Walter Thomas, esq. of Chester.

DEATHS.

Feb. 15. At Castle Grant, lady Grant, of Grant.

19. At Pentonville, in the 63d year of her age, Mrs. Mary French, eldest surviving daughter of the late Cymon French, esq. of French Brook, in the county of Roscommon.

20. At Navestock, of an inflammation, a few days after the birth of a surviving son, the right hon. lady Maria, wife of Nathaniel Micklethwaite, esq. and only daughter of the countess of Waldegrave.

21. In the 18th year of his age, Benjamin Sutton Bradbury, esq. of Richmond, Surrey.

21. At an advanced age, Mrs. D'Estrade, mother of Charles D'Estrade, esq. formerly of the island of Jamaica.

22. At Harewood-house, the right hon. lady Harewood.

24. On Sunday last, at her house in St. James's-square, in the 72d year of her age, the right hon. the countess dowager of Dartmouth, mother of the present earl.

25. At his son's house in Percy-street, in the 76th year of his age, Dr. William Buchan, author of Domestic Medicine, and several other publications.

25. At her house in Dublin, Mrs. Kelly, lady of the right hon. Thomas Kelly, late judge of his majesty's court of Common Pleas in Ireland.

25. At Bath, after a short illness, Mrs. Hopkins, lady of major-general Hopkins.

25. At Bath, in his 85th year, the hon. Thomas Pownall, of Eveston-house, Bedfordshire, formerly governor of New Jersey.

27. In Tavistock-place, Russel-square, Charles Hornsby, esq. late of Emanuel-college, Cambridge.

28. After a few days' illness, at a friend's house, at Much Hadham, in Hertfordshire, the lady of Wm. Schutz, esq. of Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.

March 1. At his house in Bedford-square, George Shum, esq. member of parliament for Honiton, in Devonshire, and an eminent brewer in London, in partnership with alderman Combe.

1. After a short illness, Francis De Valangin, M. D. aged 80.

2. On Saturday, Stephen Williams, esq. many years one of the East-India directors.

3. On Sunday morning, at the age of 82 years, at her house in Lower Brook-street, Bridget countess dowager of Morton, relict of James earl of Morton.

9. After a long and severe illness, Michael Sampson, esq. of Spital-square, in the 63d year of his age.

Lately, at his seat in the county of Antrim, Ireland, Clotworthy Skeffington, earl of Massareene, viscount Massareene, and baron of Loughreagh. This nobleman was many years confined in the Bastile in France, and effected his escape in 1789, by marrying mademoiselle Mary-Ann Barrier, daughter of the governor, who, with her sister and her husband, became the partners of his flight, and accompanied him to Ireland. His lordship possessed many eccentricities: from his long residence in the Bastile, he contracted a habit of sleeping on a mattrass on the floor, and after his return to Ireland continued it, her ladyship resting on a bed of down in the same apartment; but this was not the only circumstance they disagreed in, and at last a separation took place. His lordship was in his 63d year, and is succeeded in his titles and estates by the hon. colonel Skeffington, his lordship's brother, who is gone to Ireland to take possession.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR APRIL, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Botany for Ladies, 171
2 The Installation of the Knights of the Garter, 172
3 The Romance of the Pyrenées, 177
4 Character, Dress, and Manners, of the Brasilians, 186
5 On Poetry, 190
6 Eliza, or the Hermit's Cell, 191
7 The Country Town, a Comedy, 199
8 The Intrigue, 204
9 The New Comedy—Who Wants a Guinea? 210
10 London Afternoon Dresses—Parisian Fashions; 213
11 Poetical Essays.—To Bloomfield Webb.——Address to a Snow-Drop.—Verses on leaving H——n.—Acrostic.—Verses addressed to Miss Harrison, Lincoln.—Elegy on the death of Miss M. Cooling, Lincoln.—Acrostic.—Verses on a pleasant Walk near Lincoln.—To an Enthusiast. By Mr. G. Dyer. 214—216
12 Foreign News, 217
13 Home News, 220
14 Births, 223
15 Marriages, 223
16 Deaths, 224

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 Botany.
2 London Afternoon Dresses, elegantly coloured.
3 A new and elegant Pattern for a Sleeve, &c.
4 Garcias carrying Victoria to the Dungeon of Gonzalvo.
5 Music—'The favourite Air of, LORD, REMEMBER DAVID,' as sung with the greatest applause by Mr. Harrison, in the Oratorios, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; composed by Mr. Handel.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Conclusion* of the *Monks and the Robbers* was received too late for insertion this month; but it shall certainly be given in our next.

The continuation of the *Moral Zoologist* in our next.

We are sorry that we are not able to answer Clarinda satisfactorily, with respect to the *Elville Family Secrets*.—We should be glad to hear again from the author of that Novel.

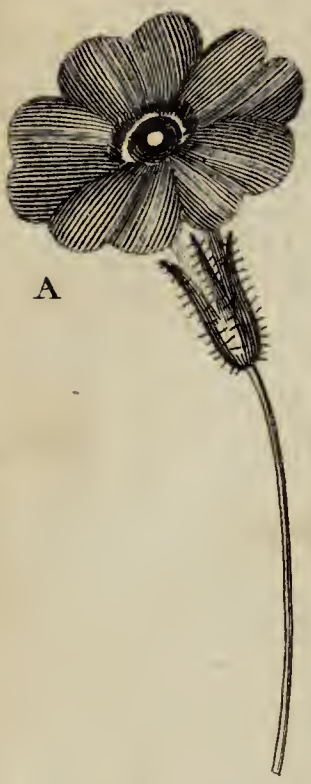
The *Female Characters* communicated by Mentor are under consideration.

The contributions of R. S. and J. M. are intended for insertion; as are the pieces signed Decius and Flavilla.

The *Lines on Easter Day* require revision.

The *Essay on the Contemplation of Nature* is very incorrect.

*** In the next number will be given a CAVATINA, composed expressly for this work, by W. SHIELD, Esq.



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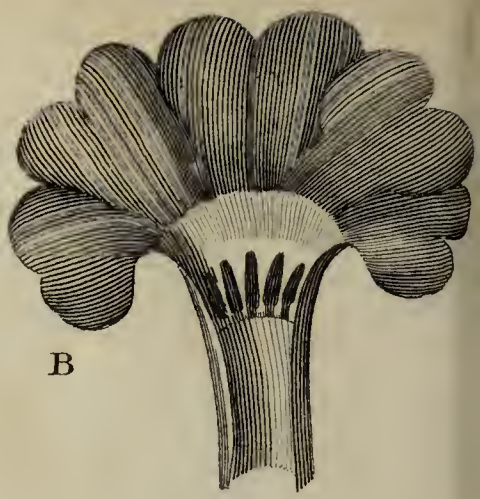

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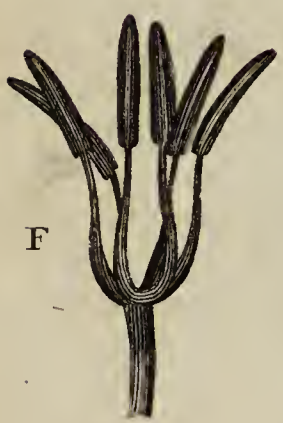

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Publish'd as the Act directs May 1st 1805, by Geo: Robinson, Paternoster Row, London.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For APRIL, 1805.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

SECOND LESSON.

HAVING overcome our first terror, the difficulties yet to arrive will appear less formidable, by explaining the origins of the scientific terms used in Botany.

Surrounding the PISTILLUM, which was in the center of all the flowers examined, we find other *projecting* bodies, and these are called the STAMINA. As the plural of the word Phænomenon is Phænomena, so this is the plural; for *one* of these bodies would be called a STAMEN. (Vide pl. 3. E, F, G.)

Accustomed to this word, as when we say of a good *stamina*, that is *foundation*, *stay*, or *prop*, so this part is thought to be most essential, as being the *male* part of the flower, and as it were the foundation of the rest.

It may be also esteemed the most essential part, as forming the classes of the Sexual System.

These stamina are found to vary as to numbers. In the Primrose (pl. 3. B) they are five. In the Poppy (pl. 3. E), numerous. In the Tulip (pl. 3. F) and Lilly (pl. 3. G), the number is six.

As the PISTILLUM, or female, was composed of distinct parts, so are the stamina.

For example, if we examine the PRIMROSE, we shall find in the tube of the Corolla (pl. 3. B) five oblong bodies attached to it, which are the five stamina.

These are composed of only one part, called ANTHER.

This word is usually derived from anthos, Greek, a flower. Has botanical pride, as before observed, dignified this part, as the most essential, with the general appellation? or is it not rather derived from a medicine of this name, of a yellow colour? or is it taken from the Latin word anthera, which means the yellow dust in the center of the Rose; for the anther is a part which always contains a fine powder, or FARINA, usually of a yellow colour? (Pl. 3. G. h.)

FARINA is a Latin word signifying common flower, and as these corpuscules are only themselves cases

enclosing a still finer powder, this more subtle powder is denominated POLLEN.

POLLEN is a Latin word for *flower* used to make the best bread and for sacrifices.

Descending to our first specimens (pl. 3. E, F, G), we observe in these *two* parts,

1. The ANTHER, elevated, or supported by

2. The FILAMENT.

This word is derived from FILAMENTUM, Latin, a *thread*, as resembling it; and as in the PISTILLUM the *style* was sometimes wanting, so is the *filament* sometimes deficient, as in the Primrose (pl. 3. B), where the filaments at least are not sensible to the naked eye.

To recapitulate; the essence of every STAMEN consists in the

1. ANTHER, containing the FARINA, which itself encloses the POLLEN. The STAMEN is, however, generally composed of *two* parts,

1. ANTHER,

2. FILAMENT.

MODE OF IMPREGNATION.

The FARINA possessed by the ANTHER is carried away by winds, or bees, to settle on the STIGMA of the PISTILLUM, or *female*, and from thence passes to each SEED within the GERMEN, to render *these fruitful*.

Thus, the all-wise CREATOR hath formed *male* and *female* in all animated creatures, and through this second means the varied race of beings are continually produced, keeping up the face of *Nature* constantly the same: nor can a knowledge so wonderfully displaying the power of the CREATOR sully the minds of us HIS creatures; but must awfully draw us to the contemplation of HIS power, who hath instituted these laws, and WHO must design therefore that they should be known.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the INSTALLATION of the KNIGHTS of the GARTER at WINDSOR, on Tuesday, April 23, 1805.

THIS splendid ceremony exhibited a pageant which exceeded any thing that could have been conceived, and was certainly far superior to any exhibition of a similar nature that has ever taken place in this country, or, perhaps, in Europe. It would indeed require the highest flight of a poet's fancy to imagine such a scene of magnificence, and the man who should attempt to give it a full description, if any man were competent to the task, would expose himself to the suspicion of dealing in a poet's rant. Much as public curiosity was excited—high as public expectation was raised by the rumours some time afloat respecting the vastness of the preparation—the scene itself was equal to any thing the warmest fancy could wish, and far, very far indeed, beyond what the most sanguine expectation could look for. It resembled altogether something of that visionary grandeur to which romantic writers are fond sometimes to introduce their heroes—It was the magnificence of Asia chastened and enriched by the refinement of Europe. Every thing that even the the most extravagant *amateur* of grandeur could wish for was to be seen, and yet there was nothing tawdry—there was no superfluity of ornament. Nothing was offered to the eye or the ear, but that which was calculated to afford gratification. Every thing that taste could devise, that judgment could execute, that wealth could procure, seemed combined to produce a *tout ensemble* which should please the eye, fascinate the fancy, and astonish the mind. Astonishment was certainly the first feeling, but that was soon softened

into delight.—There is nothing at all on record in the history of the Garter, or any similar institution in Europe, that is entitled even to a comparison with the proceedings of this day.

PROCESSION.

At eleven o'clock precisely the procession moved from the royal apartments in the following order:

Kettle Drums and Trumpets.
Poor Knights, two and two.
Prebends, two and two.
Pursuivants and Heralds, two and two.
Norroy (King at Arms). Clarencieux (Ditto).
Knights Elect (having their Caps and Feathers in their Hand); viz.
Earl of Chesterfield. Earl of Winchilsea.
Earl of Pembroke. Marquis of Abercorn.
Duke of Beaufort.
Duke of Rutland.
Knights Companions, viz.
Earls { Camden, Spencer, Carlisle.
Westmoreland. Salisbury.
Earl of Chatham.
Marquis of Buckingham.
Duke of Devonshire.

Two Serjeants at Arms, a little before the Sword of State.

Prince William, Duke of Gloucester,
Duke of Cambridge, Duke of Sussex,
Duke of Cumberland, Duke of Kent,
Duke of Clarence, Duke of York,
Prince of Wales,
The Register (the Dean),
Having Garter King at Arms on his Right,
and
Deputy Black Rod on his Left, Hand.
The Chancellor, with the Purse,
Having on his Right Hand the Prelate.
Lord Chamberlain. The Sword of State.

Two Serjeants at Arms, a little before the Sword of State.

Gentlemen Pensioners.

THE SOVEREIGN.
His Train borne by the Marquisses of Worcester and Tavistock.
Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.

Gentlemen Pensioners.

Immediately after the procession of the Knights had left the Royal apartments, Her Majesty and the Princesses in the following order:

Her Majesty, attended by two Gentlemen, one on each side.
The Princess of Wales.
Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth.
Princesses Sophia and Sophia of Gloucester.
Princesses Amelia and Mary.

After whom succeeded fourteen ladies dressed in garter blue dresses, trimmed with silver, walking two by two. Her majesty and her royal party entered the chapel by the northern gate, and proceeded directly to the gallery prepared for their reception, on the right of the altar. The royal party sat in a line along this side gallery, the queen at the extremity on the left: the princess Augusta being on the right of the whole. The princess of Wales sat next to her majesty, then the princess Elizabeth, Sophia of Gloucester, Amelia, Mary, and the princess Sophia next to the princess Augusta. Her majesty and the princesses were settled in their places before the procession entered.

The procession instead of entering by the north door passed on to the southern door, through which it entered and passed down the south aisle, and back again up the north aisle to the chapter-house; the organ and band playing the march in '*Hercules*;' and from thence, after the investiture of the knights elect, the procession moved down the north aisle and up the middle aisle into the choir. Here the ceremony of offering up the atchievements of the deceased knights was performed, whilst the organ and the band, placed in the organ loft, played the solemn dead march in Saul, and the dirge in Samson.

Words are little adequate to express the glow of feeling which a view of this procession as it passed along the different aisles gave rise to. A beloved monarch surrounded by such a numerous family of illustrious princes is really a gratifying sight. The smile of inward complacency and satisfaction appeared on his majesty's countenance, as he moved along and looked alternately on his royal sons, and on the spectators. The motion of the plumes and the consequent undulation of the scene when the procession was viewed in perspective had the finest effect imaginable. When the procession advanced into the choir, his majesty took his seat on the right of the door, opposite the altar, in the bishop's box; and the prince of Wales on the opposite side of the door. The knights elect, after having been separately and successively introduced between two of the senior members, received their robes and collars, and were installed, after having their admonitions and their oaths administered to them by the register, garter king at arms, &c.

Divine service then commenced, being the same with that used in St. George's chapel on the Obiit Sundays.

The proper Psalms were the 21st, 146th, and 147th.—The first lesson was the 44th chapter of Ecclesiasticus.——The Te Deum was composed by Gibbons.——The second lesson was the 11th chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews.—The anthem, which is a celebrated composition of Handel's, was selected for the occasion by his majesty, from Psalm 21st, and sung at the conclusion of the first service; the words were as follow: Chorus, The King shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord. —Verse, Exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation.—Chorus, Glory and great Worship hast thou laid upon him.—Thou hast presented him with the blessings of goodness, and hast set a crown of pure gold upon his head.—Full Chorus, Hallelujah.

In the Communion service, at the words '*Let your Light so shine before Men*,' a rich cushion and carpet were spread by the officers of the wardrobe, on which his majesty knelt while he made his offering: these being removed, the other knights made their offering, during which, the air in Bernice. These offerings were made in the following manner:

The knights walked up the aisle to the steps leading to the altar, two at a time, where they made their obeisance, and then turned round and did the like to the throne. Then ascending the steps they uncovered their heads, and kneeled on the two crimson velvet cushions placed near the railing at the foot of the altar, again bowed, and presented a silver net purse, containing ten guineas and ten shillings, to the dean, who received the same on a gold salver. The knights then arose, bowed, and descended the steps, walking backwards; when they reached the bottom of the steps they bowed again to the altar and to the throne, and then retired down the aisle to their stalls.

The solemn service finished about six minutes after five o'clock, when the queen arose and passed from her seat down the aisle, and out at the northern gate, followed by the princess of Wales, princess Augusta, Elizabeth, Sophia, and Sophia of Gloucester, Mary, and Amelia; the duchess of York was the last of the royal party; the maids of honour followed. The queen and the princess of Wales were each escorted by two gentlemen in court dresses; and the other ladies were attended by one gentleman each. The procession of the knights reached St. George's hall precisely at forty minutes past five. His majesty being seated, with the prince of Wales on his right hand, the duke of Gloucester on the right of the prince, and the duke of York on his left, the rest of the princes took their seats at the royal table, in all ten. The knights, sixteen in number, then seated themselves.

The dinner commenced about six o'clock, previous to which the queen and the princesses had taken their seats in the gallery on the western side of the hall. The knights' table was not decorated with any kind of frame work or ornaments, which is said to be owing to the order for the distributing the fragments among populace. When the dessert was placed on the table, a variety of splendid ornaments covered the table, consisting principally of several figures of knights on horseback, composed wholly of silver, surmounted by the Star and Order of the Garter, in solid gold. Other devices, equally rich and appropriate, were introduced. The plate on the king's table, consisting wholly of gold, was said to be worth 12000*l*. This service of plate was made for George I. and his majesty was so well pleased with the execution and moderate charge of the goldsmith, that he is said to have presented him with 500*l*. more than the amount of the bill. The knights dined off silver. When the knights had dined, the queen and princesses retired; and then the company invited to dine at the twenty-seven tables, set out in the different rooms of state, sat down to table, over each of which presided lords and ladies of the bed-chamber.

About a quarter past eight, the tables, eighteen in number, which had been previously placed in the castle-yard, and set out in a triangular form, were covered with provisions of all kinds, and nine hogsheads of ale were placed on three large tables or benches.—During the time the dinner was getting ready for the populace, all the gates leading into the castle-yard were closed, and sentinels, both horse and foot, were stationed without to keep the unruly in awe, and prevent them from approaching too near the entrances. The scene of confusion which ensued on opening the gates exceeds all description, every one being more anxious to plunder than to eat; they carried off that which came soonest to hand, whilst the less robust were frequently robbed of their booty in retreating to a place of safety;

From the windows of the queen's apartments the king and the princes of the blood surveyed the scene. From what we could learn, no accidents happened. This may be accounted for from the circumstance of very few knives being placed upon the tables.

DRESSES.

The Queen.

Her Majesty was dressed in white satin covered with silver netting, with bracelets and loops to the sleeves of the dress of garter blue, with the motto of the garter in diamonds, and the same kind of bandeau head-dress, together with a magnificent aigrette and diamond plume.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

Morning Dress—Truly magnificent; it was composed of purple and silver tissue, with an excellent border of gold and silver lyre, and crescents embroidered on purple velvet; the petticoat of very rich silver wove sarsenet with a most superb silver fringe at bottom; over the dress was worn a silver mantle, tastefully trimmed with an elegant vandyke silver fringe; the whole had a most brilliant appearance and well suited for the occasion.

Evening Dress—Of gold imperial sarsnet with an elegant border richly composed of stones and topazes, forming bunches of grapes and vine leaves; the sleeves richly trimmed with wreaths of diamonds, and diamonds round the shoulder and waist; at the bottom of the dress a superb silver vandyke tassel fringe.

Princess Elizabeth.

A white satin petticoat, with a very rich border of flowers in festoons. A rich silver tunic, composed of lace, with the same kind of embroidery as the satin petticoat.

Princess Augusta.

Same as the princess Elizabeth. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Princess Sophia.

A white satin petticoat, with an elegant border of British lace, richly embroidered with silver; Algerine spangles on the bottom of the petticoat. A rich silver tunic of spangled net, with a magnificent border, containing the Order of the Garter, superbly emblazoned with gold. The sleeves of all the princesses' dresses were looped up with a brilliant Star of the Order of the Garter.

Princess Mary.

Morning Dress—A royal purple tissue of silver, with silver spangle sleeves.

Evening Dress—A white satin spangled, and worked with royal purple and red; a crape drapery spangled, falling from the right shoulder to the ground, and supported with demaut on the left side.

Princess Amelia.

Evening Dress—A white satin petticoat (short dress), with an uncommonly rich Grecian vandyke border of scarlet, garter blue velvet, embroidered with silver spangles, in a spiral form, and surmounted with Algerine waves, wholly composed of silver and extremely elegant. A tunic of white British lace, with the same kind of embroidery as the satin petticoat, and covered with a shower of silver spangles to correspond with the costume of the other parts of the dress; the body and sleeves to correspond: the whole was very magnificent. The brilliancy of this dress was rendered additionally attractive by her royal highness being in perfect health and spirits.

Duchess of York.

Her Royal Highness was remarked for the taste and elegance of her dress, which was an entire new invented purple and silver gauze; the front and bottom of the train richly embroidered with an arabesque in silver spangles and foil; the body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds.

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 133.)

CHAP. XXIV.

IN all that agitation of mind and frame which hopes and fears like hers inspired, Victoria walked along unconscious whither she was going, until she found herself at the foot of the great staircase. Alarmed, she instantly stopped, and hastily demanded where Juan was leading her?

'To your chamber, donna.'

'This is not the way to my chamber,' said she in faltering accents expressive of her anticipating fears.

'Not to the one you lately slept in,' he replied; 'but thither you go no more.'

Half shrieking she wildly exclaimed, 'I must, I will return there!' Then clinging to the balustrade to prevent his forcing her up the staircase, she earnestly and pathetically supplicated to be allowed to pass that one night in the last chamber she had occupied; but Juan was inflexible.

It was his duty, he said, to obey Don Manuel, who had ordered him to conduct her to the chamber she first had in the castle, and there he would take her dead or alive.

Victoria now, in wild affright, fled from him; and, winged with despair, hastened back to the parlour to implore Don Manuel to grant her petition; but he was gone, and no one appeared there but Garcias. Struck with dismay, and with all the agony her mind endured depicted upon every line of her countenance, she eagerly demanded where Don Manuel was.

'Why, what can you want with him?' answered Garcias sullenly.

'I want him to pity me; to have the humanity to allow of my returning to the chamber I last night occupied, and to spare me the horrors of that dreadful chamber I first inhabited.'

'What!' said the savage, with a sarcastic grin, 'What! do you pretend to dread a return to that room?—*you*, who could magnanimously sit in the dusk of evening, and alone too, in the library, where *I* dare not remain? Oh! abominable affectation!'

'I have no cause,' replied Victoria, bursting into a convulsive passion of tears, 'I have no cause to fear any supernatural power; but from that room, which I tremble at passing my night in, you are no stranger, seignior, to the mysterious manner in which my respected attendant was conveyed away. Oh, where is Don Manuel? in pity let me, oh! let me see him. He is not cruel—he will compassionate my misery; he will, I know, accede to my petition.'

'Will he?—then I'll take care you shall not see him. I am cruel, or at least resolved; and to that very dreaded chamber you this instant go.' Victoria, shrieking, strove to elude the ruffian's grasp, but in vain. She sunk upon her knees, and in the most pathetic terms supplicated for mercy; but the heart of Garcias was invulnerable to the attacks of pity.

'No, no,' said he unfeelingly; 'these counterfeited fears can avail you nothing, my lovely novice. If your old attendant was mysteriously conveyed away from one chamber, you forget that your young attendant was equally so from the other; so no more of this flimsy nonsense. Besides, you who are so very sanctified, such an exemplary devotee, have no cause for fear, since your piety is an impregnable shield; and the rosy little che-

rubim and seraphim will certainly, if not quite negligent of their duty, in case of an emergency, fly away with you from the clutches of the profane.' Then, regardless of her tears, her groans, her struggles, her supplications, her despair almost arising to phrensy, he bore her to the chamber she so much dreaded; and there leaving her with a lamp, her dismaying fears and agonising disappointment for her companions, fastened the door after him and departed.

Victoria's feelings were now tortured up to such a pitch of anguish, that her faculties were benumbed by suffering; and she happily for some time became almost insensible of her misery. With eyes fixed, and folded arms, she sat motionless, while deep groans alone indicated her having still some recollection of her wretchedness.

At length the castle clock struck one—to our heroine a dreadful sound. It tolled the knell of her departed hope, and roused at once her almost torpid faculties to acutest feelings. Tears of the bitterest woe burst in torrents from her eyes; and the certainty of her forlorn situation struck her heart with the direst pangs of despair. At length a new agony of horror suddenly assailed her in the terrible apprehension of her intended escape having been discovered, and that her amiable generous friend would become a victim to his humanity. This was the hour appointed for her flight; and this was probably the moment in which the most benevolent of human beings might fall an unsuspecting prey to the diabolical assassins of the castle.

Images of murder, torture, and death, in every dreadful shape, now presented themselves in horrid array to her dismayed imagination, and floated in ghastly forms before her. In this moment a hollow sound of approaching footsteps struck her ears: eagerly she glanced her eyes around the room, in a hopeless search for succour, when a lengthened though half-stifled groan issued from one of the beds. Her eyes rested on the spot from whence it seemed to proceed, and for the first time she perceived the small bed Hero had reposed in was occupied. With difficulty could she repress a shriek; breathless with dreadful expectation, she looked upon the object of her consternation; and conceiving by the head-dress that it was a female who rested there, she hastily advanced to the bed, with a half-formed hope of finding Teresa, when a spectacle so unlooked for, so afflicting, so appalling, struck her dismayed senses, that, uttering a piercing cry of horror, her trembling knees sunk with her to the ground; and, scarcely possessing power to retain her panic-struck faculties, she fixed her eyes in a gaze of dreadful amazement upon the bed, while she strove to breathe forth with energy a prayer for the repose of signora Octavia's soul, whose body lay on that bed disfigured with gore and ghastly wounds, cloth-ed in a shroud and winding-sheet, all stained with the blood the murderer's hand had shed.

It was in this awful moment of terror and dismay that the chamber door was softly opened, and conte Vicenza, armed with a sword, entered alone. With an air of compassionating tenderness he approached our woe-struck heroine, whom with the gentle words of kindness and encouragement he raised from the ground. The powers of her mind harrowed by despair, horror, and apprehension, Victoria seemed to have lost all recollection of the causes she had to fear and despise the conte; her now imperfect memory represented him to her as the husband of her aunt, the kind and indulgent

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Victoria entreating Count Vicenza to leave her.

Romance of the Pyrenees Chap: XXIV, pa 279.

protector of her innocence and youth, whom Providence had conducted to her aid in the moment of hopelessness. She attempted not to disengage herself from his support; her head rested contentedly upon his shoulder, and after some feeble efforts to speak she softly articulated, 'Oh my uncle, save me, rescue me, conduct me to my aunt!'

'I will, my beloved, my injured child!' he tenderly replied: 'I came hither for that purpose; be therefore composed, be pacified, be no longer alarmed, my love, for I will protect you from every danger. He led her to a seat, and then continued:

'By means of that disaffected follower of the miscreant Manuel, who guided my wandering way to find you in this infernal castle, I have just learned that the most diabolical plot the fiends of cruelty ever suggested is preparing to be executed against you this very night. Assisted by the contrivance of this man, and at the peril of my life, I hither came to save you. This man, Urbino, with a chosen band, are now in waiting to convey us to a secure retreat; from whence, as speedily as our safety will admit of, we shall proceed to my château, where your beloved Farinelli shall be in readiness to receive you; and I will conduct you from this soul-harrowing place the moment your spirits are sufficiently composed to enable you to encounter those difficulties which must necessarily attend our escape.'

'I am composed, I am ready, I am equal to encountering every difficulty that can present itself,' exclaimed Victoria, wildly starting from her chair and giving her trembling hand to Polydore, who taking the lamp from the table supported his lovely niece to the chamber-door; but there he suddenly stopped.

'On one condition alone, Victoria, will I save you from the calamitous fate that awaits you even in the next moment,' said he solemnly.

Victoria shuddered. 'Name it, my lord,' she faintly articulated. Conte Vicenza led her back to the table, where depositing the light, he drew the contract from his bosom, and took a pen from an inkstand which lay upon the table.

'Affix your name,' said he, 'to this solemn promise of becoming my wife the moment I obtain permission from the see of Rome for our union.'

These words, with a sight of the contract, like an electric shock, roused at once to fullest vigour Victoria's before enfeebled mental powers.

'Never! my lord,' she exclaimed firmly: 'no, never will I sign it, or become your wife!'

'Then will I leave you, deluded wretched girl! to the horrors of your approaching fate.'

'That fate cannot entail guilt upon me; therefore I prefer it, and beg that I may be left to prepare my mind for meeting it.' She waved her hand for his departure, and then intrepidly walked to the bed where Octavia's body lay, on which she gazed in silent anguish; and then, sinking upon her knees, devoutly prayed to Heaven for its support through her approaching trial.

The conte beheld her with surprise and mortification; but at length advancing to her, said, 'Silly, infatuated Victoria! you know not the tortures which await you.'

'The tortures of conscience shall not be amongst them,' she firmly replied. 'Leave me, my lord, I entreat you. You inform me, my time is short; and do not you rob me of those moments for which I have such necessary, such awful, employment.'

'Well then, be it so,' said th conte furiously; 'but the moment is at hand when you will rue this rashness, when you will too late repent

your injustice to me.' He then rushed out of the chamber, and Victoria heard him draw the bolts which fastened her in with the murdered body of her friend, without once wishing to recall him; and yet it was to her an awful scene. The first time in her life that she had knelt by the bed of death, enclosed with the mangled corse of her murdered friend, who was so mysteriously withdrawn from, so horribly returned to that chamber, and expecting every moment to meet with a fate similar to that Octavia had experienced, her senses sickened, but her soul remained undauntedly firm to its purpose, until another doleful groan assailed her ears.

'Gracious Providence!' Victoria exclaimed, starting from her knees, 'can it be possible that she yet lives?' and with all the sanguine energy of hope she grasped one of Octavia's pallid hands, to try her pulse; but instantly she let it drop in horror. Its clay-cold, clammy, stiffening touch extinguished every ray of hope at once: and now, appalled with direful superstition, she almost formed a wish that she had been less precipitate with conte Vicenza; but in one instant that wish was recoiled from with horror.

Bernini was no more; yet twice she heard distinctly a groan of anguish burst from the bed on which her body lay. What could they portend? She listened in breathless expectation to hear them repeated; but all continued silent as the grave, until she heard the bolts of her chamber-door suddenly draw back, when conte Vicenza rushed in almost breathless with agitation.

'The blood-hounds are approaching,' exclaimed he, advancing to the spot where Victoria trembling stood: in a moment more they will be here; and ill as you have used me, I risk my life to save you; for by Heaven you shall not become a prey to your own deluding obstinacy! I will, insulting, suspicious, inexorable girl, in despite of your cursed, cursed prejudices, save you from destruction! This instant shall you sign the contract and accompany me, or I will myself become your assassin, and spare you the horrible fate preparing for you.' Then seizing her in his arms, he dragged the struggling shrieking Victoria to the table, to compel her to sign the contract, which she resolutely exclaimed against doing; when, by the interposition of pitying Heaven, she was rescued from his grasp by strength more powerful than his own.

Victoria, turning to see by whose intervention she was withdrawn from conte Vicenza's power, beheld Hyppolito. Now shrieking with joy she sunk upon her knees and breathed a fervent thanksgiving to Heaven, while the conte, with phrenzy strongly marked upon his countenance, rushed frantically with his unsheathed sword upon Hyppolito, exclaiming—

'Villain! miscreant! take my vengeance!'

Hippolyto was also armed, and parried off the furious attacks of Polydore. 'I owe conte Vicenza much,' he replied; 'but this is not a moment for retribution. In lady Victoria's presence I only act upon the defensive, unless compelled to other conduct for her preservation.'

Victoria now starting from her knees, flew to the door to call for succour; but there recollection coming to her aid, she was struck with the conviction that to summon assistance would be for the conte's safety and Hippolyto's destruction: she therefore flew back, intending to place herself between their swords, when Hippolyto disarmed the conte, who, in the blindness of his fury striving to regain his own weapon,

rushed impetuously upon the point of Hippolyto's, and received from it a deep wound in his breast; when, execrating fate and his adversary, he fell, and, in his fall overturning the table, extinguished the lamp.

Hippolyto, now mindful only of Victoria's safety, took her in his arms, and carefully steering clear from every annoyance, swiftly conveyed her behind the state bed, where upon pressing his foot against a pannel it instantly receded, when leaping through the chasm with his lovely burden, he alighted upon the summit of a narrow deplorable flight of brick steps. Cautiously he fastened the pannel with several rusty bolts, and then, guided by the glimmering of a light proceeding from below, he quickly descended with his lovely charge, who, overpowered by joy, surprise, and apprehension, found herself incapable of uttering one sentence of that gratitude to her gallant deliverer which her heart was full of.

The beaming light now brightening at each step they took over mouldering bricks and heaps of rubbish, Victoria at length beheld a man standing at the foot of this long flight of steps holding the torch by which they benefited, who, on first catching a glimpse of them as they descended, rapidly advanced to meet them, and discovered to our astonished heroine the humane Pedro.

Finding another of her friends escaped from what she had believed to be a general massacre, could not but inspire the grateful heart of Victoria with the purest joy, and tears of genuine pleasure burst from her eyes, restoring at once her powers of articulation; and she would have breathed forth some of those acknowledgments her heart was full of, but Hippolyto gently imposed silence as necessary to their safety.

Preceded now by Pedro with the torch, they begun a dangerous descent of a long cylindrical staircase, even more out of repair than the flight of brick steps; and it required the most wary circumspection to reach the bottom in safety, which they at length effected, and entered a narrow winding damp passage of considerable length; and as they reached its termination, Pedro desiring Victoria not to be alarmed at the sight of her friends, they suddenly entered a frightful cavern, where several men were waiting, all armed with carabines, and from whom Hippolyto demanded if all was ready.

Thomas now stepped forward, with heart-felt glee depicted upon his honest weather-beaten countenance, and with genuine simplicity spoke the joy he felt at seeing Victoria in safety, while the other men answered Hippolyto's question in the affirmative; they therefore now hastened to extinguish all the lights, except what two dark lanterns contained, the feeble rays of which were alone to guide them through the intricate passes of the rocks to the sea-coast. The men now taking up their arms, they all issued from the cavern, some preceding, others following Hippolyto, who led or rather bore our trembling heroine along a shelving and dangerous path through some of the most rugged parts of the rocks.

The night was impenetrably dark; but there came a refreshing breeze from the sea, that, with the gentle assiduities of Hippolyto, helped to sustain the almost expiring spirits of Victoria, who feared no danger from the path, so overpowered was she by the apprehension of a pursuit; and every new projection of rock she could indistinctly see she conjured up into the form of Garcias: and her heart almost bounded from its seat with dismay, when, by a sudden turning in the path, she found herself close to the beating surges of the sea,

on which was tossed a boat that a couple of men were in, lying-to upon their oars, whom she instantly conceived to be Garcias and Juan, and she doubted not the sea-coast was encompassed by their creatures: but soon were her wild chimæras put to flight, by Thomas calling in friendly terms to the men to row in to shore, which they instantly did, and Victoria was seated in the boat between Hippolyto and Pedro. The rest of the men followed; and, arranging themselves in proper order, they swiftly rowed off to a brigantine which lay at a small distance from shore, the side of which was instantly manned from the brigantine's boat, and Victoria carefully conducted to a chair upon the deck; where, looking around her, and perceiving the rapidity and dexterity with which the mariners were preparing to put to sea, she for the first time believed her escape certain; and, subdued by joy and gratitude to Heaven and her deliverers, she burst into a flood of tears, which relieved her full heart, and which Hippolyto and Pedro attempted not to restrain.

CHAP. XXV.

Every thing having been prepared for a precipitate departure, and as all was now conducted with cleverness and activity, the brigantine soon was under weigh. The waning moon now arising, glimmered its pale light just sufficiently to show the receding rocks which enveloped the castle to Victoria, who, wrapped in a watch-coat, sat upon deck with Pedro and Hippolyto, who both endeavoured, by the strongest assurances of their faith and honour, to dispel those apprehensions and agitations she was evidently struggling with.

Of their truth and honour she had no cause to doubt; but, without the society of any other female to inspire her with confidence, she had embarked upon an element hitherto unknown to her, under the protection of men who were almost strangers, who for humanity's sake alone had undertaken the dangerous enterprise of rescuing her from destruction, who might be very possibly betrayed by their companions, or pursued from the castle: but even if successful, where would they have it in their power to place her secure from the machinations of conte Vicenza? At length Hippolyto terminated this last uncertainty by desiring to know what port of France she wished them to make for, as being nearest to those friends she meant to put herself under the protection of.

'Alas!' she replied, 'I have now no friends in France to whose protection I can safely fly; and my brother is unfortunately with his regiment at Cadiz.'

Hippolyto instantly asked the pilot if it was possible to steer for Cadiz?

The wind was against them, and in so long a passage the pilot feared they might encounter some of Don Manuel's cruisers.

Victoria sighed, but acquiesced in the propriety of adhering to the original design of making for some port of France; where on landing she resolved instantly to place herself in a convent, to inform her brother of her forlorn situation, and inquire from seignora Farinelli's friends in Tuscany where to find her.

It was now fully determined that they should steer for Toulon, to elude pursuers who would naturally seek them in nearer ports: and this point being finally settled, they made way with tolerable rapidity for several leagues, during which time Victoria had been removed by the vigilant care of Hippolyto to the little cabin, which afforded but few comforts save

shelter from the cold breath of night, and where our heroine, to divert her anxious thoughts, requested to know from Pedro and Hippolyto how they had been spared from what she had conceived to be a general massacre? by what means they had escaped from their dungeons, and been guided to her rescue in the moment when hope itself was just forsaking her?

'What you, donna, believed a massacre,' said Pedro, 'was in fact a circumstance still more cruel. It was the daily sport of Garcias torturing the wretched victims who have fallen under his displeasure. As to ourselves, donna, Francisco opened our dungeons, planned the means of your escape, and directed us where to find you.'

'May every power that loves the compassionate and brave,' exclaimed Victoria, 'recompense him, and you, my other generous protectors! you, who after suffering imprisonment, indignity, and cruel severities upon my account, have thus hazarded even life itself to rescue me from destruction. To Francisco, and every one engaged in this benevolent enterprise, heavy is indeed my debt of gratitude; but to you, signior Hippolyto, who have twice ventured—'

'Cease, lady Victoria, I conjure you cease the effusions of your grateful heart, which lead you on to magnify the little service I have been to you,' said Hippolyto, eagerly interrupting her. 'The time may come when lady Victoria will find she owes me less than she imagines; when it will be discovered to her how interested have been the motives of my conduct: and until that period arrives, the highest recompense I desire is to see her mind at ease, and to behlod her in a place of safety.'

Victoria could make no reply. There was a solemn dignified respect in his manner, that awed into silence every suggestion of his being presumptuous; but, for the second time, he perplexed, distressed, and startled her. Covered with blushes, she bent her eyes to the ground; and after a thoughtful and timid pause she ventured to relieve her embarrassment by inquiring if they could give her any information relative to Sebastian, Diego, and Teresa?

Of Diego they knew nothing; Pedro had been arrested in his (Diego's) chamber the night of Don Manuel's last return to the castle, and had never heard of Diego since; but Hippolyto informed her that Teresa was safe under Francisco's protection, and Sebastian well, and preparing to set out to Rome upon business of importance.

Victoria was charmed, was delighted, to hear of Sebastian's emancipation from captivity, which this intended expedition seemed unequivocally to imply. Teresa's safety gave her infinite pleasure; but, deeply sighing, she wished, she said, that she knew something of Diego's fate, and of—— Suddenly she ceased, whilst conscious blushes overspread her cheeks.

Hippolyto, attentive only to her, caught alarm from her too apparent confusion, and eagerly asked 'Who else was so happy, so honoured by lady Victoria's flattering anxiety for their safety?'

Victoria was dreadfully embarrassed: her confusion and perturbation increased; tears started to her eyes, and several times she essayed to articulate, but without success; until, at length, her ardent wish to learn if possible whether her horrid apprehensions were too fatally just conquering every obstacle, she faintly said—

'I know not if I do right in mentioning him, even to you: but it is a stranger, a gentleman whom I accidentally met during my captivity,

who, taught by humanity to pity my sufferings, promised to effect my escape. Even on this very night his project may have been discovered. I have reason to think it has; and, oh horror most direful! his life exposed to danger from the sanguinary bravos of the castle.' At this shocking idea, Victoria's voice fell to a cadence of woe so piteous, she trembled to such excess, and seemed so subdued by anticipating terror and distress, that Hippolyto, trembling almost as much as she did, attempted to present her with a glass of water; which he could scarcely hold, so great was his agitation, and which he was at last obliged to resign to Pedro, who expressed much astonishment at this anecdote relative to a stranger whom he had never before heard of, and therefore could not lull Victoria's but too evident apprehensions; while Hippolyto, after several struggles to conceal his very visible emotion, hesitatingly stammered out—

'Of that stranger, lady Victoria, I can—' suddenly he ceased, sunk into a chair, and, leaning his elbow upon a table, covered his face with both hands as if to hide the expression of his countenance from observation, sighed heavily, and, after a few moments starting from his seat, took several turns up and down the little cabin, as if irresolute, or that his bosom laboured with some powerful secret.

Victoria's fears caught such an increase of alarm from Hippolyto's conduct, that, her feelings breaking through all restraint, she exclaimed, in a tone of piercing anguish—'For the love of the Holy Virgin, speak, Hippolyto! nor thus torture me by fears too terrible to bear.' Then, inexpressibly shocked at her want of self-command, and still shrinking with her apprehensions, she burst into tears, and, striving to apologise for the excess of her anxiety, tremulously articulated—'You certainly, seignor Hippolyto, know something dreadful relative to this stranger; and I should be a wretch, unworthy the compassionating friends I have met with, could I bear with insensibility any well-grounded fear of calamity having befallen him who pitied me, and would have served me.'

The conflict in Hippolyto's mind seemed by this time over; he approached Victoria in much distress at his conduct having augmented her alarms—'Be convinced, lady Victoria,' said he, 'that he whom your gratitude and benevolence thus interests you for has not fallen into the power of Don Manuel, or any of his people; nor could the smallest suspicion have been entertained of your intended flight with him. Your chamber was merely changed to further the vile schemes of conte Vicenza. That extraordinary and mysterious being, Francisco, this morning appointed that stranger to be your conductor from Don Manuel's castle; then, wishing still to be more ambiguous, in the evening delegated that happiness to me, but under the most solemn restrictions of what I may, and what I must not, communicate to you. But a period is fixed by him for the termination of this mystery; and when the painful interdict is removed, lady Victoria, believe me you will have much to hear; and in the intermediate time be satisfied that all those you have known in Don Manuel's castle, who are honoured by your good wishes, are protected by those whom the iniquitous associates must submit to."

Victoria's mind was tranquillised by this intelligence; and she could not but feel convinced of its being a fortunate circumstance for her peace that this too interesting stranger had

not been allowed to be the companion of her escape.—In this moment a sudden squall of wind arose; at the same instant a crash was heard, and a shock received; and, as if in consequence, a loud uproar upon deck succeeded.

Hippolyto, desiring Pedro to remain with Victoria, hastened aloft to learn the cause of the commotion. He staid away for some minutes, during which the gusts of wind were repeated; and when he returned he entreated our heroine to disband her fears, since all danger was happily over.

'Upon account of the almost dead calm,' continued he, 'we had crowded too many sails, and a sudden squall arising carried off some of our rigging that was not in a very perfect condition. But our ingenious mariners have repaired the injury, and we are, it seems, in a better state than we were before this accident. However, lady Victoria, I must remind you of the caprice of those elements to which fate has at present consigned you; and should this prove a squally or tempestuous night, as some of our seamen portend, I doubt not, from the fortitude you have upon many late, and, I trust, more serious occasions evinced, that you will not suffer much from alarm, particularly as the seamen on board are all experienced hands, who assure me that our vessel is fully equal to weathering a much more formidable gale than that we are threatened with.'

Victoria promised to exert all her heroism if necessary, and soon this promise was exacted from her. The wind speedily increased with augmenting violence, and it required all the efforts of every hand on board to save the vessel, which was borne to the leeward, far from the port they wished to make.

Victoria, as she had promised, repressed every appearance of alarm; but during the whole night, through which the tempest continued, she experienced the most kind and soothing attention from the humane Pedro, who chiefly remained with her, as the strength, activity, and cleverness of Hippolyto, though unskilled in maritime knowledge, made him of such essential service to the seamen, that they would scarcely allow him to absent himself one moment from deck to go and see how his lovely charge bore the horrors of the storm; and to whom, in the presence of Pedro, his manners were marked by the tender solicitude a fond and anxious brother would evince in a similar situation. But the moment he found himself alone with her, his deportment instantly changed to the attentive respectful distance of an inferior; a delicacy and propriety of conduct that was not lost upon Victoria, who each moment found her gratitude to, and admiration of, Hippolyto fast increasing; and she almost looked up to him with an awful reverence, as a being far superior to the rest of human kind.

At length the tempest subsided as suddenly as it had commenced, and Aurora, when ushering in the morning, struck the before jarring elements motionless with the beautiful serenitude of her aspect, and presented our adventurers with the flattering hope of soon reaching some friendly harbour. The port of Toulon was still much nearer than Leghorn, though far they had been driven eastward: yet Hippolyto strongly advised their steering for the latter; since now, having been so long at sea, they might, in making back for Toulon, fall in with those who now had full time to be sent, and who probably were in quest of them.

This advice was too reasonable for rejection; but the day seemed deter-

minately inauspicious to their making towards the haven of any of their wishes. The Mediterranean sea appeared as one plate of looking-glass, and the whole face of nature was hushed into an awful calm; and notwithstanding the united efforts of the indefatigable mariners, who ardently longed to ride in a safe harbour, they gained little by their tacking, but remained for several hours almost stationary; during which time Victoria left her little cabin, where, after the storm had subsided, she obtained a refreshing and tranquil slumber; and when she revisited the deck, she partook of the best food the brigantine afforded, which was not very choice, as, anxious only for escape, they bestowed not their thoughts upon refreshments of a superior kind. But they were now out of Don Manuel's castle, and Victoria had appetite to eat some of the homely food, which she thought delicious when presented to her by Hippolyto, who seemed every moment to possess more and more—from her increasing admiration of his virtues and his manners—the power of making all she met with, if he was near, appear to her in the most pleasing point of view.

As evening approached, a gentle breeze sprung up, propitious to the pilot's wishes, who, being a native of Toulon, secretly wished to make for that port, and therefore now started innumerable objections to their steering for Leghorn, with the wind unfavourable, and the hands on board nearly exhausted from the exertions of the preceding night; and Hippolyto, although apprehensive of the dangers they must be exposed to, was unwillingly compelled to acquiesce.

(To be continued.)

Account of the Province of St. Salvadore, in Brasil, and of the Character, Dress, and Manners, of the Brasilians.

(From Lindley's Narrative of a Voyage to Brasil.)

THE province of St. Salvadore * comprises fifty leagues of coast, chiefly in the environs of the bay, and a small slip to the northward adjoining. Though one of the smallest provinces of Brasil, it is the most fertile, populous, and luxuriant, yielding invaluable riches.

Next to the city of St. Salvadore or Bahia, which is the see of an archbishop, the chief town is Cachseira, fourteen leagues from Bahia, most delightfully situated on the banks of a small river, and the mart for the northern gold-mines, and the produce of the surrounding cultivated interior. A seminary called Belem (or Bethlehem), was established near this town by the jesuits, for the instruction of youth, both colonists and Indians, on the most liberal principles; but it has declined with the extinction of the order.

Jagoaripe, Amoro, Jacobine, Do Sitio, and San Francisco, are all bustling towns of the province; to which the valuable islands of Itaporico and St. Paul also belong.

The country in general is cultivated even to a considerable distance inland, and is divided into very extensive plantations, many having two or three hundred slaves, with horses in proportion to work the engenios; except in those situ-

* More generally known to the natives and Portuguese by the name of *Bahia*, or the Bay (of All-Saints); no other appellation being in present use.

ated where water is introduced to set in motion the sugar-mills, in the machinery of which a considerable improvement has lately taken place, through the assistance of a French emigrant.

The rich owners of these plantations have very handsome seats (with chapels adjoining) where they generally reside, except during the winter-rains, when they repair with their families to their houses in the city; and by this intercourse, their manners and habits assimilate so much with those of the citizens as to form the same character.

It is remarkable how indifferently the province and capital itself are served with meat: mutton, lamb, and veal, are nearly unknown, and never seen in the market. Beef, during flesh days, preserves the same unvarying round. It is extremely lean, flabby, and tasteless, and so dirtily slaughtered, that its appearance alone would condemn the use of it, did not necessity and habit palliate this unpleasant inconvenience. This is owing solely to that want of stimulus and enterprise which disgraces in so many instances the colony, joined to a confirmed avarice, that will never pay more than the usual price for the article in question, and so encourage the fattening of cattle, which in so warm a climate requires great care to obviate the immense perspiration and waste of solids that is experienced here through the whole animal creation.

Bahia is miserably provided with accommodation for strangers. An inn is unknown; and those who wish for a temporary residence on shore have no other alternative than taking the whole or part of a house, and furnishing it themselves; which, however, is easily done, a few chairs, trunks, and a table, being amply sufficient, and in character. The eating-houses are distinguished by a tri-coloured flag over the door; but they are so inconceivably dirty, and the cooking is so horrible, that a St. Giles's cellar is far preferable. Coffee-houses abound in every street, if you can dignify by that name a dirty shop, where a few tables and benches are ranged in front, with a kind of bar in the back-ground; whence a filthy liquid, called coffee, is distributed, which is rendered still more disgusting to the eye by being served in glasses. These places are every morning crowded with persons of different classes, the respectable and the vulgar, who for four vintins (five-pence halfpenny) procure a breakfast, consisting of a glass of coffee, and a roll spread with rancid Irish butter, the refuse of the Lisbon market.

The city and country are alike too much infested with beggars, a subject of real or affected distress presenting itself every moment. The probable reason of this is the want of public charities for the relief of the poor, the aged, and the distressed; together with a weak police, inattentive to the idleness and tricking practices of vagabonds, who are here impudent to an excess, and intrude themselves every where. The monasteries and convents occasionally distribute donations both of money and provision, as do wealthy individuals, on recovery from sickness and other occasions. I have witnessed several assemblages of these mendicants thus receiving benefactions, and the number seldom fell short of five hundred miserable objects.

The slaves of Brasil are chiefly from the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Benguela, a sturdy kind of negroes, very docile, and very active and lively, particularly the Benguelese; but these good qualities are spoiled by the habit of familiarity

and idleness which they contract after their arrival.

An edict was passed by the late king of Portugal, that the slaves should only continue in bondage for the term of ten years, and should immediately on their arrival in Brasil be instructed in the Catholic faith. The first part of this law met with immediate opposition on the part of the planters, who ventured to remonstrate and petition, but received no answer: they have nevertheless continued to evade it, which the government pretends not to see. The other injunction of the edict was nearly unnecessary, as it had long been customary to baptise the slaves, and the custom is still universally continued.

This participation in the religion of the country, and the inconsistent familiarity to which the slaves are admitted, render them very impudent and licentious; and the negro feels his consequence increased by the great numbers that are emancipated through service, favour, or purchase; who are of course *Senhors*, and frequently assume the character, and act it with full as much propriety as their late possessors.

The male inhabitants generally dress as in Lisbon, following the English modes; except when visiting, or on a holiday, they have an excess of embroidery and spangles on their waistcoats, and lace to their linen. The sword they have totally thrown aside (except in office), and cocked hats are going out of fashion. Shoe and knee-buckles of solid gold, and of their own manufacture, are very common; and they are fondly attached to every species of finery. On their return home these gala clothes are instantly taken off, and a gown or thin jacket adopted by some in their stead, while others content themselves with remaining in their shirts and drawers.

The usual dress of the ladies is a single peticoat over a chemise. The latter is composed of the thinnest muslin, and is generally very much worked and ornamented: it is made so full at the bosom, that on the smallest movement it drops over one or both shoulders, leaving the breast perfectly exposed; and besides this is so transparent, that the skin is every-where visible underneath. This violation of feminine delicacy appears the more disgusting, as the complexion of the Brasilians is, in general, very indifferent, approaching to an obscure tawny colour. Stockings are scarcely ever used; and during the rainy season, which is to them cold, they shuffle about in a pair of slippers, and are accommodated with a thick blue and white cotton wrapper, or a woollen great coat faced with shag, similar to the German cavoys. They let the hair grow to a great length: it is twisted, fastened in a knot on the head, and always loaded with a profusion of pomatum and powder of tapioca. On some public occasions, and visits of ceremony to each other, a few ladies of rank adopt the European dress.

The singular custom of permitting the nail of the thumb or fore-finger (sometimes both) to grow to a hideous length, and then paring it to a sharp point, is common to both sexes. This excrescence, however, is not without its use; as it serves the men to divide the fibres from the tobacco leaf, and cut it into shape, preparatory to the rolling it into segars, to the smoking of which they are greatly addicted. Their viols and guitars are also thrummed with this nail, the flourishing display of which adds, in their conception, a beauty to the instrument. And lastly, these sacred nails are considered as distinguishing the wearers for an easy indolence, which, in this

country, is no trivial recommendation.

The carriages of Bahia are merely a few cabrioles. The inequalities of the city rendering this mode of conveyance inconvenient, they are less common than at Rio Janeiro; but chairs abound in proportion, and are to be procured in every street. These chairs are not like ours, but are much higher, and open on the sides from top to bottom, so that a person on stepping in is at once seated. They are carried on the shoulders of two stout negroes, by means of two fixed pieces of wood, projecting from the upper part of the chair both before and behind. On the top they are profusely ornamented with carving and gilding, and are hung with deep curtains of silk or stuff, stamped with gold or silver leaf to a variety of patterns.

The richness of these chairs, and the gaudy livery of the bearers, are articles in which the Brasilian gentry endeavour to excel; and sometimes they proceed in this point to the most ridiculous extreme. I once observed, at Rio, a chair completely loaded with cupids, and other emblematic carving, and carried by two robust blacks, clothed in a light blue silk jacket, short pantaloons, and a petticoat over them (similar to that of a waterman), the whole deeply vandyked with a red pink. This flaming dress formed so strange a contrast with their delicate skins—for they were without either shoes or stockings—that it seemed altogether the completest burlesque on equipage that could possibly have been attempted.

It appears to foreigners a strange deprivation to which the females of this country are subjected, who cannot pass the streets without being closely shut up in a chair, or secluded in a cabriole; yet such is the force of custom, that none are seen openly, except within doors.

Bahia has a Portuguese comic theatre, under the management of an Italian. The house with us would be termed a barn; and its avenues are so dirty as to render the going to it very disagreeable. The actors, drama, and scenery, are equally wretched; the music is the best, and only tolerable, part of the performance.

The chief amusements of the citizens are the feasts of the different saints, professions of nuns, sumptuous funerals, the holy or passion week, &c. which are all celebrated in rotation with grand ceremonies, a full concert, and frequent processions. Scarcely a day passes that some one or other of these festivals does not occur; and thus is presented a continued round of opportunities for uniting devotion and pleasure, which are eagerly embraced, particularly by the ladies. On grand occasions of this kind, after coming from church, they visit each other, and have a more plentiful dinner than common, under the term banquet *, during and after which they drink unusual quantities of wine; and when elevated to an extraordinary pitch, the guitar or violin is introduced, and singing commences: but the song soon gives way to the enticing *negro-dance*. I use this term as best assimilating with the amusement in question, which is a mixture of the dances of Africa and the fandangoes of Spain and Portugal. It consists of an individual of each sex dancing to an insipid thrumming of the instrument, always to one measure, with scarcely any action of the legs, but with very licentious motion

* A few of the superior classes give elegant entertainments, have family concerts, balls, and card-parties.

of the body, joining in contact during the dance in a manner strangely immodest. The spectators aiding the chorus with an extemporary chorus, and clapping of the hands, enjoy the scene with an indescribable zest. The orgies of the dancing girls in India never equalled the flagrancy of this diversion. It is not that minuets or country dances are not known and practised by the higher circles; but this is the national dance, and all classes are happy when, throwing aside punctilio and reserve, and, I may add, decency, they can indulge in the interest and raptures it excites. The effect of this scene on a stranger can hardly be conceived; and though, as an amusement, it may be intentionally harmless, it certainly breaks down the barriers of decency, and, of course, paves the way to depravity and vice.

These amusements, with parties into the country, and a few others of a trifling nature, added to the enervating idleness in which the Brasilians are plunged, constitute their whole happiness; a happiness very incomplete and unsatisfactory, while subject to the effects of those baleful passions avarice, revenge, and cruelty. Happily, however, the two latter have considerably declined from Bahia to the southward; assassination there is seldom known to take place, and never but on the greatest provocation: though still in use, the deadly knife is sheathed, and murders are scarcely more common than with us.

That this has not always been the case is certainly true, and it is difficult to say to what the change in the national manners of these people is owing. Their neighbours to the northward, particularly of Pernambucco, despising the pusillanimity (for *they* possess the *gentle* attributes and reproach of their forefathers undegenerated) assign cowardice as the cause; but, surely, it rather originates in the improved civilization of this part of Brasil, which restrains the passions of the inhabitants, and prevents their extending to their former licentious bounds. Deceit, pride, and envy, are still prevalent among them; and, while the mass of the people continue ignorant as they are, and under the discipline of a church and government wanting in a solicitude to enlighten and reform them, these national characteristics must be long in eradicating.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I RECOLLECT seeing some months ago in your magazine an elegant copy of verses addressed to Mr. George Dyer on the publication of his poems. It turned on love of truth: but, on referring to his essays, I find he makes fiction almost the basis of poetry.

Thus, in his essay on Representative Poetry, he says:

'But when the poet represents another person, he of necessity resigns his own individuality, and, over and above all the creative energies which he, by his very character, possesses, he is introduced by the presumption of a foreign character into a new system of sensations and passions, into new relations, new associations, and new capacities. He ceases to be himself; he no longer appears the mere narrator of his own affections or his own sentiments, but a man of other times, an actor of other manners, an appropriator of other habits.'

I wish some of your readers would point out the precise boundaries of poetical truth and fiction.

P. B.

ELIZA;

OR,

THE HERMIT'S CELL.

A NOVEL.

By Miss Eliza Yeames.

CHAPTER I.

LOVELY and accomplished was Eliza Goddard; respected, followed, and admired, by her fashionable friends; the idolized daughter of her fond widower parent, whose consolation was centred in her; for as he gazed on her charms, all he had once admired in her mother he now again contemplated in her angel-like countenance. Never for a moment had he repented the vow he breathed over the corse of his beauteous Jane—never to make another choice; but hitherto, faithful to his oath, he still remained unmarried, and seemingly experienced no pleasure equal to that of evincing his unbounded affection for the offspring of his departed wife.

Eliza was, at this time, on a visit at Sheerness, at the house of her friend miss Cleora Harrison. Cleora and a brother in the navy were the surviving offspring of an adoring father, left to the tender but feeble guidance of their mother when they were too young to be sensible of that loss; nor did any parent ever more truly deserve reverence and love from her children than this best of women, who fulfilled her duties with the greatest exactness, leaving no means untried to make them virtuous. Her endeavours were finally crowned with success, and Mrs. Harrison felt herself the most blessed of mothers.

The Royal Charlotte of fifty guns, the ship which captain Harrison commanded, was lying at Sheerness when miss Goddard arrived at his house. He appeared quite delighted at the meeting; and Eliza's eyes sparkled with pleasure while greeting the elegant youth. But he was in company with a young officer still more engaging than himself, and miss Goddard felt sensations hitherto quite unknown when her eyes met the piercing glances of Godolphin Danvers. He was tall and gracefully made, his eyes were dark and brilliant, his smile heavenly, his voice harmonious, and his address soft and insinuating.

As they walked in the garden at twilight, William Harrison took his place by the side of Eliza. He observed her to be pensive and absent; and, after laughing heartily at her apparent inattention to what he had been saying, exclaimed—

'Have you left your heart behind you, Eliza, in town?' She blushed. His speech recovered her scattered thoughts, and she replied—

'Oh! no; I yet know nothing of love.'

'You don't'! said the captain. 'Then let me assure you that you will shortly learn to know something of it.'

'But I mean to escape that lesson,' said Eliza.

'If you can, you should say,' returned Harrison.

She sighed, and was silent.

'You cannot answer me,' continued he; 'I see you cannot; for I shrewdly suspect your heart is gone.'

'Fie,' said Eliza, 'fie! you talk of love!—abjure it,' cried she, smiling, 'and only seek this fame,' presenting him a sprig of laurel.

'Why must we abjure love, Eliza?' answered he. 'Our duty performed, we may think of ourselves: for is it not delightful on our return from a hard-fought battle to be saluted by a loving and beloved wife? When clasped in her arms, when bathed with her tears of excessive joy, a ray of consolation would gleam upon my countenance; and in the pleasures of virtuous love I should forget past scenes of horror, and lull to repose the bitter recollection of an early departure from all I held dear. Yes, indeed, Eliza, I shall quickly, I hope, be blessed with a wife.'

Miss Goddard replied not, and they turned towards the house. Soon after Cleora entered with lieutenant Danvers, followed by her mother, and a young midshipman named Warburton.—'It is a fine evening,' said miss Harrison to Eliza; 'I could have remained for ever in the garden, if I had not remembered my sweet friend's apparent fatigue after her journey.'

'Most pleasant, demme, ma'am,' said Mr. Warburton, going towards the window where Eliza stood, with her eyes fixed on the moon, which arose in full majestic splendour, emerging from behind a dark stupendous hill, and, slowly advancing, brightened all the vale. Still and tranquil was the scene; every thing seemed at rest; and for some time the objects which charmed the eyes of Eliza suspended every faculty.

The next evening a ball was given by Mrs. Harrison, at which a number of naval and military officers were present. Danvers first danced with Cleora, he then led out Eliza. Her whole frame trembled at the pressure of his hand, and her face and bosom were of a crimson hue. When he conducted her to a seat, Eliza declined dancing again; and Danvers, not choosing to quit her side, said he intended following her example for a time, and entered into a spirited conversation with her. Cleora was the first to interrupt their *tête-à-tête*. Tripping up to miss Goddard and patting her cheek, she asked if she had quite forgotten her. —'What is become of your gaiety?' said this pleasing girl: 'Do you reserve none for us? Must all your thoughts be placed on noisy London?'

'Selfish Cleora!' returned Eliza quickly, 'London does not engage my thoughts.' Lieutenant Danvers sighed, and involuntarily threw a glance on the handsome figure of Harrison. At this moment, Warburton joined them. —'Demme, ma'am,' said he, catching Cleora's fair hand, 'I am rejoiced to meet you: Where, in the name of God, has your attractive form been hid?' Cleora smiled at his simple foppery, and accepted his hand for the next two dances. 'Miss Harrison is charming!' said Danvers, following with his eyes her graceful movements. 'Incomparably so,' replied Eliza.

'She is bewitchingly lively.'

'Extremely,' said she. 'She is very like her brother.—Do not you think so?'

'Certainly,' said Danvers; 'but his eyes are something darker; his complexion — most assuredly her beauty surpasses his.'

Eliza faultered out a 'Yes;' and a deep sigh heaved her bosom.

CHAP. II.

The Royal Charlotte was now

about to quit Sheerness, captain Harrison and Danvers took a hasty leave of the fair friends; the latter saluted a hand of each, gently pressing Eliza's, and, faltering out a last farewell, quitted the house. Cheerless was every thing now to the pensive Goddard, and the beauteous Cleora; and, leaving Sheerness, Mrs. Harrison accompanied Eliza to town, where sir Gilbert Goddard received his daughter with paternal rapture. Repeatedly did he clasp her delicate form to his heart, and shed a tear of joy, while Eliza, not less affected, appeared overwhelmed by a thousand tender emotions.

But sir Gilbert shortly grew alarmed at the alteration he discovered in the behaviour of Eliza; and one day, finding himself alone with her, he said—'Ah, my sweet child, my beautiful Eliza, though you dwell so much on Sheerness yet you appear for ever uneasy since your visit there, and pain my heart severely by your changed appearance: tell me, my love, what ails you?'

'Nothing, sir, nothing, believe me,' answered Eliza blushing deeply; 'your anxious eye sees vain alarms—indeed I am most happy.'

'Heaven be thanked! Heaven be thanked! may you be ever so, my beloved child!'

The conversation was here ended by the entrance of company, and Eliza forced herself to appear cheerful.

'Miss Goddard is returned!' 'Miss Goddard is returned!' was now the general cry: 'Did not you observe her cap yesterday evening? Oh, I must have that cap.'—But though Eliza Goddard was the vogue, Eliza Goddard was not happy, and at length it was noticed by her fashionable friends. 'Do you not hear how Goddard sighs?' 'Do you not see how Eliza is changed?' was the universal cry, and it reached her father's ears.—'My darling Eliza,' said he to her one day, 'my darling girl, you can no longer deceive me; you must be unhappy—Why starts that tear? Speak, Eliza; speak, my angel; place confidence in your father, no more let busy tongues be employed, ease your troubles, and be happy.'

'Whose tongues, sir?' enquired Eliza.

'Those of your fashionable friends, my love.'

'I abjure such fashionable friends,' said Eliza peevishly.

'Then retire from them, my love.'

'How, sir! I cannot, will not, take you from town to follow my whims; I——'

'But go with Mrs. Harrison to Richmond; the air will revive your bloom, my Eliza, and restore your spirits.'

'Ah, sir, I know not how to leave you.'

'Think not of me,' said sir Gilbert; and he received her promise to accompany Mrs. Harrison to Richmond.

A few days after Eliza found herself again separated from her father. 'Welcome, my Goddard, welcome to these peaceful shades,' said Mrs. Harrison, saluting her: 'happy, happy am I to greet my charming Eliza!' Miss Goddard pressed her hand. 'Ah, madam,' returned she, 'how good, how different you are from my fashionable friends! Oh, how much superior I prize your good opinion!' 'The world is strangely altered!' said Mrs. Harrison, a flush of spirit overspreading her fine face, and laying her hand on her blameless bosom: 'the world is, indeed, strangely altered!'

'Would it were not!' said Eliza; 'Would every being resembled thee!'

Mrs. Harrison sweetly smiled on Eliza, though she detested compliments, and returned a suitable re-

ply; after which she said—'I hope William may escape your town-bred ladies, and that he may wed a female of virtuous principles. Oh, my Eliza, that fate had ordained you for my daughter!'—Miss Goddard smiled.—'My boy,' she continued, 'is amiable; his person nearly equal to Godolphin Danvers'—Miss Goddard blushed—'and I flatter myself he is worthy the love of any woman: I am therefore in continual fear lest he should be insnared by some artful female. I could wish too, that his sister Cleora were likewise happily settled:—she is giddy and thoughtless; but her principles are pure, and her mind the seat of heavenly truth. Lieutenant Danvers is sedate, is amiable; and, in short, being of noble birth, I fondly hope my Cleora may find in him an admirer.'—Eliza trembled, and Mrs. Harrison, chancing to turn her eyes on her, exclaimed—'Are you indisposed?' At the same time, lifting up the sash, she supported her young friend's head on her bosom.

Having for some time indulged this painful weakness, miss Goddard gently disengaged herself from Mrs. Harrison's arms, and at the same time sweetly smiling excused her sudden illness, ascribing it to a usual complaint in her head. The good lady gave credit to the assertion, and, wiping off the tears that rested on Eliza's eye-lids, led her to her chamber, and left the lovely girl to seek repose.

But no sleep came to the unhappy miss Goddard: her tears flowed. The form of Danvers haunted her imagination, and sighs heaved her tender breast.—'Danvers, oh why did I ever behold you!' she exclaimed; 'or rather, why did I ever see Cleora! Unhappy Eliza! thou art no longer worthy thy friend's esteem, for thou shrinkest from a misery thou hast drawn upon thyself; and cowardly resignest thy heart without any prospect of a return of love.'

Miss Harrison now entered.—'How does my lovely friend?' said she. Miss Goddard coolly replied she was better. Miss Harrison looked surprised, the blood rushed into her transparent cheeks, and an unbidden tear stood ready to start from out her azure eye.—'I'll rise,' said Eliza, 'and take an airing in the garden; for I cannot sleep.' Cleora helped her to arrange her dress, and then accompanied her to that bower of sweets.

Miss Goddard felt herself nearly unable to support her frame. Cleora, seeing this, took her friend's arm, and while leaning on her, Eliza, revived by the refreshing air, imperceptibly recovered.

The harmonious warblers sounded their carol notes at her approach, as if to cheer the lovely mourner. Every thing was gay; all nature smiled. The happy cottagers tuned their simple ditties in the air. A shepherd's flute sweetly warbled in the vocal grove, and Eliza, while listening to the melody, forgot her sorrows, and hushed every 'jarring passion' of her soul to rest.

CHAP. III.

At the end of a month Eliza's father visited her. He came in his sociable, with Mrs. Ophelia St. John, a lively widow well known by miss Goddard, and her two daughters, Harriet and Mary Ann.

Mrs. St. John was about thirty-five years of age. Her person was handsome, her manners fascinating; she was followed and admired, courted and caressed, but envied by thousands for her distinguished wit and beauty.

Harriet, her idol, was her exact counterpart. Mary Ann, her youngest

daughter, was a pretty slight delicate girl, and in the opinion of Eliza by far the most amiable of the three.

Sir Gilbert Goddard met his daughter with his wonted affection: he himself appeared most cheerful, and Eliza's pensiveness passed unnoticed.

'You must return to town with us, miss Goddard,' said Mrs. St. John, after returning her salutation, sweetly and affectionately smiling on Eliza—'You must return to town, you have been too cruel already in forsaking it so long; I must insist you do relent.'

Eliza looked at sir Gilbert, who seemed to wait her answer.—'I could yet wish to give my company a few weeks longer to Cleora,' replied Eliza: 'but if my father wishes—'

'No, I cannot think of robbing my child of her desires,' said sir Gilbert, interrupting her. 'I will give my Eliza some weeks more to her friends, and then, sweet girl! I must claim you.'

Miss Goddard kissed his hand, and a lucid tear swelled for a moment in her fine eye. Mrs. St. John seemed displeased, and was for some time silent. Sir Gilbert appeared unmindful of it, and in the mean time conversed with Mrs. Harrison on various topics. Mary Ann, who sat opposite Eliza, fixed her eyes on her face; a deep-drawn sigh issued from her bosom, as for a moment she glanced them upon her mother; and, casting another look at miss Goddard, she withdrew her eyes to the ground, extremely confused at seeing it raised a blush on the cheek of our heroine.

Sir Gilbert staid a week at Mrs. Harrison's. The day preceding their departure, as the party was riding out after breakfast, Eliza met a beautiful child crying on the road within a few paces of her horse's heels. Miss Goddard was exceedingly terrified; she eagerly restrained her flying courser, after bidding the boy retire from the path, and, alighting on her feet, addressed the crying child with—'What do you cry for, my sweet cherub?'—'Willy took my cake! Willy took my cake!' answered the lisping boy. 'Ah, he is very naughty,' said Eliza, kissing his blooming cheek, and at the same time carrying her hand to her pocket. Here the child began to caper, and Eliza, turning to the direction of his speaking black eyes, beheld the little thief coming towards them, mischievously eating the cake.

Eliza appeased the still crying child by her bounty, telling him the money she had given him would buy more; and the delighted infant flew to a cottage at a little distance, where his mother sat spinning at the door, to present her the gift, and procure his deplored loss. Eliza, smiling, saw the last sight of the little cherub; then turning to Mary Ann St. John, who was by her side, she said, 'How fondly I love children! how much I wish that were my father's boy!—But, alas! I am his only child!' and she sighed. Mary Ann coloured, and turned her face from the unsuspecting Eliza. 'I have often wished,' continued Miss Goddard, 'Heaven had designed some amiable woman to have repaired the loss of my beloved mother to my father; but he was very averse to a second marriage, so now it cannot be thought he will ever change his determination.' Mary Ann still remained silent, though her eyes became all animation; and at this moment they caught sight of miss Harrison and her companions.

'I am glad to find you, my charming miss Goddard!' said Mrs. St. John. 'We have been looking for you, my love!' Eliza smiled, and replied she wished tnat she had quickened her pace.

Sir Gilbert was very much affect-

ed at parting from Eliza: twice did he press her trembling form to his heart, and twice heartfelt sighs issued from his breast. Miss Goddard promised to attend his call: she then bade him adieu with composure, after shedding a tear or two at his astonishing perturbation.

Cleora was charmed to think Eliza was still to remain at Richmond, and in her pleasant society the days and weeks quickly passed away unheeded. Every day miss Goddard expected to be sent for by her father; yet still no news from him arrived. Eliza was surprised, and knew not what to think: each hour she grew more alarmed at his long silence, and at length determined to write to him, and tell him her design was to join him in London by the end of a week.

In answer to this, sir Gilbert immediately wrote. Eliza broke the seal with trembling haste, and glanced her eyes on the contents—then faintly shrieking, the letter fell from her hand, and she had nearly fainted. Mrs. Harrison was alarmed, she ran to her support, and Cleora flew for a glass of water. This soon revived her—she lifted up her drooping head, and made an attempt to force a smile. 'Ah,' said she, 'my good Mrs. Harrison, without doubt I am very silly to start at my father's marriage.'

'Marriage!' repeated Mrs. Harrison and Cleora in a breath. 'To whom is he married?' asked the former.

'To Mrs. St. John, dear madam: she adds a postscript, to request me to join my two sisters.'—'Mrs. St. John!' said Mrs. Harrison, and she shook her head. 'Heaven grant she may make you a good mother, my child!'

'No doubt but she will,' replied Eliza; and she now recollected the strange behaviour of Mary Ann, and felt convinced she was then perfectly acquainted with her mother's connexion with sir Gilbert.

Eliza now began to prepare for her departure, and the next day she quitted the lovely Cleora and her worthy mother. She was received by lady Goddard with apparent fondness, and by her father with his wonted affection. Eliza wept, and felt uneasy at enjoying but a divided part of her father's love, nor could Mary Ann restore her gaiety. Harriet attempted not to console her, but paid all her attentions to her new papa; and lady Goddard, affecting a head-ach, reclined her delicate frame on a sopha, without noticing her grief.

CHAP. IV.

Lady Goddard's conduct gradually changed: she was now no longer assiduous to please sir Gilbert, or willing to behave with tenderness towards Eliza. She passed her time more abroad, received company much oftener at home, and appeared never happy but when something presented itself with which she could find fault.

At her card-parties Eliza seldom made her appearance, but with Mary Ann sought more rational amusements. Sir Gilbert sometimes attended them; but, alas! Eliza seemed daily to lose her hold on his affections; and to the gentle Mary Ann she deplored her fate, who listened to her sorrows with a friendly participation, and employed every attention to dissipate the gloom that now shaded her angelic countenance, and stole the bloom from her polished cheek.

One evening that Eliza was invited to accompany her step-mother to Drury-lane theatre, lady Goddard thought proper to be mortified at the attentions a gentleman of her ac-

quaintance, named Fortescue, paid Eliza in preference to the misses St. John, and, determined to put an end to them, she complained of a sick head-ach, and left the house, followed by sir Gilbert and the three young ladies.

When arrived at home and somewhat recovered, lady Goddard raised her discontented eyes to Eliza, and addressed her with—'You seemed much pleased with the piece this evening, Eliza.' 'I was, indeed, madam; your indisposition proved the only alloy to my pleasure.'

'That was unfortunate, noticed as you were by Mr. Fortescue.'

Eliza, blushing deeply, replied, that his attention had passed entirely unobserved, if he had paid her any. She then retired.

Sir Gilbert Goddard now removed from London to Bridge, where was situated a very delightful seat, which he constantly resorted to in summer. Here our heroine met congenial air to that her spirits breathed. Arm in arm with Mary Ann she visited every humble cottage, and relieved the wants of their distressed dwellers. Not so the haughty lady Goddard, nor Harriet St. John: the former wept and could not bear the sight of poverty, and the latter never gave any thing but reproofs. 'Ah!' sighed Eliza, as she reviewed the conduct of lady Goddard ever since her marriage—'Ah! vain, vain are the desires of man! how inconsiderate are his wishes! How often have I thought I should delight in a second mother! now, what do I find her?—But I will not complain: Heaven has reserved me one friend—Yes, charming Mary Ann! thou art my kind gentle consoler, my admirable beloved companion.'

CHAP. V.

Lady Goddard now exercised the power she possessed over her husband with harshness and caprice. He with great tenderness tried to conciliate her and restore her to good humour, but failed in the attempt; and now, deeply regretting his want of steadiness in not fulfilling the vow he had breathed over his departed Jane, and his consequent behaviour to Eliza, he found himself deeply wounded by the idea of his injustice, and justly entitled to his new lady's scorn.

With this conviction, he one day sought his daughter. He found her in an arbour in the flower garden, reclining on a bed of violets, her tearful eyes fixed on the blue serene of heaven, while her lips gently moved. Sir Gilbert's heart melted; all his former affection rushed with impetuosity to his breast. He approached her, and, taking her in his arms, kissed her a thousand times, while gentle tears ran down his face.—'Eliza, my sweet child!' said sir Gilbert, 'I have unkindly used you; but I repent, my blooming cherub! and am come to ask your pardon.' Eliza's eyes brightened—a heavenly smile illumined her countenance—she darted on him a look of tender gratitude—but, breaking from his hold, rushed out of sight at the view of lady Goddard advancing towards them. 'What is the reason Eliza shuns me?' asked her ladyship.—'You must ask that of her,' was the reply.

'Unkind sir Gilbert!' sighed lady Goddard: her husband fixed his eyes on the ground and said—'Undeserving Ophelia!' 'Not undeserving, sir,' she answered—'Of my love,' he returned. 'You never gave it me,' said her ladyship, her eyes filled with a lucid tear.—'You possess my best affections, Ophelia,' returned he very tenderly, 'but you shut your heart against me.' 'Indeed, indeed, you wrong me,' said she, sobbing. Sir Gilbert pressed her delicate form

to his heart, and imprinted on her lips a tender kiss of reconciliation.

Eliza was in the drawing-room at the time lady Goddard entered, fondly reclining on the arm of her husband. Sir Gilbert seated himself by his lady on the sopha without speaking to Eliza, and while pressing her soft snowy hand conversed with her alone.

'I feel much depressed and dejected,' said lady Goddard, speaking aloud for the first time. 'Will you have music?' asked sir Gilbert. 'I don't care,' yawned out her ladyship. 'Eliza, take your seat by the piano,' said sir Gilbert.—'Ophelia, my love, tell her what to play.' 'Oh, what she pleases,' cried lady Goddard. Eliza, who had been hanging over little Picnic her lap-dog, now rose, and as she touched the chords her tears fell fast upon her flying fingers. —'You seem dull, miss Goddard,' said her mother: 'for Heaven's sake, don't play such plaintive airs; you absolutely kill me.' And she leaned her head on sir Gilbert's shoulder. 'Eliza, rise,' said the tender husband; 'you affect my lady's spirits.'—Miss Goddard ceased playing, and again took up little Picnic.—'How much I hate that ugly creature!' said her ladyship, fixing her bright eyes, darting spitefulnes, on the puppy.—'Child, you have a strange taste!' At this moment Mary Ann entered, and Picnic began to growl. 'Take him out of the room—take him out instantly!' cried lady Goddard. Eliza made an attempt to pacify him, but in vain. 'Obey your mother!' said sir Gilbert in a peremptory tone.—'Eliza, leave the room!' Miss Goddard burst into tears, and instantly retired. Mary Ann's heart beat high with pity for the lovely outcast, and, taking the first opportunity, she soon followed her.

She found Eliza weeping bitterly in her own room: she tenderly offered her consolation; and Eliza, leaning her head on her friendly bosom, said—'Ah, Mary Ann! dear kind miss St. John! you must pardon my weakness; but I have been so accustomed to every indulgence that the least reprimand affects me, and it is hard, very hard, to see a parent hate his child.'

'Cruelly so!' sighed Mary Ann, casting her eyes on the bright moon, which darted through the window. Eliza looked in her face, and perceived a tear resting on her cheek. This she tenderly wiped off, and, pressing her to her bosom, cried, 'Mary, I cannot bear to see you grieved! I'll support any thing myself; but indeed, indeed you must be cheerful.'

'Eliza,' returned miss St. John, 'why should I not feel sorrow? I have been early taught in the school of disappointment; but you have ever been happy, therefore find the trial severer than myself.'

The next morning Eliza and her sister-in-law walked round the village. As they were returning, they were met by Mr. Fortescue, who stopped his horse and saluted them. He informed Eliza that he was on a visit at a castle situated within a quarter of a mile of sir Gilbert's. He added, that, being so near this gentleman's seat, he should certainly do himself the pleasure of calling on him, to pay his respects in person. Lady Goddard, when informed of his intentions, appeared hurt at his visible partiality to Eliza, and, frowning on the sweet girl, told her she could very well dispense with his politeness.

But Mr. Fortescue brought with him lord Jordan, a young nobleman lately come to the title by his father's death, and a most prepossessing youth. At his appearance the views of lady Goddard instantly changed, and Mr. Fortescue's attentions to

Eliza now became pleasing, as they would prevent his lordship from being sensible of her attractions, and she did not doubt but Harriet's charms would carry off the prize.

Proposals were now made to sir Gilbert by Fortescue for miss Goddard's hand; and Eliza, the sorrowful Eliza, was commanded to receive his addresses. Mary Ann alone commiserated her repugnancy: lady Goddard saw it, but in threatening words upbraided her simplicity, and with artful blandishments thwarted the tenderness of her father. Thus situated, miss Goddard in silence vented her anguish, and tried to behold Mr. Fortescue as destined for her husband. Thus did her lips pronounce compliance, though her heart was shut against him.

Lord Jordan's attentions were equally divided between lady Goddard and her three daughters: her ladyship possessed his friendship, Harriet his admiration, and the two young ladies his esteem. Of him miss St. John appeared sure, she therefore gave him every encouragement that he could hope.

(To be continued.)

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

A COMEDY.

(Continued from p. 152.)

ACT II.

SCENE IX.

DESROCHES, DUBOIS.

Dubois. HERE is an answer. *(Giving Desroches a letter.)*

Desroches. Give it me instantly: I am all impatience. *(Reads)* 'I know that I do wrong in answering your letter; how then can I think of granting the interview which you request? Every day, about this time, the stern and severe Argus under whose guardianship I am secluded relaxes his vigilance, and indulges in sleep. I can take advantage of that moment to come down and speak to you, if your intentions are as pure as you declare them to be. This opportunity may be expected within half an hour. My heart cannot disapprove that you should address yourself to me before you make application to my relatives: but, in the name of all that is most dear to you, do not deceive a young female, who is too artless and too susceptible. NINA VERNON.'—Charming letter!—in half an hour!—Do you not think, Dubois, that I am the happiest of men?—You have had a near view of her: is she not very handsome? is she not beautiful?

Dubois. Every one, sir, has his taste, and especially in these affairs.

Desroches. Half an hour! why, it is an age when one is in love. I shall return into the inn; for it is impossible I should remain so long in one place, in the state of impatience, of intoxication, that I am.—Oh! how fortunate it was that the chaise was overturned at the entrance of this charming town!

SCENE X.

DUBOIS *alone.*

Well, I am unable to comprehend all this. Where the deuce is all this beauty that he talks of? At any rate, however, I have been well paid for my message: a piece of gold from my master for carrying the letter; and a crown from the young lady, as I suppose she calls herself, with the answer.——

SCENE XI.

DUBOIS, VERNON *at the bottom of the Stage.*

Vernon. A plague on my sister, her amours, and projects of marriage! She has detained me so long with her nonsense, that wherever I go there is nobody at home.

Dubois. I'll go and look for old Champagne, and we'll take a turn, while his mistress, Madame Belmont, is fretting, and see if there are not some good public-houses, as well as extraordinary beauties, in this fine town. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

VERNON, *alone.*

She imagines that I have nothing to do but listen to all her idle reveries. Oh! here she is.

SCENE XIII.

VERNON, *Miss* VERNON.

Miss Vernon. I am glad you are come, brother; I expected you with impatience.

Vernon. What, are you going to pester me again with the old nonsense? You have already made me lose the whole morning: I have met with nothing but disappointment in all my affairs.

Miss Vernon. The affair I have in hand may, perhaps, be of almost as much importance to you as it is to me.

Vernon. What, some amorous youth is dying for you, I suppose?

Miss Vernon. Dying for me!—Well, and why not?—But since you are so much occupied with your business, will you not retire to your closet, where you will not be disturbed?

Vernon. Retire to my closet!—You, who are always so ready to talk with me on the interesting subjects of love and matrimony, now wish to send me away: What can this mean?

Miss Vernon. Nothing, brother, nothing; but every thing will soon be cleared up, and we shall see whether I am quite so foolish as you are pleased to say I am.

Vernon. You are engaged in some intrigue, I suppose, that will render both yourself and me ridiculous.

Miss Vernon. What language! No, no, brother, do not be afraid: nobody shall blame my choice; and that amiable young gentleman—But no—I do not, I ought not, to think of him.

Vernon. Nay, nay, sister, there is no occasion for this squeamish delicacy with me; you need not conceal any thing, as if I were your guardian or your father.

Miss Vernon. But indeed, brother, you question me with so much warmth, harshness I may say. Believe me, I am innocent. Can a young person prevent a gentleman, whose passions perhaps are ardent, from conceiving a favourable opinion of her, from finding means to convey to her a letter?

Vernon. What, has he had the courage to write? Faith! he is a brave man!

Miss Vernon. I answered him only to shew him the impropriety of the step he had taken, and of my granting the interview he requested.

Vernon. He requested an interview, too, did he?

Miss Vernon. Which I have refused, brother: I entreat you to believe me. I know my duty too well to fail in a point so essential.

Vernon. Yes, you are very reserved and punctilious, I know.

Miss Vernon. But, brother, you have always been used to retire to your closet every day after dinner, to look over and arrange your pa-

pers; I hope nothing that has happened will prevent that. I should be sorry to obstruct or delay any business.

Vernon. To my closet.—*(Aside)* She is desirous to have me out of the way. The interview is appointed: that is sufficiently clear.

Miss Vernon. You need be under no fears with respect to your sister: I have perfected my education by reading, and I am incapable of doing any thing that can bring any reflexion on my family.

Vernon. Yes, yes, I know it well. *(Aside)*—If it could be true, now! if I should at last have the happiness to see her married out of my way! This young gentleman, it is said, is very rich.—But if he had not a farthing—

Miss Vernon. What are you thinking of, brother?

Vernon. Nothing; nothing at all, sister. As you have said; I usually go to look over my papers in my closet after dinner; and this afternoon I have some particular business to arrange. *(Aside)* I will watch her carefully, however; and if it should be possible that this young gentleman—*(Aloud)* And so, without ceremony, sister, I wish you all possible success in your amours. Adieu, Nina. *(He goes into the house.)*

Scene XIV.

Miss Vernon *alone.*

What does he mean by that ironical tone, and that gloomy and mysterious air? I have seen so many examples, in the novels I have read, of the extravagances of which Italian and Spanish brothers are capable—In France, it is true, they are generally somewhat more accommodating—But my brother may act as he pleases; it will be to little purpose. —Good Heavens! what an agitation seizes me! How I tremble! There is the young gentleman! Alas! my reason equally condemns my letter and my conduct. What shall I say!—*(She goes in.)*

Scene XV.

Desroches, *Miss* Vernon.

Desroches. (Coming out of the Inn.) 'Tis her! Now, O Love! aid me in my suit to this young and amiable fair-one!

Miss Vernon. I know not which way to look, nor how to act.

Desroches. She hesitates: I must attack briskly. *(He advances to her.)* Miss—*(Looking surprised, and examining her closely)* Heavens! Who? What am I to think?

Miss Vernon. My conduct, sir, must surprise you, no doubt.

Desroches. (Aside) It is not her; it cannot be her!

Miss Vernon. Your behaviour, indeed, does not less surprise me.

Desroches. (Aside) Who can this woman be?

Miss Vernon. (Aside) I scarcely dare to lift up my eyes.

Desroches. Madam!

Miss Vernon. Sir!

Desroches. Do not entertain a too unfavourable idea of me.

Miss Vernon. My heart, indeed, is but too much inclined to excuse you.

Desroches. No; to speak the truth, I alone am to blame in this affair.

Miss Vernon. I wish to persuade myself so.

Desroches. Your daughter, madam, I assure you, is innocent.

Miss Vernon. My daughter, sir?

Desroches. No, no—your—your niece, madam.—*(Aside)* Perhaps she is an aunt.

Miss Vernon. My daughter! my niece! What can this mean, sir?

Desroches. I alone have been the cause of all that has passed. I first adventured to write, but the answer

I received was adapted to check my too eager—or at most to ascertain whether my intentions were so pure, so honourable—

Miss Vernon. How, sir! was it to insult me, to mortify me, that you solicited this interview which I was so weak as to grant you? What do you mean by talking of my daughter and my niece?

Desroches. Is it possible? Are you the charming object?——

Miss Vernon. (affectedly) Yes, this is somewhat more proper language.

Desroches. How! Could it be you? *(Aside)*—Oh! this cursed nearsightedness of mine!

Miss Vernon. You appear to be embarrassed, confused.

Desroches. Not at all, madam. *(Aside).* Plague on that Delille, who told me she was adorable!

Miss Vernon. Besides confessing the real impropriety of the step I have taken, I must tell you that I am under the greatest alarm lest I should be surprised by that severe and watchful Argus I mentioned to you in my letter.

Desroches. Very true. We must therefore separate as soon as possible. I would not for the world cause any uneasiness to you. *(Going.)*

Miss Vernon. Stay one moment. Permit me to say——

Scene XVI.

Enter Vernon, *with a letter in his hand.*

Vernon. I am sure of it. Here they are both. This is manifest collusion; a mere trick.

Miss Vernon. Heavens! my brother!

Desroches. Your brother! Mr. Vernon your brother! I might have suspected it, indeed, from the portrait which Riflard drew of his sister.

Vernon. So, sir, it was to seduce our women, and to cause dissension and mischief in families, that you left your fashionable abode at Paris—Very fine, truly, very fine!

Desroches. What do you mean, sir?

Miss Vernon. Oh! how unfortunate!—

Desroches. Fear nothing, miss; no blame belongs to you. Believe me, I have too much respect for you and for your sister—

Vernon. Do you think this language sufficient to justify you? Does not this letter, which my imprudent sister forgetfully left in her chamber, indicate but too plainly your insidious intentions?

Desroches. Permit me to explain to you.—

Vernon. No explanation, sir: You intended to seduce, and you must marry, my sister.

Desroches. I must marry this lady!

Miss Vernon. Heavens! how shall I calm and pacify these violent and inflamed spirits? Let me entreat you, brother, to be more moderate. Such language can only irritate a person of a generous disposition, and make him rashly reject even what he himself desires.

Desroches. What I desire myself?—Not at all, miss; I certainly am sensible of the respect due to you, of your merit, but——

Vernon. You will not marry her? Well; we shall see, we shall see.

Miss Vernon. In what a situation am I placed! What a strange contest is this between my brother and this gentleman! It is a scene for a romance. Oh! how shall I stop the blood that is about to flow?

Vernon. No, no, sister; be under no such alarm. Here is no question of blood nor of battles, but only of a notice of action which I shall cause to be served on this gentleman; and as he is a man of honour and gene-

rosity, he will no doubt act as his duty and the law require.

Desroches. A notice of action! I begin to lose all patience. Go to the devil with your notice of action!

Miss Vernon. What language!

Vernon. Take care what you say, sir: do not insult us; that may have more serious consequences than you are aware of.

Scene XVII.

Enter Delille.

Delille. What is all this noise? How! you, my friend, quarrelling with Mr. Vernon!

Desroches. Oh, you are come! I must tell you that you are the principal cause of this quarrel. Is this the way that you deceive and make a jest of your friends?

Delille. I! What have I done? I told you that the lady was young and amiable. Did I deceive you?

Miss Vernon. Yes; answer, ungrateful man! did he deceive you? See the tears which your shameful conduct forces from me.

Desroches. My conduct!

Delille. Ah! my dear sir, can you resist the tears of beauty?

Miss Vernon. There, you see your friend takes my part.

Vernon. Let us put an end to this. *(To Desroches)* Do you intend to marry my sister?

Desroches. No; be assured of it, I do not intend to marry her.

Miss Vernon. You will not marry me? Cruel, barbarous man!

Vernon. That is sufficient: you shall soon hear from me.

Miss Vernon. I am undone. I shall be the talk of the town; and you alone are the cause of all my sufferings, of my death.

Vernon. No, no, sister, you shall not die; but this gentleman may repent.——Go, sister.

Miss Vernon. Yes, I will go, and conceal my tears and my shame. Perfidious, ungrateful, barbarian! [*Exit.*

Delille. But may we not, Mr. Vernon, find some means to accommodate—?

Vernon. A marriage or a lawsuit.

Delille. (to Desroches) Two cruel extremities, my friend.

Desroches. I am in no humour to be jested with.—Let him do what he pleases; I do not fear him.

Vernon. You do not fear me? Oh! you do not know yet with whom you have to deal.—But we shall see; we shall see. Here is intrigue, seduction, breach of confidence. Can there be stronger grounds for action? However, we shall see. [*Exit.*

Scene XVIII.

Desroches, Delille.

Desroches. Yes; we shall see—But did ever any body see a bigger fool, with his head stuffed with law, than this? We have some such at Paris, no doubt; but none I think so incomparably absurd.

Delille. What you begin to think more favourably of Paris, do you?

Desroches. No, not at all. You have been to blame too in this affair: but I believe the best way will be to laugh at it. Well, I must return to Madame Senneville. With respect to her you cannot deceive me. She certainly is handsome. In the mean time, before we wait upon her according to appointment, shall we—

Delille. Shall we go and see madame Guibert?

Desroches. Whatever ridiculous characters we may meet with in this town, they must at least have fewer

ill qualities than Mr. Vernon and his celestial sister.

Delille. Who can tell? Do not be too positive.

Desroches. At any rate, let us find another inn. I do not like the neighbourhood. We are in continual danger of marriages or law-suits.—I will be with you in a moment. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIX.

DELILLE, *Madame* BELMONT *entering on the opposite side.*

Delille. Is it you? Why are you come? Desroches will be here in a moment. Should he see you it will ruin all.

Madame Belmont. What is it to me that this miss Vernon is neither young nor handsome? it is the inconstancy, the desertion of your friend, unmerited on my part, that enrages me.

Delille. Spare him your anger. He is unhappy enough; he has got into a law-suit. Come, come; you know it was your intention to give him a lesson he may remember, but not to punish yourself by renouncing him entirely.

Madame Belmont. I punish myself by renouncing him!

Delille. Yes, I shall not recall my words. Why should you dissemble with me, who wish only his happiness and yours? All these adventures will only make him regret that he left you.—But begone.—Heavens! what shall we do? He is here.

Madame Belmont. (letting down her veil) Do not be afraid; he will not know me.

SCENE XX.

Enter DESROCHES.

Desroches. Well, my friend, now we may go. *(Perceiving Madame Belmont, who makes a low curtsey, and goes off)* Oh! oh! I no longer wonder that you made me wait. Who is this mysterious fair-one?

Delille. You see I have not neglected to profit by your lessons, and follow your example. I, too, have had my adventures in this charming town.

Desroches. Ah! you rogue! what you think it is charming, now?

Delille. Oh! delightful, exquisite, divine!—Come, let us go to Mrs. Guibert's. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

(To be continued.)

THE INTRIGUE;

OR,

The LOVERS *who were* PERSUADED *to be in* LOVE.

A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 155.)

WHEN Fonrose arrived, the viscount ran to him, and embracing him, exclaimed—

'Make your most grateful acknowledgments, my friend, to Madame de Forlis; she consents to your union with her you love.'

Fonrose, as might be expected, now doubted not that his secret was discovered: he supposed that the hand of Juliette was meant to be offered to him, and, transported with joy, threw himself at the feet of madame de Forlis, who, greatly affected, said to him—'It is to your generous rival that your thanks are due.'

These words were a thunder-stroke to Fonrose: they gave him a glimpse of a part of the truth; but he had presence of mind enough to say no-

thing, and to drop his head on the knees of madame de Forlis, to conceal the surprise and consternation which must naturally be painted in his countenance.

'Yes, my dear friend!' cried the viscount, 'I resign to you miss Louisa de Forlis. I shall instantly leave this place. My father will arrive to-day; I will go to meet him; and, to relieve you from all cause of uneasiness, I shall immediately marry the person he intends for me.'

'No, no,' exclaimed Fonrose, rising hastily, 'never will I abuse so much greatness of mind. I yielded to a first emotion which I had not power to suppress; but reflection has restored me to myself.'

'My dear Fonrose!' replied Verdac, 'my resolution is taken; I shall set out this moment.'

'I will not suffer it,' cried Fonrose.

'Adieu, madam,' said Verdac, making a profound bow to madame de Forlis, who, during this heroic dialogue, wept with admiration—'adieu.'

Pronouncing these words, the viscount precipitately left the room; Fonrose followed him, and when they were on the stairs seized his arm, and drew him with him in despite of all his efforts, giving orders at the same time to a servant to send away the post-horses.

Verdac, thus led to his chamber by Fonrose, still declared that he persisted in his determination.—'The question is not,' said Fonrose, 'concerning either your love or mine; our attention ought to be wholly turned to Louisa. You are the object of her affection, and it is not permitted you to be generous towards me at the expence of her happiness. Besides, can I accept the sacrifice which you wish to make to me? Will honour permit me to receive the hand of a woman who only marries me under the influence of constraint, of a woman whose heart is not free?'

'In time, she will love you.'

No, no; a first passion is never cured. Miss de Forlis is not the first object that has excited love in my breast; and I feel that reason can triumph over an inclination which is already enfeebled. You, whom she loves, you ought to be faithful. If you abandon her, you will be no other than a seducer.'

'Oh! that I can never be.'

'I am certain you cannot. Do not suffer yourself, then, to be misled by a false generosity: accept the happiness which is offered you.'

'But, my father—?'

'You shall have his consent. In the first place, however, you must take that step which you owe to the sentiments of Louisa; you must ask her of her mother. In the agitation in which you are you cannot speak to madame de Forlis.'

'Yes, I am greatly agitated; I know not what to do.'

'You cannot even write. I am more calm; and I will draw up a letter, which you shall copy and send. Afterwards you shall tell me how you discovered that I was in love with Louisa; some one must have suggested to you this idea.'

'Not at all: it was your illness, which you called a cold, that opened my eyes.'

'My cold opened your eyes?'

'Yes, I perceived you were ill of grief and disappointment.'

'Oh! no; my passion was never so extreme as that. I confess, that if Louisa had loved me I should have adored her; but never being able to flatter myself with that happiness, I feel for her only an involuntary sentiment which causes me no violent pain, and which will be extinguished the moment she shall be your wife.—But we must at present

think only of the letter to madame de Forlis; we can afterwards resume this conversation.'

Fonrose then took pen and ink, and wrote a letter addressed to madame de Forlis, and conceived in the following terms:

'Madam,

'After a long conversation with my friend, I am convinced, by proofs that no longer permit me to doubt, that his passion is infinitely less ardent than mine. He can live without miss de Forlis; and I confess that I cannot exist without her. He has himself authorized me to open to you my heart, and to manifest to you, without disguise, the excess of a love of which friendship could nevertheless obtain the sacrifice. Deign, madam, to restore me to hope, which will restore me to life.'

Fonrose left this letter with Verdac (who promised him to copy it and send it immediately), and went in quest of Juliette, in order to inform her of all that had passed. Scarcely had he left the room, when Adrienne, extremely uneasy at the conference of the two friends, advanced softly, on tiptoe, and with an air of mysterious caution, through the gallery. She was perceived by Fonrose, who, however, pretended not to see her, but went on, and, concealing himself behind a folding door, watched her, and saw her go hastily into the room to Verdac. He then strongly suspected some perfidy on the part of Adrienne, though it was impossible for him to divine the motive of it. He was at first inclined to return immediately to Verdac; but, considering that Adrienne would probably have address enough to assign plausible reasons for this clandestine and abrupt visit, he thought it better to seem not to have any suspicion of her, but carefully to observe all her conduct, the more certainly to detect her in her intrigues. Having made these reflexions, he hastened to find Juliette.

Adrienne found Verdac cutting a pen, to copy, in his very best handwriting, the letter written by Fonrose. She questioned him eagerly, and he answered with his usual simple frankness. He assured her that he had not pronounced her name, and that no person could suspect that she had the least share in the steps he had taken; at the same time renewing his promise of inviolable secresy. Adrienne maintained that Fonrose dissembled; that his passion for miss de Forlis was violent in the extreme: and she spoke with so much address and vehemence, that she persuaded Verdac to return to his former determination, which, in fact, was most agreeable to him, since he greatly feared the opposition and anger of his father.

'But what would you have me do?' said Verdac.

'Perform an action as noble as that of Fonrose,' replied Adrienne: let this letter, which he wrote for you in despair, ensure his happiness.

'In what manner?'

'Give it to me, and I will carry it to my aunt, on the part of Fonrose, as if he had written it for himself. In the mean time, order your horse to be saddled, and set off without delay to meet your father, who expects you.'

Verdac greatly approved this idea, and, calling his valet, ordered him, in presence of Adrienne, to saddle his horse immediately, and lead him to the end of the avenue, for he was determined to set out without speaking to any person.

Adrienne, delighted with his ready compliance, then left him, taking with her the letter written by Fonrose, and on the back of which he had also written the words—*For*

Madame de Forlis. With this she flew to her aunt, and, giving her the letter, told her that she had found that paper in the gallery, and, having only read her name on it, thought it her duty to bring it to her. Adrienne then added, that a messenger had that moment arrived from her father, who requested her to return to him at Paris as soon as possible. She therefore took her leave, and left her aunt alone.

Madame de Forlis read with impatience the letter of Fonrose, and the error in which it confirmed her gave her the greatest joy; for Fonrose was the son-in-law she wished. She sent for Louisa, related to her the generous contention of the two friends, and concluded by reading to her the letter which had just been put into her hands. Louisa heard all she had to say with the greatest calmness; she knew not what she ought to think, or which most to admire, Fonrose or Verdac. Her mother, however, put an end to her indecision, by telling her that these two virtuous and most ardent lovers were equally worthy of her; but, added she, the viscount is not certain of obtaining the consent of his father, and in this uncertainty we ought no longer to rely on him. Fonrose adores you; he is subject to no controul: can you be insensible to an attachment so tender and delicate? Louisa assured her that she was not ungrateful; and that, since she could not marry M. de Verdac, she would consent without the least repugnance to a union with M. de Fonrose. At these words, madame de Forlis, having obtained her utmost wish, sent immediately for Fonrose, who instantly came.—'My dear Fonrose!' said she, shewing him Louisa, 'she is yours, and she consents.'——Fonrose was petrified.——'Perhaps,' resumed madame de Forlis, after having written the affecting letter now in my possession, you have again repented, and again formed the noble resolution to sacrifice your happiness to friendship. But Heaven has not permitted it. You have dropped this letter, and it has been brought to me.'

She then produced the letter which he had written for Verdac to copy, and gave it to him. Fonrose, scarcely able to dissemble the anger and indignation which rose in his breast, immediately perceived the effect of the interview between Adrienne and Verdac. After a moment of silence and reflection, he advanced to madame de Forlis, and clasping her hands between his—'Dear madam,' said he, 'could you read my heart you would see how much I am penetrated by your goodness.—But so violent are my emotions, and I am so little able to command them, that it is impossible for me to express what I feel. Permit me to retire for a moment, to recollect myself and reflect on my extraordinary situation.'

He instantly left the room, without waiting for an answer; and having written a few lines with a pencil to Juliette, to inform her of this most singular incident, hurried to the stables, and, mounting Verdac's horse, set off full gallop for Paris. He had no doubt that Adrienne had advised and engaged Verdac to leave Chevilly, and he knew that she herself was already gone. He therefore gained to his interest the valet of Verdac, and the grooms and servants about the stables, who contrived to interpose invincible obstacles to the departure of the viscount. He was at first told, that his horse had lost his shoe. He ordered post-horses; and was made to wait three-quarters of an hour before he was told that none could be procured. He then gave orders for his horse to be shoed, but no farrier was to be found. The viscount, while he was detained in

this manner, walked, with great calmness, up and down the avenue, never once suspecting that Fonrose was already gone, and on his horse.

In the mean time, Juliette had not been inactive on her part, but had produced a great change. Louisa, after the conversation with her mother, had gone up into her chamber, and, with a seriousness suitable to the occasion, told Juliette, that, in obedience to her mother's recommendation, she had consented and promised to marry Fonrose. At these words, Juliette, who had already been informed of what had passed by the note which Fonrose had procured to be conveyed to her, threw herself on her sister's neck, with all the appearance of the most affectionate concern:—'Ah! my dear sister!' exclaimed she, 'what have you done?'

'It gives me pain,' said Louisa, 'it is true: you know that I loved M. de Verdac;—but I must think of him no more.'

'My dear sister,' cried Juliette, 'how pale and ill you look!'

'Yes; it will cost me some struggles.'

'If you could shed tears, that perhaps might relieve you.'

'No, I cannot shed tears; but I feel a great oppression at my stomach.'

'Believe me, that is very dangerous.—Bless me, sister, how you tremble! let me unlace you.'

'Oh! no; we are going to dinner, directly.'

'To dinner! you would not surely think of it, in the condition in which you are.'

'I ate but very little breakfast, and I feel a kind of throbbing at my stomach.'

'That will be much worse if you eat: I am sure you have a fever. Let me feel your pulse.—Heavens! it is absolutely convulsive!'

'Really!'

'You are in a high fever, I am sure. What a misfortune it is to have too much sensibility!—Be persuaded—you must go to bed.'

Juliette now began to undress her sister as fast as possible. Louisa made some resistance; but Juliette talking to her of Verdac, and insisting on the disappointment and despair she must feel, prevailed on her to follow her advice; and Louisa, half voluntarily and half by force, went to bed. It was agreed that Juliette should tell madame de Forlis that Louisa had a violent head-ach, and that she requested permission to dine in her chamber. Juliette, recommending to her sister to take some balm-tea which she had made for her, left her, promising to return to her immediately after dinner. She then went in quest of Verdac, whom she found in the avenue, where he had been waiting more than an hour and a half. He found himself tired, and, as there were no seats in the walk, had sat down in a swing, fastened to two trees; and while he considered how he should act, and partly from absence of mind, was swaying himself backwards and forwards, when Juliette came running to him apparently out of breath and in much agitation—'Heavens!' exclaimed she, 'why are you here, while Louisa is in such a state?'

'What do you mean?' said Verdac, getting down from the swing—'What is the matter?'

'Her nerves, poor young lady! have suffered a terrible shock. Can you seriously believe that she could willingly consent to marry Fonrose, with the affection she has for you?—'She is in bed with a violent fever, and can you be barbarous enough to set off for Paris, and leave her in such a state?'

'I do assure you,' said Verdac, 'I knew nothing of it.'—At this mo-

ment the dinner-bell rang, which put an end to the hesitation of the viscount whether he should stay or go.—'Well,' said he, 'I will not leave Chevilly to-day;' and offering Juliette his arm, they returned together into the house.

Madame de Forlis and two or three intimate acquaintances who were with her on a visit were sitting down to table. Juliette whispered her mother that Louisa was somewhat indisposed, and requested that she would dispense with her leaving her chamber. Madame de Forlis readily consented, imagining that Louisa wished to avoid again seeing the viscount; but she was both surprised and uneasy at learning that Fonrose had set off for Paris. The viscount appeared dull and thoughtful; he said little, but he ate a great deal: the exercise he had taken in the morning had given him an appetite much more remarkable than his grief. After dinner, the company returned to the saloon; and a moment after a carriage was heard driving up to the door. Verdac went to the window, and almost immediately uttered an exclamation of astonishment — for he saw his father and Fonrose alight from the carriage.

Madame de Forlis, not less astonished than the viscount, went into her parlour, to receive this unexpected visit. Fonrose, now triumphant, presented the baron de Verdac to madame de Forlis, telling her that he came to solicit for his son the hand of miss Louisa de Forlis. 'I should have been too happy to obtain it,' added he; 'but, madam, besides my friendship for Verdac, an invincible obstacle opposed my happiness. I have but too distinctly seen, notwithstanding the extreme reserve of miss de Forlis, that she secretly entertains a lively affection for the viscount. It was, consequently, on every account, my duty to sacrifice my sentiments to his—to those of my friend. I went therefore to the baron de Verdac, represented to him the whole truth, and, to render him favourable to the wishes of his son, it was sufficient, madam, to mention your name.'

The baron now spoke, confirming all that Fonrose had said; and madame de Forlis, lost in admiration of these extraordinary incidents, gave her consent.

Louisa was taking her eighth cup of balm tea when this intelligence was announced to her. She appeared delighted; and Juliette, as may be supposed, sincerely participated in her joy. At supper all were very cheerful, notwithstanding the pity inspired by the *generous* Fonrose, whose fortitude and greatness of mind none could sufficiently praise.

Some days after, madame de Forlis asked Fonrose if he were really cured of his passion?—'Yes, madam,' replied he; 'Louisa is now, in my eyes, only like a most amiable sister.'

'She may, perhaps, become such in reality,' answered madame de Forlis.

'Ah, madam!' exclaimed Fonrose, 'the happiness of being related to you will ever be to me the most powerful of all consolations.'

At these words, madame de Forlis embraced him, saying—'Juliette is not the daughter I could have wished to have given you; but it will be, at any rate, extremely agreeable to me to have you for a son-in-law.'

Juliette was now consulted on the subject by her mother, and her answer may be easily imagined. It was determined that the two marriages should be celebrated within the course of a fortnight. This conclusion was a severe blow to the intriguing Adrienne, but it was not her only punishment; the baron de

Verdac proceeded in his law-suit against her father, and gained his cause. She also lost for ever the friendship of Juliette and Fonrose. Madame de Forlis married her two daughters on the same day, telling all her friends that the history of her sons-in-law might form the subject of a most interesting romance or pathetic drama. The insipid and discreet Louisa became the most irreproachable and truly happy wife; and Verdac frequently observed that his domestic felicity was a sufficient proof of the falsehood of the proverb which says that—love-matches are never happy. The gay and acute Juliette, too much addicted to coquetry, and too apt to indulge her taste for intrigue, was frequently imprudent, and guilty of numerous acts of levity and extravagance; while the brilliant Fonrose often gave her much cause for uneasiness, and even ill-treated her in fits of jealousy; till at length this accomplished and ardently enamoured pair envied the lot of *the lovers who had only been persuaded that they were in love*, and whom they had united by their *intrigues*.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY called WHO WANTS A GUINEA? OR, THE YORKSHIRE IRISHMAN, performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal Covent Garden, on Thursday, April 18.

THE characters were thus represented:

Sir Larry M'Murragh	Mr. Lewis.
Barford	Mr. Kemble.
Torrent	Mr. Munden.
Heartly	Mr. Chapman.
Henry	Mr. C. Kemble.
Jonathan Oldskirt	Mr. Simmons.
Hogmore	Mr. Waddy.
Carrydot	Mr. Davenport.
Andrew Bang	Mr. Emery.
Solomon Gundy	Mr. Fawcett.
Fanny	Mrs. Gibbs.
Mrs. Glastonbury	Mrs. Mattocks.
Amy	Miss Waddy.

THE PLOT.

ACT I.—*Scene, Yorkshire.*—The rising of the curtain in the first scene discovers an apartment in the house of *Heartly*, a benevolent Yorkshire gentleman, and *Hogmore*, an opulent farmer in the neighbourhood. From their conversation it appears, that a fire had happened in a village in the vicinity, and that the cottage of a poor labourer had been burnt to the ground, an event which brought ruin on himself and his family. The case is rendered more deplorable by the labourer having been some time before struck with the palsy. *Heartly* strongly solicits *Hogmore* to bestow some charity on the unfortunate sufferers. The latter endeavours for a long time to wave the subject; but at last it is pressed by *Heartly* in such a manner, that he is forced to come to the point, and then gives a flat refusal with expressions of unfeeling brutality. *Hogmore* having taken his leave, *Solomon Gundy*, a half-starved rat-catcher, who had suffered by the fire, enters with his sign-board, which he had saved from the wreck. *Solomon*, who was admirably represented by FAWCETT, had been in France to receive, as he himself said, his last polish, and jabbers a strange mixture of bad French and bad English, in order to shew the improvements which he had made by his foreign education. After a short dialogue, which discovers his character, he gives *Heartly* a letter which had been sent by *Torrent*, *Heartly*'s friend, who was come down from London to take possession of his estate in Yorkshire. *Heartly* reads the letter, and finds that *Torrent*, by the fall of his carriage, had been thrown into a horse-pond, or, as he called it, "tumbled into his estate." *Heartly* immediately sets off to find his friend, who had stopt at the Spread Eagle, the village inn. The scene then changes to an apartment in the Spread

Eagle. *Torrent* is discovered conversing with *Amy*, the landlord's daughter; the former with his boots all dirty, as if he had been newly taken out from the horse-pond. Here it appears that *Torrent* is a merchant, who, having amassed a fortune in London, had bought an estate in Yorkshire to enjoy the pleasures of the country, and do all the acts of benevolence in his power. His benevolence, however, is of an ardent sort; for he instantly obeys the dictates of his heart, in affording relief, without troubling his head about enquiry into the merits of the object. He rejoices at the miserable state in which he finds his tenants, in order that he may have the pleasure of relieving them. Having called for a newspaper, he sits down to read it, when *Barford* (Captain *Delamere*) enters with a bundle in his hand, which he throws down on the table, and says, 'There is the whole of my property.'—A dialogue ensues between him and *Torrent*. *Barford* appears to be a misanthrope, and his misanthropy is combated by *Torrent*, who, after declaring his conviction of the general goodness of men, concludes with the words, 'I don't know what you may think, but dam'me, if I don't believe there may even be *honest attorneys!*' *Barford* observes, that love and friendship are two faded *roses*; but that he who has nothing to do with either escapes many a *thorn*. 'D——n it (replies *Torrent*), why don't you lose your *legs!*—Your legs are useful, to be sure; but then you may have the *gout*, and by losing them you may escape many a *twinge!*' *Barford* observes, that he, *Torrent*, must have met with few misfortunes in life, and that its sweets had to him been unmixed with *acid*. *Torrent* answers that he had met with many rubs, 'but dam'me if I don't believe that when you were sent to nurse you *sucked a lemon!*' He discovers, however, that *Barford* had been a lodger in the house which had been burnt; and, touched with his misfortunes, he slips a pocket-book into his bundle, containing notes to the amount of 150*l*. *Barford* departs, and *Heartly* enters, and from him *Torrent* learns, that *Barford* had saved the father and his child from the flames, so that he was not a misanthrope in practice, though he professed to be one. '*He lies!* (exclaims *Torrent*); God bless him, *he lies!*'

Act II.—Opens with a conversation between *Jonathan Oldskirt*, an old linen-draper, from the back of St. Clement's, and *Fanny*, who had been hired by Mr. *Torrent*'s agent in London, as his house-keeper. It appears that *Fanny* had some time before come from Jamaica with a young physician of the name of *Henry*, to whose care she had been bequeathed by her dying mother. As soon as they landed in England, *Henry* had unaccountably disappeared, and left her destitute. She took a lodging at the house of *Jonathan Oldskirt*, who, finding her destitute of a situation, supports her till she finds a place. The place where they are discovered is in the fields, about half a mile from *Torrent*'s house. She prevails upon *Oldskirt* to go to the inn, while she went to the house. *Oldskirt* expresses dreadful apprehensions of the danger of being so far from town, and complains bitterly of the miseries of a stage-coach: 'Six within,' he says, 'and two squalling brats; a fat sleeping alderman, who pitched his head into the pit of my stomach. I did but pop out my head to take a little air, when a confounded fellow on the top gave me a *kick in the jaws* with his heel!" He goes back to the inn, and *Fanny* proceeds to the house. The second scene discovers a room in Lord Alamode's house, with *Andrew Bang*, his gamekeeper, asleep. *Sir Larry M'Murragh*, an Irish baronet, enters, and pulls him by the nose, and *tips* him the compliments of the *sleeping sea-*

son. He sends *Bang* to pay the postillions, and says—'I promised them *half-a-crown a-piece* if they drove fast, but they were d——d lazy, so there's only a *seven-shilling-piece between them.*' *Bang* goes out, observing that the postillions were fools for not stopping altogether, and then he might have given them *half-a-guinea.* *Bang* re-enters, introducing *Hercules*, the Lilliputian foot-boy of *Sir Larry*, who carries the ready cash in a small box in his hand, and a large green bag full of tradesmen's bills on his back. *Carrydot*, Lord A.'s steward, enters, and receives a letter from *Sir Larry*, written by his master. From this, and a subsequent explanation of *Sir Larry*, it appears, that the latter had been ruined at play by his dear friend Lord A. who lent him his house in the country to evade the pursuit of his creditors. He told the steward that he was *dished*; which *Carrydot* not understanding, *Sir Larry* explained the term:—'Why now,' says he, 'tis as *aisy* as nothing at all at all; for the learned agree that *dishing* comes from *dashing!*' In order to persuade *Carrydot* that he was the most careful and regular man in the world, he shows him a book of his memorandums, which are found to contain the following items:—

	£.	
To sweep-crossings -	——	1 0
To sundries - - - -	7000	0 0
To a collar for a pug dog -	——	10 6
To a diamond necklace for Eliza	900	0 0
Promised my tailor - - -	4000	0 0

Act III.—The third act opens with the discovery of *Sir Larry* in Alamode's house. *Fanny* comes to the house, having mistaken it for *Torrent's*. *Sir Larry*, who is charmed with her beauty, bribes the gamekeeper to confirm her mistake. When she asks who is the master of the house, *Sir Larry* holds out half-a-crown behind him to *Bang*, who, as he puts it in his pocket, declares that *Sir Larry* is *landlord in fee! Fanny* is surprised at the manner of the gentlemen of the house, and remains in her mistake for that time. The second scene opens with the discovery of *Torrent's* house. *Torrent* and *Heartly* are conversing, and the former informs the latter of his benevolent acts, which *Heartly* finds out to be squandered on undeserving objects. *Heartly* departs, and *Jonathan Oldskirt* enters. *Torrent* mistakes him for a surveyor whom *Heartly* had recommended. A curious *equivoque* ensues, while *Oldskirt* talks of *Fanny*, and *Torrent* of his grounds. *Torrent* surprises *Oldskirt* by saying with the poet—

'To clothe the goddess like a modest fair,
'Not overdress'd—and yet not wholly bare.'

He sends *Oldskirt* to walk in his park, without any explanation having taken place.

Act IV.—This opens with a conversation between *Torrent* and *Barford*, who comes back with the pocket-book. He informs *Torrent* of his story, of his wife having been seduced in the West-Indies by *Torrent's* brother, who had been afterwards killed by accident. He had learnt, that his daughter *Fanny* had been hired by *Torrent* as his housekeeper, and demands to see her. *Oldskirt* here enters in a passion, and, by the arrival of *Heartly*, an explanation takes place. *Oldskirt* loudly demands to see *Fanny*, and much amusement follows from the singularly expressed rage of the old linen-draper, who thinks he is imposed upon. The parties set out, in order to search for *Fanny* in the neighbourhood. The second scene discovers *Hogmore's* house. *Henry*, in the dress of a sailor, appears; and it is found that he had been taken by a pressgang on his landing from the West Indies with *Fanny*; that he had been hurried to actions, and captured by the French; and that from that time he had been

confined in a French prison till he made his escape. He asks a lodging for the night from *Hogmore*, who refuses, saying, he had no lodgings to let. A child of *Hogmore*'s, however, who had heard the conversation, appears at a low window, and hands out a basket with some provisions and liquor, and supplies the necessities of *Henry*. *Solomon Gundy*, in his search for *Fanny*, passes by, and takes *Henry* to Alamode's house.

Act V.—Commences with the discovery of Mrs. Glastonbury, the housekeeper, and *Fanny*, in Lord Alamode's house. *Fanny* has discovered her mistake, and wishes to depart, but is restrained by the housekeeper. *Gundy*, *Henry*, *Torrent*, and *Barford*, successively arrive, and endeavour to prevail upon *Sir Larry* to say whether *Fanny* is in the house. At last she enters with *Oldskirt*, and meets *Henry* and *Barford* (her father). The father gives her hand to *Henry*—*Torrent* promises to take care of their fortunes—and with this the piece concludes.

The style of this comedy, which is the production of Mr. Colman, a writer of deserved celebrity, is for the most part terse and elegant; there are many sentiments justly conceived, and most happily expressed. The first act, so far as regards the dialogue, is very happily combined, and abounds with many pleasantries or witticisms. It kept the house in a roar. The second act is less luxuriant, but it has several intellectual felicities which stamp a superior genius. The third shews an exhaustion or carelessness of powers; and the fourth and fifth acts are languid.

There was much to applaud in the performance. Mr. Kemble both conceived and acted *Barford* with that judgment and impressive effect that might have been expected from him. Mr. Fawcett was flippant and diverting in *Solomon Gundy*; and Munden did as much for *Torrent* as the author could have hoped. The churlish Farmer was characteristically represented by Waddy; and although much praise is due to Mr. Lewis, for having lent the aid of his pleasant and animated talents in comedy, we are compelled to observe that the part of the Irishman did not, in his hands, afford us all the entertainment we expected. It will cost him some time and trouble before he can acquire that accent which chiefly constitutes the humour and eccentricity of such characters. Simmons was the most favoured performer in the piece, and certainly deserved it. Mrs. Gibbs was exceedingly interesting throughout. Mrs. Mattocks also merits much encomium.

LONDON AFTERNOON DRESSES.

BLACK crape turban, with jet ornaments; crape dress, with lozenge black velvet trimming down the front; drawn crape tucker, and black velvet shoes. Two-figure Lenon muslin turban, with long lappets; the hair straight over the forehead; worked muslin dress, Circassian sleeves; armlets with pebble ornaments; brown velvet shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

WHATEVER was in vogue during the four winter months is partially combined with the dresses which announce the spring. Thus, though *perkale* and straw are worn, there are still velvet great-coats, and cloth hats. Taffety has not excluded satin; and two ladies may be seen arm in arm, one of whom shall have a robe of fine muslin, and the other a *fichu* of scarlet cashmire, or white satin trimmed with fur.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

TO BLOOMFIELD WEBB,

ON SEEING HIM FEEDING SOME BIRDS ON A SEVERE FROSTY MORNING.

1805.

BLOOMFIELD, to thee a father's rustic muse
Chaunts his wild woodnotes; fondly to record
Thy bounty to the little bands of song.

To yonder bower, where budding woodbines form
A slender covert from the sleety shower,
Repair the feather'd suppliants. Expectation
Beams in each eye, and hope anticipates
The coming good! Haste, haste, my little Bloomfield,
And give thy plumy friends their crumby meal.
Tis done; the rosy cherub has perform'd
The charitable deed—the want-pinched tribe
Devour the wheaten morsel, soon dispatch'd:
On agile pinions, lo! they soar aloft,
And seem to twitter thanks.—Still, still, my Bloomfield!
Pursue the kind benevolent amusement,
And feed the chirping paupers, till fair spring
Spangles earth's verdant robe with various flowers,
Clothes the bare trees in green habiliments,
And beams around delight. Then, Bloomfield, then
The harmless redbreast will repay thy kindness
With many a rural ditty; while the sparrow
Will chirp his gratitude in rougher accents.
Dear sportling! by such tender acts as these
May thy young mind imbibe humane ideas,
And learn to sympathize with human woe!
Should Heaven be pleas'd to gild thy days with affluence,
Dispense its favours with a liberal hand
But give (if thou hast nothing else to give)
The kind consoling word, the pitying tear.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

ADDRESS TO A SNOW-DROP.

Written February, 1805.

WHY dost thou, silver-vested flower,
While tempests howl and snow-storms lower,
Thus boldly brave stern winter's power,
And rear thy head?
Why so impatient? why not stay
Till Zephyrs drive rude blasts away,
And potent Sol, with chearing ray,
Warm thy cold bed?

Why stay not till the primrose pale,
With simple beauty, spots the vale;
Till vi'lets load each passing gale
With luscious balm?
Till moist-ey'd April's genial showers
Rouse Flora's train of painted flowers,
And songsters fill the leafy bowers
With music's charm?

Fair flower! thy hardy front defies
The rigour of inclement skies:
The blast pernicious o'er thee flies,
Nor chills thy form.
Thus virtue stands with placid mien
While whirlwinds desolate the scene;
And, chear'd by hope, with mind serene
Smiles at the storm.

Haverhill, March 20, 1805. JOHN WEBB.

VERSES ON LEAVING H-----N.

THE time is arriv'd I must now be returning,
Tho' to leave my companions I feel rather sad;
But since 't must be so, why what signifies mourning?
'Tis always the best, when we can, to be glad.

My heart is a gay one, a stranger to sorrow;—
That word in my ear has a very harsh sound;—

Present time I employ, and ne'er think of to-
morrow—
'Tis a period, we're told,' that's no-where
to be found.'

But, ah! when I think how our time we were
spending—
In composing of poetry, or reading a book—
We were ever obliging, and never offending,
And the smile of good-nature appear'd in
each look.

But now I must go, so accept of my farewell;
And I hope your good-nature 'll excuse
my weak strain:
And I still have the pleasure to hope, as we
are well,
We all shall meet happy and well once
again.

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

ACROSTIC.

W HILE others write of Shakspeare's fame,
I 'd raise to memory your name;
L oud sound the trumpet of your praise,—
L ouder than Shakspeare's, Pope's, and
Gay's.
I n ev'ry part how nice and true!
A nd merit e'er should have its due;
M ay you e'er live in peace and ease,

B elov'd by her you wish to please!
L uckless the youth who's doom'd to mourn
A cruel maiden's cold return;
N o peace nor comfort does he know,
C ondemn'd to spend a life of woe.
H ere may you meet with nought but joy
A nd pleasures such as never cloy:
R ich in each virtue that we can
D esire to see a happy man.

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO MISS HARRISON, LINCOLN.

MAY your life, my lov'd Nancy, e'er be
As calm and serene as the morn!
May a time never come which shall plant
In your virtuous bosom a thorn!

And if 'tis decreed that you are
At the altar of Hymen t'attend,
May you, in the youth whom you love,
Find a faithful protector and friend!

Then your days will be happily spent,
Unclouded with care or with pain;
Until you that life which is lent,
Resign to its Maker again.

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY COOLING, LINCOLN.

FROM this uncertain stage remov'd
Is Mary, once the gay;
Emaciated, cold, and pale,
She in the earth does lay.

Yes, in the cold and frozen earth
Her lovely form is laid:—
She in the bloom of youth, alas!
The debt of nature paid.

Her crimson cheeks they might for bloom
Have with the roses vied;
And 'gainst her neck the lilies fair
Might sure with envy 've died.

But, ah! these graces bright had not
Sufficient power to save
The lovely maid that them possest
One moment from the grave!

Ah me! how transcient were her charms!
Death did them all entomb:
He cropp'd the roses of her cheeks
Ere they attain'd full bloom.

Now, farewell, Mary, blooming maid!
I see thee more shall never;
Yet will I cherish, dearest girl!
Thy remembrance for ever.

Holbeash Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

ACROSTIC.

I MPRINTED on the mind be ev'ry grace,
A nd every beauty that adorns the face!
N ever let false-hearted swains your heart
insnare;
E 'er of the fickle shepherd's tale beware.

H ere may you live in peace and affluence,
E nlighten'd be your mind with true good
sense:
R est calm and humble, if your lot be poor;—
B ut if it's rich, be humble as before.

B e ever peace and virtue in your breast!
And may you with the youth you love be b'ess'd!
S ense and good-nature on you ever attend!
S ure then you'll find in ev'ry one a friend.

Holbeach. JANE C--K--G.

VERSES

ON A PLEASANT WALK NEAR LINCOLN.

FAREWELL, lovely scene! I must go,
And leave thee, ah! leave thee behind!
But I this, as some solace, shall know,
Thou wilt e'er have a place in my mind.

Ah! how peaceful I oft have sat down,
Enjoying thy beauties serene!
Undisturb'd by the noise of the town,
I've hail'd thee the charmingest scene.

But now I must bid thee adieu,
Tho' 't will certainly give me much pain;
Much more, as I certainly know
I shall ne'er see thy beauties again.

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

TO AN ENTHUSIAST.

BY MR. G. DYER.

WERE you, my friend, some nimble-winged thing,
That could with eagle wing extend your flight,
Then might you range the world,
Then pierce each lonely place;

Whether 't were lazar-house, or dungeon drear,
Or hill, or beatling cliff, or time-worn cave,
Where misery sat and sigh'd
Her troubles, still unseen:

And there, perchance, at eve her hollow eye
On the hard stone at times might drop the tear,
As once the dame*, who mourn'd
Her hapless children's fate.

Then had you, gentle friend, the chemic art
Of some young bee, that roves from flow'r to flow'r,
How fondly might you rove!
What balmy sweets enhale!

Then, blest employment! with what tender skill
Wondering might you those honour'd treasures mire,
And form a generous balm
To heal each mourner's heart!

Were you, my friend, some dart-emitting god,
Like him who pierc'd in Græcia mortal hearts,
How might you range the world,
And find each gladsome place;

Whether 'twere village green, or city gay,
How might you roving find each cheerful scene!
Where youths and maidens smile,
And carol through the day!

And when, perchance, with joy-illumin'd eye,
Thoughtless of love, they frolick'd in the dance,
How might you throw your dart,
And flee away unseen!

Then you again might change your tiny form,
Stand forth the god, protector of the fair,
Your head with roses crown'd,
And in your hand a torch.

Then you might light the lovers on their way,
Then sing the song, that should delight their hearts,
Till they should love and love,
And still in love grow old.

Oh! could you fondly climb yon orient sun,
Ride on his beam, and travel round the world;
How might you, crown'd with light,
The nations cheer around!

Yes! friend, were you like that refulgent sun,
How might you in your daily course dispense
Light, liberty, and joy,
Still travelling to bless.

Were you—But cease, enthusiast, cease your speed;
For what avail, O man! fantastic flights?
Why muse ideal schemes,
Heedless of real life?

You are nor bee, nor sun, nor sprite, nor god;
You are a humble, weak, unwinged thing,
The frail inhabitant
Of this poor clod of earth.

And has not this poor earth, this very spot,
Where thou art wont to move, enough of range?
Ah! where then wouldst thou haste?
Behold your proper sphere.

Cease, then, enthusiast, thy slender bark;
How should it hope to tempt the boundless ocean?
Keep close to shore—or, ah!
You soon, too soon, will founder.

* Niobe.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Italy, Feb. 10.

IT now seems as if the Toulon expedition were deferred till a future time, as letters from the south of France assure us, that they are very busy in disarming the ships, and sending back the troops on board into their cantonments.

On the 31st of January lord Nelson passed the Straits of Messina, on his way to Malta, where he will continue some time.

Madrid, Feb. 19. Our land army is going to be considerably augmented. In all parts officers are employed in recruiting to place the regiments of infantry on the war footing, and our government never shewed more activity to carry on the war against England with all possible vigour. The six regiments of Swiss infantry in the pay of Spain will form, according to their new organization, an effective body of 11,000 men. The fine regiment of the Walloon guards will be increased one hundred men per battalion, in the same manner as those of the Spanish guards. The formation of several battalions of grenadiers has also been ordered. These measures produce no relaxation in those in regard to the maritime armaments.

20. To provide as much as possible for the extraordinary expences which will be incurred by the fitting out of our navy, recourse has been had to the commercial class. Cadiz and Madrid have each contributed a million of piastres, and an equal sum is expected from the other commercial cities. By means of these and other contributions, we shall be able to fit out 26 ships of the line. There is, however, a want of sailors; as within the last two or three years more than 10,000 of them, falling victims to poverty and famine, have been obliged to enter into foreign service.

We are assured the prince of peace will be appointed sole first minister, and that the other will be dismissed. Thus much is certain, that the prince, in the meeting of merchants at Madrid, when he stated the new order of things, expressed great dissatisfaction with respect to the direction of the finances, and expressly asserted that an approaching change in the same, as also in the ministry of justice and war, was no longer doubtful.

Constantinople, Feb. 25. The Porte has announced to all the foreign ministers, by a circular note, that the tarif of customs for all nations trading to Turkey has been definitively regulated; but the French government not having explained itself on this subject, the Porte transmitted to Paris the tarif, in which it is distinctly expressed that French ships arriving in Turkey shall pay 3 per cent. *ad valorem* on the merchandize they bring; to which it has been added, that if the French do not declare themselves on this subject in the space of six months, the officers of the customs in Turkey shall have orders to take the 3 per cent. on the merchandize of all ships arriving in the Levant Seas. The Porte concludes this circular note by requesting all the ministers not to occasion any impediment to the new system of the customs.

The last accounts from Georgia state, that it was not at Phosis that the Russians have landed, but at Anacria, called in our maps Anangea; that there are a number of troops with provisions and ammunition and that they have begun

to build a fort, for the erecting of which they have brought some large blocks of stone from Crimea; that they have not only met with no opposition, but that many Georgians have joined them, and assisted them to complete their works.

Messina, March 2. The English fleet appeared, in the latter end of January, between Palermo and Messina, in expectation of meeting with the Toulon fleet. When admiral Nelson found himself mistaken in this expectation, he sailed, on the 31st of January, with 11 ships of the line, and several frigates and corvettes, through this strait, with a moderate breeze, for Malta, leaving one frigate for observation at the Faro, where she still lies.—Since that time we here know nothing of lord Nelson and his fleet; some believe that he has sailed for Egypt in quest of the French fleet, which, however, it is now known, has put back to Toulon.

Madrid, March 6. So uncommon are the exertions making in the port of Cadiz, that fifteen ships of different sizes are quite manned, and six are already in the Bay. Sailors from all parts of the kingdom are flocking to Cadiz, as well as artificers in prodigious numbers. Commodore Orde cruises continually in sight of our ports; but in spite of the reinforcement which he expects, he will by no means be a match for his opponents. It is, indeed, time that the Spanish flag resent the injuries done to our commerce by the English: they have again captured two of our American ships, laden not only with piastres, but a considerable quantity of merchandize of all kinds.—What has been said of the zeal and activity manifested in the port of Cadiz, may also be applied to that of Ferrol. Our army is augmenting daily; and thus we shall shortly be in a condition to bid defiance at least, if not to punish our enemies.

Lisbon, March 6. Six English ships of war, under the command of admiral Cochrane, have arrived in our road. It is not known for certain if it is the same squadron which has blockaded Ferrol, or the one sent in pursuit of the fleet which lately escaped from Rochefort.

On the 4th the captain of the *Emerald* frigate, in violation of our neutrality, caused a great number of men to be pressed from on board the neutral ships lying under quarantine here. Our government, however, have issued peremptory orders, that said frigate shall not be suffered to sail before all the seamen, thus unwarrantably seized, have been restored.

Semlin, March 10. A report is in circulation here, that 150,000 Russian troops are assembled on the frontiers of Wallachia; that they are to march through Servia for Albania, and afterwards to embark for the Seven Islands.

Cadiz, March 12. Our squadron, composed of twelve ships of the line and ten frigates, have entered the road, and wait only for orders from the court to put to sea.

Paris, March 18. The fate of the Italian republic is now decided: it is declared an hereditary monarchy by the title of the *kingdom of Italy*. Yesterday at one o'clock, his imperial majesty the emperor of the French being seated on the throne, surrounded by the grand dignitaries and great officers of the empire, the grand master of the ceremonies introduced M. Melzi, the vice-president of the Italian republic, M. M. Marescalchi, Caprara, Paradisi, and four other members of the Italian state consulta, as also fifteen deputies from the Italian republic; when M. Melzi addressed the emperor in the name of the consulta and the deputation, and expressed their wish that the government might be changed into a monarchy, and that his majesty would be graciously pleased to accept the title and office of their king,

M. Melzi then read the act of the constitution, which establishes hereditary monarchy and declares the emperor Napoleon, the founder of the Italian republic, *king of Italy*.

His majesty answered in a gracious speech, accepting the crown thus offered him, and is now *king of Italy*.

The emperor will soon set out for Milan, where his coronation is to take place on the 23d of May, being Ascension day.

Rome, March 20.—The sudden de-

parture from Naples of the English ambassador, Mr. Elliott, gave occasion to many false reports; he had, however, only gone to Gaetta, to wait personally on his Sardinian majesty.

The celebrated naturalist, Felix Fontana, died at Florence on the 9th inst. in the 76th year of his age.—He was buried close to the coffin of Galileo.

Frankfort, March 26. One of our newspapers contains the following article:—According to intelligence from Marseilles, great exertions are making at Toulon to fit out several additional large and small ships of war. It is added, that several thousand troops had arrived there, and that the fleet would again shortly sail, after being considerably reinforced. Every thing is conducted with the greatest secrecy; the captains even knew nothing of their late destination: they had been furnished with sealed orders, which were only to be opened in case of great necessity, or when separated from the fleet. Of the English fleet nothing is known since its fruitless cruize to Sicily; it is conjectured to lie off Sardinia.

Ratisbon, March 27. We have just learnt here, that the emperor Napoleon has accepted the crown of Italy. The news has produced a great sensation. Our sovereign the elector arch chancellor has acknowledged the new king, and the princes of Germany are all disposed to do the same. The grandeur of the proceeding, and the moderation which it exhibits, strike every one, and augur favourably for the continuance of the peace of the continent.

Vienna, March 30.—The French ambassador here has officially notified the nomination of his sovereign to be king of Italy.

The French ambassador has requested and obtained permission to follow the French emperor to Milan. He will there meet with his predecessor at Vienna, the present minister for foreign affairs.

Paris, March 31.—It appears that no alteration has taken place in the emperor's intention of setting out on his journey to Italy, and that he will leave Fontainbleau the day after to-morrow. M. Remusat, his first-chamberlain, is charged with the conveyance of the ornaments destined for the coronation of his majesty as king of Italy. Cardinal Fesch set off yesterday for Milan, for the coronation.

The *Moniteur* of this day contains a long senatus consultum relative to the regency of the kingdom of Italy, the grand officers of the kingdom, and the oaths to be taken. The majority of the kings of Italy is fixed at 18 years—till they are 18 the kingdom is to be governed by a regent, who must be at least 25.

April, 1.—The pope's departure is said to be fixed for next Thursday.

Eight pages set off yesterday from St. Cloud for Milan.

2. A letter from Milan of the 14th of March, states, that the Venice gazettes have officially announced that the Venetian provinces will this year be visited by the emperor and empress of Austria.

The tribunate have waited on the emperor (Bonaparte), and congratulated him on his acceptance of the crown of Italy, respecting which country several more regulations have been decreed.

They write from Marseilles, that the equipment of large and small ships of war is carried on with the utmost activity at Toulon, and that some thousand soldiers have arrived there to be embarked, when the fleet will make another attempt to sail. Every thing is carried on there with the greatest secrecy. Some English spies have lately been discovered on the coast; the fishermen are also suspected of maintaining a correspondence with the English fleet. The latter has not again appeared off Toulon, but resumed its station off Sardinia.

Mentz, April 3. Yesterday the French formally took possession of the Rhine Islands; barriers are planting there, having the Imperial eagle with outstretched wings placed on them.

Stockholm, April 4, 1805. We have been for some time past in expectation that the embargo put upon our ships in the harbours of France would be taken off, and that matters between the two countries would be accommodated; but to-day we hear that orders have been sent to Carlseconu to fit out immediately two frigates and two cutters for the protection of our trade.

HOME NEWS.

Portsmouth, March 23.

YESTERDAY morning early colonel Smith, and a king's messenger, charged with dispatches of considerable importance, arrived here, and embarked on board the Decade frigate, Capt. Rutherford, and she sailed for the Mediterranean. The colonel is gone direct for Naples. They travelled all night, and the Decade was under weigh in half an hour after they arrived.

Plymouth, March 23. A melancholy accident happened last week at Tamerton Follist, near the river Tamar, in Devonshire. A Mrs. Felix, of Dock, near Plymouth, lady of Dr. Felix, of the royal navy, went to Tamerton to place her daughter at a lady's academy situate at that pleasant village. She appeared rather flighty at different periods of the evening, but, with the family, retired to her apartment: at the breakfast hour she was missing, and upon questioning her little girl, it appeared she had put the child to bed, but did not retire to rest with her.—Inquiries were then made from that period through the neighbourhood as to a person of her description being seen in the lanes or woods of the vicinity of Tamerton. She was seen the night of her leaving the academy in a lane near Mariston, by a farmer's man, who passed her, but did not take any notice of her. Though every search by her friends was made for several days, she was not found till last Sunday, when her remains were discovered floating near the shore of a branch of the river Tamar, near Mariston; one side of her face was much bruised. The coroner's jury of Saltash held an inquest on the body, and brought in a verdict of *lunacy*. She was a lady of easy unaffected manners, and her melancholy death is much lamented by all those who knew her. Dr. Felix, her afflicted husband, in a surgeon in the royal navy, and is now abroad on the service of his country.

London, March 23. Mr. Pitt yesterday brought forward the new taxes, to replace the husbandry horse duty, which was estimated at 320,000*l.* and the discontinuance, in deference to the opinion of many gentlemen, of the proposed duty on the exportation of salt, estimated at 80,000*l.* The new taxes are—

	£.
New duties on glass	80,000
bricks and tiles	37,000
auctions	31,000
coffee, at the rate of 6d. per pound	28,000
Cyder and perry	15,000
Vinegar	11,000
Gold and silver wire	5,000
Slates and stones carried coastwise	4,400
Barilla, turpentine, &c.	22,000
Duty of 2½ per cent. on goods imported	176,000
Total	409,400

Deal, March 28. The *imperial* Boulogne flotilla have again began to display their manœuvres. By an officer who is this instant arrived in the Downs from the blockading squadron, I am informed, that yesterday about 150 of their gun-boats, and several large praams, made their appearance in the outer road, practising their usual gasconading feats, but with the most especial care to be under the protection of their numerous batteries. This officer reports, that there appear to be nearly 2000 ves-

sels of different descriptions in the inner basons and harbour of Boulogne.

London, March 29. Last night, as one of his majesty's carriages and six were conveying generals Manners and Fitzroy, two of his majesty's equeries, to Kew, as the carriage was passing near Knightsbridge-green, several persons called to the postillions, and informed them there was no coachman on the box; upon which they stopped the horses, and upon enquiry, it was discovered, that as the carriage was passing opposite Knightsbridge chapel, one of the fore wheels went over a very large stone, which threw the coachman off the box, and he was found with his right arm and leg broken lying in the road, occasioned by the hind wheel of the carriage going over them: proper assistance was immediately procured, and he was conveyed to St. George's hospital. His name is West. The equeries were obliged to wait till another coachman arrived from the King's Mews.

A young man of very respectable family has been under a private examination for several days past, charged with uttering a forged draft for a considerable amount, with an intent to defraud Messrs. Forster and Lubbock, bankers, in the city. The following circumstances have transpired. The prisoners went to a jeweller's, in the Strand, and agreed for the purchase of a quantity of goods, and tendered a draft on Messrs. Forster, Lubbock, and Co. But the jeweller hesitated at giving change, as he was not sure it was a good one; the prisoner observed that the change was of no consequence, he would call again the next day for it, when they had ascertained that the draft was a good one. In the mean time application was made to the banker's, and the draft proved to be a bad one. The prisoner, according to his promise, called the next day (which was more the act of a madman than a rogue); he was of course taken into custody.

On Monday morning an aged uncle of the prisoner, and a very respectable man, called upon the prosecutor and requested a sight of the draft, for the purpose of taking a copy to make a case to lay before counsel, which the prosecutor complied with, but held one end in his hand, when the old gentleman suddenly snatched it and tore it. A scuffle ensued between the parties, but the old gentleman succeeded in getting it into the fire, and it was burnt; he was in consequence conveyed to Bow-street, when he declared upon his honour it was not his intention to attempt to destroy the draft till the moment he did it, when the sudden impulse of nature came into his mind, that he probably had it then in his power to save the life of his nephew. Yesterday both of them underwent a final examination, when the magistrate being satisfied with the production of the draft on the first examination, he was fully committed for trial. The uncle was admitted to bail, himself in 400*l.* and two sureties in 200*l.* each, for a violent assault upon the plaintiff. Mr. Const, who attended for the bankers, was of opinion that it would prove to be a misdemeanour.

Falmouth, March 31. This day arrived the Lady Arabella packet, captain Porteus, with mails from the Leeward Islands, in thirty days' passage from Tortola: by her we learn the arrival on the 19th of February of the Rochefort squadron at Martinique, consisting of five sail of the line, three frigates, and two brigs, having on board 3000 troops; and that on the 21st of February they landed in prince Rupert's Bay, Dominica: after some resistance by 300 troops under the command of general Provost, the French succeeded in taking possession of the town, which they set on fire; our troops retiring to the forts, which, by the last accounts received at Torrola, held out, having been reinforced by 500 men from Barbadoes.

Portsmouth, April 2.—Arrived a schooner, with dispatches from commodore Hood, which brings intelligence of the Rochefort squadron having made three attacks on the island of Dominique, in which they were severally repulsed.

After this unsuccessful enterprize, they anchored at Fort Royal, Martinique, where the schooner saw them lying.

A circumstance occurred here yesterday, which, although it originated in a mistake, is unpleasant in its nature;

An order was received for the shipwrights in this dock-yard to work from five o'clock to seven, and to have an hour allowed them for dinner, which they have not lately had. A number of these men considered that they were to go home to their dinners, and accordingly went out of the yard, contrary to the opinion and direction of the officers. This unadvised act produced some emotion for the moment, but the gates were soon closed, after about three hundred of them had gone out, and the guard was instantly mustered. The men remained out the rest of the day. This morning it was made known that they might return to their work again, as they afterwards appeared satisfied with the explanation, and were convinced of the error under which they acted.

London, April 8. A discussion took place in the house of commons, on Mr. Whitbread's motion founded on the tenth report of the commissioners of naval enquiry; that lord Melville had been guilty of a gross violation of the law and breach of public duty, for the purpose of private emolument to Mr. Trotter; when the house divided, Ayes 216, Noes 216; and the *speaker gave the casting vote for the motion.*

Lord Melville's resignation was tendered to his majesty at Windsor yesterday by Mr. Pitt, and accepted. His lordship's successor has not yet been appointed. Mr. Yorke, lord Buckinghamshire, and lord Castlereagh, have been mentioned.

Dublin, April 12. Yesterday Thomas Fallon was indicted, tried, and found guilty of only a common assault (the law would not have it otherwise) on Eliza Buller, a decent young woman, by pouring a bottle of aqua fortis over her back, on the night of the 3d inst. in consequence of which she still remains under surgical care, and her life by no means safe, under a threatening mortification. Several articles of genteel attire, such as a silk cloak, velvet bonnet, &c. were exhibited in court, almost reduced to tinder. He confessed the crime after being apprehended, offered terms of accommodation, which he had the presumption to renew in court; but they were indignantly spurned at. He was sentenced accordingly to imprisonment for two years in Newgate, fined 50 marks, and to procure security to be of the peace for seven years himself in 200l. and two sureties in 100l. each.

London, April 17. On Monday night Miss F—— S——, the second daughter of an opulent merchant in the vicinity of Hanover-square, went to a public ball, in company with her sister and a party of friends; while the couples were indulging in the merry dance, she suddenly disappeared. This circumstance caused some momentary confusion in the room; but it was soon discovered that a military officer, employed on the recruiting service, had also absented himself. An immediate search in all directions took place, and the fugitives were traced to Knightsbridge, whither they had gone in a coach from Portman-street stand. The parents of the lady have taken every step to find out the actual retreat of the fugitives, but in vain. The lover is the nephew of a colonel in the army, and the lady is in expectation of considerable property.

Windsor, April 23. The splendid ceremony of the installation of the knights of the Garter, which had occupied so considerable a share of the public attention for some time previous, took place at Windsor yesterday. The extensive scale of preparation, under the immediate direction of his majesty, had given additional importance to this otherwise highly interesting spectacle, and it derived all the charms of novelty from the time that had elapsed since the preceding installation. *See the Account, p.* 172.

London, April 24. Dispatches were yesterday received at the Admiralty from admiral sir A. Mitchell, who commands on the Halifax station, giving an account of a gallant action fought by the Cleopatra of 32 guns, with the Ville de Milan French 50-gun ship, which terminated in the capture of the British frigate; she had a number of men killed, and her rigging all cut to pieces. We are happy, however, to add, that the Leander, of 50 guns, soon after fell in with the French ship, which she captured, and retook the Cleopatra, her prize.

BIRTHS.

March 27. At Walthamstow-house, Essex, the lady of Robert Wigram, esq. M. P. of a son.

27. At his house in Hertford-street, the lady of Charles Jenkinson, esq. of a daughter.

29. At Bath, of a son, the lady of the late Thomas Jarvis, esq. of Haverstoke house, Hampshire.

31. At his house in Old Burlington-street, the lady of William Milner, esq. of a daughter.

April 1. At his lordship's house, Gredington, Flintshire, the right hon. lady Kenyon, of a son and heir.

3. At the duchess of Rutland's, Sackville-street, lady Catharine Forester, of a daughter.

At Hythe, in Kent, the lady of lieut. colonel Sidney Beckwith, of a daughter.

4. At Chalk-hall, near Derby, the lady of sir Henry Harpur, bart. of a son.

6. At his lordship's house in Bloomsbury-square, lady Ellenborough, of a daughter.

9. In William-street, Dublin, the lady of R. N. Bennett, esq. counsellor at law, of a son and heir.

The lady of E. Ackermann, esq. of Broad-street-place, of a son.

13. The lady of H. J. de Michele, esq. of a daughter, at his house, in Charlotte-street, Portland-place.

15. At his lordship's house, in Hanover-square, the right hon. lady Le Despencer, of a daughter.

Mrs. Litchfield, of the theatre royal, Covent-garden, of a son and daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 23. At Lancaster, the rev. Thomas Postlethwaite, of Emanuel-college, Cambridge, to miss Elizabeth Satterthwaite, third daughter of John Satterthwaite, esq.

At Petersham, Mr. John Wiggins, of Danbury, Essex, to miss Danvers, eldest daughter of James Danvers, esq. of the above place.

25. At Hull, Charles E. Broadley, esq. of that place, merchant, to miss Willock, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Willock, esq. of Bedford-square, London.

26. At Bilton, near York, capt. Croft, of the royal navy, son of Stephen Croft, esq. of Stillington, to miss Plumer, daughter of Hall Plumer, esq. of Bilton.

29. At St. Mary-la-bonne church, C. B. Wyatt, esq. surveyor-general of the province of Upper Canada, in America, to miss Rogers, of Frith-street, Soho-square.

April 2. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Augustus Hamilton, esq. son of vice-admiral Hamilton, to miss Hyde, daughter of the late judge Hyde.

At Bideford, Devonshire, Mr. Richard Langton, banker, in Lombard-street, to miss Susanna Bartlett, third daughter of the late John Bartlett, esq. of Bideford.

4. Major John Silver, of the 88th regiment of foot, to Mrs. Catharine Donald, widow of lieut.-colonel Donald.

6. At the cathedral church of Lichfield, Dr. Robert Patrick, inspector of the hospitals in the southern district, to miss Harriet Gardiner, second daughter of lieut.-general and the hon. Mrs. Gardiner, of Lichfield-close.

At Hammersmith, captain Wilkie, of the 38th regiment, to miss Elizabeth Hales, second daughter of the late sir John Hales, bart. of Mundale, Lincolnshire.

9. At Kingsbrumpton, in Somersetshire, J. Chafey, esq. Taunton, to miss Emma Lucas, daughter of Stuckley Lucas, esq. of Baron's-down.

13. John Routh, esq. of Austin-friars, to miss Dunbar, of Camberwell-grove.

14. Captain Varlo, of the royal marines, to miss Pritzler, daughter of Theo. Pritzler, esq. of Austin-friars.

16. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, sir Drummond Smith, bart. of Tring park, to the hon. lady Sykes.

At St. Margaret's, Cordell Brooks, of Great George-street, Westminster, esq. to miss Stubbs, eldest daughter of George Stubbs, esq. of Parliament-street.

At Mary-la-bonne church, the rev. William Paget, to miss Deake, only

daughter of the rev. John Deake, of Edward-street, Portman-square.

16. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, T. Boddington, esq. of Upper Brook-street, to miss Mary Comerford, daughter of the late P. Comerford, esq.

17. Mr. G. Hamley, of Fish-street hill, to miss Seward, daughter of the late Wm. Seward, esq. of Romsey.

18. At St. George's church, Bloomsbury, John Henry Deffell, esq. of Gower-street, to miss Mackenzie, of Russel-square, eldest daughter of the late John Mackenzie, esq. of Bayfield, North Britain.

At Mary-la-bonne church, Alexander Oswald, esq. of Dean-street, Soho, to miss Grey, of Upper Harley-street.

DEATHS.

March 15. Suddenly, near Calder-abbey (whilst giving directions to some workmen), Joseph Tiffin Senhouse, esq. of that place, and one of his majesty's justices of the peace for Cumberland.

23. Wm. Butler, M. D. of Lower Grosvenor-street, in the 79th year of his age.

26. At the Small-pox hospital, Pancras, Dr. Wm. Woodville, who had been a physician of that institution fourteen years.

Mr. Clark, of Leeds, dyer; the gentleman who first discovered the art of dying cotton-wool a scarlet colour.

27. In the 59th year of his age, at his house in Portland-place, the right hon. Martin Bladen, lord Hawke, baron of Towton, in the county of York. His lordship married Cassandra, youngest daughter of sir Edward Turner, bart. by whom he had issue Cassandra Julia, Edward Harvey, Martin Bladen, Edward and Anna Bella. His lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, the hon. Edward Harvey Hawke.

At his house in St. James's-street, in the 46th year of his age, Joseph Browne, esq.

28. At his chambers in Gray's-Inn, Mr. Benj. Way, aged 78.

29. At Somers-town, in the 57th year of his age, Mr. Thomas Clark, late lieutenant and pay-master of the royal West Middlesex regiment of militia.

30. At his apartments, royal hospital, Greenwich, Arthur Edwards, esq. lieutenant in the royal navy, aged 77 years.

31. Aged 81, James Garnar, esq. of Granthain, Lincolnshire.

April 1. At Exeter, major Wm. Erskine, of the 71st regiment, youngest son of the deceased James Erskine, esq. of Cardross.

5. At Bath, Joseph Reubidge, esq. in the 46th year of his age, many years a respectable member of the whig club.

8. At his house in Great Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, Edward Falkingham, esq. many years of the navy office.

Thomas Ayliffe, esq. of Surbiton, near Kingston, Surrey.

At Bristol Hot-wells, capt. W. Walker, of the late 28th regiment of light dragoons, son of W. Walker, esq. of Erdington-hall, Warwickshire.

Aged 80, at his son's house, Dean-street, Soho, Gawin Hamilton, of Killileagh castle, county of Down, Ireland, esq.

On Tuesday, at Windlestone, in the county of Durham, miss Eden, fourth daughter of sir John Eden, bart.

10. At Hampton-court palace, lady Edwards, aged 98, grand-mother to the present earl Cholmondeley.

12. In his 76th year, John Wyche, esq. many years an alderman, and one of his majesty's justices of the peace for Winchester.

At Plymouth, a few days after his arrival from the East Indies, lieutenant David Pringle, of his majesty's ship Centurion. He had been absent eleven years.

13. At Debden-hall, Essex, lady Vincent, wife of sir Francis Vincent, bart. and daughter of the hon. Edward Bouverie, M. P.

On the 13th instant, at his house in Idol-lane, Tower-street, Thomas Pecholier, esq. aged 79.

15. At his villa, at West-end, in Surrey, the earl of Tyrconnel, aged 54 years, of an apopletic fit. His lordship dying without a male issue, his title devolves to his nephew, George Carpenter.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MAY, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Heroic Orphan, 227
2 Miscellaneous Thoughts, 232
3 The Romance of the Pyrenées, 233
4 On Poetry and Genius, 242
5 Eliza, or the Hermit's Cell, 246
6 Origin, &c. of the Order of the Garter, 255
7 Scene from The New Comedy—Who Wants a Guinea? 258
8 The Monks and the Robbers, 259
9 London Morning and Afternoon Dresses—Parisian Fashions, 264
10 The Moral Zoologist, 265
11 POETICAL ESSAYS.—On seeing the Bud of a Carnation very fresh late in November, 1804.—Judge if my Wife is a Scold.—Queen's Garters.—On a Butterfly which came forth from its Chrysalis in a Lady's Hand. 271—272
12 Foreign News, 273
13 Home News, 276
14 Births, 279
15 Marriages, 279
16 Deaths, 280

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 THE HEROIC ORPHAN.
2 The GOAT-SUCKER.
3 LONDON AFTERNOON DRESSES, elegantly coloured.
4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a HANDKERCHIEF, &c.
5 Music—A CAVATINA, composed by W. SHIELD, esq.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

The *Third Lesson* of *Botany for Ladies*, by Dr. THORNTON, with an appropriate plate, will appear in our next.

The continuation of the Comedy of the *Country Town*, in our next.

The favours of J. R. are only deferred for want of room.

Laura's communication shall be attended to.

Orlando's *Soliloquy*, the *Ode to Evening*, and J. K's Acrostics, are received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Heroic Orphan.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For MAY, 1805.

THE HEROIC ORPHAN.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THAT the offspring of men of high birth and noble endowments will early manifest their descent by brave and generous acts, is a doctrine which the philosopher will probably ascribe to pride and prejudice; yet will it be found a beneficial prejudice, if it excite to great and useful achievements those who are born in the more elevated classes of society; and, perhaps, it may be even found, on impartial and dispassionate enquiry, that the faculties and qualities of the mind are in a great degree transmitted from parents to their children, as well as the lineaments of the face and the constitution of the body.

In the age of chivalry, when personal courage, bodily strength and agility, and address in martial exercises, were exclusively honoured, and the sciences and arts were either unknown or contemned, Raymond count of Provence ranked among the most renowned knights of his time for undaunted bravery and generous spirit. In obedience to the dictates of that superstition which was then considered as genuine religion, he had made a campaign in Palestine; where he had distinguished himself in numerous encounters with the infidels, and returned, crowned with the laurels of victory, to arrange the affairs of his own states, and enjoy repose in the arms of his beloved consort Isabella, the daughter of the count of Toulouse.

Soon after his return, he walked out one evening, completely armed, as he had returned from a martial exercise in which he had been engaged, to visit, accompanied by his dear Isabella, the neighbouring monument of the lord of Uzes, who had fallen by his side in the Holy Land, whose memory he honoured, and whose death he regretted. The monument was a cenotaph, raised by the lady of the deceased knight to the memory of her lord, in a retired part of an extensive park adjoining to the mansion he had inhabited. She was since dead; and the domains had passed into the possession of Henry, the brother of the late lord William.

While the count and his amiable consort were surveying the sculp-

tured memorial of departed valour, and meditating on the transciency of earthly enjoyments and honours, a boy in loose and mean attire approached them, and gazing on the count burst forth into a rapturous exclamation expressive of his love of arms and his ardent wish one day to share the labours and the dangers of a military life. The count, struck with his appearance and manner, which likewise engaged the most favourable attention from the countess, enquired who he was, and put to him a variety of questions. The stripling told them, that he scarcely knew himself who he was: that his name was Stephen; that he had neither father nor mother, but that he had been received into the service of the lord of Uzès, who however employed him in the meanest occupations, and had made him the slave of all the domestics, treating him on all occasions with what he conceived to be the most undeserved severity: that still he felt in himself a spirit superior to the degraded state in which he now lived, and was confident that he should one day rise far above the meanness of his present condition.

The child—for so he might be called—expressed these aspiring sentiments with so much animation and enthusiasm, that what he said made a strong impression on count Raymond, and a still greater on the lady Isabella. So much, in fact, was she surprised and charmed with his bold and noble manner, that she immediately became his warm advocate with the count, requesting him to listen to his complaint, and enquire into his real situation and the treatment he experienced; adding, that the present lord of Uzes was universally known to be of a disposition directly opposite to that of his late brother.

William was frank, generous, and noble-minded; while Henry was at all times mean, selfish, and treacherous. He had privately done many injuries to his brother, which the latter had nobly forgiven him; and what was, if possible, still more base and contemptible, had been the cause of much vexation and uneasiness to his sister-in-law, after the departure and since the death of her husband.

The count, at hearing that injuries had been done to the late lord of Uzes, and to her who from the tenderest of connections must have been most dear to him, expressed the utmost indignation, and involuntarily, as it were, clapped his hand upon his sword: for the warmest friendship had from early youth existed between him and William of Uzes, to whose valour he had been deeply indebted on many occasions, and in most critical circumstances.

Count Raymond now asked the boy whether he thought he should prefer his service to that of his present master.

'Most assuredly,' replied the little Stephen; 'I have never seen my present master in armour: he is unacquainted with a soldier's generosity.'

The count then dismissed the youth, assuring him that he would soon make further enquiries concerning him. The boy expressed a kind of rapturous gratitude, and took his leave with an air of freedom and dignity, though tempered with the most conciliating modesty, which at once astonished and delighted both the count and his lady.

The next day the count sent a very polite message to the lord of Uzes, requesting his attendance at the castle, and desiring him to bring with him the little Stephen; alleging that his lady, having accidentally met with him, had conceived so very favourable an opinion of his docility and good qualities, that she wished

to engage him, with his consent, in her service.

Lord Henry accordingly repaired to the castle, as he held his estates under the count, and was in fact his subject. He took with him, as requested, the little Stephen; concerning whom, when the count interrogated him, he related that he was the son of one of his vassals, named Torcial; that his father and mother being both dead, he had taken him when almost an infant to bring him up. He was employed, he said, about the house in any thing he was thought able to do, but he could not say much in his commendation. He manifested on many occasions the most extraordinary pride, though he knew not where he could learn it; and his confidence and obstinacy were equally remarkable. Such, indeed, he said, were his ill qualities, that he could have little objection to getting rid of him; but the duty he owed to his lordship, and his respect for the lady Isabella, required that he should warn them against taking into their service one who, when he grew up, might occasion them much trouble, and who, from the symptoms he already manifested of an enterprising ambition, might even prove dangerous.

The count, however, observed, at the same time, in the manner and language of the lord a very manifest and remarkable embarrassment, as if he were apprehensive that some secret which he was anxious to conceal might unexpectedly be brought to light. But of this he at that time took no further notice; though it served to confirm him in his desire to have the boy, who appeared to display such extraordinary qualities about his person. The little Stephen was accordingly transferred from the house of the lord of Uzes to the castle of count Raymond, where he was employed as a page to wait on the lady Isabella.

Established thus in a family where he was both respected and admired, and in favour at once with his lady and his lord, young Stephen rapidly distinguished himself by his native good qualities. He grew tall and well-proportioned; his features, as he advanced towards manhood, became regular and expressive; and his whole deportment was peculiarly easy and graceful. He excelled in every manly exercise, and gave abundant proofs that the strength of his understanding corresponded to his bodily vigour. As he became of mature age, he passed from the service of his lady to that of the count, of whom he soon became the particular favourite; and a dispute arising between count Raymond and one of his powerful vassals, which could only be terminated by both parties having recourse to arms, he obtained permission to attend his lord to the field, where he signalized himself by deeds of the greatest valour, and on one occasion, by his courage, strength, and address, saved the life of the count, and turned the fortune of the day, changing what appeared to be inevitable defeat into victory.

From this time the gratitude of the count scarcely knew any bounds; and he accumulated on the brave Stephen the marks of his favour with an unsparing hand. He bestowed on him a very great part of the estates of his vanquished vassal, observing, that but for him he should have lost his own, or, at least, his life. To this largess he added many other valuable presents; till the riches of his favourite much exceeded the wealth of many lords and knights, of whom he was nevertheless the acknowledged inferior, from the obscurity of his origin, and the want of nobility of birth.

Soon after his return from the campaign which he had made with the count, the gallant Stephen felt for the first time the soft anxieties of the tender passion. The resplendent charms of the beauteous Adelaide, daughter of the viscount of Narbonne, whom he had seen at a tournament, made on his heart an impression never to be effaced. He found means to apprise her, with the most delicate modesty, of the sentiments he had conceived, and, to his inexpressible delight, had soon reason to believe that his affection was returned with equal warmth and sincerity. He engaged the count of Provence, who could refuse him nothing, to second his applications to the viscount of Narbonne for his consent. But here the pride of birth was an invincible obstacle. The viscount of Narbonne, of an ancient and illustrious family, and who could reckon a long line of noble ancestors, all distinguished by some great achievement, would not listen for a moment to the proposal of marrying his daughter to a man who, whatever might be his personal qualities or brave actions, was still only the son of an obscure peasant of the lowest condition. From this determination he could not be moved, till count Raymond had promised to exert all his influence with the lords and knights of Provence to consent that he should be raised to the rank of nobility, which he would willingly confer upon him. Yet even this proposal did not perfectly satisfy the viscount, who objected both to the practice of thus conferring nobility and to its recency when conferred. In case, however, nobility should thus be granted, he was at length persuaded, though very unwillingly, to promise his consent.

But when count Raymond proceeded to enquire into the disposition of his great lords and knights with respect to concurring in such a grant, he found them almost all decidedly averse to it: some from envy of the wealth and reputation which their rival Stephen had already acquired, and by which they were sensible that their own honours appeared diminished and degraded; and others from jealousy of the privileges and dignity of their order. In vain was it that the count endeavoured to prevail on them either by munificent offers or by persuasion; it was generally objected that his favourite, though he had indeed displayed undoubted courage and great abilities, and though for the personal services he had rendered the count he certainly well merited the favour and wealth that had been bestowed upon him, was yet deficient in his claims to so distinguished a reward: something more was wanting to entitle him to the great and rare honour of being raised to the dignity of nobility, which had never yet been, or at least ought not to have been, conferred on those who could not claim it by birth, till after a long series of the most incontestible proofs of valour and prowess, and the most extraordinary achievements.

The count, in consequence, saw himself under the necessity of relinquishing his design of raising his brave favourite to the order of nobility. He sent for him, therefore, and thus addressed him:—'My endeavours to bestow on you that reward to which I consider you as so well entitled, and which to you would now have a double value, have proved ineffectual. My nobility refuse their consent: jealousy of their honours and privileges, and, possibly, envy of your merits, have proved an insuperable obstacle. Shall I advise you? The lord of St. Remy,

my nephew and your friend, goes within a month to Palestine, to commence his career in arms. You shall accompany him. I know your zeal and courage; the brave actions you will there have an opportunity to achieve shall banish every objection to your elevation to that rank for which you appear born; your Adelaide shall prove as constant as amiable, and success shall finally crown your valour and your love.'

The gallant youth, in whose breast martial ardour vied with tender affection, readily acquiesced in this proposal. He sought his Adelaide, and communicated to her what had passed between the count and himself. She dropped a tear at the thought of the long separation that might ensue, and especially the dangers of the field: but as she knew that nothing could reconcile her father to their union but her lover's attaining to the honours of nobility, she consented to his departure; solemnly vowing inviolable fidelity till his return. She repaired with him to the count, and, in his presence, repeated her promise of constancy. The interview was tender on all sides: tears moistened every cheek; but the complexion of the scene was suddenly changed by a most unexpected incident.

The count was informed that a person in mean attire had made the most urgent application to be admitted to him immediately. He had been told with whom he was; but had only become more pressing, saying that the business on which he came concerned the gallant youth whom the count had honoured with his favours not less, but even still more, than the count himself.

This intelligence excited equal surprise and curiosity; and the count, after conferring a short time with Stephen and Adelaide, ordered that the stranger should be admitted. The man on entering threw himself at the feet of the count, but immediately afterwards turned towards the brave youth his favourite:—'If,' said he, 'this is my sovereign, you are likewise my lord, to whom I owe homage. You are William, lord of Uzes; and to reveal to you this secret, and prove its truth, am I come. He who now bears that title has usurped the honours and the fortune which are your due. Let Henry, the pretended lord of Uzes, be confronted with me, and I will prove his treachery and his baseness.'

On being interrogated by the count, the man related the following circumstances.—He said, that when the lord of Uzes had met his death in Palestine, bravely fighting against the enemies of his faith, his lady, on receiving the sad tidings, had sunk into a gloomy melancholy which could no more be dispelled, but which in a few months brought her to the grave, leaving a child of less than two years to the guardianship of Henry, the brother of the late lord. 'I was,' said he, 'at that time a principal domestic in the service of the late lord William; and with the bitterest shame and compunction I now confess the part I had in the base transaction that followed. At the instigation of the present usurper of the honours and fortune of the noble youth, I contrived and conducted the pretended illness and death of the child, who was afterwards introduced to the family as the son of a vassal, named Stephen Torcial; for to do justice to this treacherous uncle, with all his baseness, I could never reconcile himself to the idea of shedding blood. I need not mention that my brave young lord here present was this child. I see him I have accused meet me face to face. The very sight of Jullion—that is my name—will confound him

and I will produce such proofs as shall render it impossible for him to deny his guilt.'

A messenger was now dispatched by the count, requesting the immediate attendance of Henry of Uzes. He came, and the moment he saw Jullion appeared as if thunderstruck, and overwhelmed with the utmost confusion; he, however, soon recovered himself sufficiently to deny positively any knowledge of him, or that he had ever seen him before. But his accuser coolly produced several letters in his own hand-writing, which contained directions with respect to this infamous plot, and rendered his guilt manifest beyond the possibility of a doubt.——'With the cursed reward,' said Jullion, 'which you bestowed upon me for assisting you in the accomplishment of your treacherous and villainous scheme, I travelled, by your advice, to a far distant country, and endeavoured to obtain riches by trade, for which I conceived myself well qualified. But Providence, as I might well have expected, appeared to thwart all my endeavours, though for a short time I seemed successful; and at length, near Constantinople, I was robbed of all the little property that remained to me. My losses, and the miseries I suffered in my poverty, turned my thoughts to the vile action to which I had been accessary, and to which attributed all my misfortunes, nd all my wretchedness. My conscience upbraided me day and night; he anger of Heaven appeared to purue me; and I found that I could hope or no rest but by making a full disovery of all I knew, and procuring stice to be done to an oppressed phan. After a journey of inderibable difficulty and danger, I have rived here; I have lightened my ul of the burthen that oppressed ; and this is the first moment in hich I have experienced peace of mind and self-approbation for many revolving years.'

Henry found it in vain any longer to attempt to deny the truth, and made an ample confession of his guilt, pleading only in palliation his tenderness of the life of his nephew. The brave Stephen, now recognized by his true name and title, William lord of Uzes, was restored to the estates which were his right; and the viscount of Narbonne, now finding that he was noble by birth and descended from a line of ancestors not less illustrious than his own, readily gave his consent to his marriage with his beauteous daughter. The treacherous uncle retired, to conceal his shame, to a foreign land; where he subsisted principally on the bounty, which was not small, of the generous nephew whom he had so long defrauded: a suitable provision was made for the repentant Jullion, who had atoned for the crime he had committed by the discovery he had made; and William and his beloved Adelaide lived long and happily, beloved, esteemed, and honoured, by all who knew them.

Miscellaneous Thoughts.

HAPPINESS is a sun-beam which the least cloud may intercept.

Wit is the flower of life, reason the fruit.

While enjoying the fine days of autumn, forget not that the winter is nigh.

Labour if you wish to reap; think if you propose to write.

In whatever situation we may be, no good is certain and unchangeable, no evil such as to justify despair.

To expect experience in a young man not arrived at the age of experience, is to expect that he should foretell to-day what will happen to-morrow.

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 186.)

CHAP. XXVI.

THE sails again were filled, and fluttered in the wind; the sea and seamen were once more in motion, and the vessel making considerable way. Hippolyto, employed by the mariners, was no longer by Victoria's side to beguile, by his fascinating conversation, the inconveniences of an ill-provided voyage; and beginning to perceive the effect of a thick haze that was coming on, Victoria took the advice of Pedro, and retired to the cabin; whither he accompanied her, and, with a view of amusing her, sketched a slight outline of his own history.

'My father,' said he, 'was a respectable but unfortunate merchant at Carthagena, where he failed, and shortly after died, leaving my widowed mother with seven small children (myself the eldest), with a pittance so scanty, that she could with difficulty educate and maintain us, and apprentice her boys out as fast as we attained a proper age for it. I was placed with an eminent surgeon; and during my apprenticeship I formed an attachment for an amiable and lovely young woman in the neighbourhood, but whom, being poor as myself, I loved in secret, resolving that, unless fortune should smile upon me, I would never strive to inspire her with a mutual flame, since to plunge her into all the difficulties attending wedded poverty would not be to evince a true affection for her.

'By the interest of my father's friends I was appointed surgeon to a Spanish regiment then stationed in the West Indies; and the moment I was out of my time I embarked to join my regiment at Hispaniola. For seven years I continued abroad; during which I visited various climes, and was so successful in my profession, experience affording me knowledge which my years must have else denied me, that, crowned with fame and riches, I returned to my native country at the age of twenty-six, when I had the inexpressible happiness of finding my long-loved Isabella unmarried; who falling senseless into her mother's arms at unexpectedly beholding me, I flattered myself that I was not disregarded by her. I was not deceived. I proved a successful wooer, we were speedily united, and for one year I was one of the happiest of mankind.

'I had abroad acquired sufficient wealth for my Isabella and myself, without further practice in my profession; but my family wanted assistance: I placed them all in comfort, and continued my profession, from which I derived almost incredible advantages. I just wanted a few weeks of being one year the happy husband of my Isabella, when, returning from a village in the neighbourhood of Carthagena, where I had been to a patient, I, in a wood through which my road lay, discovered a respectable-looking man extended upon the ground apparently lifeless; but, upon examination, found he yet breathed, though his skull was fractured, and his body severely bruised and wounded in many dangerous places. I had him as quickly as possible conveyed to a lodging approximate to my house, and attended him with such unremitting care and success, that in a few weeks I made a complete cure.

'He appeared to me an intelligent respectable man, who, although a

little rough in his manners, was by no means insensible to my kindness. He informed me that he was a native of Messina, and was master of a merchantman, which traded in the Mediterranean, and had now brought a rich freight to Carthagena; that having gone out to ride, to view the surrounding country, he had lost his way, and, with his mule, had fallen from a high precipice, at the foot of which I found him; and indeed many people I found at Carthagena knew him as a merchant, who occasionally traded to the port of St. Barbara. When I judged him able to venture out, I had him to dine every day at my house, where he was a witness of my domestic happiness; and when sufficiently recovered to quit Carthagena, he presented some valuable jewels to my Isabella as tokens of gratitude to us both:—but little did I imagine how soon the gem of peace was to be wrested from me in return.

'About this period I was sent for to the superior of a neighbouring monastery, whose case had been universally pronounced hopeless. He was the idol of all the devotees in that part of Murcia, and I was promised an immense reward if I restored him to health. I had a favourite sister who was addressed by a worthy, although not affluent, young man, a relation of my Isabella's; and I resolved to give my sister a marriage portion that should make her and her lover comfortable in life, if I accomplished the superior's cure. I was so fortunate as to prove successful; I received the reward, and portioned off my sister. On the evening of this union, when all around me was happy, and innocent mirth reigning, a country lad arrived half breathless at my house to implore my immediately going to the relief of his poor father, who was just seized with a paralytic stroke. It was well known that the calls of humanity were those first attended by me. I therefore instantly accompanied the lad into the suburbs of the town, where, he said, his father lived. I entered with him an humble habitation, and was instantly surrounded by ruffians, who gagged, bound, and placed me in a carriage which moved rapidly away.

'I will not fatigue you, donna, by relating the dreadful horrors which agonised my mind, since you, alas! can now better conceive than I describe them. From the carriage I was conveyed into a ship, where I was fastened down in the hold, and passed my time miserable as despair could make it. At length we came to an anchor; I was blindfolded, conveyed some length of way in a boat, and afterwards supported by men along a rugged path upon terra firma. In short, from the moment I was taken out of the ship, I was not suffered to behold any thing until the bandage was taken off my eyes in Don Manuel's parlour, where Don Manuel then was, with the wretch whom I had rescued from death. Scarcely need I now tell you, donna, that wretch was Garcias, who presented me to Don Manuel, with these never-to-be-forgotten words:

'"This is the skilful surgeon to whom I owe my life; and I am happy in having procured such a valuable acquisition for you, seignor."

'Language can convey no adequate idea of my sensations, or the horrors I endured when the certainty of the calamity of my fate unfolded itself. It is now eight years since I beheld or heard of my Isabella, or my family; during which period of misery I have ever done my duty in my profession, and still looking forward to the goodness of Providence, which I doubted not, in its own time, would permit my escaping

from my dreadful captivity. You cannot——'

Pedro was here dreadfully interrupted by a shout of alarm from aloft; and immediately after Hippolyto appeared in the cabin with a countenance expressive of horror and dismay, which fortitude in vain struggled to conceal. He spoke a few words in a low voice to Pedro, who, turning pale as death, staggered to the seat the shout had called him from. Hippolyto, now advancing to Victoria, took her hand in trepidation, and with a broken voice and a look of anxiety for her safety—of more than anxiety, of anguish that shook his very soul—

'Cruel fate, I fear, lady Victoria,' said he, 'has not yet done persecuting you, and there will, alas! ere long, be new demands upon your unexampled fortitude.'

'We are pursued!' cried she in the piercing tone of deep despair: 'we are pursued, and my friends will fall victims to their humanity.'

'Tis true,' replied Hippolyto, 'that a vessel is in chase of us, which from the thick fog, and having no glasses, we perceived not until too late. It may be an Algerine corsair; it may prove our persecutors. Be who it will, we shall not tamely surrender; and I must leave you, to go and assist my brave companions in defence of that treasure which a deprivation of my life or liberty shall alone wrest from me.'

Words cannot pourtray the situation of Victoria's mind at that moment. In anguish and despair she looked upon Hippolyto; when gratitude painting in her agitated breast her obligations to him in much more glowing colours than her own personal danger, she suddenly darted by him out of the cabin. But ere she reached the deck, as she intended, Hippolyto overtook her, and, catching her by the hand, demanded, in breathless amazement, whither she was going.

'It is me they seek,' cried she in a tone of animated firmness; 'I will deliver myself into their hands, to save Hippolyto and my other friends.'

'Angelic, generous Victoria!' said he, affected almost to tears, 'they seek us all, and you are the last victim they shall find.' Then, tenderly clasping her in his arms, he, in despite of her struggles, bore her back to the cabin.

'Take care of, support, this angelic being, Pedro,' cried he; 'and, as you value your eternal peace, suffer her not upon deck, where the generosity of her feelings would transport her to precipitate herself into destruction, with the delusive hope of saving us, her friends.'

Victoria sobbed convulsively as she sunk into a chair. Hippolyto, rapidly advancing to Pedro, continued--'Take care of her, comfort her, if you love me, Pedro; and should your professional exertions be requisite for any of our brave companions, I doubt not but lady Victoria's humanity will lead her to assist you.' Then turning to her he hastily took her hand, which he pressed to his heart—to his lips.

'Pray for our success,' said he, 'most pure, most exalted of human beings!' He gazed on her for a moment with looks of agonising tenderness and despair; then, as if fearing to trust himself longer there, he darted out of the cabin; when Pedro, with a countenance of hopeless sorrow, began, with a sad heart and trembling hand, to make horrid preparations to assist the wounded, while Victoria devoutly raised her heart and hands in earnest prayers for deliverance.

The tumult upon deck, which had never ceased since the first alarm, now rapidly increased, and soon all

the horrors of a sea-fight commenced. The superiority of valour, with desperation added to it, was manifestly upon one side; whilst upon the other was that of treble numbers of men and guns. The din and shock of the ordnance became so powerful, that they sunk our heroine upon her knees, where she fervently implored divine succour, until summoned by Pedro to assist him in dressing the wounds of a seaman who was just brought to him. She sickened at the task, but it was assigned her by gratitude and humanity, and she roused every faculty to perform it as she ought.

The wounded man gave hopes of victory. The intrepid valour of Hippolyto, who was fighting like a lion, he said, would insure it. Exultation and fear bounded through Victoria's heart on this intelligence; but the latter soon reigned solely there. To be foremost in fight was to be first in danger; and although she would have been mortified and disappointed had Hippolyto acted otherwise, her heart sickened at what her reason approved, and, pale, faint, and trembling, she could scarcely perform her task. In a moment more another man was borne down, his arm dreadfully shattered by a splinter. This was a horrid demand upon Victoria's humanity; yet, painful as the effort was, she hesitated not to comply with it.

'This is a shocking wound, my poor friend!' said she tremulously, as she was, by the direction of Pedro, washing the arm.

'Ah!' replied the man, 'but it does not pain me half so much as the one our brave young champion has received does: but, unmindful of it, on he fights like a hero, although the whole fury of the enemy is levelled at him.'

'What! is it Hippolyto you mean? Is Hippolyto wounded?' Victoria in alarm demanded.

'Yes, donna.' (The sponge fell from her hand.) 'Yes, and they vow to put him to the most torturing kind of death, if he does not instantly deliver you, seignora, up to them.'

Victoria waited to hear no further, and was upon deck before Pedro was aware of her meditating such a rash design; and through firing, smoke, and all the horrors and confusion of battle, she made her way to Hippolyto, whose left arm was bleeding copiously, and who was surrounded by a party of ruffians who had just boarded the brigantine, and rushing into the midst of the clashing hangers—

'I am here!' she wildly cried; 'I am here! then spare, oh spare Hippolyto, and let me be the only victim to your insatiate cruelty!' Then grasping the hand of a ruffian which held a sword uplifted to fall with mortal vengeance upon Hippolyto, she sunk, overpowered by her feelings and her exertions, in a swoon into the arms of Garcias.

In the first dawn of returning perception our heroine found herself laid in a birth in a much larger and better cabin than that she had lately occupied; and she also perceived that two strange men were busily employed administering restoratives to her: by these circumstances being convinced she was no longer with her friends, her senses fled again for some moments, and on her second recovery she observed Garcias with the other men. On sight of this diabolical being, the keenest sensibility of her desperate fate assailed her, and convulsive sobs and groans broke from her bosom, which seemed, as they heaved, to rend her bursting heart; while Garcias, with that ferine cruelty he was no stranger to, bantered her upon the failure of her and her

wise confederates' scheme for liberty; and jeeringly condoled with her upon the loss she had just sustained in being deprived of her ebony champion.

'Detestable, barbarous fiend!' exclaimed Victoria in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by agitation, 'Have you then murdered Hippolyto?'

'Not yet,' replied the savage. 'Safe in custody the hero now is, smarting from innumerable wounds; but the day he is to suffer the punishment due to his enormous crime and temerity we have deferred until our return to the castle, when you will be sufficiently recovered to be a spectator of our ample vengeance.'

Victoria, now uttering a deep groan, became again insensible to her wretchedness, which insensibility continued a considerable length of time; and when her senses were once more restored to perception, so complete was her misery, that despair seized upon her tortured heart; and that dreadful kind of torpor it sometimes inspires influenced all her faculties. Wan, languid, and sadly woeful, was her lovely countenance; whilst her sunken eyes sometimes wildly wandered, or were intently fixed, unconscious of the object they seemed wistfully to fasten on. Her bosom still heaved keen agonising sighs; but she remained ignorant of every transaction around her. Imperceptible to Victoria was now the evening's close, the lighting a lamp in the cabin, or the departure of Garcias and his two companions, who, believing her perfectly composed, retired to take food and rest after the toils of battle.

CHAP. XXVII.

In this state of almost utter insensibility Victoria continued until about midnight, when she was aroused to perception by hearing her own name several times softly repeated in a voice that at once awakened her shattered faculties to superstitious horror. With difficulty, from excessive tremor, she raised herself upon her elbow to learn from whence the voice proceeded; when, observing the figure of a man standing at a respectful distance, she shuddering exclaimed—

'The shade of poor Diego come to warn me of my fate!'

'Come to save you from a dreadful one,' said he, gently approaching. 'Dare lady Victoria venture with me upon a bold enterprise?'

She took his hand, and with difficulty suppressed a scream of joy. 'It is Diego's self!—Merciful Heaven, I thank thee!'

'Dare you venture with me through that window, lady Victoria? There is a boat lying-to beneath it to receive us, and convey you to a place of safety; but we must be speedy.'

Victoria attempted to rise, then suddenly stopped. 'Will my doing so expose Hippolyto and his brave companions to greater evils?' said she.

'No, lady Victoria, it will extricate them from every threatened danger, since it is to them I will convey you; and with them, I trust, we shall escape from your ruthless persecutors.'

Joy and hope darted a renovation of spirit, health, strength, and activity, through Victoria's mind and frame. Assisted by Diego she bounded from her birth, and without noise or difficulty followed him through one of the cabin windows, and from the stern gallery easily descended into a boat, where another man was, who, to her great satisfaction, she quickly discovered to be Thomas; but ob-

serving they wished for silence, she forbore to ask any of those questions she panted to have answered.

Cautiously, but rapidly, they plied their oars, and in a few moments she found herself close to the brigantine she had left the castle in. Instantly she was hoisted upon deck, where she was received by Pedro and several of the seamen with every demonstration of pleasure. She was placed by them in a chair upon the deck, when the feelings of joy and gratitude which agitated her susceptible heart forced tears in torrents from her eyes.

All was instantly in commotion; the sails were soon unfurled, and in a few moments more the vessel was making considerable way. Victoria looked anxiously around; but not perceiving the object of her solicitude, at length asked Pedro where and how Hippolyto was.

'The wound in his arm,' Pedro replied, 'is of little consequence; but he has suffered so much mental anguish on your account, that I would not permit the generous brave Diego's gallant achievement and anxious enterprise relative to you to be mentioned to him, so fearful was I of raising a hope that might be cruelly disappointed: but Diego has happily completed his daring and glorious project, and I will no longer delay giving joy and liberty to the gallant Hippolyto, who was fettered in the cabin, whilst all the rest of us were stowed and ironed in the hold.'

Pedro now disappeared, and in a moment after Hippolyto was at the feet of our heroine: but joy and amazement had deprived him of the power of utterance, and he panted for words to speak his raptures. Victoria sweetly expressed her pleasure at their thus happily meeting, and tenderly deplored the wound he had received, which now confined his left arm in a sling. The sound of her voice, which he for some hours thought would never more charm his ear, increased his transports, but not his power of articulation; and almost subdued by the poignancy of his feelings, he leaned his head against the seat occupied by Victoria, who, alarmed at his situation, requested Pedro to give him something to compose his agitation. Pedro complied; and, with a view of giving time to Hippolyto's mind to recover its native tone, requested Diego to inform them how he had contrived and managed the perilous and glorious attempt of liberating them.

'I have nothing to relate, seignor Pedro,' Diego modestly replied, 'but that I am happy in finding Heaven has kindly deigned to prosper the first effort of virtue in a repentant sinner.'

'My good Diego,' said Victoria with that fascinating sweetness of voice and manners peculiar to her, 'you will not, I am persuaded, refuse to gratify my eager wish of learning by what miracle you, who so short a period since was confined by illness to your bed, got into that ship your humanity and friendship have just released me from?'

'Your wishes, lady Victoria,' he replied, respectfully bowing, 'are commands to me which I shall ever willingly obey: and in my little narrative, lady Victoria will please to remember that she is the daughter of my dear lamented lord, to whose memory I owe a debt of gratitude that with my life I would freely pay: that I, wretch as I am, assisted to involve her, the child of my benefactor, in her ——'

'Diego, on to your narrative: no further preface, I beseech you. If ever you loved my father, distress not his child by such reflections upon a friend he regarded.'

'Loved your father! Ah, lady

Victoria!—But your command is that I should hasten to my narrative, and I obey.

'In a very short time after the unexpected arrest of Pedro in my chamber, my bed was surrounded by Don Manuel and several of my comrades. My master commanded me to silence, while his attendants, seizing my bedding, conveyed me, as I lay in it, out of the castle into that vessel we have just quitted, where I was commodiously placed in one of the best births. Don Manuel himself accompanied us; and, in spite of the interdict, I broke silence, to plead for my dear suffering lady, when Don Manuel bade me "not fear for her, since for worlds he would not injure her; but his word was given to a friend to assist in urging her into a measure that would ultimately redound to her advantage." He further added, "that he had me removed from the castle to be out of the way of interfering, as he learned from Alonzo I was likely to do, and also to be out of the way of those who might injure me for that interference."

'All the medicines which seignor Pedro had prepared for me were taken with me; and one of my comrades, Felix, was ordered by my master to take care of and attend me; and when Don Manuel bade me good night, he desired me not to fear for lady Victoria or myself, since he would protect both from every real evil: and grieved to the soul was I that I could not esteem the man who was kind to me.

'Felix continued with me, and paid me every possible attention; and as my dreadful alarms upon my lady's account had been allayed by Don Manuel's solemn assurances—who, although so criminal in many instances, I never knew to forfeit his word—the violence of my indisposition almost immediately subsided; and by morning, although weak and dejected, I was able to leave my birth and take my station upon the main-mast head, with my eyes invariably fixed upon the castle terrace, in hopes of catching a glimpse of lady Victoria, that I might be convinced of her safety: but I saw her not; and the only comfort I had was in teaching Felix to pity her.

'It is unnecessary for me to tell all the inquietude of uncertainty I experienced: and it is impossible for me to describe my feelings when, in the middle of the night before last, the bark I was in was suddenly manned and put to sea in quest of my poor lady. I supposed, in the general hurry and confusion, that my being in that vessel was forgotten, as I considered it strange policy to take a known well-wisher to the fugitives in chase of them; and I looked upon the circumstance as an auspicious omen, and thanked Providence for it. I was not mistaken in my conjecture.—But when Garcias found I was on board, he seemed more pleased than otherwise; for my being an avowed enemy of Alonzo's recommended me to his favour; and, by a strange infatuation, he believed that I had opposed Alonzo's vile attempt solely to do my duty by Don Manuel.

'As I knew not who beside seignor Hippolyto were the companions of my lady's flight, I could form no conjecture of what port you were likely to make for; and every knot we advanced appalled my heart, lest we should be gaining upon you, which we were but too likely to do if we were in the same course, as the caravel we were in was by far the swiftest sailer in Don Manuel's possession. At length the gale arose, and, as I am considered to have some share of maritime knowledge, Garcias found full employment for

me; but, perhaps, you will scarcely credit me, when I say that I did not exert myself so much as I might have done, hoping that our distress would at least gain time for you.

'The calm succeeded, and I vainly hoped that, as you had sailed an hour or two before us, you had, notwithstanding the superior swiftness of our vessel, got so far a-head as to be out of our reach; but in that I was fatally deceived. I cannot describe the agony, the distraction of my mind during the engagement. Every gun we fired shot my heart through and through. But what could I do, separated from you? Felix and I were stationed to the same gun: need I say that gun was never fired? but at last I left Felix to his inactive station, and flew upon deck, to see how matters were likely to end. I beheld seignor Hippolyto's glorious conduct, and when Garcias boarded you I followed him.

'The evening was closing in, and, as our dresses were uniform, it was scarcely possible to distinguish friends from foes; but I instantly joined the side I favoured. We could not hope to conquer such a superior force as that against us; but I believe it was the universal intention to yield liberty and life together. However, my lady Victoria soon terminated the desperate contest. I saw her not until I beheld her falling into the arms of Garcias. My sword dropped from my hand in this moment of terror and amazement, and I silently followed Garcias, who instantly bore my poor insensible lady to the cabin in his vessel, where he left her to the care of surgeon Sancho de Gumbo, and ordered me to accompany him to the brigantine; when I found my being a traitor was yet undiscovered, and learned that, upon sight of lady Victoria, seignor Hippolyto lost all self-possession, and became an easy prisoner. Garcias now ordered seignor Pedro to be expeditious in dressing the wounds of his companions, whose deaths he chose to be himself the cruel perpetrator of, in vengeance for their apostacy; and when the surgical business was completed, the wretch had seignor Hippolyto strongly fettered in the cabin, and seignor Pedro, with the rest of the prisoners, ironed in the hold. All this he saw executed himself, increasing their misery by threats and insults. By his command I attended him, when the only good I could do was to purloin a large quantity of laudanum from seignor Pedro's stores.

'On my return to the caravel, Garcias ordered me to assist the cook in preparing supper—a matter which, from his voluptuous disposition, I foresaw; and in obeying him, I took care to infuse a great portion of the laudanum among the food intended for Garcias and the ship's company's supper, while into the drink I took different opportunities of throwing the rest; and whilst I attended Garcias at supper, I saw him and his associates, Sancho, Ramirez, and Fernandez, eat voraciously, and drink in proportion. I now wonder my agitation, lest the surgeon should discover the taste of the drug, did not betray me; but Garcias seemed governed the whole evening by infatuation, for he mistook my trepidation for the effect of my late illness, and ordered Sancho to give me some composing medicine when I should retire to rest; but that friendly service I had rendered him, and soon after had the rapture of beholding my nostrum taking effect. Ramirez fell off into a profound sleep; Sancho soon after closed his eyes; when Garcias and Fernandez, declaring they were invincibly drowsy too, drank more wine to rouse them, which quickly reduced them to the state I wished them to be in. I then joined my messmates, whom I found

carousing so heartily, that I doubted not of their speedily being in the situation of their officers. Many I soon heard snoring most satisfactorily; and the rest I conjectured, from their extreme fondness for liquor, would shortly find the irresistible influence of the opium.

'The moment drew near to change the watch. The dead calm of the evening did not allow the caravel to be worked, and there were only the helmsman and one watch upon deck. The men by degrees fell into a deep sleep; I therefore, without apprehension, armed myself, and hastened to Garcias, whom, with his companions, I found in a state of total insensibility. I took their lamp away, locked them in their cabin, and put the key in my pocket. Again I looked upon my messmates, and found them all exactly as I wished them to be. I extinguished all the lights and got upon deck, where, without noise, I fastened down the hatches. My lady's cabin had been locked by Garcias, and no where could I find the key; and I feared to burst the door, lest I should alarm her and awaken any of the sleepers: one only way remained for me to get her out of the power of Garcias, and I hastened to effect it.

'The darkness of the night favoured my design: I approached the watch at the prow, a mere lad, who, believing me the relief, felt no apprehension, until, with my pistol at his breast, I terrified him into my service. I ordered him to follow me in silence: he did so; and I advanced to the helmsman, an athletic fellow, possessing a daring and intrepid spirit. To subdue him I thought would be no easy task; but Providence still favoured me. He had for some days been afflicted with a severe cough and hoarseness, and the exertions he had been forced to make during the last night's storm and the evening's battle so increased the latter, that he could now only articulate in low and indistinct whispers. I had therefore nothing to fear from his calling for assistance, though much from his resistance; and upon my conquering him depended my lady's escape, and not only my own life, but those of many whom I esteemed. I advanced to him with a pistol presented—

'"Henriquez,' said I, "I am desperate: you must either yield to me, or one of us must die upon the instant."

'"What can you mean?" he replied, alarmed.

'"That you either accompany me instantly to the brigantine, suffer me to tie you to your post, or fight with me until one of us conquers and the other dies."

'"The man is mad," said he.

'"I am so with desperation," I replied. "The ship's company I have already secured to a man, and sleeping profoundly under the operation of opium, so that you have no assistance to expect from them. Come, Henriquez, be speedy in your determination."

'"I will fight no more to-night," said he. "Go to bed, Diego. The fatigue you have undergone has proved too much after your late severe illness, and you are feverish."

'Whether he really thought me delirious, and had no idea of my design, or that he was unaccountably panic-struck, I know not, but he seemed afraid of me; and, without much difficulty, I and the lad Vasquez (who luckily had a strong enmity to Henriquez) fettered and bound him to the helm. Now, preceded by Vasquez, I hastened to the boat, which was lying-to in readiness for Garcias to board the brigantine during the night, to see that Roderiquez, Guzman, and Felix, whom he left to guard the prisoners,

did their duty. Without delay we rowed hither, where, as I concluded there must be some little commotion at first, I considered it better not to fetch lady Victoria until all hostilities were over, and every thing in readiness for her reception.

'Roderiquez and Guzman, believing I was come with orders from Garcias, had no suspicion of me, and therefore I conferred with Felix safely. At first we thought of liberating the prisoners before we attacked Roderiquez and Guzman; but we afterwards considered that, while we were engaged below, they might discover our design, make off to the caravel, rouse the sleepers, and cut off all hope of rescuing my lady, for whose sake I had thus become a traitor to my master. Together then we set upon them. Not so easily were they subdued as Henriquez; but we did conquer them without bloodshed. Vasquez then raised the hatches, and we descended with our new-made prisoners.

'It would be impossible for me to describe the transport our intelligence conveyed to the poor devoted victims in the hold. I only waited to liberate Thomas, who accompanied me to the stern of the caravel. With some difficulty we got a window open, without noise, in the cabin where lady Victoria was, whom, thanks to Providence! we succeeded in bringing hither; and the moment I beheld her in safety was the first of happiness I have felt since my dear departed lord, her noble father, left me at the castle of Paulino.'

When Diego finished his eventful narrative, he was hailed by his messmates with loud acclamations, in which Victoria's, Hippolyto's, and Pedro's less boisterous applauses and acknowledgments were lost: but to deserve their praise was the highest gratification to Diego's heart.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I AM naturally an admirer of poetry, yet I do not think it necessary to attribute to it a divine origin, or suppose that it cannot be produced without something resembling preternatural inspiration. I can allow it to arise from the greatest excellency of natural disposition, or the greatest power of native genius, without exceeding the reach of what is human, or granting it any approaches to divinity, which is, I doubt, debased or dishonoured, by ascribing to it any thing that is in the compass of our action, or even comprehension. Nor can I allow poetry to be more divine in its effects than in its causes; nor any operations produced by it to be more than purely natural, or to demand any other sort of wonder than the effects of music, or of what has been called natural magic, however extraordinary any of these may have appeared to minds little versed in the force of numbers or of sounds, or in speculations on the secret powers of nature. Whoever talked of drawing down the moon from heaven by verses or charms, it is most obvious either believed not himself, or too superstitiously and foolishly believed what others have told him, whose simplicity, it may be, had been practised on by some artful poet, who, knowing the time when an eclipse would happen, told them that he could by the charm of his verses call down the moon at such an hour, and was by them thought to have performed it.

When I read that fine description in Virgil's eighth eclogue of all sorts of charms and fascinations by verses, by images, by knots, by numbers, by fire, by herbs, employed upon oc-

easion of a violent passion from a jealous or disappointed love, I have recourse to the strong impression of fables and of poetry, to the easy mistakes of popular opinion, to the force of imagination, to the secret virtues of several herbs, and to the power of sounds.

If the forsaken lover, in that eclogue of Virgil, had expected only from the force of her verses, or her charms, what is the burden of her song, to bring Daphnis home from the town where he was gone, and engaged in a new amour; if she had pretended only to revive an old fainting flame, or to extinguish a new one that was kindling in his breast; she might, for aught I know, have obtained her end by the power of such charms, and without other than very natural enchantments. For there is no question but true poetry may have the force to raise passions or allay them, to change or to extinguish them; to temper joy and grief; to excite love and fear; or even to turn fear into boldness, and love into indifference, and into hatred itself; and I can easily believe that the disheartened Spartans were re-animated, and recovered their lost courage, by the songs of Tyrtæus; that the cruelty and revenge of Phalaris were changed by the odes of Stesichorus into the greatest kindness and esteem; and, that as many men were passionately enamoured by the charms of Sappho's wit and poetry as by those of beauty in Phryne or Thais. For it is not only beauty that inspires love, but love gives beauty to the object that excites it; and if the passion be strong enough, let it arise from what it may there is always beauty enough in the person who inspires it. Nor is it any great wonder that such force should be found in poetry, since in it are assembled all the powers of eloquence, of music, and of painting, which are all allowed to make such strong impressions upon human minds. How far men have been affected with all or any of these needs little proof or testimony; the examples have been sufficiently known in Greece and in Italy, where some have fallen absolutely in love with the beauties of works of art produced by painters or statuaries; and even painters themselves have become violently enamoured with some of their own productions, and doated on them as on a mistress or fond child. To this some allusion seems to be made by the Italians, in the distinction they make of pieces done by the same hand, into those produced *con studio, con diligenza,* or *con amore,* of which the last are always the most excellent. But no more instances of this kind are necessary than the stories related and received by the most authentic ancient writers of the two Grecian youths, one of whom ventured his life to be locked up all night in a temple, that he might admire and embrace a statue of Venus there set up, and designed for another kind of adoration; the other pined away and died, in consequence of being prevented from perpetually gazing on, admiring, and embracing a statue at Athens.

The powers of music are either felt or known by all men, and are allowed to act in a most extraordinary manner on the passions, and even the frame and constitution of the body; to excite joy and grief, to give pleasure and pain, to compose disturbed thoughts, to assist and heighten devotion, and even to cure such diseases as affect the nerves, or the more subtle and delicate parts and fluids of the body. We need not have recourse to the fables of Orpheus or Amphion, or the power of their music upon beasts and fishes; it is enough that we find

the charming of serpents, and the cure or assuagement of possession by an evil spirit, attributed to in sacred writ.

As to the force of eloquence which so often raised and appeased the violence of popular commotions, every person must be convinced of and acknowledge it, when he considers Cæsar, the greatest man of his age, and possessed of the most powerful mind, taking his seat on the tribunal, full of hatred and revenge, and with a determined resolution to condemn Ligarius; yet by the force of Cicero's eloquence, in an oration for his defence, by degrees changing countenance, turning pale, and becoming so agitated that some papers he held fell out of his hand, as if he had been terrified with words who never feared an enemy in the field; till, at length, all his anger changing into clemency, he acquitted the brave criminal instead of condemning him.

Now if the strength of these three mighty powers be united in poetry, we need not wonder that such virtues and such honours have been attributed to it, that it has been thought to be inspired, or has been called divine; and yet I think it will not be disputed that the force of wit, and of reasoning, and sublimity of conceptions and expressions, may be found in poetry as well as in oratory; the life and spirit of representation or picture as much as in painting; and the force of sounds, as well as in music; and how far these natural powers together may extend, and to what effects, even such as may be mistaken for supernatural or magical, I leave to be considered by those who are inclined to such speculations, or who, by their natural conformation and genius, are in some degree disposed to receive such impressions. For my part, I do not wonder that the famous doctor Harvey, when he was reading Virgil, should sometimes throw the book down on the table, and say he had a devil; nor that the learned Meric Casaubon should feel such pleasure and emotions as he describes, on reading some parts of Lucretius; that so many should shed uncontrollable tears at some tragedies of Shakspeare, and others experience the most violent agitation on reading or hearing some excellent pieces of poetry; nor that Octavia sank down in a swoon at the recital made by Virgil of the celebrated verses allusive to the death of Marcellus, in the sixth book of the Æneis.

This is, no doubt, sufficient to evince the powers of poetry, and shew on what were founded those ancient opinions which ascribed it to divine inspiration, and attributed to it so great a share in the effects of sorcery or magic. But as the old romances seem to lessen the honour of true prowess and valour in their knights, by giving such a part in all their chief adventures to enchantment; so the true excellence and just esteem of poetry seem rather debased than exalted by attributing to it a preternatural origin and powers. This opinion among the northern nations grew to be so strong and so general, that about five or six hundred years ago, all the Runic poetry was condemned, and the characters in which it was written forbidden to be used, by the zeal of bishops, and even by orders and decrees of state; which has greatly injured or rather caused the irrecoverable loss of the history of those northern kingdoms, the seat of our ancestors in the western parts of Europe.

The more true and natural source of poetry may be discovered by observing to what god this inspiration was ascribed by the ancients. This was Apollo, or the Sun, esteemed

by them the god of learning in general, but more particularly of music and of poetry. The mystery of this fable means that a certain noble and vital warmth animating the subtler organisation of the body, but especially the brain, is the true spring of these two arts or sciences. This was that celestial fire which gave such a pleasing motion and agitation to the minds of those men who have been so much admired in the world, and which raises such an infinite variety of images of things, so agreeable and delightful to mankind. By the influence of this sun are produced those golden and inexhaustible mines of invention, which have furnished the world with treasures so highly esteemed, and so universally known and used, in all the regions that have yet been discovered. From this arises that elevation of genius which can never be produced by any art or study, by labour or industry; which cannot be taught by precepts or examples, and therefore is agreed by all to be the pure and free gift of Heaven and nature; and to be as it were a fire kindled from some hidden spark in our original constitution.

But though invention be the mother of poetry, yet this child is, like all others, born naked, and must be nourished with care, clothed with exactness and elegance, educated with industry, instructed with art, improved by application, corrected with severity, and accomplished with labour and with time, before it arrives at perfection. It is certain, that no composition requires so many several ingredients, or of more different sorts, than this; or that to excel in any qualities there are necessary so many gifts of nature, and so many improvements of learning and of art. For there must be an universal genius, of great compass, as well as great elevation; there must be lively imagination, or fancy, fertile in a thousand productions, ranging over infinite ground, piercing into every corner, and by the light of that true poetical fire discovering a thousand images and similitudes, unseen by common eyes, and which could not be discovered without the rays of that sun.

Besides the warmth of invention and activity of wit, there must be the coolness of good sense and soundness of judment to distinguish between things and conceptions, which at first sight, or upon transient glances, seem alike; and to choose among infinite productions of the imagination such as are worth preserving and cultivating, and to neglect and throw away the others. Without the force of wit, all poetry is flat and languishing; without the aid of judgment it is wild and extravagant. The wonderful quality of poetry is, that such contraries must meet to compose it: a genius both penetrating and solid; in expression both delicacy and strength; and the frame or fabric of a true poem must have something both sublime and just, both astonishing and pleasing. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, and a great calmness to judge and correct; there must be upon the same tree, and at the same time, both blossoms and fruit. To work up this metal into exquisite figure, there must be employed the fire, the hammer, the chisel, and the file. There must be a general knowledge both of nature and of arts, and to succeed in the least, genius, judgment, and application, are requisite. Without the latter all the rest will prove unavailing, for no one was ever a great poet who applied himself much to any thing else.

R. S.

ELIZA;

OR,

The HERMIT'S *Cell.*

A NOVEL.

By Miss ELIZA YEAMES.

(Continued from p. 199.)

CHAP. VI.

MARY ANN and Eliza in their rambles had discovered a cave, which they named 'The Recess:' it was cut in a rock, and so shaded by tall trees as to be concealed from common observation. This they supposed to have been the retreat of a solitary hermit; and as Eliza looked over the relics of his piety, a tear dropt from her fine eye to his sacred memory.

Hither did the two sisters bring their books, their drawing materials, an old harp, and conveyed to the little dwelling every necessary convenience. At the entrance of 'The Recess,' flower-shrubs and trees formed a bower; the outer room was lined with vases, that perfumed the air with the most refreshing sweetness, and the inner one set off in a very elegant manner. Often would Eliza, as the sun declined, while gazing on the infant buds and vegetable shrubs saluted with the yellow radiance of the setting sun, with ethereal harmony, imperceptibly raising her thoughts to the abode of angels, wildly irregular strike her harp, and in that moment forget that such beings existed as the inhuman lady Goddard, her persecutor Fortescue, or Harriet St. John.

'Such thoughts become a monarch--but behold,
The glimmering dusk, involving air and sky,
Creeps slow and solemn on.'

By means of the repair the Recess had undergone, a manuscript was found; and one day, by miss Goddard's desire, Mary Ann unfolded it, and read *The History of the Hermit of the Cell.* It was as follows:

'WHOEVER chances to meet with this, peruses the life of a wretched recluse, whose days were devoted to sorrow.

'At the age of twenty-two I returned from my travels, as I fondly hoped, to be greeted by my fond father; but, alas! I found my parent a cold breathless corse, and for some time was inconsolable for my loss.

'Time at length healed my wounds, and I no longer repined at what the Almighty had willed.

'Amongst my numerous vassals was Griffith, a man of plain sincerity and honest authority, the decided favourite of his deceased master. He had a daughter, Portia, the beauteous Portia, whom I had often a few years back remarked, and I now found myself too much overpowered by the fascinations of love, to regard the distance of our situations, till Griffith pointed it out to me; I then owned myself in the wrong, forsook Portia, and endeavoured to forget her. But the spark would not be extinguished; it burst out into a flame, and I married her.

'My wife was not one of those beings who seek wealth for happiness; she sincerely returned my passion, and wedded me as the lord of her heart. She was truly lovely: her majestic form graced the British court, her elegant manners charmed every one, and I perceived she was greatly admired by several of the courtiers. But this did not please me: Portia's smiles on them offended me; and I was vexed to think that, in return for my love, she possessed not the gratitude to retire from those dangerous serpents. This I hinted to her. "Claudius," said she, "I merit not this from you: you cannot surely doubt my love; why then speak thus

to me? If you wish me to retire to Wales, I will cheerfully obey; for it shall not be said that you were jealous of me."

'Her tears affected me—"Indeed, beloved Portia," returned I, tenderly imprinting a kiss on her lovely lips, "you shall not be forced from court; no, truly, you must not have to call me cruel, but henceforth will I believe you free from untruth. Oh, should your tears again flow on account of my too hasty tongue, may each drop blot out the sin I commit against you, by supposing your purity could be stained, or man be so vile as to attempt to corrupt it."—— Happy, happy days! would I had ever retained those sentiments, and firmly believed that her soul was free as her form from spot or blemish! Portia again revived; I was again blessed; but our happiness was to be destroyed, and Portia fell a victim to him who should have protected her.

'About this time we were sent for to close the eyes of old Griffith. That honest man, fixing his last trembling looks on me, conjured me ever to respect the peace of his child.—"Love her," said he, "cherish her as a precious gem: let not jealously or false appearances disturb you. Portia is truth itself: repose every thing in her; and trust——" He could no more.——Portia's father was gone, and I, and I only, left to console her.

'"Soft, soft," cried a youth the most beautiful I ever beheld, entering at this moment, and approaching the bed on which the inanimate body lay. Picture to yourself the most graceful figure in a kneeling attitude, with long dark ringlets hanging round his neck and falling on his polished forehead—a full dark eye, raised to Heaven, suffused with gushing tears—the bloom in his cheek varied by his emotion.—"Soft, soft," said he, and he took the still warm hand of Griffith, and pressed it with ardour to his lips. "Venerable, venerable man!" murmured he, "you are gone—and we all slowly follow.—Man, like a piece of mechanism the work of an ingenious artist, finishes his appointed course, and then moves no more. — The tender herb and variegated flower when death descends are lost, and so is he."—The youth paused; tears stopt his utterance. The sweetness of his voice, the elegance of his air, charmed me. I was gazing on him with peculiar sentiments of admiration, when slowly the door opened, and Portia, pale and trembling, entered. A scream of joy issued from her lips at the sight of the youth. He ran and pressed her in his arms; a fierce fire ran through my veins. "O Portia," he said, "see there!" Portia leaned her head on his shoulder. "Julius," said she softly, "Julius, alas! what mournful faces greet your arrival! Ah, times are changed indeed—you now see me a mourning wife." And she drew him slowly out of the room. "Now by my soul," cried I, coming forward and bending over old Griffith, "thou father of the false Portia, I will avenge thy honour and my disgrace.—Yes, inhuman faithless woman! both thou and Julius shall bleed."

'I met my wife with assumed kindness—I beheld her colour returned, and her eyes brightened; a thousand times I cursed the detested cause of this alteration, while fiercely my soul panted for revenge—but I exerted myself to smother my resentment, as my wife's condition seriously occurred to me; and in this attempt I perfectly succeeded, for Portia dreamed not of my intentions.

'Griffith was now laid in the cold earth; and while the tender

Portia with tears deplored his godlike goodness, my conscious heart overflowed with concealed troubles.—

"Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn—but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

'It was one calm sun-set that I strolled from my castle; the glow-worm spangled the nocturnal green. —"Pale melancholy poured through the mellow flute her pensive tale," and filled me with a tender sadness. My meditation was broken in upon by the voice of my wife, and casting my eyes around the garden I beheld her seated in her favourite grotto, with my tormentor Julius by her side. One of his hands grasped hers; the other was employed in wiping away her tears, which I observed fell fast. "O Julius," I heard her say, "beloved Julius! do thus we steal visits!" "My Portia," returned he, "do not despond; we shall yet, by the interposition of Heaven, be blest in each other's tender affection." What were my sensations at this moment! I rushed home, and running to my chamber I pointed a pistol to my head, but my rash arm was stopped by my valet, and to his reasonings I listened with passive calmness.

'I now determined to leave the castle: I penned a letter to Portia, telling her I was under the necessity of so doing, and, without bidding her farewel, privately left my home.

'Now it was I commenced my pilgrimage. Would I had closed my weary life long before! but it was fated otherwise. My brain was bewildered—Julius and Portia haunted my tortured soul. The words of the former—"Be blest in each other's tender affection," continually rang in my ears. "Perish such criminal hearts," cried I, "and sink them both into eternal perdition!—They as yet triumph, but soon, soon will I stand before her with my avowed wrongs, to load on HER guilty head; and for Julius, he shall pay the forfeit of his life."

'One evening, as the twilight faded away, I sought refuge from the inclemency of the weather at a small cottage near G——s, where a young welshman, of an elegant person and pleasing manners, received me, and my heart acknowledged a fellow-sufferer as I gazed on the lines of his handsome countenance. My hospitable host, as he trimmed his fire—

"And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd,
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd,"

informed me his aged mother was bed-ridden in one of the upper rooms. He said it gave him much consolation to know that his labours were for the good of her, as he could support her through her numbered days. "For," added he with a sigh, "but for her I should have long closed mine." Tears started in his eyes.

"But will you never marry?" asked I.

Jenkins blushed. "No," answered he, "I was once going to enter that state; but Emma was torn from me by death; and on the wedding day too!"

'I wiped a tear, then tried to force a smile at seeing his eyes a briny flood.—"Very possibly you may call it fortunate," said I; "for women

are fickle.—Yes, most women are full of deceit.' And I turned my face from his penetrative glance.

'Jenkins now conducted me to my chamber. I was pleased with the neatness I observed so visible about me, and for once tasted sweet repose since my departure from Portia.

'I quitted Jenkins with a forcible pang of regret. As I cast my eyes, for the last time, on his lowly cot, I exclaimed "Ah, amiable young man! women are our destroyers——their graces captivate us—the dart is but to kill, and we mourn our weakness when too late. You sigh for one snatched from you by death;—I regret a fallen deceiver: better is it to weep for deceased innocence than lament lost virtue." I soon forgot Jenkins, while reflecting on my own sorrows. With my harp, I now traced Wales; at the gates of the opulent and noble I struck my chords, and in the character of a pilgrim passed unobserved.

'At one gentleman's I was received with more than common hospitality by the porter, and instantly admitted into the presence of his lord, and his lord's daughter. This young lady I observed to be of a very pensive cast; for though she smiled with great affability on me, yet did she never once open her lips. When I retired from the company of the lord Ap Morgan and his daughter, I went into the servants' hall, where was a most elegant repast prepared for me. Here, when the strains of my harp died away and I drank from the sparkling goblet, I heard from the butler the true cause of his young lady's melancholy.

'"This unfortunate girl," said he, "was an alien to her house in infancy, being placed out at nurse. My master seldom heard any thing of her, for he bore an invincible hatred to her; as in giving Helena life his wife had closed hers.

'"Years passed over. My lord's two sons, Romeo and Alberto, were the most promising young men: both handsome and amiable, the prop of their father's declining years, and the delight of the whole country.

'"In the pursuit of pleasure, chance conducted their steps to the cottage of Helena's nurse. This woman had one daughter, a most lovely girl, and little inferior in that respect to her foster-sister.

'"The affections of these unfortunate brothers were here fixed: Romeo was captivated with Helena, and Alberto's heart could own no other mistress but the humble Andromache. Their sentiments were not communicated to each other, and little did they think this would prove their ruin. Alas! the love of the young men met return. Helena now knew love whenever her eyes met the piercing ones of Romeo, and Andromache's heart betokened the same at the appearance of the elegant Alberto.

'"Helena never knew that the mother of Andromache was not her own mother, for she had not been told her noble birth. Thus then she was not informed of Romeo's near kindred to herself, and, most unfortunately, the nurse was ignorant of their interviews with each other.

'"One night, as the clock struck the hour of midnight in the ear of Helena as she lay musing on Romeo, she was roused by a slight noise in the next apartment (which was that in which Andromache lay), and, starting up, she, with an omen of something wrong, went immediately thither.

'"Alarmed she beheld the bed unruffled, no sister on it, and the casement open. As she approached the window, the splendid queen of night darted her beams upon the spot, and discovered to the fearful Helena her sister Andromache descending a

rope-ladder, handed by a gentleman. Helena saw her feet touch the ground, and beheld the pair locked in each other's arms. At that moment a pistol was fired, and she heard Andromache utter a piercing shriek :—Helena shrieked too, and almost immediately was joined by their nurse, whom the noise had awoken.

'"Clashing of swords now was heard.—In a moment they were by the side of the combatants, when what a spectacle presented itself! —the corse of Andromache covered with blood, Romeo Ap Morgan wounded and disarmed, and Alberto, like one insane, holding a dagger to his own breast! The nurse threw herself on the corse of her lost child, and from her wild agony a mutual understanding took place. Romeo breathed his last in the arms of his sister, after casting a look of horror on Andromache, whom he had mistaken for Helena, which mistake had caused this fatal mischief.

'"Alberto in a fit of madness rushed on the point of his sword, then clasping his lifeless wife in his arms (for such he pronounced her to be by a private marriage), breathed his last sigh upon her cold bosom."

'The butler further added, that the nurse never recovered the loss of her child, but soon after sunk to the grave, a dangerous maniac. "My penitent master," said he, "after seeing the remains of his two sons interred, met his forsaken daughter, whom he now idolizes. For five long years has she attended with affectionate zeal, and though she never could obliterate so severe a shock, yet did she mellow the violence of his grief, and nearly forgot her own sorrows in soothing his. Helena's story being known to every one around, she is never visited by suitors, as the young men feel too much respect to hurt her acute sensibility. Thus does she pass her life, honoured and compassionated by all." Here ended the butler; and I could not avoid letting a tear fall to the memory of the two unfortunate youths and the lovely Andromache.

'I continued wandering at random some months, and then slowly returned back to my castle.

'Here every thing was in disorder: my vassals were running different ways weeping and wringing their hands with loud lamentations. Alas! their expressions told me all. Portia had mourned my strange behaviour, her sorrows enfeebled her frame, she was now the mother of a dead daughter, and her life despaired of. O Heavens! what were my feelings at this moment! I was nearly distracted —— I begged, I insisted on seeing my wife—remonstrance was in vain. I flew to her chamber. Here she lay, the image of her former self, pale, emaciate, consumed by a burning fever, and trembling with her emotions.—"O Portia," said I, "my dying love! do I indeed see you thus?—'tis I, 'tis I have done this!" and I flung myself in an agony by her side. Portia fixed her eyes with unutterable sensations of tenderness on my face—"I blame not you, my Claudius, best of men!" "Worst of men, rather say," returned I.—Portia could not answer, her frame having suffered by my sudden return too great a shock for her feeble constitution; she closed her eyes, and the colour forsaking her cheeks, she heaved a gentle sigh, and fainted. I then was forced from her presence; I went and shut myself in my own apartment, which I paced with hasty and disordered steps.

'The castle was buried in profound silence, when suddenly I took it in my head to visit my wife's chamber and watch her slumber. I no sooner formed the resolution than, snatching up my lamp, I advanced quickly forward.

'The door of her apartment was half ajar, and I beheld Julius, my tormentor, kneeling by her bed-side, conversing with her in a low tone of voice. —I spoke not one word; but, rushing back to my own room, I snatched down a loaded pistol, and was by his side again in a moment. Julius turned to a death-like paleness, as his eyes fell upon me—Portia let go her hold of his hand—she attempted to speak—I heard not what, but fired at my destroyer. He fell—Julius fell—and by my arm! He groaned and expired. Portia gave successive shrieks. Her attendant started up. I know not what besides occurred, for as she pronounced the words—"Claudius, you have killed my brother!"—I fell senseless by my victim.

'Dreadful, dreadful recollection! Oh! what direful effects do jealousy and concealment produce! Portia grew delirious; her physicians pronounced her dying, and I was called to receive her last adieu. From the bed of sickness I rose to obey her summons, but before I could reach her a servant entered. —My eyes glanced upon him—his countenance, his message, spoke Portia was gone. I heard no more—but rushed past him with the wildness of a madman, and reached the scene of death.—Oh! what an angel she represented! Arrayed in spotless white, her snowy hands clasped on her clay-cold bosom—her golden hair falling round her face—in her cheeks might be traced a ray of red in despite of death. In truth, her closed eyes shewed but as in sleep; for a tear still stood upon their silken lashes. I gazed speechless on her, till my agony forced from my lips a frantic exclamation. I could no more; my swelling breast was torn by struggling passions, my eyes rolled with a frightful wildness. Pausing for a moment, I imprinted on her lips a thousand frantic kisses—my soul seemed hanging on the brink of fate. Another and another time I pressed the cold insensible remains; when a footstep approached. It was my faithful valet, who tried to force me from the apartment. I resisted his endeavours with all my strength, but to no purpose; for, in spite of my shrieks and prayers, he carried me from the side of my departed Portia.

'What a constitution I must have possessed at this period, to survive all those horrors! for still did I withstand them all, and beheld the day arrive which was to see Portia laid in her grave.

'I viewed from my chamber-window the approach of the weeping villagers: my heart seemed bursting as I marked the mournful footsteps of each virgin, who carried on her arm the flowers which were to deck her grave; but oh! with what horrible sensations I looked on when came the funeral!—It was too much —I rushed from home, and arrived in the church-yard in time to witness the tears of unfeigned sorrow, and the sighs of affection uttered by every one present during the awful ceremony.

'The crowd retired—I took my place over my Portia's body. The moon arose—night began to close around.—Grisly phantoms flitted in my brain.—The yells of angry spirits roared in the wind, and, nearly convulsed, I gazed on the blazing orb of the labouring planet. "May Heaven," cried I, striking my clasped hand upon the vault in which Julius and Portia reposed—"May Heaven now raise up the forms of my victims, and let them in horrible array crush their destroyer!" A groan struck terror to my soul. I started up with horror, and awaited the appearance of the dead. But I

saw nothing, and conceived the sound to be merely an illusion.

'I now settled my affairs, and with a wallet and staff travelled in quest of some lonely retreat. I had quitted my castle more than a month, when one day I reached the summit of a hill covered with soft herbage; finding myself something weary, I seated myself here, and took out the papers which Portia had given me in her last moments.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'"Claudius, sir Claudius Thompson, my darling husband! you have deeply wronged me. Julius is my brother—from childhood we were brought up as relations, though not in our true characters; for Julius knew not his real birth. But a letter which my father sent to him at college, begging him to fly to him and receive his last breath, acquainted him with the whole truth—that he was Griffith's son. I believe, Claudius, that you never heard me mention this youth. I must avow I dreaded to confess that I felt such an affection for a mere cousin—— Fatal timidity!" *

'I now quickly found the papers written by Griffith, which spoke of Julius's birth.

'"Portia, my beloved Portia! Julius equally dear!—when I am numbered with the dead, you will first discover your very near affinity. You are both my children!—start not, but go on.—My father was of noble birth, but through his love of pleasure reduced his wife and one male infant to abject poverty. With my widowed mother to support, I in early youth felt the bitter sensations of want:—she fell sick—I never left her bed-side, I paid every possible attention to her, and she resigned her life in my arms. It was too much for me to bear, and for some weeks I lay on the bed of sickness.

'"All that time I lived on the bounty of the good lord of the manor.—He had one daughter—Oh! how can I describe her! she was all beauty, grace, and accomplishments. Nature had endowed me too amply with her gifts, and I shortly found the admiration that I felt for Clara was returned with passionate fondness.

'"Her father now took me under his protection; and I became rich, in comparison to what I was before.—But, oh horrid recollection! how did I repay him? By violating the honour of Clara; and when first I beheld my child Julius, my lord lost his. Shame and disgrace were now heaped upon me. I left that part of the country, and in a distant one obtained an employ in the family of a nobleman. Here was Portia, the beautious Portia, first beheld by me: my heart, softened by affliction, became hers, and soon affection on her side following, we were married. Julius never was mentioned to her.—Alas! how have I sighed to see my boy acknowledged by her! But it could not be; and while you, Portia, flourished under your mother's care, Julius was left and abandoned by his father. But soon, soon she was torn from you, my child! In consequence. I sent for Julius, and had him brought home. Ah, my children! if you value the peace of my spirit, still keep this confession a secret, as I swore to the mother of Julius never to divulge her dishonour. Beloved children, farewell, a last farewell! GRIFFITH."

'Portia thus continued: "Ah! Claudius, how could you suspect my truth? Could not my eyes have confessed the sincerity of my heart, and have told you I was virtuous? Fatal mistake! Alas, poor Julius!—I can no more—tears drown me, and pangs hasten my conclusion.——Adieu—adieu!"

'As I finished reading the papers,

I was saluted by a fine venerable old man, who appeared as a hermit. He courteously invited me to his cave, and I accepted the offer. Here I partook of a repast of dried fish and fresh fruit, and was charmed with the sensible conversation of the recluse.

'As we sat at the entrance of the cave, the mild breeze waving his grey locks, and saluting his venerable cheek that "bore the rosy hue of a serene old age," he told me, with a languid smile of melancholy, that, from a disappointment in his early affections, he had retired hither to indulge his sorrow.—"Besides," said he, "in quitting for ever the phantoms of pleasure, my devotional duties are more sincerely fulfilled towards my glorious Creator!" And a "sainted tear of holy inspiration" fell on his venerable cheek.

'The hermit enjoyed my confidence, and in return he cordially invited me to take up my abode with him. I consented, and he appeared delighted.

'Alas! one morning, on leaving my rushy couch earlier than usual, I beheld near me my good old friend a lifeless corse. I need not say how much I deplored his loss, for I had now seen the exit of my last friend. It occurred to me this was too good an opportunity of a secrecy for life to be withstood; and, having consigned his aged limbs to earth, I assumed his manner of life. I changed my clothes for others similar to his—my beard I suffered to grow—and in a little time I was the counterpart of the deceased.

'I have now sketched my life at large: whoever reads it will pity me. But I want not the pity of man—let me experience the mercy of Heaven.—My devotion cheers my soul, till recollection brings before me the form of the murdered Julius; then, then I despair of ever joining my Portia in the regions of the blessed, and murmur out—Oh, my God, may forgiveness be thine!'

Mary Ann laid down the manuscript, and silently gazed on Eliza, whose eyes wandered round the cell, while involuntarily she shuddered as she reflected that a murderer had inhabited and breathed his last in it.—'Mary Ann,' said she, taking her sister's arm and grasping it closely, 'twilight approaches: let us away. Undoubtedly we shall be missed from the castle.' Miss Goddard then, taking up little Picnic, sallied forth with Mary Ann. They met lord Jordan and Mr. Fortescue not many paces from the hermitage.—'For Heaven's sake, where have you tarried?' asked the former. 'You have quite alarmed me,' cried Fortescue, as he took Eliza's arm. 'That I would not willingly have done,' returned miss Goddard. A clap of thunder at this moment rattled over their heads. Eliza screamed, and clung to Fortescue, who tried to appease her alarm, and now spoke to her in the most tender tone. Mary Ann thought it advisable to return to the hermitage, but this Eliza refused to consent to, and, faintly smiling at her own fears, endeavoured to keep pace with lord Jordan and her sister.

They now reached home. Sir Gilbert met them in the hall, and conducted them to his lady.—'I hope, miss Goddard,' said she, addressing Eliza, 'your temerity in staying out so late is amply repaid—But, Eliza,' continued she, softening, 'I have got a letter for you.' 'For me?' 'Yes, indeed, my love; and what will you say for it?' 'Anything, every thing, madam.'

Her mother then produced a letter written by Cleora Harrison.

Eliza blushed, and was retiring to peruse it.

'Stop,' cried lady Goddard. 'Child, have you heard the news?'

'News, madam?'

'Your friend Cleora's marriage?'

'Marriage!' repeated miss Goddard; and pale and speechless she sank on a chair.

'Is it possible, Eliza,' said her mother, while leaning over her—'Is it possible your friend's marriage can affect you thus? You are shortly to be a bride, and—'

'Hated title!' said Eliza, weeping.

'What do I hear?' cried Fortescue starting.

'Hear! she 's a simpleton,' said lady Goddard. 'But come,' continued she, taking Eliza's arm, 'come, my love! your spirits are affected.'—And she led her out.

'I can't think,' said Harriet St. John, 'how some people sham fainting fits.'

'Sham, madam!' replied Fortescue: 'Eliza possesses not art, she is all sensibility.'

'SENSIBILITY!' retorted Harriet; 'that girl chooses to shew a counterfeit feeling whenever convenient.'—

'Hush, Harriet!' cried lady Goddard; 'see sir Gilbert.' And she, going to meet him, said, 'I left your daughter quite composed.'

'Your news is pleasing,' returned he, saluting her cheek.

'You delight me,' said his lady; and the evening passed cheerfully with all, except Edwin Fortescue and Mary Ann.

The next morning lord Jordan introduced to lady Goddard, sir Dennis O'Calloner, a young Irishman of very pleasing manners and elegant person, who completely captivated Harriet's fond heart, and extremely charmed lady Goddard.

Mary Ann was delighted to see Eliza this morning look serene. 'I am happy,' whispered miss Goddard, pressing her hand. 'Cleora Harrison a few weeks back was united to lord Germain, a youth whom she fondly loved and by whom she is beloved, and she invites you and me to Richmond.

'How will you ask my mother's consent?' cried Mary Ann.

'I will speak first to Sir Gilbert, to——'

'But do'nt mention me, miss Goddard—I shall not be suffered. Besides, I would rather—'

'Remain with lord Jordan,' cried Eliza. Miss St. John blushed deeply.

'You will not accompany me?' cried Eliza, surprised at seeing her words concerning his lordship have such an effect on her sister.

'Lady Goddard will not suffer us both to go,' said Mary Ann. 'Besides, I do not wish.'—

'Vainly, vainly you try to hide it, beloved girl!' said Eliza, gazing affectionately on her: 'in vain, charming Mary Ann! you try to conceal your love of lord Jordan.'

Miss St. John blushed, kissed her hand, and run out of the room.

Eliza immediately went to her father's library. She gently tapped at the door.—He bade her enter. 'Oh it is you, Eliza?' said he; and, blushing, he laid aside something he was writing.

'Yes, dear sir!' she replied; 'I am come to make a request.'

'For what?' he asked, somewhat hastily.

'To visit my friend lady Germain, agreeably to her invitation.' Sir Gilbert looked down—paused—and at length said, 'Eliza, I can say nothing, my child: you must apply to lady Goddard.'

Eliza curtsied, and walked out of the room.

'Eliza,' said he, calling after her—Miss Goddard returned—'when do you propose going?'

'Almost immediately, sir.'

'Well, come to me for some cash before you leave the castle, my child,' said he; and Eliza, thanking him with a starting tear, went to seek lady Goddard.

She found her walking round the

grounds with lord Jordan and sir Dennis O'Calloner. Eliza begged a private audience in a whisper, which lady Goddard, being in a good humour, granted, and she was told to repair to her ladyship's dressing-room about the dinner hour.

At the time appointed, Eliza went to seek lady Goddard, who said with a smile at her approach—'Well, my dear! what is it you would say?' Miss Goddard told her of her desire to see lady Germain. 'I grant you leave to visit her, Eliza,' said she; 'I cannot deny you so small a favour, though I think you should not, child, have applied to your father first.'

Miss Goddard's eyes sparkled with joy; she kissed Ophelia's hand a thousand times, and thanked her for her goodness.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT *of the* ORIGIN *of the* ORDER *of the* GARTER, *and of the* CEREMONIES *with which the* KNIGHTS *are* INSTALLED.

THE institution of this illustrious order did not originate from so trivial a cause as the dropping of a lady's garter, as some have pretended; nor had king Edward III., who was the founder of the order, any regard to the garter, or leather thong, which king Richard I., in his attempt upon Cyprus and Acon, ordered to be tied about the legs of his officers, to animate their courage by such a particular distinction: but Edward III., being a prince of a warlike disposition, and engaged in a war with France, made it his business to engage the best soldiers in Europe in his interest.—With this view he projected the setting up king Arthur's round table, and proclaimed a solemn tilting, to invite foreigners of courage and quality to the exercise. The place for this solemnity was fixed at Windsor, for which purpose on New-year's day, 1344, he published his royal letters of protection, for the safe-coming and return of such foreign knights as were willing to hazard their reputation at this public tilting; and ordering, that this entertainment should be held annually at the same place, at Whitsuntide. All the knights, during this solemnity, were entertained magnificently at the king's expence, eating together at a table six hundred feet round, which he called the round table.

To countermine this project, Philip de Valois, the French king, made use of a similar expedient at his own court, inviting the martial men of fame and character in Italy and Germany, for fear they should be pre-engaged to Edward. This thought proving successful, gave a check to king Edward's design. Edward having lately given his garter for the signal of a fortunate battle, he took occasion from thence to institute this order, making the garter the principal distinction of it; from whence that select number, whom he incorporated into a fraternity, is called knights of the garter. By this garter, the knights companions are symbolically put in mind to act by the maxims of good faith, sincerity, and religion; to push an enterprize with resolution, but not to undertake any thing contrary to the statutes of the order; not to violate the engagements of friendship, the law of arms, the privileges of peace, or to do any thing contrary to articles of probity and honour.

This noble order was founded in the twenty-third year of the reign of king Edward III., anno 1350: the patrons or protectors of it were the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, St. George, and St. Edward the Confessor; and as it is the most noble, so it is the most ancient, of any lay-

order now in use in Europe. The number of the knights companions of the order is twenty-five, besides the king, the sovereign of the order. To qualify a person for this honour, he must be a person of an unblemished character, not under the degree of knight, and one that cannot be charged with abetting a party or faction against his prince. He must be a gentleman born, that is, as king Henry VIII.'s statutes explain it—a gentleman by name, arms, and blood; so that no knight that has been convicted of heresy or treason, or can be charged with cowardice, is capable of being elected a companion of the order, and may forfeit it upon conviction after he is chosen: he is likewise liable to be degraded at the pleasure of the sovereign, if by libertinism and extravagance he spends so much of his patrimony as renders him incapable of maintaining his character honourably.

The habit of the order, upon solemn days, is the garter, mantle, surcoat, hood, collar, great George, and cap: upon the collar days they are only obliged to wear the garter, the collar of the order, and the great George: at the middle of the collar hangs the picture of St. George, sitting on horseback, who, having thrown the dragon upon his back, encounters him with a tilting-spear: the garter, which is blue, was at the foundation of the order appointed to be worn a little below the knee of the left leg, which still continues, having this motto wrought on it—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*, which was in French, because at that time our king possessed the greatest part of France, and was at war for the whole; and our laws were then in the French language, which was also universally spoken at the English court. Besides the twenty-six above mentioned, this college or corporation consists of a dean and twelve canons, besides petty canons, vergers, and other inferior officers, to which are added twenty-six poor knights, who have no other maintenance but the allowance of this college, which is given them in consideration of their prayers in behalf of the sovereign and the companions, and by way of reward for their former service in the field. There are also some considerable officers belonging to this order; as the prelate of the order, which is only an office of honour, without any profit annexed, and this is settled on the bishopric of Winchester. The chancellor of the garter is the bishop of Salisbury for the time being: the office of registry belongs to the deanery of Windsor. There is also an officer, called garter principal king at arms, whose business is to manage and marshal their solemnities at their installation and feasts. Lastly, the college is in the castle of Windsor, with the chapter-house, and chapel of St. George, built by king Edward the Third.

The ceremonies observed at the installation of the knights will appear from the following account of the late installation at Windsor, which will form a proper supplement to that which we presented to our readers in our last number.

The commissioners appointed to instal the knights elect, after having robed themselves in the complete habit of the order, met in the great chamber of the deanery, where garter and the other officers of the order, in their habits, and the knights elect in their under habits, attended with their caps and feathers in their hands. The knights not named in the king's commission were first conducted to the chapel, preceded by the poor knights, canons of Windsor, and officers at arms, all in their proper habits, who, on entering the choir, made their *obeisance*, first to the altar, and then to the sovereign's

stall; after which they seated themselves in their respective stalls. Then the poor knights, canons, &c. returned to the dean's hall, from whence the procession began in the order described in our last.

The knights were conducted into the north aisle of the chapel, where the knights elect retired to their seats, placed behind the altar, and the officers, register, garter, black rod, and knights commissioners, seated themselves according to their seniority. After some further ceremonies the *garter* presented the lords commissioners with the surcoat of the senior knight elect, who invested him with it, at the same time reading this admonition:—

'Take this robe of crimson to the increase of your honour, and in token and sign of the most noble order you have received, wherewith you being defended, may be bold, not only strong to fight, but also to offer yourself to shed your blood for Christ's faith, the liberties of the church, and the just and necessary defence of them that are oppressed and needy.'

Garter then presented the crimson velvet girdle to the lords commissioners, who buckled it on over the surcoat, also the hanger and sword, which they girded on. The commissioners then leaving the knights elect in the chapel house, proceeded to the choir, and offered up the hatchments of the deceased knights, proceeding thus:—The poor knights, two and two, entered first, and made their reverence, first to the altar, and then to the sovereign's stall, and proceeded to the altar, placing themselves on each side. The canons followed, making the like reverence, standing below the poor knights, except two, who were conducted to the altar, in order to receive the hatchments as they were offered. Pursuivants and heralds at arms two and two, next entered, making their reverences, and placed themselves on each side below the canons. Garter, register, and black rod followed, and stood before their respective seats. The commissioners repaired to their respective stalls, and garter advanced to the middle of the choir, when various other ceremonies took place. Every thing we have thus far related was conducted in St. George's Chapel, to which a new Gothic entrance has recently been made, by order of his majesty, for the express purpose of the procession. The knights remained standing in their respective stalls, and a number of forms were gone through, after which the knights elect were conducted to their seats below their stalls, and took the following oath, administered by the register of the garter:—

'You, being chosen to be one of the honourable company of the most noble order of the garter, shall promise and swear, by the holy Evangelists, by you here touched, that wittingly and willingly you shall not break any statute of the said order, or any article in them contained, the same being agreeable, and not repugnant to the will of God and the laws of the realm, as far forth as to you belongeth and appertaineth, so help you God and his holy word.'

The knights afterwards received the mantle with this admonition:—

'Receive this robe of heavenly colour, the livery of this most excellent order, in augmentation of thy honour, ennobled with the shield and red cross of our Lord, by whose power thou mayest safely pierce the troops of thine enemies, and be over them ever victorious; and being in this temporal warfare glorious in egregious and heroic actions, thou mayest obtain eternal and triumphant joy.'

The garter presented to the knights the collar and George, while the register thus addressed them:—

'Wear this collar about thy neck, adorned with the image of the blessed Martyr and Soldier in Christ, St. George, by whose imitation provoked, thou may'st so o'erpass both prosperous and adverse encounters, that having stoutly vanquished thine enemies, both of body and soul, thou may'st not only survive this transient combat, but be crowned with palms of eternal victory.'

The statute books of the order were then presented to the knights, and the ceremony of the Installation was then complete. Divine service was afterwards performed, commencing with the Lord's Prayer, *Venite exultemus Domino*, 21st Psalm, a Prayer for the Sovereign, and Companions of the Order, &c. &c.

SCENE *from the* NEW COMEDY—'WHO WANTS A GUINEA?'

(Andrew Bang, *Lord Alamode's Game-keeper, is discovered sleeping in a chair*—Sir Larry M'Murragh *rings the bell violently without.)*

Sir Larry—*(entering with a piece of the bell-rope broken.)*—What!—is there nobody in this house?—If they *don't hear* at all, why don't they *say so?*—*(Discovering the Gamekeeper)* Oh, by the powers, here's a nose—I'll pull that.—*(Goes up and tweaks his nose violently.)*—My compliments of the sleeping *sason* to you.—Where's Mr. Carrydot, the steward?

Bang. Gone out to take a morning ride.

Sir Larry. Upon *business*, I suppose.

Bang. No—upon *Dobbin.*

Sir Larry. Ha! ha!—But go and discharge these post-boys—They went as slow as *flies* upon *treacle*—If they had driven fast I would have given them *half-a-crown* a piece; but as it is, there's only a *seven-shilling piece* between them.

Bang. Icod—an' they had stood still, he'd a gi'en them *half-a-guinea!*

Sir Larry. But what are you in this family?

Bang. I'm the gamekeeper.

Sir Larry. We shall have at the partridges, Mr. Bang.

Bang. Are you a good shot, sir?

Sir Larry. I am an Irishman, you devil—I shoot very well with a single ball.

Bang. Shoot partridges with a single ball! Egad, you shoot *with a long bow*, or I'm mistaken. [*Exit.*

Enter CARRYDOT.

Sir Larry. Are you Mr. Carrydot?

Carrydot. Sorry I was not at home when you arrived.

Sir Larry. Cast you *spectacles* over that, my old boy,—*(presents a letter).*

(Carrydot reads the letter, in which Alamonde states that Sir Larry is to use his house for some time, and advises Carrydot to be discreet if the Baronet should put him in his confidence.)

Carrydot. You are Sir Larry M'Murragh, of Bally—Bally—Bally—macren.

Sir Larry. That's the name of my estate.

Carrydot. I can't get through *that name.*

Sir Larry. I found it very *aisy* to get through *the estate.* In short, to let you into my confidence, before you can throw *sixes*, I am *dish'd.*

Carrydot. Dish'd!—What's that?

Sir Larry. Oh, I am a plaguy hand at derivations, but the learned are agreed that *dishing* comes from *dashing.*

Carrydot. I am still in the dark.

Sir Larry. By St. Patrick, its the clearest thing in the world—it means in the city *a duck*, and in the west end of the town *a pigeon*. It is all very *aisy*—you have only to bet high—subscribe to the clubs—keep a stud—keep a dolly—

Carrydot. A dolly!—What's that?

Sir Larry. Only a *moveable* in a man's house, my dear, generally of very little use to *the owner*.

Carrydot. I am afraid you have been duped, sir.

Sir Larry. Sir Larry M'Murragh duped!—no—it was done in the handsomest manner in the world, just at five in the morning, by my dear friend *Lord Alamode*. I had a run of ill luck and grew desperate—Will you bet 10,000*l.* against the remainder of my estate? said I—With all my heart, said he—Seven's the main, said I—It's mine, said he—Well, d—n the luck, said I—you have made a beggar of me, like a man of honour as you are, at one *stroke*.

Carrydot. A *stroke* of thunder, I should suppose.

Sir Larry. It was more like an *earthquake*——for it *swallowed* my estate.

Carrydot. I hope, by economy, you may save a wreck out of your fortune.

Sir Larry. I am the most economical man in the world—There's a particular account of my expences for the year 1805—*(Presenting a small pocket-book.)*

Carrydot (reading.) 'To sweeping the crossing in Bond-street, 1*s*.'—This is being very particular indeed, sir.

Sir Larry. To be sure; I always loved method and particularity.

Carrydot (reading.) 'To sundries, 7000*l*.!!' This is not so particular, sir Larry!

Sir Larry. Oh! I was busy that day, and I *lump* my expences when I'm busy.

Carrydot (reading.) 'To a collar for *lady*, 10*s*. 6*d*.'

Sir Larry. A female that belonged to me—of Dutch extraction—a pug, sir;—that's cheap.

Carrydot (reading) 'To a necklace for Eliza, 900*l*.'

Sir Larry. That's not so cheap.

Carrydot. Its monstrous—Who was Eliza?

Sir Larry. Another female that ran about the house.—But they both left me one day, and I put an advertisement in the newspapers—'Whoever will bring back the *lady* without the *collar*, or the *necklace* without the *lady*, shall be handsomely rewarded.'

Carrydot (reading,) 'Lost to my best friend—all I have in the world.'

Sir Larry. So end my accounts for 1805.

THE MONKS AND THE ROBBERS;

A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 119.)

HE then by a few questions to each brought on a long and interesting conversation, in which all the proofs that were necessary to substantiate the assertion he had made were produced, and every thing that tended to elucidate the story or situation of each of the three was mutually and fully communicated.

Many years previous to this period, the families of Fiorvaldo and Verruci resided in the same neighbourhood; yet the nearness of their dwellings made them not friendly towards each other. An inveterate hereditary animosity raged between

them, and made each seize every opportunity of injuring the other.

The count Verruci, at that time a young man, being accidentally in company with the lovely heiress of the rival house at a public festival in Messina, was fascinated by the charms of her conversation and the graces of her person, and every moment served to strengthen the impression which she had made upon his heart. From her behaviour towards him, he thought the hatred subsisting between their houses injured him not in her regard, and that thought gave him encouragement to attempt conciliating her affections. He knew the difficulties he had to surmount, but he knew not that the chief of them would arise from the artifices of the marchese's nephew, the cavalier Montrili. This person, who to a graceful form and insinuating manners and address joined a total deficiency of every moral principle, had entertained the most sanguine hopes of succeeding to the vast possessions of his uncle, on whose bounty he was entirely dependent, by marriage with his cousin, the sole heiress of the house of Fiorvaldo; and those hopes were encouraged by the marchese, who was strongly prepossessed in his favour. But not so was his daughter. Montrili had not the faculty of conciliating her good opinion in an equal degree; she had ever received his addresses with the utmost coldness and indifference, and the mutual affection which had by this time arisen between her and Verruci rendered them utterly disgustful. This change, which the behaviour of the lady soon revealed, alarmed the suspicious Montrili, and he presently found means to discover the cause of it. But he spoke not to the marchese of this discovery; for the marchese having hinted some desire of a reconciliation with the rival house, he feared, if this matter should be known, that he would not oppose the inclination of his daughter, but give her to Verruci as a bond of friendship and of union between their families; and in that case he should for ever be excluded from those vast estates which he so ardently coveted, and which he did not even yet despair of obtaining: he therefore, as the necessary step towards the completion of that design, which Verruci's pretensions so formidably opposed, left no means unessayed both to break the secret communication which his rival had formed with the lady and to destroy all hope of accommodation with the marchese; and though he failed in the first, the artful and villainous measures which, unrestrained by any principle either of honour or honesty, he scrupled not to use, rendered him completely successful in the last. Every attempt which Verruci made towards a reconciliation with the rival house was rendered abortive by the machinations of Montrili; and at last, finding the hopes he had flattered himself with of gaining the consent of the marchese to an union with his daughter destroyed by the rejection of his amicable advances, he endeavoured to prevail on the object of his affections to consent to a private marriage. Overcome at length by his representations and intreaties, by the fear of eternal separation, and by the obstacles which Montrili perpetually threw in the way, she gave a reluctant assent. He conveyed her from her father's house, and quitting for ever the neighbourhood of Fiorvaldo, he hastened to a distant part of the kingdom, and was there united to his beloved Rosalthe. By means of a connection with the count's sister, these transactions were, a few days afterwards, communicated to Montrili. This con-

nection had existed for some time between them: being in habits of intimacy with her husband, the baron de Morena, he had basely seized the opportunities that intimacy afforded him to seduce the affections of his wife; and, formed to captivate the affections of the fair, his insidious attacks were found irresistible. Their intercourse remained a considerable time undiscovered, but at length the suspicions of Morena were aroused. His wife fled to her infamous paramour, and all the treachery of his supposed friend burst at once upon the unhappy husband. With the deep sense of his wrongs boiling within him, chance threw in his way the guilty Montrili. His rage kindled at the sight of him, and, instantly unsheathing his sword, he prepared to punish the base destroyer of his honour and happiness. Montrili drew likewise; but after a furious conflict, the avenging arm of Morena levelled the proud ravisher to the dust. Recovering, however, though tediously, from the wounds he had received in this combat, he, from that moment, cherished the most deadly animosity against the baron. Not content with the injuries he had already heaped upon this man, nothing less than his total destruction could now satisfy him; and that satisfaction he would have obtained, had not Verruci, by interfering, baffled his villanous attempts, and snatched him from the artifices of this miscreant. His interference strengthened the hatred that already rankled in his bosom against Verruci, and he meditated the most cruel and sanguinary revenge upon them both; but the count was the first to feel the effects of this savage propensity. He contrived privately to steal the only son of Verruci, the infant Rudolpho. At the first intelligence of this, Verruci and Morena, with a strong party of servants, set forward in pursuit. The latter, crossing the forest of Reveldi, overtook Montrili's party on the road to Palermo, and rescued the child from his clutches; but, reinforced by a band of bravoes, the villain waylaid him on his return through the forest, and, after a desperate encounter, slaughtered most of his attendants, and left him for dead in the midst of them. But the child fell not again into his power: it was on this occasion that one of Morena's retinue snatched it from their grasp, and rushed into the thickest of the forest. He had been desperately wounded in the fight, yet he contrived to elude the pursuit of the assassins and to proceed onward, till, overcome by the loss of blood and the many wounds he had received, he sank almost lifeless upon the earth. The marchese de Fiorvaldo, happening to pass through the forest on his way to Messina at this period, discovered him in that situation, and directly recognizing him for a domestic much attached to his daughter, whom he had attended from her childhood, and had accompanied in her flight, he hoped to gain some intelligence respecting her; but he was already struggling in the pangs of death, and it was with difficulty and interruption that he could speak at all.—'This child,' said he, in dying accents, 'is the son of your daughter: save him from Montrili—restore him to my beloved lady—protect him, the count.' He could no more: his last words were scarcely articulate, and death sealed his lips for ever.

The marchese had the child conveyed home, and bestowed on him an education becoming his grandson and the heir of the illustrious and opulent house of Fiorvaldo, and acknowledged him as the son of his

daughter, to the utter disappointment of Montrili, who sought by a variety of means the destruction of an object that kept him from the rank and wealth he so ardently longed to enjoy. But his vile purposes were detected and defeated; and he was drove for ever from the presence of the marchese, in shame and disgrace.

In the mean time Morena, whom we left at the point of death, was succoured by a chief of some banditti, who for years had revelled undiscovered in the caverns near Reveldi. The humanity of this man snatched him from the arms of death, but he made him his prisoner. The robbers feared he would betray their secret holds, and in a manner constrained him to join their troop. Morena was in hopes that he should, in the course of this new life, find some means of escaping, but in this he was deceived; his comrades watched him so narrowly, that, during a period of nearly twenty years, he never found an opportunity to effect his purpose. At last, the death of the chief, and his succession to his post, left him somewhat more at liberty; but he was prevented from taking immediate advantage of those events by a circumstance which engrossed all his attention, and detained him yet for some time among the banditti. He discovered the communication between the caverns and Reveldi, explored his way through the subterraneous passages, and, ascending into the interior of the castle, at length, by his frequent visits, made a discovery which considerably surprised and disturbed him. In the person of the lady Rodigona he recognized his faithless wife, and in that of father Apostolico her base seducer.

This discovery brought him often to Reveldi, and it was he whom Juliet saw in the chapel the night the storm caught her upon the ramparts of the castle; it was he also who so alarmed Tancred and his reverend associates in the vaults, the night they murdered Rodigona. He was not then acquainted with the extent of their designs; but the knowledge he gained of the secret passages about the castle, afforded him opportunities of overhearing their conferences, and he was not long at a loss to fathom their purpose. In watching their proceedings, and in endeavouring to counteract them, he passed a considerable portion of his time till the night when Sanguigno and his comrades took shelter from Verruci's party in the cavern of his troop, and gave him fresh employment. Finding from them that Verruci was so near him, and finding as well who Rudolpho was, he laid the plan of restoring them to each other; but his men being present the first night he encountered the former under the disguise of a spectre, he was prevented from relieving him from the alarm, and the anxiety his appearance occasioned, so soon as he intended. He postponed it, therefore, till both his guests should be in a condition to travel.

In the interval discovering who Manfredi was, he revealed to him the treachery of his brother, gave him access to the castle, and advising him to satisfy himself of the truth of what he had said, by secretly obtaining communication with his daughter, assisted in seeking the chamber where she was confined. Rudolpho also joined in the search. Often at midnight, as the time most favourable to their researches, did they traverse the castle; and more than once, though unconsciously, occasioned Juliet considerable alarm. At last Manfredi himself discovered her chamber, and effected her escape in the manner already related.

The discussion of these matters, and the conversation they gave rise to, engrossed the time till past sunrise; and when at length they were concluded, Rudolpho, first explaining his situation with regard to Juliet, informed his father of the hopes he had been flattered with that a bull might be obtained from the court of Rome to dissolve her marriage with the lord Tancred, and sanction her union with him, introduced her and Manfredi, and briefly explaining to them the events which had happened, they joined in congratulating both him and his father on their discovery of each other.

Every thing being thus explained, the whole party prepared to return with the count Verruci, except Morena, who, apprised of the treacherous designs which his rebellious troop had formed against his life, and the league they had entered into with Sanguigno's ruffians, remained behind to watch their movements, and to seize them when collected in a body. Verruci, Manfredi, and Rudolpho, at the head of a numerous band of armed men, set forward on the evening of the same day to rejoin him; and proceeding to the dingle near the cave of the banditti, where he had agreed to wait their coming, they waited for his appearance: but, previous to their arrival, he had been driven for concealment into the cave which communicated with the subterranean vaults of Reveldi by the sudden appearance of the robbers, who, at the approach of Verruci's party, were forced likewise to secret themselves in the same place. But they were noticed, and followed. The intricacies, however, of the way, and their precautions, protected them; and their pursuers, losing in a few moments all means of tracing them, wandered for some time about the vaults beneath Reveldi, unable to discover any outlet but that by which they had entered. At length, however, they found themselves above ground, and within the castle. The way was clear before them, and they passed on without interruption to the great hall, and, falling suddenly upon the guard Montrili had left there, occasioned that confusion and alarm which has before been described.

In the mean time, Morena, after being seen and mistaken by Fidele for a supernatural appearance, and after throwing their whole party into the utmost consternation, followed them from the vaults into the castle, overheard their murderous designs, and, ascending by the secret passages, roused the lord Tancred, warned him of the danger that threatened him, and endeavoured by again exciting their superstitious terrors, to deter them from their purpose. He it was who appeared in that disguise which struck such horror into the guilty bosom of Montrili and his associates, when Tancred lay lifeless and bleeding at their feet. Hearing the uproar occasioned by Verruci's arrival, he descended to the place whence it proceeded; and finding who it was he joined the party, and informing the count of what had happened since his departure in the morning, that Montrili had quitted his sacerdotal habit, and was now at the head of the banditti, they with increased eagerness took measures to secure him and all his fraternity.

From some of them who were made prisoners they obtained knowledge of the lurking-place of Sanguino's troop; and, in the hope that the runaways might shelter there, Verruci, Morena, and Rudolpho, with a strong party, and some of the robbers as guides, set off to seize

them. Proceeding by the nearest way, they arrived before the fugitives, and, entering their retreat, placed themselves in ambuscade; one half taking post within the cavern, and the other half without, among the adjacent rocks. The success of this disposition is already known.

Those few of the banditti who survived the conflict were immediately conveyed to prison, with their wounded chief Montrili, and in due course of time were tried, condemned, and all met, from the hands of the executioners, the just punishment for their manifold and atrocious crimes.

Immediately after those miscreants had been resigned into the hands of justice, Rudolpho hastened to Messina to the marchese di Fiovaldo. The venerable man was still alive; and his sensations at once more embracing his grandson, so loved and so deeply deplored, were joyful in the extreme, as well as his astonishment when informed of the events which had restored him to his father. Rudolpho introduced them to each other, and the marchese received the count with the most heartfelt satisfaction and cordiality.—'I was deceived, my lord,' said he, when Verruci, by assigning his motives, sought to extenuate the clandestine steps he took with regard to his daughter,' by the basest means; was imposed on by the artifices of a serpent which I cherished till it stung me—and how deeply! But for that dishonour to the house of Fiovaldo, my beloved Rosalthe might still have been alive—and I, even now, blessed in her presence. She was'—But his rising emotion impeded utterance—he paused, and, changing the discourse, added, speaking to Verruci,—'Though scarcely known to each other, the hereditary feud that raged between our families made us enemies; but let us now bury our animosity in eternal oblivion. Our common interest in this youth,' continued he, taking Rudolpho's hand, 'the sole heir of both our houses, will form between us and our families a bond of union, and I hope of friendship, which can never be broken.'

A few months after this, Rudolpho was united to his beloved Juliet, and the happy pair experienced in the arms of each other a state of felicity which rarely falls to the lot of human kind. But

'Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And tho' a late, a sure, reward succeeds.'
CONGREVE.

'The tempest which roots up the forest is driven over the mountain with unabated rage, but from the mountain what can it take more than the vegetable dust which the hand of nature has scattered upon the moss that covers it?—As the dust is to the mountain, so is all that the storms of life can take from virtue to the sum of good which the Omnipotent has appointed for its reward.'

HAWKESWORTH.

THE END.

LONDON MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

1. THE Roxborough hat, ornamented with roses; Cornelian necklace; black lace robe, lined with peach blossom; muslin dress; York tan gloves, and coloured kid shoes.

2. Brown satin hat, with white plumes; dress of coloured muslin, or crape; sleeves white, confined with an armlet; gloves white or yellow.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

IT is still winter with the ladies of Paris with respect to their full dress; they wear satin, and even velvet robes, and velvet toques: but their walking dresses are principally white robes, or printed linens with

straw hats. Robes without trains, and short sleeves, are becoming numerous; as are corded shawls. The straw hats, as well as the taffety capotes, have the brim turned up in front, and advanced considerably. The colours for ribbons most in vogue, are the rose, lilac, and apple-green. Artificial flowers, imitating those in season, are worn in full dress. Lately, at the opera, several diadems of violets were observed; there were examples likewise of a diadem of antiques over a bandeau of diamonds. Head-dresses in hair in general display the forehead, the smooth hair being combed to the right and left.

In undress, nothing is more common than laced *collerettes*, forming a point behind and a *jabot* before: in an adjusted undress an apron of fine muslin, with an embroidered border, and trimmed with lace, is distinguishedly fashionable.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 77.)

THE JACKDAW.

THE jackdaws are nearly related to the crows; and as there are three species of the latter—the black, or carrion crow; the ash-coloured, or hooded crow; and the bald crow, or rook;—so there are three corresponding species of the jackdaw—the black, or daw so properly called; the ash-coloured, or chough; and a bald species, which is a native of America, and has but little black in its plumage.

The common jackdaw (the *corvus monedula* of Linnæus) is in general smaller than the crow, and about the size of the pigeon. Its plumage is black, except some white streaks under the throat, some small white spots round the nostrils, and some of a greyish colour on the back part of the head and neck. The black colour on the upper parts of the body is deeper than on the under, and is glossed sometimes with violet and sometimes with green. The head, it has been observed, is large for the size of the body, which some have supposed to shew that he is ingenious and crafty.

The jackdaws, like the rooks, fly in large flocks, and, like them, form a kind of society, crowding their nests one upon another, in a large tree, a steeple, or among the ruins of any old deserted building. The male and female, when they have once paired, continue long faithful to each other, and when the genial season returns eagerly court each other's society, and toy and prattle incessantly. The female lays five or six eggs marked with a few brown spots on a greenish ground, and after the young are hatched, watches, feeds, and rears them, with an affection which the male is eager to share. The jackdaws are birds of passage, the greater part of them leaving this country at a certain season of the year. Some, however, always remain, and are frequently seen among flocks of rooks and hooded crows. They live upon insects, grain, fruits, and even flesh, though very rarely; but they will not touch filth and carrion. In this particular they resemble the rooks and hooded crows, and not the carrion crow, though, like the latter, they will hunt for, and devour in great numbers, the eggs of partridges.

They may be easily tamed and taught to speak, and seem pleased to live in a domestic state; but they are by no means faithful servants.

They conceal their meat after they can eat no more, and will steal almost any thing they can carry away, particularly any shining substance; and it is said, that a jackdaw has been known to carry off a pair of spectacles from a man's nose while he sat reading. They have frequently occasioned much perplexity in families by stealing money, and other small articles of value.

Several varieties of the jackdaw are found in different countries. In Norway, and other cold countries, there are some entirely white. Some of the same colour have likewise been found in countries where this peculiarity cannot be attributed to the effect of cold. The bald daw mentioned before, called the bald crow by Latham, has the fore part of its head bare like the rook, and its throat only shaded with a few straggling feathers. But the length of its wings, the shape of its feet, its port, its bulk, and its wide nostrils, which are almost round, shew its relation to the daws. It is a native of Cayenne. The Alpine daw, called by Latham the Alpine crow, is of a middle size, between the jackdaw and the carrion crow: its bill is smaller and more arched than that of either of these birds; and its cry shriller and more plaintive than that of the jackdaw. Its favourite residence is the summits of lofty mountains in Switzerland, and the country of the Grisons, where it is found in numerous flocks. The inhabitants of these mountains draw conclusions concerning the weather from its manner of flying. If it soars aloft they expect cold, and when it flies lower milder weather.

THE MAGPIE.

This bird so much resembles the crow, in shape and external appearance, that Linnæus has classed it in the same genus, under the name of *corvus pica;* and it has been remarked by Belon that if the tail of the magpie were shortened, and the white feathers in its plumage changed to black, it would be really a crow; since it has the bill, feet, eyes, and general shape, of the crows and jackdaws. It is a bird so well known that a minute description of it is unnecessary; I shall therefore only say, with Goldsmith, that 'were its other accomplishments equal to its beauty, few birds could be put in competition. Its black, its white, its green and purple, with the rich and gilded combination of the glosses on its tail, are as fine as any that adorn the most beautiful of the feathered tribe. But it has too many of the qualities of a beau to depreciate these natural perfections:—vain, restless, loud, and quarrelsome, it is an unwelcome intruder every-where; and never misses an opportunity when it finds one, of doing mischief.'

The magpie is much smaller than even the jackdaw, not weighing more than eight or nine ounces: its wings are shorter, and its tail longer in proportion, whence its flight is neither so lofty nor so strong. It is a stranger to long journeys, and flies only from tree to tree, or from steeple to steeple. When on the ground, it is in a continual flutter, hopping more frequently than walking, and wagging its tail with great briskness. It is in general more restless and active than the crows, and appears disposed, says Buffon, to a species of raillery; in support of which assertion he quotes Avicenna as cited by Gesner, who tells us that he once saw a magpie flying towards a bird which happened to be fastened to some place, and as it was reaching to eat a bit of flesh the magpie removed the morsel with its tail. I from this, says he, concluded that the magpie delights in tantalizing other birds.

The magpie greatly resembles the

butcher-bird in its bill, which has a sharp process near the end of the upper mandible; as well as in the shortness of its wings and the form of its tail, each feather shortening from the two middlemost. But it agrees still more in its food, living not only upon worms and insects, but also upon small birds, when they can be seized. A wounded lark, or a young chicken, is sure plunder; and a magpie will sometimes even attack a blackbird. It alights on the backs of hogs and sheep, like the jackdaw, and searches after the vermin which infest these animals:—a service which the hog seems to receive with complacence; but which the sheep, perhaps more delicate and tender, appears to shun.

The propensity of the magpie to chatter and prattle is well known. It will imitate the cries of all animals, as well as the human voice. We are told of one which could exactly mimic the calf, the kid, the sheep, and even the notes of the shepherd's pipe. Plutarch relates that a magpie which was accustomed to repeat certain words, and imitate the cries of various animals, and the sounds of different instruments, having one day heard a flourish of trumpets, became on a sudden dumb, which greatly surprised those who had been used to hear it chatter incessantly: but they were much more surprised when, some time after, it broke silence, quite unexpectedly, not in repeating its former lessons, but in endeavours to imitate the sounds and modulations of the trumpet.

The magpie is liable to be caught by the same snares, and in the same manner, as the common or carrion crow; and, like that bird, seems to take pleasure in stealing, and is addicted to the practice of hoarding up provisions: but in the construction and contrivance of its nest it displays much greater art; and more cunning and foresight in the place it chooses to build it in. The latter it takes care shall be always difficult of access, though the nest itself is usually conspicuous enough, being either in the middle of some hawthorn bush, or on the top of some high tree. The tree chosen, however, usually grows in some thick hedge-row, fenced by brambles at the root; or sometimes one of the higher bushes is fixed upon for that purpose. When the place is thus chosen, as inaccessible as possible to men, the next care is to fence the nest above so as to defend it from all the various enemies who have wings. The kite, the crow, and the sparrow-hawk, are to be guarded against: as their nests have been sometimes plundered by the magpie, so it is reasonably to be feared that they will take the first opportunity to retaliate. To prevent this, the magpie's nest is built with surprising labour and ingenuity.

The body of the nest is composed of hawthorn branches, the thorns sticking outwards, but well united together by their mutual insertions. Within, it is lined with fibrous roots, wool, and long grass, and then nicely plastered all round with mud and clay. The body of the nest being thus made firm and commodious, the next work is to make the canopy which is to defend it above. This is composed of the sharpest thorns wove together in such a manner as to deny all entrance, except at the door, which is just large enough to permit the old ones to go in and out. The female lays six or seven eggs of a pale green colour spotted with brown, and breeds only once a-year, unless the nest be destroyed or deranged, in which case she constructs another, and both the male and she labour with such industry that they frequently complete it in less than a day. They have afterwards a second hatch; and if they be again disturbed

they will rebuild the nest, and make a third hatch, though still smaller than the preceding. It is probable that this instinctive habit has given rise to the report that the magpie has always two nests, in order to disappoint the birds of prey by removing from one to the other; for the same reason, says Buffon, that Dionysius had thirty chambers.

The young when they are first hatched are blind, and in a manner shapeless; and it is some time before they attain their proper form. The mother not only rears them with the most anxious care, but seems to have a solicitude for them and attachment to them after they have grown up. They do not get their long tail till the second year, which seems to be the time when they become adult. Magpies moult like other birds; but it is observed, that the feathers drop off successively and by degrees, except those of the head, which are detached all at once, so that at the annual return of the season they appear bald. The duration of the life of the magpie may be inferred from what we are told by Dr. Derham, who says he kept one twenty years, when it grew blind with age.

This bird is very common in France, England, Germany, Sweden, and in every part of Europe except Lapland: it is rare in mountainous countries, which shews that it is unable to endure excessive cold.

Brisson mentions five species of magpies of foreign countries that seem very nearly allied to ours: that of Senegal, that of Jamaica, and that of Mexico, are black, mingled with green and violet. The small pie of Mexico, and that of the island of Papoe, are also black. The last, called also the vardiole, from the tip of the bill to the extremity of the claws measures nine inches, and has a tail double the length of the body, whence it has been improperly called a bird of paradise.

THE JAY.

The last of this tribe of birds is the jay, the *corvus glandarius* of Linnæus, whose characteristic marks are sufficient to distinguish him from every other of this family; yet whose manners and instincts are, at the same time, so similar to those of the other species, as to prove his affinity to them all.

He is much smaller than the magpie, and is distinguished by a mark of different shades of blue on each wing, and also by a tuft of small feathers, black, blue, and white, upon his head, which he can raise or depress at pleasure. The male is distinguished from the female by the larger size of his head, and the lively lustre of his colours. The old jays also differ from the young in their plumage, and hence the variations and inconsistencies in different descriptions of this bird given by different naturalists.

In general, however, the jay may be thus described. The forehead is white with black streaks; the head covered with very long feathers, which it can erect into a crest at pleasure; the whole neck, back, breast, and belly, are of a faint purple tinctured with grey; the wings are beautifully barred with a fine blue, black, and white, and the feet are of a pale brown.

The jay is lively, petulant, and quick in his motions. In his domestic state he is much addicted to violent transports of anger, and impatience of restraint; whence in a cage they entirely lose their beauty by continually rubbing and tearing their feathers.

The ordinary cry of this bird is harsh, and he will imitate other

birds whose notes are not much preferable to his own, such as the kestril, the tawny owl, &c. He will, likewise, sometimes, imitate the cries and sounds of almost any animals which he habitually hears, and even articulate words. Buffon says, the word *Richard* is that which the jay will most easily imitate. When the fox or the brown owl, to which he has a particular antipathy, appears in the woods, he utters piercing cries, at which all the other jays quickly assemble, to attack the common enemy, presuming, no doubt, that they shall be formidable by their numbers, at least by their noise.

Jays in their wild state feed on acorns, filberts, chesnuts, peas, beans, and various small fruits, as gooseberries, cherries, and raspberries; they will likewise prey on the young of other birds, when they can surprise them in the nest while the parents are absent. In a domestic state, to which they easily become reconciled, they will eat almost any kind of food. They usually live eight or ten years.

In building their nests the jays neither display so much art, nor so much caution in the place they choose for them, as the magpies; they however usually build them in woods at a distance from any human dwellings, generally choosing the tallest and most branching oaks, and especially such as have their trunks entwined with ivy. They form their nest with roots and small twigs woven together; but they do not furnish them with a lining. They usually lay four or five eggs of a greenish grey, with faint small spots. The young leave the nest in July, but accompany their parents during the winter; after which the family separates in pairs, which proceed to rear new progenies.

The jay is found in England, Scotland, Sweden, Germany, and Italy, 'and is,' says Buffon, 'I believe, a native of every country in Europe, and even of the corresponding climates of Asia.'

There is a species of this bird which is white; it has the blue mark on the wings, but is distinguished from the common jay by the almost universal whiteness of its plumage; and by the bill and claws, which are also white. The eyes are of a red colour, a peculiarity observable in many other white animals.

Of foreign species, or foreign birds related to the jay, Buffon enumerates seven:—the red-billed jay of China, which differs from the European jay principally in having the bill and feet red, and in being somewhat larger; the Peruvian jay, a bird of singular beauty; the brown Canada jay, called by Latham the cinereous crow; the Siberian jay; the white coif, or Cayenne jay; the garlu, or yellow-bellied jay of Cayenne, which has the shortest wings of any of this race of birds; and the blue jay of North America, noted for the beautiful blue colour of its plumage, which, with a slight intermixture of white, black, and purple, is spread over all the upper part of its body, from the crown of the head to the extremity of the tail. It is brought from Carolina and Canada, whence many are sent to Europe.

The American jay, it is observed by Catesby, has the same petulance in its actions as the common jay: its notes are less disagreeable, and the female is distinguished from the male by its duller colours.

I SHALL here add, at your request, a description of a bird which you tell me has lately attracted your attention; though it neither belongs to the genus, nor even to the order, we

are at present considering. This bird, as you may remember, is

THE GOAT-SUCKER.

THE goat-sucker is nearly allied to the swallow tribe, and may indeed be properly termed a nocturnal swallow, as it differs from the common species of that bird but little, except in the time of its feeding—commencing the pursuit of its prey about sun-set, and continuing it all night. Its eyes are so delicate that they cannot bear the broad light of noon, it therefore never takes wing in the middle of the day, unless in very dark and cloudy weather, or when obliged to make its escape from some threatening danger.

This bird, like the swallow, has a wide mouth, a small bill, and short legs: its colours, though plain, have a beautiful effect from the elegance of their disposition, consisting of black, white, brown, grey, and ferruginous, dispersed in form of bars, streaks, and spots. The male is distinguished from the female by an oval white spot near the end of the first three quill feathers. The British species is ten inches in length, and weighs about two ounces.

Like the swallow, too, the goat-sucker is a bird of passage. It makes but a short stay in Britain, not appearing till the end of May, and taking its departure about the middle of August, in consequence, perhaps, of the failure of its food, which consists of moths, gnats, chafers, and other insects. These it takes as it flies with its mouth, which is not less than an inch and three quarters wide, continually open; nor is it necessary that it should be shut to secure its prey, since it is lined with a glutinous substance which prevents their escape. These birds have a peculiar habit of flying occasionally a hundred times in succession round some tall naked tree, with a very irregular motion, and at intervals diving rapidly and rising suddenly. It is probable that they are then in pursuit of their prey, and catching the insects which usually flutter about the aged trunks.

They take little trouble to form their nest, being content with any small hole which they happen to find in the earth, or among small stones upon the ground, without any lining, in which the female lays two or three eggs, larger than those of a blackbird, and of a darker colour.

M. Montbeillard, the author of the account of the goat-sucker in Buffon's Natural History, observes, that though the affection of parents is in general proportioned to the care bestowed in providing for their accommodation, the goat-sucker is not wanting in tender attentions: on the contrary, he says, I am assured that she hatches with the greatest solicitude; and when she perceives the threats or keen observation of an enemy, she changes her site, pushing the eggs dextrously with her wings and rolling them into another hole, which, though not better fashioned, will she imagines afford a safer concealment.

The goat-suckers, though no where common, are widely scattered; being found in almost all the countries of Europe, and in many parts of Asia and America, of which latter quarter of the globe, according to some naturalists, all the species and varieties different from that known in Europe, the number of which they say is fourteen, are natives.

(To be continued.)

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES

ON SEEING THE BUD OF A CARNATION VERY FRESH LATE IN NOVEMBER 1804.

THOUGH now thou smil'st array'd in verdant pride,
Thy full-blown beauty we shall ne'er behold;
Though the bleak winds so long thou hast defy'd,
Thy glowing bosom never must unfold.

An emblem thou present'st reflection's eye:—
'Tis thus oft genius withers in its prime;
'Tis thus it droops 'neath poverty's rude sky,
Or blasts assail it from misfortune's clime.

Grief damps the flame, extinguishes the fire,
By Nature planted in the genial breast:
Now should these feeble fingers strike the lyre,
Which sorrow or fell poverty arrest.

The young ideas are but born to die;
Mere ignorance her icy fetters throws:
The tints of genius veil'd in darkness lie;
Her frosts forbid the flow'ret to unclose.

In her oblivious cave the soul immur'd
Struggles in vain t' assert its native right;—
That soul by education's sun matur'd,
Had shone resplendent on our raptur'd sight.

Its inborn energies, malignant pent
In the close barrier ignorance has set,
Harrows the soul in vain to find a vent,
Then dies in silent and unseen regret.

The faithful thorn pourtrays youth's fleeting pride—
The bud of beauty nipt ere fully blown;
Disease our prospects and our hopes deride,
And death has mark'd the victim for his own.

Eight summers, dearest Jane, have not effac'd
Thy image from fond mem'ry's pensive page;
In this devoted bud my fancy trac'd
Th' unequal conflict thou wast doom'd to wage.

I saw thee blooming as the vernal flow'r,
Nor aught desirable from thee withheld;
New beauties seem'd to open ev'ry hour,
And thy fond father's expectations swell'd.—

Alas, how vain! Death triumph'd o'er thy bloom:
I saw (and with a sorrow how sincere!)
Thy ling'ring footsteps bending to the tomb,
And mine it was to follow thy sad bier.

Ah! lovely girl, thy premature decease,
Thus to surrounders seem'd to cry aloud:—
'From vain pursuits, unthinking mortals,
'cease;
'Like mine, your fate may be—an early
'shroud.

'Health thrills thy veins, and sparkles in
'thine eye—
'That eye undimm'd by sorrow's scald-
'ing tear,
'That tranquil breast as yet untaught to
'sigh,
'Gay-bounding spirits unremitting
'cheer.

'Yet, ah! distrust them;—those precari-
'ous staffs
'Too oft th' incumbent's easy faith de-
'ceive;
'Death at such frail supports contemptu-
'ous laughs,
'In vain to them his destin'd victims
'cleave.

'If those had pow'r t' avert the fatal
'blow,
'Could wit or beauty an exemption
'buy,
'Pity's soft streams had found no cause to
'flow—
'The rich possessor of those gifts was I.'

Fl--t, 1805. BELINDA.

JUDGE IF MY WIFE IS A SCOLD.

OF sayings, no doubt, some are false and some true,
For by musty old proverbs we're told,
That in females you'll find—and the story's not new—
A sharp elbow's a sign of a scold.

'Tis thus speaks the proverb in anger and spite;
But to answer it I will make bold:
I can prove that untrue is this saying so trite—
That sharp elbows are signs of a scold.

To vindicate virtue I come volunteer,
And soon my short tale will unfold;
For sharp elbows has one whom to me is most dear—
Yet Nancy my wife is no scold.

In her fair perfections each pleasure I find,
In her form ev'ry beauty behold;
Her manners are mild, sweet content fills her mind,
Then judge if my wife is a scold.

O fairest of women! thus blest with thy charms,
Could I e'er to your merits prove cold,
Could I e'er quit the happiness found in thy arms,
I deserve to be curst with a scold.

But no, dearest Nancy! on thy fost'ring breast,
Form'd in Nature's most exquisite mould,
At night I will lull all my sorrows to rest,
And smile at the thoughts of a scold.

Then no more let this stigma to beauty remain,
No more let the proverb be told;
Nor more let be spoke what to virtue gives pain,
For sharp elbows *don't* point out a scold.

April 9, 1805. J. M. L.

QUEEN'S GARTERS.

MY humble profession, though mean it may seem,
Is better than infamy's lot;
It contributes of comfort a heart-cheering beam,
To enliven my straw-covered cot:
And my mind is more clear than the wretch who for gold
Each sweet sense of innocence barters,
While I pensively cry, both in heat and in cold,
Come buy of poor Clara queen's garters.

A mother I have—but, alas! she is blind;
My father was slain long ago;
And but for the help of benevolence kind,
We, too, must have perish'd with woe:
For 'tis better to want than to plunder for gold,
Like the thief who his innocence barters;
So I pensively cry, both in heat and in cold,
Come buy of poor Clara queen's garters.

I've all kinds and colours, to suit ev'ry taste:—
I've white for the unmarried maids;
I've blue for those lovers whose passion is chaste;—
For blue, like true love, never fades.
Thus I gain a small pittance, nor envy the gold
For which too oft innocence barters;
But pensively cry, both in heat and in cold,
Come buy of poor Clara queen's garters.

April 9, 1805. J. M. L.

LINES

On a BUTTERFLY *which came forth from its* CHRYSALIS *in a* LADY'S HAND.

(By DR. SHAW.)

BORN in Aspasia's fost'ring hand,
My finish'd form I first display'd,
And felt my plumy wings expand,
While gazing on the beauteous maid.

No sunshine glow'd upon the scene,
With kindly warmth those wings to dry;
Yet fair each painted pinion grew
Beneath the lustre of her eye.

No zephyr rose, with gentle gale,
To fan my infant frame with air;
But fann'd by fair Aspasia's breath,
The zephyr's gale I well might spare.

No rose or lily near me grew,
On which my downy limbs might rest;
But these in brighter tints I found
Upon the virgin's cheek and breast.

Thus nature, with indulgent care,
Propitious grac'd my natal hour;
And with superior sweetness gave
The gale, the sunshine, and the flower.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Camp before St. Roch, March 7.

YESTERDAY a detachment of Spanish troops marched against the English Guards at the Devil's Tower, which they surprised, and made prisoners, after a slight resistance, during which two English soldiers were killed. The Spanish fire-ships came out of the river, but, the night not being sufficiently dark, they could not attempt any operation.

St. Thomas's, March 23. On the 5th instant, the French squadron, which had attacked Dominica, arrived in the Roads of Basseterre, St. Kitt's, consisting of the following ships:—Le Magistrat, of 120 guns; Le Magnanime, of 74 guns; L'Indefatigable, of 44 guns; La Cygne, of 16 guns; and L'Active, of 16 guns; with two armed schooners and transports. The president of the island, with the militia, having joined the garrison at Brimstone-hill, no attempt was made to defend the town of Basseterre. The colours of Fort Smith were struck on the first shot being fired by the enemy, and a committee from such of the inhabitants as resided at Basseterre was appointed to go on board the French fleet, and obtain, from the commander the best terms they could for the town and its dependencies, and for the estates throughout the island. A detachment of the French troops was landed and stationed in the fort, and on Tayler's estate, in the neighbourhood of the town. The negociation between the committee and the French commander, after some difficulty, terminated in the acceptance by the French of about 10,000*l.* sterling in money from the inhabitants, and of the same sum from the collector of his majesty's customs, by a bill drawn by him on general Mathews, an American gentleman, who happened to be on a visit to St. Kitt's, which bill was accepted by general Mathews, and immediately paid by that gentleman's draft on the American consul at Paris, in favour of the French commander. On the 7th of March, the French squadron departed from St. Kitt's for Nevis, where a contribution was levied, without any troops being landed.

Constantinople, March 25. Official dispatches have been received from Egypt, of the date February 25, which state, that a few days before a battle had taken place between the Turks and the Mamelukes army, in which the latter gained the victory; in consequence of which Hourchied Pascha, governor of Egypt, was under the necessity of consenting to a capitulation, which the Beys will restrict to Cairo.

Petersburgh, March 26. On the 24th instant a courier departed from hence for London; and to-day the Swedish baron Crassow set off on a mission to Stockholm. On the arrival of these dispatches at the two courts, it is probable that England and Sweden will be enabled to judge how far they may expect support in their hostile views from the Russian emperor.

A report is generally circulated here, that M. Novosiltzoff will shortly make a journey to Paris, with an important mission. The Russian gentleman lately returned from London, on a mission, is also called by the same name; if he be the same person, then

may one consider these successive missions as a favourable omen for a perfect reconciliation between France and Russia; nay, it may even bring about a peace with England.

Charleston, March 29. On the 21st instant, Capt. Legare spoke the ship Eliza, Browne, out nine days from St. Christopher's, bound to Edenton. Captain B. stated, that the French had taken the islands of Dominica, Nevis, Montserrat, St. Vincent's, and St. Christopher's. Captain B. was present when they took possession of the latter place. The French sent three frigates into the harbour, when the colours on the fort were hauled down. The French admiral demanded, as a ransom for the town, 15,000*l.* from the inhabitants, and 10,000*l.* from the collector; which sums were paid. Most of the English shipping in the harbour were burnt, but the Americans were unmolested. Eight hundred troops were landed; but they observed the strictest order, and were not suffered to plunder the smallest article. The French fleet remained but one day at St. Christopher's, when they sailed to intercept the Cork fleet, which was hourly expected.

Captain Duncan, from Havannah, informs us, that a heavy gale of wind from the north commenced on the 15th instant, and blew with great violence for three days. It was reported when he sailed, that the British 74, Vanguard, was lost in this gale on the Florida Reefs, and the Princess Charlotte frigate on the Martyr's Reef: the crews of both vessels saved. Captain Duncan spoke, off the Havannah, a British sloop of war, the captain of which, on being informed of this report, observed, that he had little doubt of its truth, not having seen any thing of the frigate or Vanguard since the gale.

St. Petersburgh, March 30. A report is generally circulated here, that a considerable corps of troops on the frontiers have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march.

Boulogne, April 5. The convoys bound to our ports come in with the greatest ease; two have arrived from Havre within a month, consisting of 80 sail. Two divisions of the flotilla, the one from Ostend, the other from the Scheldt, fell in with the English, beat, and pursued them.

Vienna, April 6. While numerous reports are circulated in various places that a war again threatens to break out on the continent, our cabinet labours with more activity than ever to preserve that neutrality which it has hitherto maintained; and it is certain that all proposals for forming such connections as may lead to war have been positively rejected.

The Russian general Lacy has arrived here in the course of the present week, as have also couriers from London and St. Petersburgh, with dispatches to our court.

The day before yesterday a Turkish courier from Constantinople passed through this city with dispatches for the Turkish ambassador at Paris.

The preparations that were making at Venice for the reception of their Imperial majesties have been discontinued.

Advice has just been received, that Belgrade is completely invested by the insurgents of Servia.

Berlin, April 9. At the audience held at Potsdam on the 6th inst. the French ambassador, M. Laforest, delivered the seven grand badges of the Legion of Honour, one of which was destined for his majesty the king of Prussia. The distribution of the others was left to the ambassador by the king: they were for his royal highness prince Ferdinand, the reigning duke of Brunswick, field-marshal Mollendorf, and the cabinet minister count Von Schulenburg Kehnert, baron Hardenberg, and count Haugwitz. Prince Ferdinand, on the receipt of his, presented the French ambassador with a valuable snuff-box. The badge destined for the duke of Brunswick was confided to the care of M. Sartan, the duke's minister here, to be by him transmitted to Brunswick.

Palermo, April 10. Lord Nelson's squadron arrived yesterday in our moorings. At midnight one of the ships had a communication with the land, and an officer came to call up Mr. Acton. A report got into circu-

lation this morning, that the Toulon fleet had sailed, and that its destination was Sicily, and that admiral Nelson proceeded with all speed in pursuit of it. This evening we are assured that the French fleet is directing its course for Egypt, and it is said that several mercantile houses have received the most positive assurances to that effect.

Hague, April 13. Yesterday the Roman Imperial ambassador at Paris, count Cobentzel, arrived here. He resides with the Austrian envoy, and has permission to continue here during the absence of the emperor Napoleon from Paris.

By the result of the votes given at the Hague, the new constitution has been accepted. The number of citizens who did not inscribe their votes, and who are consequently considered as having consented, is ten times greater than that of those who voted.

Paris, April 14. On the 10th inst. their imperial majesties arrived at Bourg, and on the 12th at Lyons, where they were received with great pomp. We hear that their imperial majesties will pass Mount Cenis on the 20th instant, and afterwards repair to the castle of Stupinis.

Paris, April 21. On the 16th, at seven o'clock in the morning, their imperial majesties departed from Lyons, amidst an immense crowd, who rent the air with the cry of "Long live the emperor! Long live the empress!" On the same evening they arrived at Chambery, where they had been so long expected by the inhabitants.

On the 16th, the pope arrived at Lyons.

Several persons have been arrested here, as well as at Antwerp, on suspicion of trading in English merchandises.

The Prussian ambassador, M. De Luchesini, will, it is said, repair to Italy, to be present at the coronation of the emperor Napoleon, at Milan.

Vienna, April 24. Three days ago a courier was dispatched to France by the minister of state, count Cobentzel. It is supposed that he carries the answer to the notification of the newly assumed dignity of king of Italy. At the same time the Russian ambassador sent off his nephew, the young count De Rasumousky, as a courier to St. Petersburgh.

The report that general Mack will go with a particular commission to Milan appears to be unfounded.

Schiedam, April 26. This evening his excellency M. Schimmelpennink is expected at the Hague; and on Monday next it is said he will take the oath in his new quality of pensionary.

The French general Drouais, who, for some time past, has resided in this republic, lately departed from the Hague for Paris.

The French papers observe the strictest silence as to the sailing of the Toulon and Brest fleets.

Amsterdam, April 27. The squadron in the Texel, consisting of five ships of the line and two frigates, is expected soon to sail, under the command of admiral Kikkert.

Paris, April 29. From Turin they write, that his imperial majesty, on the 22d inst. summoned general Menou to attend him at four o'clock in the morning, and that the interview lasted several hours.

Jerome Bonaparte arrived at Lisbon on the 3d inst. and intended to set off for Paris on the 6th or 7th of May.

The army assembling in the celebrated plain of Marengo will consist of 30,000 select men, which are to be reviewed by his majesty the emperor.

A letter from Madrid of the 13th ult. inserted in the Leyden Gazette of the 3d, says, that the Toulon fleet first stopped off Carthagena, to be joined by the Carthagena squadron; but that as the squadron would not be ready before the expiration of 48 hours, the fleet proceeded on to Cadiz. The accounts of the amount of the French and Spanish force correspond with those which have already been published. The Spanish ships are the Argonaut and St. Raphael, of 80 guns; Terrible and Fermo, of 74; America and Espana, of 64; and the Madalena, of 34. The number of Spanish troops is 2280; 1170 infantry, and the rest artillery.

April 30. Bonaparte made his public entrance into Turin on the 24th.

HOME NEWS.

London, April 22.

LAST night about nine o'clock, one of the extensive flour mills of Messrs. John and Charles Millwood at Bromley, near Bow, in Middlesex, was discovered to be on fire, and every possible exertion was used by the inhabitants of Bow, Bromley, Stratford, and the surrounding neighbourhood, to get it under, but without effect, as it soon communicated to the second mill.

About eleven o'clock the first fire-engine arrived from London, and was soon followed by several others, which immediately commenced playing on different parts of the premises. By this time the fire had got so much a-head, that every exertion to stop it proved ineffectual, and the flames communicated to two other large flour-mills belonging to Mr. Hatchard, which were also consumed, together with several out-houses and cottages.

At an early hour this morning the four mills were entirely consumed; but the fire was by no means completely got under, the greatest apprehension being entertained that it would extend to a large distillery belonging to Mr. Hatchard, to which premises as many engines as could possibly be employed were directed. The whole exhibited a most terrific appearance.

The mills were extremely full of corn and flour, which burnt with astonishing fury.

Dover, April 24. Several gun-boats, schuyts, &c. came out of Calais this morning at dawn of day, to go down to Boulogne, the wind being to the southward of east: a cannonade commenced at 6 *a. m.* and continued about three hours; the weather was so thick that we were only able to discern the flashes of the guns: between 10 and 11 it cleared away a little, and six of the enemy's craft were seen standing in to Dungeness to rear-admiral Douglas. We suppose the wind shortened when they came to Cape Blancnez, and being out of cover of their own batteries they were obliged to submit to the tars of this island as usual.

Dover, April 26. Some very heavy firing has been heard here at times since my last on the French coast, but the weather has been thick and squally, so that little could be seen. Last night, however, about 6 *p. m.* it was very clear, and by the help of good glasses the French troops were seen at parade in front of their camp, near Boulogne, and two of our brigs were seen with something in tow, and several of the enemy's craft close in shore. This morning we perceived the brigs towing two schuyts (gun-boats) into the Downs, one of which is said to have 68 soldiers on board. The eight taken before are said to be gone for Ramsgate Pier, and are stated to have twenty soldiers each on board; some have two, and some four guns: they are, however, miserable things. The enemy begins to be much on the alert, and the large lugger privateers begin to show out again.

London, April 27. William Cooper was tried on an indictment, charging him with unlawfully, and in an indecent manner, exposing himself to several persons in the parish of Hackney,

It will be recollected that the prisoner is the person who exposed himself to different ladies about Hackney in the most indecent way. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Knapp; and the witnesses who established the prisoner's guilt were women of great respectability, and Charles Earle, the grave-digger of Hackney, who secured the prisoner. The jury, without turning round, found the prisoner Guilty. The Chairman informed the prisoner, that he had been convicted of a misdemeanor, punishable by the pillory, public whipping, &c. The court, however, were inclined to put a more favourable construction on the offence than such delinquency deserved, and they therefore sentenced him to two years' imprisonment in the House of Correction.

Off Ushant, May 1. We joined the fleet this morning, and find here sir John Orde and his squadron (who joined yesterday), being forced to quit their station off Cadiz by the Toulon fleet, who surprised them taking on board provisions from transports, which they, in their hurry to clear for action, were obliged to throw overboard. The French ships had troops on board, and could have brought our ships to action had they pleased, but that did not appear to be their object. It is not known whether they went into Cadiz or not, or where they have gone to. As soon as any information is received respecting the course they have taken, or as soon as lord Gardner receives advices from England, we shall most likely be detached after them. The fleet here consists of 22 sail of the line. The French have our signals (both private and others), which they made to sir John Orde's squadron. It appears they got them out of one of our ships which was lost on the coast of France. A frigate was left to watch the enemy's ships.

Liverpool, May 2. The Higginson, Capt. Collan, from St. Thomas's, is arrived here. She sailed from thence on the 22d of March, in company with the Sovereign, for Dublin; and parted with her four days afterwards. At the time captain Collan sailed, the only account of the proceedings of the French fleet received there, were by a French schooner that arrived on the 14th from Guadaloupe. The master of the schooner reported, that fourteen prizes had been sent there from Dominica; that the French force, after carrying that island, had proceeded to Nevis and St. Kitt's, where they had destroyed all the shipping and levied contributions, and then returned to Guadaloupe. To this is added, that their next attack was to be on Antigua and that several ships had arrived at St. Thomas's from St. Kitt's, which got away before the French force arrived there.

Other letters state that the French had been not to Nevis, but to Montserrat and St. Kitt's.

Paisley, May 2. A dreadful occurrence took place on Monday s'ennight, at the Hurlet coal-work, near Paisley. About nine o'clock, while the men were at work, the inflammable air in the pit took fire. Four men were blown from the bottom of the pit into the air; the mangled parts were scattered about in all directions. One of them was found at the distance of 300 yards from the mouth of the pit. There is every reason to fear that the other thirteen, who were below, have all been killed. The father of one of the sufferers went down, in the hope of saving them, but was instantly suffocated by the foul air. A horse at the mouth of the pit was killed, and the whole of the machinery blown to atoms.

London, May 3. Last night, at a late hour, as Mr. Porter, who plays at the Royal Amphitheatre, at Westminster Bridge, was returning home down the Westminster Road, he observed a blaze, like the furniture of a bed burning, at a pawnbroker's, who, is generally called *Dirty Dick*. Conceiving the peril the persons must be in, he endeavoured to alarm the family, but in vain; and his humanity prompted him to burst open the outer door, and rush up stairs, where he found the bed and window curtains in flames, and the mistress of the house and a child of six years old in the bed asleep. He awakened the mother

with difficulty, and ran down stairs with the child in his arms: the peril may be conceived, his clothes being partly burned, and wholly singed in getting into the road. The mother, who is lusty and heavy, as well as advanced in life, also got out, though much hurt. The fire was soon after got under, after consuming a number of pledges, as well as sale articles.

On Thursday evening, about nine o'clock, an attempt was made by a Jew to murder N. Brown, a quaker, a very infirm old man, residing near the Marsh Gate Turnpike, Lambeth. The fellow had been in the habit of dealing with Mr. Brown, who keeps a broker's shop; and a few days before Mr. B. lent him 2*l.* which he was to repay on the Thursday. On that day he came to the shop, with three or four other Jews, and wanted to borrow 3*l.* in addition. Mr. B. refused to lend him any more. About nine o'clock at night he came again, just after Mr. B. had closed in his shop; and after some altercation drew out a knife and cut his throat. Mr. B. called out "Murder!" a Mr. Miller, with some of his men, came to his assistance, burst open the door, and secured the villain, who was conveyed to prison. Mr. Brown was found lying on the ground, with his throat dreadfully cut, and bleeding profusely: he was conveyed to a surgeon's: fortunately the villain had missed his windpipe; the wound was sewed up, and he was taken and put to bed in the house of Mr. Bodenham, the Crown, corner of the Marsh Gate.

May 4. On Tuesday last passed through Carlisle, Stephen Phillips, esquire, with lord Petre's daughter, for Gretna Green, at which place they were married the same evening, after eluding every enquiry made after them by the young lady's parent. What renders the affair more surprising is, that a person has been on the watch at Gretna for some time for the lovers; but, wearied out at length, he departed a day or two before the young couple arrived.

Plymouth, May 6. Came in from Spithead the Acastor, of 44 guns, captain Dunn, to be paid; she will go up the harbour to refit. By the Frisk, of 10 guns, lieutenant J. Nicholson, which arrived yesterday from off Cadiz, Ferrol, and last from admiral lord Gardner, is learnt that the French fleet did actually pass our little squadron in Cadiz Bay, under sir John Orde, the 12th ult. to go into Cadiz: the enemy made a sweep as if to avoid him, entered the bay and anchored, supposed to hurry out the tardy Spaniards; then the whole with a large body of troops, to push through the Gut again for Egypt; their fleet being so superior to lord Nelson's. The Frisk left rear-admiral Calder's squadron off Ferrol, all well, the 20th ult. with seven sail of the line and several frigates, having been informed of the above event by the Orpheus, of 32 guns, from sir J. Orde; he immediately had all his squadron cleared for action, and put his ships in that state of readiness, with his wonted activity, to fight or retreat as the occasion of the moment might require. On the 24th the Frisk (having left rear-admiral Calder and his squadron in high spirits) joined admiral lord Gardner off Brest, who had twenty sail of the line; having been joined by vice-admiral sir John Orde's squadron of five sail of the line from off Cadiz; also by the Courageaux, of 74 guns, and the Colossus, of 74 guns, from hence.

London, May 6. A general press and embargo took place in consequence of an order in council by his majesty. The embargo extends to all shipping in the ports of the united kingdom, coasting vessels, and vessels laden with grain and provisions, or such as have cleared out at the Custom-house, excepted. A general and very hot press took place likewise at the different out-ports. Many good hands were procured at Cowes, Portsmouth, and other places. In the river every vessel was cleared of all the hands that could possibly be spared; no protections were regarded. A great number of hands were put on board the Enterprize, off the Tower, and the Unité frigate, captain Ogle, at Deptford.

BIRTHS.

April 10. At Haverfordwest, the lady of major-general Gascoyne, of a son.

At Castle Bernard, Ireland, the right hon. countess of Bandon, of a son.

13. In Lower Grosvenor-street, the lady of colonel Anson, of a daughter.

23. At his house in Charles-street, St. James's-square, the lady of Robert Ward, esq. M. P. of a son.

25. The lady of Charles Allen Phillips, esq. of St. Bride's Hill, of a daughter.

26. At Cookham, Berks, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Wheatley, of the 1st regiment of guards, of a daughter.

30. Mrs. D. Walker, of Gloucester-street, Portman-square, of a son.

May 1. At Stanwell Priory, Middlesex, the lady of major Miller, of the royal regiment of horse-guards, of a son.

2. At his house in Upper Fitzroy-street, the lady of major-general Burr, of a daughter.

3. In New Cumberland-street, the lady of Robert Beecher, esq. of a son.

In Guildford-street, the lady of John Mitchell, esq. of Riga, of a son.

4. The lady of lieutenant-colonel Davis, of Nottingham-place, of a daughter.

8. At Beau Desert, near Litchfield, the right hon. lady Caroline Capel, of a daughter.

At Lower Tooting, Surrey, the lady of captain Curry, of the royal navy, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

April 20. At St. Clement's church, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, John Jaques, esq. of Upper Thames-street, to miss Hallifax, of Kentish Town.

23. William Ford Stevenson, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to miss Maddock, eldest daughter of Henry Maddock, esq. of the same place.

25. At the parish church of Rochdale, Mr. Robert Peel, eldest son of Laurence Peel, esq. of Ardwick, Lancashire, to miss Elizabeth Entwisle, second daughter of John Entwisle, esq. of Foxholes, in the same county.

Sir Thomas Tancred, bart. of Sidney-lodge, in the county of Southampton, to miss Harriet Crewe, second daughter of the rev. Offley Crewe, of Muxton, Staffordshire.

30. At Coltishall, William Simpson, esq. attorney, at Norwich, to miss Catharine Palgrave, fifth daughter of William Palgrave, esq. of Coltishall.

At St. Mary-la-bonne church, the rev. Charles Dimock, rector of Great Mongeham, in Kent, to miss Elizabeth Honeywood, of Sibton, in the same county.

At St. Mary-la-bonne church, by the rev. Saxby Penfold, Wolfenden Kenny, esq. of the 31st regiment, to miss Kettle, of Baker-street, Portman-square.

May 1. At St. Margaret's church, Westminster, Mr. John Charles Denham, of Parliament-street, to Mrs. Hamilton, of Cleveland-row.

At St. James's church, Philip Francis, jun. esq. to miss Johnson.

2. At St. Margaret's, Lothbury, James Farlow, esq. of Tokenhouse-yard, to miss Helen Sophia Whitfield, daughter of the rev. doctor Whitfield, rector of the said parish.

John Carr, esq. to miss Wilson, of Bolton by the Sands, near Lancaster.

J. P. Payne, esq. of Margate, to miss Davis, of Broad-street, London Wall.

At Tinwell, in Rutlandshire, S. N. Cowley, esq. to miss Christian.

3. William Cumming, esq. of Rockfield, county of Down, to miss Corry, eldest daughter of Isaiah Corry, esq. of Corry Vale, near Belfast.

Alexander Maconochie, esq. advocate, to miss Anne Blair, eldest daughter of Robert Blair, esq. of Aventoun, his majesty's solicitor-general of Scotland.

6. At Flimby, Cumberland, by the rev. Mr. Mawson, John Francis Plane, esq. of New York, to miss Hutton, daughter of the late James Hutton, esq. of the general post-office.

7. Lieutenant-colonel Lemon, of the 92d foot, to miss Hobbs, daughter of G. Hobbs, of Barnaby, King's county, Ireland, esq.

At Odiham, Hants, Coningsby Cott, esq. of the Middle Temple, to miss Hannam.

8. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Mr. Simeon Howard, of Rickmansworth, Herts, to miss Morteu, eldest daughter of Joseph Morten, esq. of Denham, Bucks.

11. At Hanwell, Thomas Hume, M. D. of University college, Oxford, to Caroline, eldest daughter of the reverend George Henry Glasse.

DEATHS.

April 24. At Chester, captain J. C. Lee, of the 31st regiment foot, brigade major in that district.

25. The hon. Arthur Duff, youngest brother to the earl of Fife, at Orton, in the county of Murray.

The rev. Erasmus Middleton, A. M. rector of Turvey, Bedfordshire.

At Bath, Mrs. Rowles, sister to R. B. Robson, esq.

At her house, Kentish Town, Mrs. Anne Noble, relict of the late Mr. Francis Noble, many years a respectable bookseller in Holborn.

At St. Catherine's, Dublin, Mrs. Latouche, lady of the right hon. David Latouche.

27. At Dublin, sir Thomas Lighton, bart.

At Stafford, Dr. Campbell.

30. At Bridge Foot Farm, near Ripley, Surrey, in the 56th year of his age, Mr. John Devnesh, sen. formerly of Fiddleworth, Sussex.

May 1. At Winchester, in the 71st year of his age, John Jenkinson, esq. brother to the earl of Liverpool.

At Tiverton Castle, sir Thomas Carew, bart.

In Arlington-street, miss Elizabeth Glyn, youngest daughter of sir Rich. Carr Glynn, bart.

2. The right hon. William Power Keating, earl of Clancarty, viscount Dunlo, lord and baron Kilconnel, &c. He is succeeded in his titles by lord viscount Dunlow, member for Galway.

At lord Auckland's apartments, in Greenwich hospital, Thomas Eden, esq. brother to his lordship: he has left a widow and eight children to lament his loss.

5. At Bath, George Redhead, esq. late of Hutton-hall, Cumberland, and deputy lieutenant for that county.

At Bath, John Llewellin, of Welsh St. Donats, Glamorgan, esq. one of his majesty's justices of the said county, and for which he served the office of sheriff in 1780.

At his house, in Charterhouse-square, John Campbell, esq.

6. At her house at Hampstead, Mrs. Mary Magdalen Blaquiere, widow of John Peter Blaquiere, esq. in the 65th year of her age. Also on the evening of the same day, at the same house, Mrs. Ann Rebecca Grant, widow of captain Lodovick Grant, of Knockando, North Britain, and sister of the above, in the 69th year of her age.

At the Prince of Wales coffee-house, Conduit street, Francis William Barlow, esq. member for Coventry, and captain in the 1st regiment of dragoon guards.

At her house in Harley street, Mrs. Jones, widow of the late lord bishop of Kildare.

7. The right hon. the marquis of Lansdown, earl of Wycombe and earl of Shelburne, K. G. Succeeded his father, May 1761. Born 1737. Married February 3, 1765, Sophia, daughter of John, earl of Granville, and by her, who died 1771, he had issue John Henry, earl of Wycombe, born December 6, 1765; William, died January 27, 1778. His lordship married secondly, July 19, 1779, Louisa Fitzpatrick, sister to the earl of Upper Ossory, by whom, who died August 7, 1789, he had Henry, born July, 1780; a daughter, born December 8, 1781—died an infant. His lordship is succeeded by his eldest son, the earl of Wycombe.

In Bruton-street, in the 79th year of her age, the right hon. lady Walpole, the only surviving daughter of William, third duke of Devonshire.

8. Richard Smalbroke, LL. D. Chancellor of the diocese of Litchfield, aged 89.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JUNE, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Botany for Ladies, 283
2 On Dissimulation and Compliment, 284
3 An Apologue, 234
4 The Moral Zoologist, 285
5 The Romance of the Pyrenées, 289
6 Ladies' Dresses on his Majesty's Birth-day, 304
8 Don Melós; or, the Heroic Lover, 312
7 Eliza, or the Hermit's Cell, 308
9 The Country Town, 313
10 Descriptive Observations on the Lake of Windermere, and the surrounding Scenery, 317
11 Remarkable Incidents in the Life of the late Marquis of Exeter, 319
12 Mode of removing Iron-moulds and Ink-spots from Linen, 321
13 London and Parisian Fashions, 321
14 Method recommended by Dr. Hawes for restoring to Life Persons apparently dead, 322
15 Extract from the Will of an Old Bachelor, 323
16 Evelina 325
17 POETICAL ESSAYS:—Ode for his Majesty's Birth-day—The Camp—To Miss Jane C--K--G.—To the Misses C--K--G, on their going to America—To Vertumnus—The Curate's Petition—Ellen of the Vale. 326—328
18 Foreign News, 329
19 Home News, 332
20 Births, 335
21 Marriages, 335
22 Deaths 336

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 BOTANY, Two Plates.
2 LONDON FULL DRESS, elegantly coloured.
3 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.
4 Music—'HOLY, HOLY, LORD.'—Composed by Mr. HANDEL.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be much obliged to A. P. the author of the *Monks and the Robbers,* for the communication he proposes: his request shall be punctually complied with.

Our several correspondents who have recommended longer continuations of the *Romance of the Pyrenées* will see that we have complied with their wishes: we shall endeavour to do the same in future, as far as may be consistent with our general plan.

The letters mentioned by Leonora will be very acceptable.

M. L.'s Essay shall have a place.

Clara's poetical communications are received; as are the *Ode to Merit*; the *Happy Tar,* a Song; and *Lines on Solitude.*

Flora's epigram in our next.

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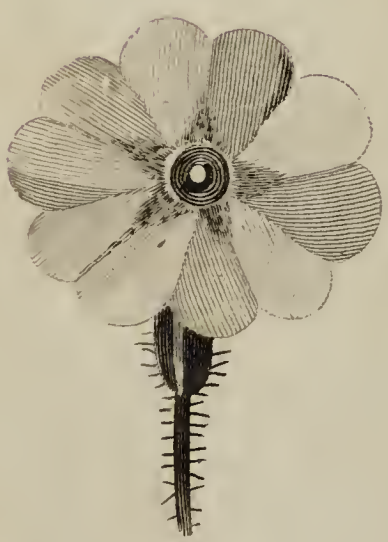

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THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For JUNE, 1805.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

THIRD LESSON.

WE have learnt in the foregoing lessons that the *Pistillum* was the lady in the flower, and the *Stamen*, the gentleman.

These were differently constructed, as having distinct offices, and are in their early state enveloped by expansions, which are most frequently two-fold.

The inner, and more delicate and beautiful expansion, vulgarly called the flower, is named by botanists *Corolla*.

This word is from *Corona*, Latin, a crown; and *Corolla* is Latin for the diminutive, and it means therefore a little crown.

It is of all colours, and most conspicuous for beauty.

Take, for example, the *Primrose* (pl. 5. A): it is composed of one entire piece, which is called the *Petal*, or, in the language of botany, *monopetalous*, one Petal.

Petal is no other than an Anglicized Greek word; *petalon* signifying a leaf of a flower, and *monos* is Greek for one.

There is no great difficulty in these terms, except from want of use; for to a Greek, *monopetalous* would be easier than saying *a petal constituted of one leaf*.

In the *Dianthus*, or *Pink*, the petals are five (pl. 5. B).

In the *Lilly*, six (pl. 5. C), called hexapetalous, from the Greek *ex*, with an aspirate, signifying six.

Flowers are sometimes deficient in this part, having only one covering, or protection, as in the Lilly (pl. 5. C). But more generally there is another covering of coarser materials, usually green, and seldom very conspicuous, called *Calyx*, from *kalupto*, Greek, to conceal.

It protects the embryo generative organs of plants, is the first to expand, and then it serves as a prop to the Corolla, or more delicate inner expansion.

In the *Pink* (pl. 4. A), and *Primrose*, it consists of one leaf, when it is called *monophyllous*, not monopetalous, for *phullon* is Greek for the leaf of a tree.

In the *Poppy* (pl. 4. C), it is composed of *two leaves*, which very early drop (pl. 4. B E E).

To recapitulate. Flowers, besides

the organs of generation, viz. *Pistilla*, and *Stamina*, have other parts destined for protection; sometimes only one part of a beautiful appearance, when it is called *Corolla*, composed of one or more petals. But generally it likewise possesses

1. *Corolla*, and
2. *Calyx*, also composed of one or more leaves.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONGST too many other instances of the great corruption and degeneracy of the age in which we live, the great and general want of sincerity in conversation is none of the least. The world is grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that men's words are scarcely any signification of their thoughts. The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argue true greatness of mind, and are usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, are in a great measure lost amongst us: there has been a long endeavour to transform us into foreign manners and fashions, and to bring us to a servile imitation of none of the best of our neighbours in some of the worst of their qualities. The dialect of conversation is now so swelled with vanity and compliment, that if a man who lived an age or two ago were to return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion, and would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of respect and esteem do commonly pass in current payment: and when he should come to understand, it would be a long time before he could bring himself, with a good countenance and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way.

And, in truth, it is hard to say whether it should more provoke our contempt or our pity to hear what solemn expressions of profound respect and ardent friendship will pass between men on the slightest occasions; how great honour and esteem they will profess to entertain for one whom, perhaps, they scarcely ever saw before, and how entirely they are all on a sudden devoted to his service and interest—for no reason; how infinitely and eternally obliged to him—for no benefit; and how extremely they will be concerned for him, and even deeply afflicted—for no cause. I know it is said, in justification of this hollow kind of conversation, that there is no harm, no real deceit, in compliment; but that all is well enough, as a matter of course, so long as we understand one another. But let it be remembered that such habitual deceit, however practised as a matter of course, and assuming the name of politeness, will insensibly deaden all regard to truth, corrupt the heart, and vitiate the whole moral system of the man.

DECIUS.

AN APOLOGUE.

THE most frequented road in this great empire, says a traveller, speaking of Tartary, is intersected by a rapid and deep river, which is bordered with rocks at the edge of the water, and full of crocodiles and alligators. There are few inhabitants in the empire who are not obliged to pass this dangerous river at least once in their lives, and many perish

in it. The first contrivance to diminish the danger of the passage, was to fasten some narrow planks on the points of the rocks in different parts; but these planks being ill secured, the violence of the stream, and the unskilfulness of the guides, occasioned frequent accidents; and those of the travellers who escaped with their lives were almost certain to be mutilated or disfigured by the rocks and ferocious animals in the river.

Some strangers, however, made their appearance, and offered to carry over the passengers in a boat. 'Our boat is safe,' said they, 'and we know how to manage and guide it. Go over with us, and you will be exposed to no danger.' This advice was not much approved; it was rejected by the common people, and condemned by the grand-lama, as a defiance to the decrees of Providence. Some persons of more sense, however, followed it, and found their advantage in it; and many young and handsome women, who were especially fearful of the passage of the river, as it frequently occasioned the disfigurement of their blooming features and the destruction of their charms, availed themselves of the boat, with great success. Even the chiefs of the tribes at length entrusted their safety to these new argonauts.

But after some time, unskilful and imprudent boatmen, who attempted to ferry people over, ran on the rocks, and occasioned many to lose their lives, and others to suffer the mutilations so much dreaded. The prejudices at first entertained against this mode of passing the dangerous stream now revived and took deeper root, and the enemies of the boat grew more obstinate than ever.

It was then that a man of genius, applying himself to discover some mode of passing the river with less danger, devised means to throw a bridge over it. The first persons who passed on this bridge were hooted by the boatmen and the multitude, but their vain clamours were carried away by the winds. The most delicate and beautiful women, and the tenderest infants, passed over the river without the least danger, and crowds of passengers of all descriptions soon followed. No persons passed either on the unsteady planks or in the boats, which were sold as of no further use, and the boatmen dismissed. All ranks of people, the poor, the rich, and even the grand-lama himself, acknowledged the utility of the bridge. From that time the number of disfigured and mutilated persons has diminished throughout Tartary; and the women have preserved unimpaired the beauty which nature bestowed on them at their birth.

It will be scarcely necessary to inform the reader of this apologue, that the solution of the enigma is —the *Vaccine Inoculation.*

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 270.)

AMONG the birds very nearly related to the jays and magpies, is

THE NUTCRACKER.

Of this bird two varieties are distinguished by Klein, one of which is speckled like the starling, has a a strong angular bill, and a long forked tongue, like the whole tribe of the magpies: the other is of a more diminutive size, and has a more slender and rounder bill, composed of two unequal mandibles, the upper of which is the longer: the tongue

is deeply divided, very short, and almost lost in the throat.

The shape of the bill is the principal distinction between this bird and the jays and magpies, it being straighter, blunter, and composed of two unequal pieces. The instinctive habits and character of the nutcracker likewise differ from those of the two latter birds; as it prefers frequenting high mountains, and is not so remarkable either for cunning or cautious suspicion. It is, however, very closely related to these two species of birds, and likewise to the jackdaws, which, as has been before observed, and is well known, have a great affinity to magpies; and it is more addicted to chattering even than any of these. Linnæus places it in the genus of crows, by the name of *corvus caryocatactes*, a compound Greek name given it by Gesner, and which signifies the nut-breaker, or nut-destroyer. It is called by Buffon *caisse-noix*, a name of the same import. The Germans call it by different names, signifying the wood-crow, the fir-jay, and the wood-starling. Aldrovandus terms it *merula saxatilis*, or the rock-blackbird.

The nutcracker is in length about thirteen inches: the plumage is of a dusky brown colour, dotted with white triangular spots over the whole body, except the head. These spots are smaller on the upper part, and broader on the breast: their effect is increased by the contrast of the brown ground over which they are scattered. The wings and tail are of a blackish colour, without spots; the quills of the tail are in general tipped with white; the bill, feet, and nails, are black; the iris is of a hazel colour; the nostrils are round, shaded with whitish feathers, straight, stiff, and projecting. There are, however, some varieties in different individuals, and the descriptions given of the bird appear to confirm the division made of this species by Klein into two races or varieties.

Both these varieties, according to the same author, eat hazel-nuts; but the one breaks them, and the other pierces them. They feed also on acorns, wild berries, the kernels of pine-tops, which they pluck with great address and dexterity, and even insects. Like the jays, magpies, and jackdaws, they will conceal what they cannot consume.

These birds are natives of many countries of Europe, and some of the north of Asia. They are common in Auvergne, Savoy, Lorraine, Franche Compté, Switzerland, the Bergamasco, and in Austria, among the mountains covered with forests of pines. They are also found in Sweden, principally in the province of Smoland, for they rarely occur in any other part of the country.

Though the nutcrackers are not properly birds of passage, they sometimes fly from the mountains to the plains in considerable flocks; and it appears that they will occasionally leave one country for another adjoining. Frisch says, that flocks of them are often observed to accompany other birds into different parts of Germany, especially where there are pine forests. The common people in that country call them Italian birds, Turkey birds, and African birds; by which they only mean that they are foreign, and not natives of, or continually resident in, their neighbourhood. In the year 1754, according to Buffon, great flights of them entered France, particularly Burgundy, though there are there but few pines. They were so fatigued on their arrival, that they suffered themselves to be caught by the hand. That naturalist was likewise informed by Dr. Lottinger, a skilful ornithologist of the town of Sarbourg,

who was well acquainted with the birds of Lorraine, that in the same year (1754) such numerous flights of nutcrackers passed into Lorraine, that the woods and fields were filled with them. Their stay continued during the whole month of October; and hunger had so much enfeebled them, that they were easily knocked down with sticks. Dr. Lottinger likewise added, that these birds appeared again in 1763, but in smaller numbers; that their passage is always in autumn; and that six or nine years commonly intervene between their visits. This, however, Buffon observes, must be restricted to Lorraine; for in France, especially in Burgundy, they appear much seldomer.

These birds are very rarely seen in Great Britain; though in the month of October, 1754, when, as above mentioned, such large flights of them came into Lorraine and Burgundy, one was killed at Mostyn in Flintshire, which was supposed to have come either from France or Germany. It is to be remarked, that that year was extremely dry and hot, and that the want of rain, and failure of the springs, probably, greatly affected the fruits on which the nutcrackers usually feed; as, besides, they seemed to be almost famished, and were easily caught by any kind of food offered as a bait, it is probable they were obliged to abandon the former places of their residence from want of subsistence.

The nutcrackers resemble the woodpeckers in several particulars. Like them, they do considerable injury to the large trees by piercing the trunks; on which account perpetual war is waged against them by the proprietors of woods, who destroy many of them, and force the rest to seek an asylum among the mountains and unfrequented forests: hence it has been said they seldom settle and breed in the milder climates and more cultivated countries.

They resemble the woodpeckers, likewise, in making their nests in the holes of trees, which perhaps they have themselves formed; for the middle quills of the tail always appear worn near the end, which shews that they as well as the woodpeckers climb up trees. 'In short,' says Buffon, 'Nature seems to have placed the nutcrackers between the woodpeckers and the jays; and it is singular that Willoughby has given them this precise arrangement in his ornithology, though his description suggests no relation between these species.'

Little appears to be known with respect to the number of eggs which these birds lay, their hatching or training of their young, or even the duration of their lives; their habitual resort to high mountains and inaccessible places having prevented many observations of this kind.

Another tribe of birds related to the crows and jays, is that of

THE ROLLERS.

These, however, Linnæus has classed as a separate genus, under the name of *coracias;* but this name sufficiently shews, at the same time, that he acknowledged their affinity to the crows, as it is the term used by Aristotle to denote the bird now called the Cornish chough. This genus is likewise placed by the Swedish naturalist immediately after that of *corvus*, or the crow. There are seventeen species, of which that principally known in Europe is

THE GARRULOUS ROLLER.

This bird, the *coracias garrula* of Linnæus and Gmelin, is likewise called the Strasburg jay, the sea magpie, the birch-magpie, and the

German parrot. Its plumage is extremely beautiful, exhibiting an assemblage of the finest shades of blue and green, mixed with white, and heightened by the contrast of dusky colours. The breast and belly are blue; the head green; and the wings variegated with blue, black, and white. The nostrils, which are long and narrow, are placed obliquely on the bill near its base, and open; the tongue is black, not forked, but ragged at the tip, and terminated towards the root by two forked appendices, one on each side. The wings, when extended, are about twenty-two inches from tip to tip, and consist each of twenty quills, or, according to others, of twenty-three: these quills, it has been observed, wherever they are black on the upper side, are blue underneath. The female, according to Aldrovandus, differs considerably from the male; the bill being thicker, and the head, neck, breast, and belly, of a chesnut colour, bordering on an ash-grey; while these parts in the male are of the colour of the beryl, with different reflections of a duller green. In some individuals, the outside quills of the tail are very long; and there are two naked tubercles, or warts, near the eyes, which are suspected by Buffon to be likewise distinctive marks of the male.

The roller is a wilder bird than the jay or the magpie, frequenting the thickest and most solitary woods. Like the latter birds, it makes a chattering noise, but it does not appear that it has ever been tamed or taught to speak. Rollers are often seen in company with the woodpeckers and crows, in the tilled grounds on the skirts of the forests they haunt. They feed on the small seeds, roots, and worms, which the plough throws to the surface, and the grain that has been lately sown. They will also eat wild berries, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and even frogs. Schwenkfeld says, that they will even devour carrion; but this must be during winter, and only in consequence of want and absolute necessity, for they are in general considered as not carnivorous: and the same author tells us that they are very fat in autumn, and are then good eating, which cannot be supposed to be true of birds that prey on garbage. Frisch says, that the taste and flavour of their flesh resembles that of the ring-dove.

This is a bird of passage, and migrates regularly once a year, in the months of May and September. It is found in Sweden, and also in Africa, but not in all the intermediate countries. It is unknown in many parts of Germany, France, and Switzerland, and seldom, if ever, appears in Great Britain. According to Buffon, its passage from Sweden to Africa may be traced in a kind of narrow tract through Saxony, Franconia, Suabia, Bavaria, Tirol, Italy, Sicily, and, lastly, the island of Malta; which, as he observes, is a sort of general rendezvous for all the birds that cross the Mediterranean. One has been described by Edwards which was killed on the rock of Gibraltar, probably in its way to Africa. It is also seen sometimes in the vicinity of Strasburg, though not so commonly as to entitle it to the denomination mentioned above of the Strasburg jay.

The rollers build, when they have an opportunity, in birches; and only lodge in other trees when they cannot find these. Their eggs are of a pale green, with numerous dull spots, and about the size of a pigeon's.

(To be continued.)

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(Continued from p. 242.)

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE night was impenetrably dark, and the seamen augured from some portentous appearances in the clouds an approaching tornado. Victoria, therefore, retired to her little cabin, to offer up to the throne of mercy her thanksgivings for her late miraculous escape, and to supplicate for protection through the expected tempest. Hippolyto also, by the positive mandate of Pedro, retired to another part of the brigantine; where, with the rest of the wounded men, it was hoped he might obtain a little rest. Vain hope the angry elements destroyed; since, after grumbling and jarring for some time, they at length burst out into a degree of tremendous violence which no seaman on board had ever before witnessed.

The storm on the preceding night might be termed a gentle breeze when compared to this; and the vessel was much less able to contend with it, considerably damaged by the late action; and although she had gained four capital hands from the caravel, three of her last night's crew were disabled by wounds, and Hippolyto could now be scarcely of any service. Victoria soon was chased by terror from her little cabin to the deck; where the wounded men crept too, and where every instant, immersed by the boiling surges, they expected to be washed away.

The horrors of the tempest increasing fast, every man exerted himself in the performance of his duty; in which kindness and attention to Victoria were not forgotten. Hippolyto scarcely left her a moment, since he could now be of little use to the harassed seamen. The fetters of Rodriguez and Guzman were struck off, since their assistance became necessary in the moment of general danger; and dreadful was that moment. The howling and ungovernable wind rushed with headlong fury to the bottom of the deep, to stir up rage and strife; while the indignant sea, agitated to convulsive foam, arose in boiling surges to the clouds, to dare the bold disturber of his serenity. The heavy sable clouds, hurried impetuously along, all clashed in discord, and rolled in awful peals their most tremendous thunder, whilst livid lightning flashed almost incessantly; and the whole expansion of the Mediterranean sea now appeared like columns and rocks of flaming fire; except when at intervals the most horrible darkness rested on its surface, shutting out for a moment even the foaming billows from every mortal eye.

Against this dreadful conflict the vessel had not power to contend. The masts and rigging were shattered to pieces, and borne away from time to time by the unpitying winds; whilst the raging billows attacked her with equal violence, hurling her from hill to valley, which the surges made, without mercy or respite.

Hippolyto still anxiously supported Victoria, whose fortitude was terribly shaken by the painful reflection of her being the means of destruction to so many humane individuals. Wounded gratitude drew torrents of agonising tears from her, whilst her heart and lips devoutly breathed forth prayers to her Creator, into whose presence she now each moment expected to be summoned; and Hippolyto's attention was divided between those serious thoughts which sincere piety inspired and the most tender care of our heroine,

whose fate appeared to disturb his mind infinitely more than his own.

Disaster upon disaster succeeded through this night of horrors; and the morning's dawn found them completely dismasted, deprived of their rudder, and the shattered hulk nothing better than a wreck. Whilst there remained any thing to be done for the general safety, the mariners had been indefatigable in their exertions and toil; but, when dreadfully convinced that the possibility of being useful was past, they threw themselves, certain of inevitable destruction, upon the deck, in desponding hopeless groups. In this moment of awful inaction, thought acquired full dominion over all. The days that were past recurred to some in terrible array, and told them a tale they had long refused to hear. Those who had scoffed at the existence of a Deity now felt conviction unbidden arise, and, as the delusions of life were passing off, believed and trembled; whilst those who through their existence loved and revered their Creator found the ties that bound them to him draw closer round their hearts, as they believed themselves approaching to his presence.

Diego and Thomas crept close to Hippolyto and Victoria, still offering them every assistance in their power, and striving by the means of some wet sails to screen them from the impetuosity of the angry surges; evincing their fidelity, and the warmth of their attachment, in a moment when interested motives could no longer actuate.

The boats had been long since washed from the deck; and each instant large planks of the hulk were torn off, and carried away with dreadful violence by the implacable billows. They had, whilst in their power, fired signals of distress. They had heard the same dreadful signals repeated by many fellow sufferers; but no one came to their relief. The cruel and outrageous elements had now wrested every hope away, and in awful silence they all sat expecting the moment of inevitable death:—some with eyes raised to heaven; others with their heads sunk upon their breast, in gloomy despair; while some more, with lingering fondness for life, looked wistfully around for succour, which departed hope no longer promised them.

At length, when morning's dawn advanced to clear and certain light, Guzman, suddenly exclaiming that he saw rocks at no great distance, as suddenly disencumbering himself from his upper garment, plunged into the sea and made for them. This break upon the general awful silence, by restoring the soother hope, roused at once the faculties of all to action, and many of his messmates on the instant instinctively followed Guzman; while others, more wary, paused to observe the fate of their precipitate companions before they ventured. But as Guzman and his group were seen to buffet successfully with the waves, and to emerge constantly, unsubdued from the foaming whirlpools, after having appeared to the hoping, fearing, panting beholders to have been ingulfed, these determined, as a forlorn hope, to make also for the rocks, which they now distinctly saw.

Dreadfully the wounded mariners now groaned, as if their misfortunes were augmented by the prospect of their comrades' safety. Pedro, Thomas, and a few more, advancing to Hippolyto, desired him fearlessly to venture with them, as they would take it by turns to supply the loss of his disabled arm.

'Come, come, dear heart, cheer up and launch!' vociferated Thomas: 'I could swim for a wager with any lubberly fish in the deep. I'll therefore warrant to tow you safely into

harbour, curse me but I wull! So weigh anchor, my prince of heroes! I'll be your rudder; and Diego, as swift and steady a sailor as e'er skimmed the ocean, shall be your helmsman.'

'Can lady Victoria be saved?' Hippolyto anxiously demanded.

'No; that would be an utter impossibility,' was mournfully reiterated by all.

'Then go, my friends—delay not; and may Heaven conduct you in safety!' said Hippolyto, with a farewell and hurrying motion of his hand; and then sadly turned with a countenance of tenderness and anguish to the care of Victoria, from whom his attention had for some moments wandered to observe the progress of Guzman's attempt.

'What!' exclaimed Thomas, 'and leave you here to founder with the Victoria?'

'Yes, certainly. But go, my friends, delay not,' replied Hippolyto mournfully—but without averting his face from his lovely charge, whose struggling feelings at that moment created new alarms in his anxious breast.

'What! sail without you? Then I'll be d—n'd if I do!' and down Thomas squatted close to Hippolyto, whose legs he clasped with the utmost energy, as if apprehensive of being torn by violence from him. 'Split my heart now if that was not a most cruel and unreasonable order for any commander to issue! But these signals we Britons ever mutiny at. No, we never sheer off from our captain or our friends in distress, and leave them to founder without us. But such of my messmates as can prove such dastardly renegadoes, let them weigh anchor in the d—l's name, and may they live to be stranded upon the shoals of ingratitude!'

The men now, all but Pedro, plunged into the sea, attended by the piteous moans of their wounded messmates, and a thousand hearty curses, hisses, groans, and hoots from the indignant Thomas, who in vain assured them, 'the Lord High Admiral aloft would one day have them before the mast for deserting their captain and friends in distress.'

Pedro, looking for some moments irresolutely, at length firmly said, 'My fate is fixed; I cannot leave you.'

'You must, my good Pedro,' replied Hippolyto: 'if you have any friendship for me, you must strive to save yourself, and seek out those who are interested for my fate. Gently break this sad catastrophe to them, and comfort those who will feel it most severely. You must also go to conte Ariosto, and impart to him all that has befallen his angel sister. Great is your feeling, Pedro, and you will execute this sad commission as sympathy shall guide you. Then delay not, Pedro; instantly depart, I conjure you:—and, Thomas, to you it is my earnest, my last request, that you accompany Pedro.'

'I'll be d—n'd if I do then! that's flat,' returned Thomas sulkily: 'so heave no more lingo about it.'

Victoria, who had long been struggling with those painful feelings which gratitude awakened to such excess inspired, found not the power of articulation until the moment when Pedro seemed yielding to the importunities of Hippolyto, when in the most emphatic tones of ardent supplication she exclaimed——

'Go not, I beseech, I implore you, Pedro, without Hippolyto. Save him! save him! Lead him to his friends and family! Let them not curse me as the occasion of their grief! And oh! if you hope again to be happy with your Isabella, let my last sad moment be spared the agonising pang of knowing myself the destroyer of Hippolyto.'

'Spare your entreaties, generous, lovely Victoria! since vain is every effort to alter my fixed determination,' said Hippolyto.—'Go, then, Pedro. I will not leave her,—no, never, never. Go: delay is dangerous; and friendship commands you to be gone.'

Pedro now, after snatching a parting look at the sad group he was compelled to leave behind him, plunged amid the foaming surf, and made after the other swimmers. Victoria shrieking wildly, as her hope of Hippolyto's safety was thus cut off, started to her knees, and entreated, supplicated, but in vain, that he would follow Pedro.

'Oh, Hippolyto,' she cried, 'be not thus cruel and inexorable! On you depends the life of your faithful Thomas. Embitter not, I conjure you, my last sad reflections, by making me the cause of your and his destruction. Too many fellow-sufferers! must I inevitably have these hapless wounded friends; must—' In looking towards the men she spoke of, she beheld Diego standing near, gazing with looks of anguish on her.

'Diego too!' she exclaimed in a tone of horror, 'what, what detains you here?'

'My duty, lady—stationed here by gratitude to your dear father's memory; and I dare not leave my post.'

Victoria burst into a violent flood of tears; whilst Thomas vehemently shook Diego by the hand, shouting—'A staunch heart, curse me! Who's afraid of foundering in a good cause, do you see? And belike, Diego, if we sail with such a convoy, we may not be sent adrift from heaven; but be stowed into a snug birth there, out of respect to the virtues of those who towed us thither.'

'To die while performing the duty which Heaven itself dictates,' Diego replied, 'may mitigate the doom I am conscious I too well merit.'

That gratitude which the conduct of these men inspired conquered every feeling of personal danger in Victoria's mind. But for their safety her heart was tortured to direst anguish; and softened to the most infantine weakness by their extraordinary kindness, she sunk quite subdued from her knees upon the wet deck, and wept abundantly—Hippolyto in vain endeavouring to assuage the excess of her affliction; for every new instance of tender attention she received from him, or act of kindness from their faithful humble friends, only increased her anguish.

For near an hour after Pedro left them they continued in this distressing hopeless situation, each moment augmenting their calamities by depriving them of more and more of the wreck upon which they floated. At length Thomas, who had been for some time intently gazing at something which the angry billows were tossing roughly about, suddenly plunged into the sea; and Diego, in a few minutes more, discovering it to be a boat, swam after Thomas with a hope of gaining it; which they at length providentially did, and, after inconceivable difficulty, dangers, and fatigue, succeeded in towing it to the wreck by a cable which the angry elements had allowed to remain fastened to it.

The duration of this attempt was a moment of agonising solicitude. The most fervent prayers for success broke from the lips of every one, and great was the transport, almost amounting to phrensied joy, when the bold enterprise was achieved which restored the truant hope: and when they had torn some shattered planks from the wreck to supply the place of oars, and had made all ready for the embarkation of their fellow-

sufferers, Thomas exultingly exclaimed, with evident satisfaction—

'Providence, do you see, has heaved up this here pinnace from the hatches of the deep, to bilk that shark Davy Jones of his prey. And be of good cheer, do you mind, for by the boat's name and make I know her to be English; and that there old dog Neptune, loving the British oak, will splice out the care of Providence in steering us into a safe port.'

These shipwrecked sufferers all now entered the pinnace, and, consigning themselves to the care of Providence, were soon borne from the wreck, when they found, notwithstanding every exertion, their oars of little use. Diego and Thomas attempted to steer by turns, but soon were compelled, by the ungovernable fury of the breakers, to consign the helm to the mercy of the elements, which bore them to leeward with dreadful velocity; one moment mounting them aloft to a most terrific height, the next hurling them with headlong precipitance to the gulfs beneath; and in about an hour after they had abandoned the wreck, by the ordinance of Providence they were driven in safety upon the leeshore; but in what clime or latitude, from the frequent shifting of the wind after they had been bereft of their compass in the night, they were totally unable to ascertain: from the aspect of the country, however, they conjectured it to be the south of France.

Dripping with wet, and almost stiff with cold and fatigue, they lost no time in quitting their friendly bark; and the moment they found themselves upon terra firma, they all, as if inspired by some resistless impulse, at the same instant, intuitively sunk upon their knees and offered a pious and fervent thanksgiving to that beneficent Being who had been graciously pleased to save them from a fate they had for many hours believed inevitable.

The tumult of joy and gratitude which they all naturally experienced cannot be described, and only conceived by those who have been in a similar situation; and Victoria's happiness upon the safety of her generous deliverers was as exquisite as her grief had been poignant, and like that too it expressed itself by tears.

CHAP. XXIX.

THEIR solemn and devout acknowledgments for the mercy of Heaven being ended, our adventurers advanced some way up the country, Hippolyto supporting Victoria, while Diego and Thomas gave their assistance to their wounded messmates, without meeting any person or discovering any habitation, or even shelter from the violent torrents of rain save some large spreading trees. But they were all now too much accustomed to wet garments to shrink from the heavy rain. Cold, weary, and faint, they panted for the comforts of some hospitable dwelling; and still hoping to meet the object of their eager search, they proceeded onward as quickly as their exhausted frames, and the weight of their clothes drenched by the sea and rain, would admit of.

The further they advanced, the more were they persuaded of their being cast upon the southern coast of France. And they were right in their conjectures; they were in Provence, not many leagues from the confines of Italy. But an almost impenetrable mist, arising from the rain, prevented their distinguishing objects at any distance; and without any friendly beacon to guide them, they wandered about until, almost

subdued by toil and exertions, they began to despair of finding what they so anxiously sought. And Victoria, Hippolyto, and the wounded seamen, were agreeing to shelter themselves beneath the luxuriant branches of some orange-trees, while Diego and Thomas should penetrate further, with a hope of meeting with some accommodation, when their ears were suddenly greeted by the sound of a convent-bell tolling for matins at no great distance from them. It was the peal of hope and joy to them; and with renovated strength and spirits the before-fainting adventurers were led on by the sound to the gate of a monastery, which had been obscured from their view by the thick foliage of the wood in which it was embosomed.

Thomas, in his eagerness to serve his distressed companions, outstripped their speed, and by a loud peal summoned an aged porter, of the Carthúsian order, to the gate, and demanded admittance and food for his shipwrecked companions and himself. This was humanely assented to; when Thomas, in the turbulence of his joy, gave a loud whistle, followed by three cheers; which so alarmed the holy man, who believed them to be signals for a banditti to approach, that he instantly closed the gate. Nor could all the protestations and entreaties of Hippolyto and the rest of the distressed party prevail upon him to disband his fears, until the piteous tones of Victoria's magical voice reached his ears; at the sound of which every apprehension vanished, and the gate flew open, not for her admission, but for the reverend man to announce his commiseration and concern at being compelled to the cruel inhospitality of refusing to let her enter;—but it was against the rules of their order, he said, to admit any female without a licence from the bishop of the diocese.

Victoria's head sunk in despondence upon Hippolyto's shoulder, and she burst into tears; while Hippolyto and Diego looked on each other in grief and consternation for advice in this unexpected dilemma. But the rage and indignation of Thomas, breaking through all bounds of respect for the poor Carthusian, burst forth in the most virulent abuse, which fortunately his vehemence and strange medley of languages rendered almost unintelligible.

'And you will not then admit her, holy father?' said Hippolyto mournfully—'Behold the sad state she is reduced to—only look upon her, and then refuse to shelter her if you can.'

'Poor child!' replied the porter, 'from my soul I pity her; but I dare not transgress the rules of our pious institution.'

'Pious institution!' repeated Thomas contemptuously. 'A pretty sham that! Hoisting false colours with a vengeance! A d—d piratical renegado hanging out a government flag! Fair weather faces, but foul weather hearts! A pious institution! Old Will o' th' wisp! that refuses an almost foundering little bark a safe harbour! A pious institution, to snug yourself up like a snail in your own inhospitable house, that will admit no one else! A pious institution, that—'

'I will assist my afflicted daughter as much as lies in my power,' interrupted the porter meekly.

'Well,' cried Thomas impatiently, 'heave no more lingo then; but pipe all hands, and tow her into harbour, do you see.'

'I will conduct her to the church,' said the porter, 'and take refreshments to her there. I can do no more.'

'What, to the cold church!' exclaimed Thomas.

'Yes: the church is a sanctuary for all who take refuge in it.'

'Then you should navigate your piety by that chart, do you see. God, you say, harbours all who sail to his port for refuge; and he has made that signal for you to steer by.'

The porter, not in the least offended by Thomas's bluntness, probably from not perfectly comprehending his strange mixture of broken French and Spanish grafted upon his English sea vocabulary, stood gazing intently at our heroine; and at length he said in a voice of compassion—'There is no fire in the church, and this poor child is shivering with cold, and dripping wet—what can I do?'

'Do!' cried Thomas: 'why, run her into dry dock to refit, to be sure.'

'I dare not take it upon myself to do what my heart dictates; but I will hear what brother Anselmo says,' replied the porter, ringing a bell.

'Oh!' exclaimed Thomas, clinching his fists, and stamping his feet in a paroxysm of rage, 'Oh, that you were but a *young* lubber, *mounseer*, that I might knock you and your scruples down together.'

In a moment more two monks appeared at the gate. One was young, heavy-eyed, enveloped in a mass of flesh, and evidently fonder of the luxuries than the mortifications of life: the other, an aged man, seemed Piety personified. In his deportment were dignity and grace, happily blended with unaffected modesty; while his fine venerable countenance legibly displayed the sparkling intelligence of superior intellect, softened by the sweetly interesting brow of placid serenity, humility, and beneficence. The porter briefly announced to him the distress that sued for admittance; when hastily advancing to our heroine—

'My child,' said he in a voice formed from the sweetest tones of nature, and improved by the harmony of conscious virtue, 'my sweet child! were I superior here, I think for your sake I should be tempted to infringe the austere rules of our order; but, alas! for you I am but of little consequence in this monastery: yet will I trespass for you. A little penance will rectify all; and I think I would willingly encounter a great one to do you service. I will venture to take you to the porter's lodge, where a cheerful fire blazes; and I trust my rendering you this little service, my daughter, will not impede my way to heaven.'

'Impede!' vociferated Thomas. 'No, no, old True Blue, it will be both wind and tide in your favour. Good actions are the best passports to heaven. So, do you see, be getting under-weigh for that harbour, and run the dear little bark into snug mooring.'

Father Anselmo kindly led Victoria into the porter's lodge, and placed her in a comfortable easy chair, before an excellent fire, while the rest of the party followed the good man's steps. Victoria, looking around and beholding all her protectors in safety and comfortable shelter, wept the sweet tears of gratitude and pleasure. Father Anselmo ordered the porter to hasten to the refectory for some cordials and other refreshments for their weary guests, and to bring something particularly delicate for their poor daughter, who seemed quite subdued by fatigue and suffering.

'Oh! think not of me, holy father,' exclaimed Victoria, 'think not of me, I conjure you, until these my wounded companions are attended to. It cannot be against the rules of your order to shelter them, and they have been severely wounded in the cause of humanity; and all they have encountered, during the horrors and fatigues of the tempest, must have proved dreadfully inimical to their

wounds, and I tremble for their safety. Oh! delay not your attention to them, I entreat, I implore you, dear good and reverend father! To assist them will be the highest act of kindness you can show to me, and will renovate my strength and spirits more effectually than any anodyne your humanity can bestow upon me.'

'My daughter, your grateful anxiety shall be relieved,' said the holy man. 'Brother Augustine, conduct these our wounded sons into the house, where our daughter may rest satisfied that every possible care shall be taken of them.'

The wounded seamen departed with the fat Carthusian; but Hippolyto, inexorable to the entreaties of father Anselmo and Victoria, absolutely refused to quit our heroine before he should leave her in a safe asylum.

'There is a convent of Benedictine sisters, dedicated to St. Marguerite, not much more than a league from hence, where she would be safe and tenderly attended to,' said father Anselmo. 'The prioress is a sister of mine, who has been lately exalted by her virtues to that high station; and she would, I think, love and cherish this drooping child. But, short as the distance is, it would be impossible for her to walk there in her exhausted state; and to wait until we could procure a conveyance from the nearest town might prove a dangerous delay, for she ought instantly to be put into a warm bed, and every precaution taken to rescue her from the unpleasant consequences that may else attend the fatigue, cold, and terror, she has encountered.'

Hippolyto was in an agony of alarm about her.—'What could be done for her immediate accommodation,' he eagerly demanded. Thomas proposed that he and Diego should make a raft of their arms to heave her up on, and bear away with her to the port of St. Marguerite's; and Diego was planning to carry her thither in the porter's chair, when father Anselmo suddenly thought of a nearer asylum.

'There is,' said he, a château at a very inconsiderable distance from this monastery, which is generally let to invalids who come into Provence for the benefit of our salubrious air. The family who inhabited it this year past are just gone: but I hear it has already got other tenants; and if the principals are not yet arrived, there must surely be some female domestic there, who would for a proper gratuity give the requisite assistance to our poor child, whom by to-morrow I trust we shall be able to remove to St. Marguerite's; and if not, we can procure from thence, and our own convent, every medicinal and other aid she can require.'

The porter now returned loaded with refreshments; of which Victoria eagerly partook, and was so much renovated by them and the good fire, that, with her remaining companions, she was soon able, after making their acknowledgments to the humane porter, to bend their way to the château, which from the convent-gate they saw through a vista, at a very trifling distance.

Soon they arrived at the gate of the château; when the good father Anselmo, who accompanied them, requested an asylum for a young shipwrecked female from the porter, who sullenly replied—'they harboured no mendicant friars or pilgrims.'

'Nor does any mendicant friar solicit admission,' returned Anselmo with dignity. 'The monks of St. Lewis want not the assistance of any human being for themselves; but it is for this young fainting female, who was wrecked upon our coast in the tremendous tempest of last night,

that I now supplicate an asylum here.'

'I do not want for charity,' said the porter; 'but I might lose my place were I to shelter such objects as those.'

The appearance of our adventurers too well sanctioned the contemptible opinion this man entertained of them. The garb of Hippolyto, Diego, and Thomas, was the uniform worn by Don Manuel's people; and the impetuous winds, rain, and billows, had rent and washed away every symptom of former respectability. All Victoria's ornaments had been removed or lost, during her indisposition in the caravel of Garcias, or been blown away in the subsequent storm. Her beautiful hair, liberated from all confinement, deluged by the sea and rain, literally flowed around her neck and shoulders; her garments, which, when she fled from Don Manuel's castle, were elegant and superb, now hung in dirty, tattered, half-wet, remnants round her; and nothing could be more deplorable and poverty-struck than the aspect of them all.

Hippolyto, to remove every suspicion of poverty, put some pieces of gold into the porter's hand; when instantly the gate was thrown open, and the whole party admitted into the hall, where a large fire blazed, and where chairs were now courteously set before it for them all. The porter was informed by Anselmo, that it was necessary for Victoria to go immediately into a warm bed, to prevent if possible any fatal effects from the severe cold she had but too evidently caught.

'That is out of my power to accommodate her with,' said the porter: 'but the moment the housekeeper rises, which will not be this hour or two, I will speak to her about it; and I think a little of that black gentleman's arguments will quickly persuade her; as my lord is not yet arrived, and there are, therefore, plenty of spare beds in the château.'

'Curse the swab!' cried Thomas; 'won't she turn out a bit sooner to steer a sick body into a snug birth?'

'I dare not wake her,' replied the now civil porter; 'for if she has not her sleep out she is as cross as the d—l all the day.'

'If I knew what port to come alongside of her in, I'd pipe her from her hammock,' said Thomas, whistling loud by way of specimen; which in a moment drew half a dozen lacqueys into the hall, who entered yawning and stretching, and, with eyes half open, demanded the cause of the uproar: which the porter telling, they drew chairs into the circle to gratify their curiosity by staring at our poor heroine, and in a moment more a female domestic made her appearance, and inquired the reason of such a tumult. One of the lacqueys briefly stated the fact, and then continued—'Do, dear Annette, be like yourself, compassionate: go and awake madame Bourdaloue, and tell her how sick, wet, and weary the poor girl is who wants a bed.'

'Poor thing!' cried Annette, 'I will do all I can for her:' and she turned to go out of the door she had entered by.

'Do, pray, good Annette,' said the injudicious young man; 'do pray, for I feel quite interested for the poor girl, she is so young, and so very beautiful.'

'Beautiful!' repeated Annette contemptuously. 'Oh, I had quite forgotten: 'tis not madame Boudaloue's hour for rising, and I will not awake her, let the girl be ever so beautiful, monsieur François!' and she walked scornfully across the hall to another part of the château.

'Curse your squinting eyes,' vociferated Thomas: 'because the vessel's well built, you sheer off from

her in her distress, you ugly wizen swab you!'

'I would myself go to madame,' said the humane François, 'only that by awaking her before her time I should make her cross and disobliging.' Then perceiving that Diego, who was standing behind Victoria's chair, looked fatigued, asked him with kindness, why he did not take a seat.

'It would but ill become me,' replied Diego, 'to sit in the presence of my lady.'

'Lady!' repeated the rest of the lacqueys, smothering a laugh, whilst they cast a sneering glance upon Victoria's tattered drapery.

Diego could bear no more. Such repeated insults to his lady's consequence taught him at once to forget the importance of secresy, and with mien erect and indignant frown he haughtily said—'And I must add, that it ill befits any of the persons present, excepting the holy father and seignor Hippolyto, to sit in the presence of lady Victoria di Modena, the daughter of the late, and sister to the present, most illustrious conte di Ariosto.'

In a moment the porter and lacqueys were upon their feet, and seats and all removed to the farthest extremity of the hall; where bowing obsequiously, they offered a hundred thousand apologies for their indecorous conduct; then threw open the door of a grand apartment, where two of the men instantly set about lighting a fire, and Annette was loudly summoned to go and awake madame Bourdaloue; while the compassionate lacqueys precipitately retreated from the hall, and in a few moments returned, following a very pretty young woman, who, pale, trembling, and almost breathless with agitation, rushed in, and, throwing herself at Victoria's feet, rapturously caught both her hands, which she pressed to her heart, to her lips; while sobs and tears of joy deprived her of the power of utterance.

Victoria's recollection, at first suspended by astonishment at the young woman's conduct, at length returned, and she almost frantically exclaimed—

'Roselia! my dear Roselia!' and, sinking from her seat upon the young woman's neck, wept aloud.

'Oh, my dear, dear, dear, my own lady!' at length sobbed out the affectionate Roselia, who was the identical little Tuscan girl mentioned in our first pages, who had been Victoria's playmate and attendant from her infancy, and was tenderly and deservedly beloved by her, 'little did I think I should ever behold you or my lost happiness more! To sink speedily into an early grave was all the hope I had to save me from despair; for from that fatal day you were torn from me I have been a forlorn miserable wretch, and my health so rapidly declined, that the duchessa sent me hither, with a hope this air might be of service to me. But surely I should soon have fallen a victim to my grief, had I not found my own darling lady again. But how have I found her? Oh my bursting heart! Cold, wet, and ill. Oh, what a situation this for my lady Victoria to be in! Alas! alas! what can I do for her, to evince my affection, my gratitude.'

Hippolyto approaching Roselia, took one of her hands, and pressed it with grateful fervor. 'Put lady Victoria instantly into a warm bed,' said he. Roselia, precipitately turning to answer the speaker, on perceiving her white hand grasped by a black one, shrunk from its touch; which Victoria observing, and alarmed and hurt lest Hippolyto's feelings should be wounded by such a manifest appearance of disgust, hastily, but tremulously, said—'My Roselia,

this gentleman, this friend, restored me to you. Love him for my sake, since to him, and these his brave companions, am I indebted for life, for more than life. They rescued me from wretchedness; and, oh! what wondrous tales have I to recount to you of all their goodness to me!' and she wept anew.

'Is it to him I owe my lady Victoria's life? Then he is my friend, and I shall love him for his own sake,' sobbed out Roselia, carrying with eager gratitude that hand to her lips which but a moment before she had shrunk from the touch of.

'But cannot you, Roselia, procure me a bed?' said Victoria. 'Indeed, indeed, I am unable to sit up much longer.'

'Go instantly, François,' said Roselia, 'and order Jeanne to light a fire in the duchessa's chamber, and Annette to warm the bed. I shall myself undress my lady, and give her some of the duchessa's night things.'

'What duchessa do you talk of, my good Roselia?' faintly demanded Victoria.

'Of Manfredonia, madam; your aunt.'

'Holy virgin!' exclaimed Victoria starting from her seat. 'Exhausted as I am, Hippolyto, I must wander further on. Here I cannot remain.'

Roselia assured her that she might safely; for though they had expected the duchessa the preceding day, by which means her bed was ready aired, an express had arrived late in the evening, to say she should not come for three weeks longer; and as Hippolyto strongly urged her to remain there for a day or two, she at length assented.

Father Anselmo now gave some directions to Roselia relative to the treatment of Victoria, to prevent, if possible, any unpleasant effects from all she had lately suffered, and promised to return in an hour with one of the fathers of St. Lewis, who was a skilful physician.

Annette now appeared, to announce the apartment being in readiness for our heroine's reception. Victoria instantly arose, and, throwing one hand upon Roselia's shoulder, extended the other to Hippolyto.

'Hippolyto, my friend! my deliverer! farewell!' said she, 'and believe me I carry with me a just impression of your kindness to me. You now leave me in a place of safety; and delay not, I conjure you, to return to St. Lewis with this holy father, who will, I am sure, be careful of you. But remember, Hippolyto, you must not neglect yourself. Be assured I shall know no peace until I hear you are not to suffer more for your humanity to me. Adieu then, my preserver! my friend! and believe me, I shall think each hour a century until I see you restored to health.' Then raising her eyes to give a last look to this her amiable, her highly estimated friend, she beheld him so dejected, so grieved, so full of anguish, at the idea of their separation, that her head sunk upon Roselia's shoulder to conceal her emotion, which now was nearly equal to his own. He had taken her offered hand; she had felt, in his tremulous grasp, the convulsive agitation of his frame: her sympathising frame caught the infectious tremor, and she wondered what it could mean; and after a thoughtful pause she again raised her head, betraying a face suffused with the sweetest blushes of timid sensibility, while down her lovely cheeks strayed the pearly drops of sorrow, caught from Hippolyto's grief, or prompted by her own. And to Thomas she now addressed an unembarrassed, and, in consequence, eloquent acknowledgment for his humanity to her; entreated his particular attention to Hippolyto and Diego; and

requested to see him the subsequent day, that she might learn from him how his invalid companions were going on. Then turning to Diego, she was about to speak her farewell and thanks to him, when he, respectfully bowing, interrupted her by saying—

'Lady Victoria forgets that, in being her domestic, I have a claim to an asylum here.'

Victoria, happy in the idea of Diego's remaining near her, recommended him in the most effectual manner to the care of the domestics, and desired the same directions father Anselmo had given for her should be observed towards Diego. Then making her acknowledgments to the benevolent monk, she left the hall to retire to rest.

CHAP. XXX.

Victoria, attended by Annette, was led by Roselia to an elegant apartment, where a cheerful fire blazed, and where the anxious Roselia, with the two other females, Annette and Jeanne, hastened to obey the good monk's injunctions, and then put our heroine into a warm and comfortable bed; where madame Bourdalone, who had been informed what guest the château was honoured with, made her swallow some very potent wine whey, which soon threw her into a heavy slumber, in which she appeared so restless and uneasy, and moaned so piteously, that poor Roselia was in an agony of apprehension, and watched with trembling impatient solicitude for the promised visit of father Anselmo and his medical brother; who, punctual to their time, at length arrived; when the physician, father Pierre, after observing her pulse, and her uneasy sleep, declared, to the concern of all, but to the inconsolable grief of the affectionate Roselia, that he apprehended a fever was coming on, and of a kind that would make rapid advances. And he spoke but too prophetically; for on his return in the evening he found her in the delirium of a raging fever, which continued for five days with augmenting violence; and it required all the exertions of this good monk's skill—and he possessed almost as much as the humane Pedro—to bring her through it. But from the moment the disorder arrived at its crisis it took a favourable turn; and her amendment became so rapid, that in eight days after her fever's height she was able to quit her bed, and in the course of four subsequent days to go into the adjoining dressing-room, and to walk a little about her apartments, assisted by the almost heart-broken Roselia, whom no persuasion could tear from the bedside of her adored lady as long as she was confined to it, although two hospital sisters had been sent from the Benedictine nuns to nurse Victoria.

In the first dawn of returning reason, our grateful heroine anxiously inquired from father Pierre for her friends under his care; and he relieved her solicitude by assuring her they all were well. But in this the good monk's humanity led him to deceive her; since Hippolyto and Diego had, like herself, been dangerously ill, and were now, like her, only just giving faint hopes of recovery; but both in total ignorance of her indisposition, a knowledge of which the monk soon found would but augment theirs. The wounded seamen were going on surprisingly even from their first entrance into the monastery; and Thomas had suffered little bodily inconvenience since the first two days after his shipwreck: but of mental infliction he had his share, since he knew of Vic-

toria's and Diego's danger; and never left the pillow of Hippolyto, even to take a short repose, but sat by the side of his gallant captain, as he called him, blubbering over him like a child, notwithstanding all the eloquence of the good Carthusians, who strove in vain to preach back his manhood to him.

When abating illness allowed Victoria to be sufficiently collected, she employed Roselia —whose attendance she now would not suffer to be so unremitting, as she saw by the languor and striking alteration in her countenance how infinite had been her fatigue and anxiety—to write to conte Ariosto a slight account of her situation; and to entreat him, as she could have no hope of his being able to quit his regiment at such a juncture, to send father Alberti to her immediately. Roselia also wrote a letter to signora Farinelli, requesting to see her as soon as possible; which letter Victoria desired her to direct to the care of Ursuline's brother at Florence.

Victoria's anxiety for her removal to St. Marguerite's hourly increased, as the time for the duchessa's coming approached; and in fifteen days after her arrival in Provence, father Pierre—in answer to her earnest entreaty for permission to remove to the convent of St. Marguerite, the abbess of which had visited her twice, and won her highest admiration — promised her that in three days more she should go, as he thought by that time she might remove without much danger; and that he and father Anselmo should accompany her and Roselia there in a coach, which he would order from Nice to convey them.

From this time, her mind being more at ease, Victoria's health and strength rapidly augmented. The presence of the hospital sisters being no longer necessary, they returned to their convent; and Victoria's renovating spirits soon enabled her to enter into long conferences with Roselia, from whom she learned all that had occurred in conte Vicenza's family since her banishment. After pathetically recounting the distress of herself and the rest of Victoria's domestics, at losing so mysteriously their beloved young lady, Roselia continued —

'All lady Victoria's poor sorrowful attendants were immediately dismissed, except myself, whom the duchessa chose to retain in place of Hero: and not very long after lady Victoria's departure, the comte de Montfort and conte di Urbino returned from the chase; when the latter learned all that had happened during his absence. Conte di Urbino, I had reason to know, beheld my dear young lady with partiality too great for his repose; and upon this sad intelligence he flew, half frantic with grief and dismay, to the duchessa, with whom he had a long conference, but left her with his fine countenance pale as death, his air dejected, and his whole frame almost convulsed by agitation, and hastened to conte Vicenza, with whom he had some high words: after which several of the domestics saw conte Urbino, during the day, wandering about in the wood, or lying on the banks of the lake, like one subdued by sorrow and despair. But from that evening neither he nor conte Vicenza was ever seen or heard of during the time I remained at the château, which was until a few days before lady Victoria's arrival here.

'Comte de Montfort did not quit the château as the other guests did, upon the mysterious departure of conte Vicenza; for the duchessa was so low-spirited, she entreated his stay until some intelligence could be obtained of her husband or his nephew,

the extraordinary absence of whom she appeared totally at a loss to account for.'

Roselia now changed colour, and hesitated for a few moments in evident embarrassment: at length she proceeded—

'It would but ill become me to animadvert upon the conduct of my superiors. Particularly lady Victoria, I hope, will believe the painful intelligence I am compelled to communicate to her I would not for worlds shock her by, were it not, alas! become too public for concealment. Almost from my first residence at the château di Vicenza I remember to have heard the domestics often talking of the light conduct of the duchessa; and when I grew old enough to form opinions upon what I heard, I concluded their scandal arose from enmity, or the depravity of their own hearts. But soon, alas! when about her person, I learned that their inuendoes were but too well grounded; for I then plainly saw how very regardless she was of fame, and how deficient she was in all that could make a female estimable. Reared by seignora Farinelli, and being through life the constant humble companion of lady Victoria di Modena, my mind from precept and example had caught the flame of genuine purity; and my countenance, too ingenuous to conceal my feelings, betrayed my detestation of her conduct; and in consequence, under pretence of this air being beneficial for my declining health, I was sent with some of comte de Montfort's domestics to this château, which he has lately taken, and where it is expected the duchessa will reside until the divorce takes place between her and conte Vicenza, which is now publicly talked of: and here, I find, her nuptials with comte de Montfort are to be celebrated.'

Victoria, although prepared by Polydore and Hero for this intelligence, felt dreadfully shocked at this incontestable confirmation of her aunt's depravity: and she wept in silence; for as such conduct could not be defended, so she was too dutiful to raise her voice in condemnation of her father's sister. But she now mentally resolved, as soon as father Alberti and Ursuline should arrive, to take the proper steps for enabling her to choose another guardian; and the hour for her departure to the Benedictine convent was now more ardently wished for than ever, since to remain longer under the roof of her aunt's paramour she thought a most reprehensible degradation to her purity. But she found father Pierre inexorable to her petition for hastening her removal; although he informed her with a good-humoured smile, that he had another petitioner for her speedy removal to St. Marguerite's. 'Monsieur Hippolyto,' said he, 'longs most impatiently to have the happiness of seeing you. But know, he must not plead for the honour of an interview until, under the protection of the prioress of St. Marguerite's, you can with propriety grant it to him; for now, he says, necessity no longer compels you to measures from which your spotless and trembling purity was ever revolting.'

'Tell him, reverend father,' replied Victoria, 'that my wish to see my preserver has not been the least powerful in urging my anxiety for my removal.'

The day preceding that fixed on for Victoria's little journey, she ventured, supported by Roselia and Jeanne, into the pleasure-grounds, where for the first time since her residence in the château she saw Diego: and sincere was their pleasure at meeting, although the altered ap-

pearance and visible weakness of each proclaimed to the other their recent indisposition; and Diego, in speaking of his, mentioned with the most animated gratitude Roselia's attention and humanity to him; for although Roselia had totally dedicated herself to attend her adored lady, she yet forgot not him who had befriended that lady, and had therefore taken every precaution to prevent his experiencing any neglect; and since Victoria had ceased to require her whole attention, she had often visited Diego, to see that every thing was done for his comfort and restoration to health.

'My beloved Roselia,' said Victoria, affectionately embracing her, 'how have you increased my obligations to you by this kindness to my friend, my good Diego!'

'If lady Victoria loves me,' replied Roselia, 'she will not talk of being obliged to me, who owe to her every comfort I possess. Monsieur Diego was kind to my dear lady in her distress, and well he merits the esteem and attention of all attached to her: as for myself, I shall ever regard and reverence him as if he were my father.'

The before pale cheeks of Diego now flushed to a deep tint of crimson. 'And from your attachment to our amiable and honoured lady, and from your humanity to me, I shall ever behold you with the attention of a tender friend and *brother*,' said Diego, laying a marked emphasis upon the last word.

On Victoria's return to her apartment, she found herself so much fatigued by her little walk, that she was easily persuaded by madame Bourdaloue and Roselia to lie down to rest; when she soon fell into a gentle slumber, from which she awoke considerably refreshed; and, wishing to arise, looked around for Roselia to assist her; when she, to her utter dismay, beheld Bianca in earnest conference with Jeanne. An exclamation of surprise from Victoria announced her being awake, and Bianca instantly approached her: but not like the same Bianca she had last seen; she was now humble, meek, and respectful even to servility.

The duchessa, Bianca now informed Victoria, had arrived in the last half-hour, and was so much shocked by hearing of lady Victoria's shipwreck and subsequent dangerous illness, that she had retired in great disorder to another apartment to recover herself, and had sent her to await the moment of her beloved niece's awaking, that she might then hasten and fold her in her fond arms.

Victoria shrunk with terror and disgust at the idea of an interview: but the duchessa was her honoured father's sister, and by him elected her guardian; and, repugnant as it was to her feelings, she thought she could not with propriety decline it. But, too ingenuous to affect pleasure which she did not feel, she coldly said, 'she was ready to receive the duchessa di Manfredonia.' Bianca and Jeanne instantly after retired; and in a few moments Roselia entered and told our trembling heroine, that the duchessa had arrived during her slumber, and that nothing could equal her consternation on hearing who was in the château. 'And who could wonder at her emotion?' continued Roselia. 'She must tremble at the idea of seeing the dear persecuted innocent, whom her cruelty and injustice drove from her, to encounter perils unparalleled. She has been fortifying herself against the interview with a potent dose of laudanum; and was lady Victoria to take a little sal volatile, it would not be a wrong measure, I think.'

Victoria followed Roselia's prescription, and called up all the forces

of her mind to sustain her in the dreaded interview; for though her mind felt all the dignity and support of conscious rectitude, and that her own conduct could give birth to no unpleasant retrospections, yet the idea of meeting a woman who had, when last she saw her, stood high in her esteem and love, now so sunk and degraded in the opinion of her own niece, and of all the world, gave to her delicate and feeling mind the most acute pain; nor could she divest herself of some apprehensions of being again delivered into the power of conte Vicenza by her perfidious guardian.

(To be continued.)

LADIES' DRESSES

ON

His Majesty's Birth-day.

Her Majesty.

A PETTICOAT and train of light green and silver sarsnet, with draperies of rich black real lace, ornamented with a profusion of emeralds and diamonds, in a variety of devices, with silver cord and tassels, and other ornaments; the *tout ensemble* had a most noble appearance. The mantle of the same green and silver sarsnet, trimmed with fine black lace.

Princess of Wales.

Her royal highness's dress was one of the most superb and elegant at court; likewise well calculated for the occasion and season. The petticoat was of rich silver tissue, embroidered at bottom with high polished steel crescent, stars and spangles, &c. to form a mosaic border; at the bottom of the border was a most superb silver fringe, entirely different from any thing of the kind made before; the pocket-holes were tastefully ornamented with large bunches of silver laurel; the train, which was very long, was composed of the same as the petticort, trimmed all round with the same embroidery and fringe; round the waist was a most elegant embroidered band: the whole had the effect of an entire mass of silver, and was universally admired: head-dress consisted of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Princess Elizabeth.

A magnificent dress of amber crape, superbly embroidered with silver; the ground-work of the petticoat richly spangled in stripes the cross way with silver rings; the drapery on the right most tastefully embroidered in bunches of grapes, with the tendrils of the vine in silver bullion, richly interspersed all over; the edge embroidered in scollops of rings at a small distance, and as a relief to a massy borber of silver foil, which composes this superb and striking part of her highness's dress; two smaller draperies of Venetian chain to correspond with the bottom; the whole trimmed with a profusion of broad black lace, and looped up with elegant silver cord and tassels. This truly superb and elegant dress displayed the usual taste and style that is ever remarkable in her royal highness. Train amber and silver tissue, trimmed with broad silver fringe and point lace. The head-dress was particularly admired for its splendid appearance; it was a turban cap of amber-coloured crape, most superbly embroidered and spangled with silver, with a plume of eleven beautiful amber-coloured ostrich feathers.

Princess Augusta.

A white and silver sarsnet petticoat, with draperies of striped white and silver, with very rich ornaments of silver foil and bunches of large silver

flowers, elegant silver cord and tassels; the body and train of the same silver sarsnet, with a pointed rich silver fringe.

Princess Sophia.

An elegant robe of brown and silver tissue, the petticoat brown crape, superbly embroidered with silver l'eclaire, silver drapery of rich net trimmed, and looped up with bunches of roses and jessamine; sleeves of brown crape, very richly spangled, and fastened with beautiful loops of diamonds.

Princess Mary.

The same as princess Elizabeth, in white and silver without the lace; train, royal purple and silver tissue.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester's

Dress attracted particular notice from its brilliant and splended appearance; white sarsnet petticoat, with rich embroidered border, net drapery richly spangled with small sprigs, tastefully festooned with a beautiful wreath of pink flowers; train white and silver tissue, trimmed with a very handsome broad silver fringe; sleeves and front spangled to correspond with the drapery. Head-dress diamonds and feathers.

Princess Castelcicala.

Petticoat of yellow crape, richly embroidered in silver draperies of beautiful white lace and yellow crape, ornamented with rich thick silver rolios in festoons, having an elegant and picturesque appearance; the bottom of the petticoat a superb border, a quarter deep of embroidery in diamonds; train of yellow crape and silver, trimmed to correspond with the dress.

The Duchess of Bedford.

A most superb Brussels lace petticoat, drawn up in elegant draperies, and tied with branches of blue and white lilacs; a sash folded across the top of the petticoat, and tied up on the right side with lilacs; the sash richly trimmed on each side, and round the corners, with the finest point lace; a chevaux-de-frize of lilac crape round the bottom of the petticoat, and the pocket-holes; the robe of lilac crape, trimmed all round with fine summer point, and the body of the dress entirely composed of the same lace, and diamond epaulets; head-dress formed of three lilac feathers, with a most splendid display of jewels. Her grace was accompanied by her sister.

Duchess of Manchester,

Who appeared at court after a long absence, was dressed entirely in white, which is the etiquette on those occasions: her grace's dress was composed of white crape over a rich white satin, the crape drawn up in elegant draperies, which were tied up with foxgloves, and every other part of the dress was handsomely ornamented with the same flower; the robe of white crape, fully trimmed with fine blond, and blond net; head-dress, six white ostrich feathers, and a profusion of diamonds. Her grace was of the party at the queen's house in the evening, and wore a most elegant dress, the train of which was muslin, worked in beautiful stripes of green and gold; the bottom of the dress trimmed with gold, and rich gold sleeves, gold cord and tassels round the waist; the pocket-holes, and every part of the dress, handsomely trimmed to correspond.

Marchioness of Hertford.

Lilac crape, embroidered in triple draperies of the most exquisite work, fastened with elegant roleau and sumptuous tassels; a robe of lilac

crape superbly embroidered to correspond; head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

The Marchioness of Thomond.

White crape coat, most curiously embroidered with the wings of the real Indian fly, on white satin, in wave of perpendicular stripes, with chenel, the stripe edged with silver spots; at the bottom narrow green ribbon and silver fringe, the coat covered over with spots of silver very thick; pocket-holes of the turban kind, with green and silver flowers; truly elegant body, white crape, ornamented with silver and green train; the sleeves fastened up with loops of brilliants of the first water, diamonds, bracelets; head-dress of the Grecian form, with brilliant bandeaus and feathers.

Countess of Cardigan.

One of the richest dresses at court; crape coat, covered over with silver spangles, in shell work, covered over with snail creep in spangles between each shell, royal purple foil sprig imbossed with white at the bottom; a grand running pattern of the passion flower in purple foil, intermixed with silver mosaic; the imperial handkerchief at pocket-holes, and imperial half-sleeves, which had a charming and beautiful effect; body and train white crape, trimmed with imbossed purple sprigs, to correspond with the coat. This dress was universally admired.

Countess Charleville.

A presentation dress, white crape petticoat, Etruscan border and rich mosaic in silver; draperies of white crape, richly embroidered in the real silver oriental lammé, the design of which was uncommonly elegant. This dress was enriched with silver rouleaus and rich tassels, with sarsnet train, trimmed with rich vandykes of silver embroidery: head-dress, turban tiara, enriched with diamonds and five feathers.

Countess of Euston.

White crape petticoat, covered with bugles, with rich draperies looped up with Roman chain, made of pearls; the border of the petticoat was beautifully embroidered with bugles and pearls, intermixed with white satin leaves; the train of blue sarsnet, trimmed with pearls and fine point lace; head-dress, a white crape turban bandeau, covered with silver, and a plume of white ostrich feathers.

Countess of Hereford.

A petticoat and drapery of white crape richly appliqued with silver, finished with an elegant embroidered border over yellow, and trimmed with deep silver fringe, sashes of yellow crape richly appliqued and embroidered to cross the drapery and petticoat, tied up with rich silver cord and tassels; train white crape, ornamented with yellow and silver; body and sleeves of rich silver net and fine summer point.

Countess of Kenmare.

A superb white and silver crape petticoat, with Turkish draperies of yellow crape, richly embroidered and fastened up with chains of silver; body and train of yellow crape to correspond, with sleeves, very elegantly embroidered; Turkish head-dress, ornamented with a profusion of diamonds.

Viscountess Carleton.

A rich lilac petticoat, drawn up in elegant draperies, and very handsomely ornamented with beautiful bunches of blue and white lilacs; the robe of the same materials, very fully trimmed with fine blond lace; head-dress two lilac and four white ostrich feathers, with a bandeau of the lilac gauze, and a profusion of diamonds: her ladyship's evening dress was of white crape, richly embroidered in silver, with a lilac crape, tunique

over it; head-dress white and silver bandeaus, with white ostrich feathers.

Viscountess Sidmouth.

A dove-coloured sarsnet petticoat, with a most elegant lace drapery; silk tassels, to correspond; train dove-coloured, trimmed with lace. This dress was universally admired, from the great taste displayed in forming the drapery.

Viscountess Somerton.

Crape coat in stripes, the front of which represented the weeping willow in silver and steel bugles, admirably well executed; the bottom of the coat a running pattern of silver flowers and steel bugles, in the center of each flower a large paste stone; the whole of this dress was raised, which had a grand and beautiful effect: body and train white poplin, trimmed to correspond, with the pocket-holes and half-sleeve imperial handkerchief; head-dress, bandeau of diamonds and feathers.

Viscountess Villiers.

A dress entirely formed of apple-green crape, universally admired for its unique elegance. The scrole draperies were from the antique, bordered all round in a superb Egyptian border in bronze, and matted gold beads. The rope and tassel were suspended from a point of the scrole, above the mantle corner, on the left, and passed to the right, to support the drapery, which was open nearly to the top, in front, and with very little fullness. Train and body of the same, ornamented *en Nunatine*. Head-dress, a superb plume of bronze feathers, and a profusion of diamonds. Her ladyship's evening dress for the Queen's-house was formed of Turkish silk, with a very curious embroidered border.

Lady Borringdon.

Petticoat and drapery of white crape, richly embroidered in silver, with cord and tassels. Train of the same, embroidered. Head-dress, a fine plume of feathers, and diamonds. Her ladyship's evening dress for the Queen's-house was formed of apple-blossom silk, over which was a dress of white imperial net, ornamented all round with an elegant wreath of apple-blossoms: same ornament round the neck and sleeves.

Lady Calthorpe.

White crape coat, in front of which was one good stripe of the ivy leaf in brown applique of satin running round a wave of gold leaves, imbossed with brown and raised, with large sprigs of gold and brown across the coat, the same in form of a drapery, which had a very novel effect: the whole covered with imbossed brown and gold raised sprigs; the same drapery went on the other side, but in a different form; pocket-holes, imperial handkerchief, with the imperial half-sleeve; body and train royal purple, gold tassels and laurel ornamented; the top of the coat superbly elegant. Head-dress a profusion of diamonds. Her ladyship looked remarkably well: the bottom of the coat gold fringe, intermixed with the ivy leaf.

Lady Eldon,

The lady of the lord chancellor, was presented by lady Hawkesbury, in one of the most magnificent dresses at court. Her ladyship wore a petticoat of white satin, with a rich border of silver at bottom, double draperies of the richest embroidery in cornucopias, fastened with cord and tassels; a robe of crape, richly embroidered to correspond, trimmed with magnificent point lace; head-dress of rich embroidery, and a plume of white feathers.

Lady Maria Fane.

A dress, extremely novel and

pretty, formed entirely of apple-blossom crape; the scrole draperies enriched, and tastefully fastened up with superb wreaths of bronze ivy, which passed round the drapery and train; the pocket-holes ornamented with bronze beads, and festoon clasps of the same fastened the draperies in front. Head-dress, a superb plume of fine bronze feathers and diamonds. Her ladyship's evening dress for the Queen's-house was a jonquil sarsnet, over which was a most beautiful jonquil crape, softened with a *souflée* of white, turned with bronze ivy.

ELIZA;

OR,

The HERMIT'S *Cell.*

A NOVEL.

By Miss ELIZA YEAMES.

(Continued from p. 255.)

CHAP. VII.

ELIZA took an affectionate farewel of Mary Ann: sir Gilbert had amply loaded her purse, and after embracing him she commenced her journey with a great flow of spirits, and, on her arrival at Richmond, was received with transport by Cleora and her mother, captain Harrison, and lieutenant Danvers. Lord Germain was very young, handsome, and engaging, worthy the love of such a woman as Cleora; and his sister, Ruth Chambers, a fine blooming girl, and fondly esteemed by Mrs. Harrison and her son.

Danvers seemed now to shew his love of Eliza: his fine eyes ever sparkled with transport at her approach; he dreaded to see her listen to any other man; and his admiration of her was visible in his whole behaviour. He had been lately promoted, and he now fondly aspired to the attainment of Eliza's hand.

The captain and his friend Godolphin were about to depart from Richmond at the time miss Goddard arrived, and every hour now brought that departure nearer. The day before their leaving them, Eliza received a letter from Fortescue: her colour came as she put it in her pocket, and her eyes fell beneath Mr. Danvers's—'Let me not keep you in suspense,' said he, rising and offering to leave the room; 'I will not prevent you from reading your letter.'

'Pray be seated,' said Eliza; 'it is of no material consequence, coming only from—'

'A favoured lover?' interrupted Danvers, forcing a smile.

'No, not from a *favoured one*, Mr. Danvers,' said she; but recollecting herself, she deeply blushed, and now seemed desirous to leave him.

'This from your own lips!' cried Godolphin, passionately seizing her hand.—'Mrs. Harrison did say something of your aversion to my rival.'

'Your rival!' repeated Eliza.

'Yes indeed, miss Goddard,' cried he; 'charming Eliza! I avow myself your admirer, your fondest, truest lover.'

'Ah, sir, you know not what you say!' answered Eliza, trembling; 'if lady Goddard were to hear—if Fortescue knew'—And, in spite of every endeavour to conceal them, her tears fell.

'So may they if my angel does not disapprove it, if she but condescends to return my passion. Why should we think of asking friends' consent? I have none but an old uncle, who scarcely ever noticed me. You seem unhappy in your situation; then change it, and accept of a man who will ever adore you.'

'Ah, Mr. Danvers!' cried Eliza,

'could I be happy under the weight of my father's curse?'

'You are every thing that is lovely, dearest excellence!' cried Danvers, kissing her hand—'I will no more try to shake such superior ideas: only say you will bestow some thought on me when absent, and that you will suffer me in a little time to speak to sir Gilbert of my—'

'Oh no,' cried Eliza; 'that shall not be—indeed, indeed it shall not!'

Here Ruth Chambers entered—'Ah, ah! my friends, have I interrupted your *tête-à-tête?*' she exclaimed—'How! Eliza in tears, and Danvers disordered!—What, some quarrel?—well, less said the best, so luckily I came in.'

'I have a slight headach,' said Eliza, somewhat languidly.

Ruth gazed tenderly upon her, and contrived to draw her into the garden.—'How tormenting are men!' said miss Chambers, while walking with her there: 'their sole sport is in plaguing us, and I delight in the opportunity of paying them for it.'

'Harrison feels the truth of your assertion,' replied Eliza playfully.

'I will not be tormented about him,' said Ruth half serious: 'every one supposes we are shortly to be man and wife; but no such thoughts I entertain, believe me. I love freedom, and mean to enjoy it. I detest the name of wife, and will not be one till I cannot avoid it.'

'Take care you do not change your mind before long, sister,' cried lord Germain, suddenly appearing.

'You cannot tax me with caprice,' said Ruth.

'No, no, my love! caprice has nothing to do with Harrison and you.'

'I'll go and quarrel with him this instant,' said miss Chambers; and instantly left Eliza and disappeared.

'What an oddity is Ruth!' said Germain to miss Goddard; 'I cannot get her to answer seriously.'

'She possesses a fine flow of spirits,' returned Eliza.

'But they entirely run away with her reason,' cried lord Germain.

'Which it is sometimes painful to indulge,' said Eliza. She turned her tearful eyes from his lordship's face, and fixed her gaze on the blue arch of heaven. Lord Germain took her hand and raised it to his lips, pronouncing something in an under tone of voice; then left her to her own thoughts.

'Oh, Fortescue, that you possessed his lordship's feelings!' said Eliza: 'but, alas! he seems too eager to pursue his prey, for me to disclose the situation of my heart.'

The hour now arrived for the departure of the captain and Danvers. The latter took a melancholy farewel of Richmond, as Eliza refused his writing to her; and Harrison was rather gloomy from not being able to obtain any decisive answer from the fair Ruth.

Mrs. Harrison bestowed her blessing on the young friends with tears, captain Harrison contrived to make the parting compliments as short as possible, and slipped out of the house at the moment Eliza fainted.

Miss Goddard on her recovery was too confused to meet the eyes of her friends, but instantly retired to her apartment, whither Cleora immediately followed her.—'I am sorry to see you so indisposed, my friend,' said lady Germain, pressing her hand. Eliza blushed, sighed, and held down her head; lady Germain saw her confusion, and turned the conversation.

Captain Harrison and Danvers joined their ship with dejected hearts, and were ordered almost immediately to leave Plymouth. Often would Godolphin survey the horizon streaked with red, seemingly to the eye touching the water, the setting sun

gilding the white sheets of the distant vessel; and, while he reflected on the wonderful works of creation, would mingle his sighs with those of the moaning billows, and mentally despair of ever possessing Eliza.

'How now, Mr. Danvers!' cried captain Harrison, suddenly appearing before him one day at the time Godolphin was buried in one of these reveries—'are you thinking of your insensible Goddard?'—'I was, indeed!'—The captain laughed.

'There is a fine youth!' said Harrison to Danvers as a young midshipman passed him; 'have you ever heard Warburton ridicule his bashfulness?' '*I* do not believe Orlando to be very courageous, but I think him an extremely engaging youth.' 'He dines with me to-day, and you shall give me your opinion of him.' They here parted.

At the appointed time Godolphin met Orlando Rodney: he surveyed him as a new-created officer with an eye of penetration, and poor Orlando with deep and successive blushes seemed to dread his gaze. Rodney talked little, and drank less. Godolphin joked him on it; Orlando made a short reply.—'The glass and you will improve on acquaintance,' said Danvers with an affable smile. Orlando looked incredulous.

'Well, suppose we style you the lady-sailor,' cried the captain. Mr. Rodney changed colour; his delicate hand trembled in Harrison's, and his breast heaved—'Have I offended you, young sir?' asked Harrison, 'if so, most sincerely I ask your pardon.' 'Offended! no, sir,' cried Orlando with a sparkling eye: 'poorly should I deserve the future friendship of my brave commander, if I were offended with a joke.'

'Well, what think you of Orlando?' asked the captain of Danvers, when they were again alone with each other.

'He is handsome, sir,' replied Godolphin, 'but he is very effeminate.'

'He is beautiful,' interrupted Harrison; 'his nut-brown hair, of the finest texture, is sweetly becoming; his dark-blue eyes a lady would no doubt consider as most languishingly tender, and the whole *contour* of his visage is inexpressibly engaging.'

The day after this conversation, Mr. Warburton took an opportunity at mess of telling Orlando that he had heard he was called the lady-sailor. Rodney blushed at this sudden attack; but replied, that he hoped he should always do his duty to his own credit, and to the satisfaction of his brave commanders. 'Oh!' returned Warburton, affectedly smiling, 'we can please them with a little address, my lady!' 'At any rate, I am certainly preferable to a vile fop,' said Orlando.

'But the ladies love us fops,' said Warburton. 'Yes, demme, they detest sincerity; affectation is their art, and they admire it in us, demme! Anderson, don't they?'

'Yes, demme but they do!' answered Anderson with a mimic of his speech; 'they admire your every action; a buck always delights them.'

'Huzza, my pretty lap-dog! I never knew your worth till this moment;' and he seized his hand with fervour.

'You are a conqueror,' returned Anderson; and taking his hand, laughingly raised it to his lips and bit it.

Warburton held his head an inch higher, and replied with great gravity, 'Anderson, you are merry.'

'Yes, yes, we puppies are ever for game,' said Anderson; 'and know not when to leave off till some mischief befals us.'

Warburton felt displeased, and his anger was heightened by a smile playing round the mouth of Rodney.

'But your pleasantry,' said he, 'is often repaid with severity.'

'Yes, certainly,' replied Anderson, smiling to conceal his scorn; then turning to Orlando—'Which pray do you, my lady, like best, my friend the buck, or me the puppy?'

'I despise the former, but fondle the latter,' replied Rodney; and a loud clap from his comrades followed, which totally silenced Warburton, who felt his own greatness too much to answer their loud buffoonery.

CHAP. VIII.

In the battle, Godolphin Danvers was slightly wounded, and all captain Harrison's doubts of Rodney's courage were entirely removed by the proofs of bravery and zeal which he displayed during the engagement. But, alas! he was carried bleeding from the deck; and when William beheld his closed eyes and fine locks bathed with the gore of his countrymen he involuntarily sighed, lest he should lose this amiable youth.

When victory was theirs, and the ship in order, captain Harrison descended to Orlando's cabin, and with compassionate concern seated himself by his hammock Rodney ceased to weep at his appearance, and fixed his fine blue eyes with unutterable sensations of tenderness on the captain.—'Come, cheer up, my boy! you will not do for a sailor if you make such lamentation for so paltry a wound in your wrist,' said Harrison—but an expressive blush prevented his saying more, and a thrilling sensation took possession of his soul as he let go the fair fingers he held.

'Sir—captain,' cried Orlando, 'I have a discovery to make—ah! will you not despise and hate the wretched?—*She* paused and her swelling, breast told the captain that his suspicion was just when he guessed the supposed Orlando to be a woman.—'Madam,' stammered Harrison, 'lady!—you need say no more:—I will have you removed, and rely on me for your secret resting alone with me and Mr. Danvers.'

'Ah, sir,' cried she, what temerity and imprudence must you both impute to my conduct!—Hear me disclose the motives of it. By the death of my father, lieutenant Bennett, who was killed in battle, I was left without one friend in the wide world. I knew not where to bend my steps. Every means of gaining a livelihood I tried in vain, and, through the influence of a lady who recommended me to a principal officer in the navy, I adopted this attire, it being my last resource to rescue me from absolute want.'—She ceased, wiped her discoloured hair from her burning forehead, and, heaving a sigh, fainted on the arm of Harrison.

A raging fever seized on the frame of miss Bennett: Harrison attended and watched over her with the most tender attention. All his time he devoted to her, and now never felt happy but when by her side. With fearful doubts and vain alarm, he dreaded the crisis of her disorder: but it proved favourable; and miss Bennett, awaking from her lethargy, beheld captain Harrison by her side, his arms folded, and his eyes intently fixed upon her.—'Captain'—said she, but recollecting what had passed, 'Oh, sir,' exclaimed she with emotion, 'do not you hate the wretched Isoline?'

'Hate her!' cried he; 'O who can avoid loving her, charming and amiable as she is?'

A rising blush tinged the face of miss Bennett, who, raising herself on her pillow, looked with such tender thanks upon him, that Harrison ran and pressed her hand to his lips.

'How good, how very good you

are!' cried Isoline. 'Alas! how can I repay you?' and her tears fell.

'Repay me, by ——' your love he would have said, but delicacy forbad it, and, deeply blushing, he turned his head away.

'Have you entirely forgotten Ruth?' asked Danvers, one day, fixing his eyes on his captain.

'I do not know—I respect her—and once thought that—but now, indeed, I find what love is, after having seen miss Bennet; yes, now I have beheld the delight and charmer of my soul I feel the power of love. Her father was an ornament to the navy, and his daughter I will protect. The lovely Isoline shall be presented to my mother, and in due time I will open my heart to her. Then, then, my friend, if she returns my affection I shall be blest indeed! —shall experience—O Heaven! a rapture too excessive!'

(To be continued.)

DON MELOS;

OR,

THE HEROIC LOVER.

A PORTUGUESE ANECDOTE.

DON Melos, a young Portuguese, was passionately enamoured of donna Maria, a young lady with whom he was on the point of being united in marriage; when a violent quarrel taking place between the two families, the marriage was broken off, and the family of donna Maria forbad don Melos to visit any more the object of his affection. Notwithstanding this prohibition, however, the two lovers still maintained a correspondence, and sometimes saw each other clandestinely. To put an end to this, the father of donna Maria applied to the count d'Oeyras, then minister, and obtained an order to send don Melos to Brasil. Before he gave it, the minister had himself an interview with the youth, and spoke to him in a menacing tone; but not being able to terrify him, ordered him to set out immediately. Don Melos, in despair, saw himself obliged to submit to force. While he was in Brasil, an attempt was made to assassinate the king of Portugal; and every means that could be devised was had recourse to, for the discovery of the authors of the horrid deed and their accomplices. It was known that one of them, named don Francesco, had gone on board a ship bound for South America. More than two years elapsed, and all endeavours to discover him had proved fruitless. At length don Melos became informed of the circumstances, and the researches making for the suspected person. He immediately resolved to cause himself to be taken for don Francesco. He confided his pretended secret to a person who he knew would betray him. He was accordingly arrested, thrown into a dungeon, heavily loaded with irons; and it was even deliberated whether he should not be torn limb from limb in Brasil, without being sent to Portugal. It was at last determined to write to M. d'Oeyras, who, in the hope of discovering some new accomplices, directed that the prisoner should be sent to Portugal. The supposed don Francesco was accordingly sent home. He was treated in the most barbarous manner during the voyage; and was for a long time confined in a dungeon, without anything being obtained from him except that he was don Francesco.

This firmness and secresy rendered M. d'Oeyras desirous to see and interrogate him. He caused him to be brought to him by night; but was struck with astonishment when he recognized don Melos.

'Unhappy youth!' cried he, 'do you know to what tortures you have exposed yourself? Do you know that under the name of don Francesco you were in the most imminent danger of being torn asunder by horses in the Brazils?'

'I know it well,' replied don Melos; 'I was fully aware of my danger, yet I braved it all. Any punishment is less dreadful to me than the misery of living at a distance from her I love. I can no longer resist the violence of my passion; I must see her again, or die.'

The minister listened in silence: so heroic a passion gained the ascendancy over his heart, insensible as it was, and, for the first time in his life, he felt a generous emotion. He surveyed the youth with eyes of compassion.—'It is just,' said he, 'that so much love should receive the reward it deserves. I will go myself and speak to the family of donna Maria, obtain your pardon and hers, and negociate your marriage.'

These words recompensed don Melos for all his sufferings. The object of his affection had remained faithful to him. She had refused many offers, and had retired into a convent, resolved there to end her days. The minister, who had employed his power in doing the mischief, was fortunate enough to repair it. Donna Maria married her lover; and every attempt to express their happiness can only tend to enfeeble the idea which may be formed of it by hearts of sensibility. This history, which is neither exaggerated nor altered from the truth in any circumstance, proves how much nature will ever exceed fiction. How much does Don Melos exceed, in energy and greatness of mind, the heroes of romances and tragedies!

THE

COUNTRY TOWN,

A COMEDY.

(*Continued from p.* 204.)

ACT III.

Scene, a Saloon in the House of Madame Guibert.

SCENE I.

FRANCIS, DESROCHES, DELILLE.

Francis. Yes, gentlemen, madame Guibert lives here.—Pray take the trouble to be seated.—Do you wish to see her?

Delille. Yes, my friend.

Francis. I will go and inform her. I suppose you may be some foreign merchants come to our autumn fair?

Desroches. No, friend; no. But let me request you to make dispatch.

Francis. I shall go in a moment.—Perhaps you are players who are come to hire our hall?

Desroches. Do not be too inquisitive: we wish to see Madame Guibert.

Francis. Now I think of it, you must be the lawyers she said she expected to carry on her lawsuit with Mr. Vernon.

Desroches. We have no time to lose in this manner; I must beg you to be expeditious.

Francis. To say the truth, I have not much time for talking: but this Mr. Vernon has used us extremely ill; for as for the rouge which is the bone of contention, it has been justly and truly paid for. I carried the money myself, and I will take my oath of it.

Desroches. I make no doubt of it, but——

Francis. Yes, I will let my mistress know immediately. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

DESROCHES, DELILLE.

Desroches. This is a precious blockhead!

Delille. You are not much used to country servants.

Desroches. We are not without such fellows at Paris.—This house announces opulence.

Delille. But do you not observe in what a Gothic manner it is furnished? What do you think of these old family portraits? I could almost ask you whether they are human figures.

Desroches. It is pleasing thus to see our ancestors; and though there may be no great powers displayed in the execution, the sight of all these portraits cannot but give us a favourable idea of the sensibility of the owner of them and the mansion.

Delille. Yes, you can find sensibility every where. You will be as much affected, I suppose, by all these old pictures, as if you were at a tragedy.

Desroches. Perhaps I may; but since you are disposed to philosophise, suppose I were to ask you a few questions concerning that mysterious veiled beauty I surprised you with this morning?

Delille. That beauty, you may rely on it, is preferable to all the beauties in this town. You might not, perhaps, think so, if you were to see her at this moment; but to-morrow, perhaps this evening, you will do justice to all her good qualities.

Desroches. She is not then of this part of the country?

Delille. No.

Desroches. Whence does she come from?

Delille. You will know soon.

Desroches. Well, I will have patience.—But we must not forget that Madame Senneville expects us at her assembly.

Delille. Assembly! Yes: a few ugly insipid old women, disgusting by their affectation; and some of the other sex, of the same age, who gravely discuss the excellence of their tobacco. Some young awkward country fops, whose insolence and petulance can alone equal their ignorance. Two wax tapers over the chimney; two candles on each card-table; a little dog under it, and a great cat upon it.—Oh! nothing is so elegant as a country assembly, as you call it.

Desroches. Some one is coming; the mistress of the house, no doubt. What ease in her attitude and deportment! You will no longer say that grace is only to be found in Paris.

Delille. Oh, certainly not! if I did, madame Guibert would make me blush for such a falsehood.

SCENE III.

Enter FRANCIS *and Madame* GUIBERT.

Francis. These, madam, are the lawyers—they told me so themselves—whom you sent for to carry on your lawsuit with Mr. Vernon.

Madame Guibert. They have a very genteel appearance, indeed, for country lawyers.

Francis. The youngest is the counsellor, the other the attorney. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, *Madame* GUIBERT.

Desroches. Madam, my friend and I are come——

Madame Guibert. I know, gentlemen; I expected you with impatience.

Desroches. You expected us!

Madame Guibert. When a poor widow, besides the care of procuring a proper establishment for her children, becomes involved in a business so disagreeable, she is much to be pitied; as I dare say you will admit, gentlemen.

Desroches. Very true, madam: we came——

Madame Guibert. You will admit too, I make no doubt, that this Mr. Vernon is as teazing, litigious, disagreeable a man as ever was known.

Desroches. Indeed, I think he is, madam. *(Aside to Delille)* She cannot, surely, have heard already of my adventure with Mr. Vernon's sister!

Delille. You deserve that she should *(Aloud)*. What, madam, do you suppose has brought us to your house?

Madame Guibert. To assist me with your advice in this unfortunate dispute which I am unluckily engaged in with this troublesome litigious person.

Delille. When we shall have the pleasure to be known to you, we certainly will not refuse any good offices that may be in our power.

Desroches. And especially against that ridiculous fellow Vernon, to whom I must, in the first place, advise you not to shew the least favour. He deserves no pity.

Delille. But we are not lawyers.

Madame Guibert. No! What did Francis mean, then, by telling me that you were?

Desroches. We are Parisians, travelling for our amusement and information.

Delille. And who, invited by the reputation which the town you inhabit has acquired throughout Europe, mean to do ourselves the pleasure to make a short stay in it—

Desroches. To admire its delightful situation—the ancient monuments it contains—

Delille. And especially to enjoy the satisfaction of the agreeable and polished society to be found in it.

Desroches. Being furnished with letters of recommendation to the principal inhabitants ——

Delille. We could not fail of having some to Madame Guibert.

Desroches. You will, perhaps, not be displeased to read one from your brother.

Madame Guibert. My brother, at Paris! Pray, gentlemen, how does he do?

Desroches. In excellent health, madam—Always more occupied with the affairs of others than with his own.

Delille. He is a most polite, obliging gentleman: he possesses the greatest sensibility.

Madame Guibert. Yes, sensibility is a family virtue with us. *(Aside)* I suppose these are some poor devils my brother has thought proper to recommend to my generosity. *(Aloud)* Gentlemen, I am delighted, charmed! *(Aside)* It is very foolish of him, I can tell him. *(Aloud)* [*assuming a smile of complacence*] Will you permit me?—*(Reads)*—'My dear 'sister, I have always found you to 'possess the utmost generosity, ex-'quisite politeness, and a sensibi-'lity'—*(To them)* You see my dear brother is not sparing in his compliments to me.

Delille. And we know well that you deserve them, madam.

Madame Guibert. *(Reads)* 'Permit me, then, to recommend to you 'a young gentleman for whom I 'entertain the greatest esteem, who 'is travelling with his friend Mr. 'Desroches. His excellent natural 'endowments have had the advant-'age of a finished education, and he

'is perfectly accomplished in all the 'polite arts, especially in music; as 'he performs with such taste and 'execution on the violin, that he is 'able to give lessons to not a few of 'our professors.'—*(To Desroches)* Sir, I cannot doubt your abilities; but in our town we have many virtuosi who would not disgrace the orchestra of the opera at Paris.

Desroches. Certainly; I believe it, madam.

Delille. (to Desroches) She imagines you are a music-master, come to procure scholars in the country.

Madame Guibert. (Reading) 'Be 'so obliging, then, as to receive him, 'at my request, and treat him like 'your own son. Introduce him 'into the best company; and, in 'fine, render his stay in your town 'as agreeable as possible.' *(To them)* I should be extremely happy to have this in my power: but I have not an extensive acquaintance; I, in fact, visit very little.—*(Reads)* 'De-'lille, the friend of Desroches, pos-'sesses a competent fortune, and the 'esteem of all who know him.'—*(To Delille)*—Sir, I do not doubt it. —*(Reads)*—'Desroches is the son 'and heir of a very particular friend 'of mine, who lately died and left him 'an estate of five thousand a year, clear from any incumbrance.'

Delille. (to Desroches) That will entitle you to much more esteem than I can expect.

Madame Guibert. As I before observed, my acquaintance is rather select than extensive; but I shall with the greatest pleasure do every thing in my power to comply with the request of my brother.

Desroches. Madam——

Madame Guibert. I am infinitely indebted to my brother, for having procured me the honour of this visit from two such accomplished gentlemen.

Delille. Madam———

Madame Guibert. You are, I suppose, this moment arrived?

Desroches. No, madam; it is more than two hours since we put up at our inn.

Madame Guibert. At an inn! I can never suffer my brother's friends to lodge at an inn.

Desroches. But permit us—

Madame Guibert. No, sir; it cannot be: I must desire you—I entreat you—

Delille. But, madam——

Madame Guibert. No, gentlemen; my house must be your home. My brother would never pardon me were I to leave you at an inn—indeed, I should never pardon myself.

Desroches. But, madam, we shall incommode you.

Madame Guibert. No, by no means: you certainly will not incommode me. It is my brother's apartment which you will occupy; it is always reserved for him alone; and he will be extremely happy to find that I have offered it to you, or, as I may say, have forced you to accept of it.

Desroches. But, madam—

Madame Guibert. Well, gentlemen, you will do me the favour. *(Calls)* Francis!—You will be perfectly at your ease, and as if you were at home.—One is so ill accommodated at these inns,—they are quite intolerable!—Francis! Francis!—

Desroches. (to Delille) You will admit that this is a politeness you did not expect.

Madame Guibert. Francis!—I ask a thousand pardons, gentlemen.

Delille. (to Desroches) How! will you accept—?

Desroches. You know that I cannot remain at that cursed inn, directly in sight of the impertinent Mr. Vernon and his sister.

Madame Guibert. Francis!

SCENE V.

Enter FRANCIS.

Francis. Did you call, madam?

Madame Guibert. Go directly and open the windows of the little wainscotted apartment.—It has a delightful prospect over the river and the gardens.—Bring down a bed into the closet—I intend that chamber for your friend; my brother's library is there, which is extremely well selected.—Take care that you sweep and dust it thoroughly.—There are glasses, a dressing-table, cupboards, a commode; nothing is wanting.

Francis. Yes, madam. *(Aside)* Vastly well! I hope there will be something to be got by this. [*Exit.*

Madame Guibert. Make haste—and see if my daughter has finished her lesson.

SCENE VI.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, *Madame* GUIBERT.

Desroches. We have frequently heard your brother speak in praise of the accomplishments of your amiable daughter.

Madame Guibert. Her praise would appear suspicious from me; but she really is a most charming girl, who always gives me the utmost satisfaction. It is so pleasing for a mother——

Delille. Since you insist, madam, that we shall take up our lodging in your house——

Madame Guibert. Yes; I must absolutely quarrel with you if you refuse any longer.

Delille. Permit us to return for a moment to our inn.

Madame Guibert. No, there is no occasion: I will send Francis; he can fetch away every thing you have there.—Francis!

Desroches. No, madam; that is carrying politeness too far. It is quite unnecessary to trouble your domestics: I have some orders to give my valet.

Madame Guibert. Well, if you will have it so.

Delille. We must be permitted to insist upon this, in our turn.

Madame Guibert. I must submit; but you will promise me to return immediately.

Desroches. We will not lose a moment, madam.

Madame Guibert. On your return I shall have the honour to present to you my daughter.

Delille. We are eagerly desirous to admire her charms: we shall be with you again in an instant.

Madame Guibert. (conducting them to the door) I request, I entreat, that you will. [*Exeunt.*

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTIVE OBSERVATIONS *on the* LAKE OF WINDERMERE, *and the* SURROUNDING SCENERY.

(From Maxman's Excursion to the Highlands of Scotland, and the English Lakes.)

WE left Keswick at seven o'clock for Low-wood inn, on the lake of Windermere. In our progress we noticed a rude pile of stones, called Dunmail-rise, designed to perpetuate the memory of a victory obtained there in 946, over Dunmail, a petty king of Cumberland, by Edmund I. Similar monuments, accumulated by mighty and continued exertions, are observable throughout Europe; reared as grateful monuments to departed friendship and merit, or intended to distinguish the places of national assemblies, of great achievements, and of religious celebrations.

Passing through a beautiful country, and by the lake of Thirlmere we enjoyed, in our entrance into Westmoreland, a delightful prospect of the village of Grasmere, its lake and its vale. We walked round the water, which is about four miles in circumference, and were gratified

with the view of sweet and varied landscapes at every turn.

A public road seems to have no right to disturb this sequestered village, which might justly claim an exclusion from noise, as the chosen asylum of peaceful meditation.

From Grasmere we enjoyed the company of a gentleman and two ladies to Low-wood. We stopped at Rydale, walked over the pleasure-grounds, and beheld from the summer-house the lower water-fall rushing under an old bridge down steep rocks. The picturesque beauty of this bridge is much diminished by the height of its sides, raised in consequence of the fatal accident of a servant and his horse, who fell over it in a dark night.

We walked amongst avenues of trees, overtopped by stupendous mountains: the sun was shining in meridian splendour, and we heightened our pleasure by using Claude-Lorraine glasses, the mellow tint of which softened the glare.

Throughout the whole of this ride, it appeared to us that the trees had no where attained their full growth, which makes the scenery betray an appearance of having been lately under the hands of the 'beautifier.' It seems impossible, that wood should not naturally exist in these valleys; but there may have been a great destruction of it; or it may not have been permitted to arrive at maturity, or the soil may not be genial. This last supposition, however, we were least disposed to admit, chiefly from observing that all the younger trees were thriving and healthy.

Greater luxuriancy appears in many parts of England, particularly in the west, than about these lakes; but the chief source of their superior attraction is to be found in their interesting diversity of water, woods, and mountains. At every turn a new picture is presented, and the mind is enlivened by a constant alternation of objects, soft and beautiful, or majestic and sublime.

Proceeding amongst these romantic scenes, of which the enjoyment was heightened by the presence of our fair companions, we reached Low-wood (probably the most delightfully situated inn in England) about mid-day. Soon after our arrival, we embarked in a boat upon the lake of Windermere, in the middle of which we were highly delighted with its extent, its rich meadows, the beautiful woods skirting its borders, and its grand accompaniment of surrounding mountains, particularly those which divide Westmoreland and Cumberland. These, from their distance, become softened. We admired the depth and brightness of the water, confined by its perpendicular margin; and as the fishes glided past our boat, sporting in the sun, we could not but consider them as birds flying in a different region, through a thicker atmosphere.

Here we found it infinitely more difficult to describe the beauties of nature than we had previously found it to depict her sublimities. The fine tints, the rich colouring, can only be enjoyed by the eye; it is in vain either for the fancy of the bard or for the pencil of the artist to attempt her softer touches. The powers of poetry and painting fall short of those of sculpture. The beholders of the Venus of Praxiteles lent their feelings to the marble, and seemed to hear it sigh. But all that the sister arts can do, in describing beauties like those which we were now enjoying, is to please us with the recollection of having enjoyed them.

In the evening, after the departure of our friends, we walked to a neat farm-house, at a short distance from the inn, delightfully situated on the brow of a hill, and commanding a

noble view of nearly the whole lake to the south. We found the possessor in his garden, and were received by him with an open and dignified kindness, only to be rivalled by that elegance of manners which is formed by refined and enlightened society. The conversation we had with this very respectable farmer, and the excellent character we heard of him from his neighbours, convinced us that he was not without his share of that good sense and active benevolence, which we found, throughout our journey, so generally diffused amongst all classes of people.

On our return to the inn we beheld a young husbandman, with a sprightly face, his arm thrown carelessly across the shoulder of his wife, who had met him after the labours of the day, on his return to his cottage. How enviable seemed those employments which require exercise in the open air! and how strongly were depicted the felicity and innocence of these lowly peasants!

The contentment here displayed, in harmony with the soothing quiet which prevailed all round, disposed us to reflect seriously upon that interminable question—'What state of life is best fitted for happiness?' And we concurred in opinion, that more health and less anxiety are to be found in the agricultural than in the mercantile life.

Universal experience shows that in satiety there is a limit beyond which happiness cannot have any long continuance: and, perhaps, the beggar who suns himself by the roadside, and the monarch who stalks upon his terrace, may have nearly equal enjoyment. As the small stature of man allows him to command but a narrow prospect, so must his happiness be measured by his feelings and his powers. These are in all nearly the same; and that species of gratification is the sweetest which is least constrained. Ambition, by producing eternal contentions, as if the world were not large enough for a little creature to creep upon, brings along with it nothing but irritation and disappointment.

A great portion of human enjoyment is derived, not from the pleasure actually felt by individuals, but from their viewing themselves with other men's eyes, and fancying how happy they are thought by those around them. As scarcely one can be found who does not deem numbers of his fellow-creatures inferior to himself, all men must possess nearly an equal share of happiness.

Next morning we left these delightful scenes, and proceeded on our way to Liverpool. It was rainy and dark; and a gloom hung over the lake, strongly reminding us how much depends upon a bright atmosphere. 'All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts to our own purposes.'

After travelling about two miles and a half, we stopped the chaise at the point where the narrow road to Bowness begins, walked forward a short way, and had the most extensive view of Windermere we had yet enjoyed; for here we beheld it from end to end, about twelve miles in length, and seldom much more or less than one mile in breadth.

Remarkable Incidents *in the* Life *of the late* Marquis of Exeter.

(From the Same.)

THERE are some circumstances in the life of the late noble possessor of Burleigh, which deserve commemoration. In his youth, while Mr.

Cecil (his uncle being then earl of Exeter) he married a lady of very large fortune. In a few years, having suffered two of the deepest wounds which the severity of fortune can inflict, the loss of his property by gaming, and of his wife by divorce, he determined to abandon the fashionable world, and retired under the name of Jones to a village in Shropshire. There he at first occupied a lodging, but soon built a small cottage; and continued for some years in such profound obscurity, that hardly a trace of him could be discovered by his friends: while the inhabitants of the village formed the wildest conjectures concerning the solitary stranger. His agreeable manners, however, soon rendered him an acceptable neighbour. One evening, at the table of the rector of the parish, he displayed so much knowledge of the world, and such a degree of classical information, that his host told him, his education and manners were too conspicuously superior to those of the character he assumed (viz. that of a servant who had gained a small independence in the family of a nobleman) not to excite considerable doubts, both of the name which he bore, and the account he gave of himself. This remark induced Mr. Cecil, after the strictest injunction of secresy, to disclose his real history.

Amongst the farmers whom he occasionally visited, was one of the name of Hoggins. This person had a daughter about eighteen years of age, so beautiful and amiable that Mr. Cecil made her an offer of his hand. She referred him to her father, who, on account of the mystery involving his character, objected to the match. To this he replied, that the offer was much more advantageous than either the father or the daughter could reasonably expect. The farmer then consulted the clergyman, who told him he was not at liberty to give him the desired information: but he probably expressed himself upon the occasion, so as to convince the inquirer that he ought not to withhold his consent; for the marriage was soon after solemnized (in the year 1791), and Mr. and Mrs. Jones retired to their cottage.

Lord Exeter being at the point of death, the steward was dispatched in search of the heir, whom he found at Bolas, with a wife and two children. Mr. Cecil, having contrived still to remain unknown, proposed to his lady a journey to Stamford in the stage-coach. Before their arrival, the uncle was no more. To Burleigh they were conveyed in a chaise; and as they proceeded through the park, Mr. Cecil (now earl of Exeter) repeatedly asked his fair companion how she liked the grounds, and the situation of the mansion? He then proposed, that they should 'see the house,' and while the cottager was gazing with astonishment at the novel scene of so much magnificence, told her, that these objects of her admiration, together with many which he would afterwards show her, were her own, and that she was the countess of Exeter. The sudden communication of this unexpected grandeur was too powerful for her to sustain, and she was carried motionless into her apartment.

The remark, however, that great and sudden elevations seldom contribute much to happiness, was here fully exemplified. Admired for her beauty and early attainment of elegant manners, beloved for her humility and amiable conduct, amidst those scenes of splendor lady Exeter appeared unhappy. Her perpetual solicitude to acquire those accom-

plishments which she thought necessary for her new station, probably preyed upon her spirits and accelerated her death. She died in the bloom of life (at the age of twenty-four), in January 1797; leaving two sons and a daughter,—the present marquis, lord Thomas, and lady Sophia Cecil.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT may be agreeable and useful to many of your readers to know a cheap and easy mode of removing *iron-moulds* and *ink-spots* from linen, without the aid of salt of lemons, which is not only dear, and, in some places, difficult to be procured, but also frequently adulterated. I therefore beg leave to inform them, through the channel of your valuable miscellany, that *cream of tartar*, used with *boiling* water, will effectually answer the purpose. Having seen it mentioned in the Appendix to vol. xxxvi. of the Critical Review, page 533, I gave it repeated trials, and found the result perfectly and uniformly satisfactory. From the experiments I made, I find it is of no consequence whether it be applied previously to the washing of the linen—in the washing—in the boiling—or after the linen has been both washed and boiled. It is equally effectual in every case; though perhaps the easiest mode is, after the linen has been washed, to lay a sufficient quantity of the cream of tartar on the stained spot, and, twisting or tying that part of the linen to keep the application in its place, thus put it into the copper to be boiled. No further trouble is required, as the stain completely vanishes in the boiling.—Various other stains may also be removed by the same means.—It is however to be observed, that a greater quantity of cream of tartar is required than of salt of lemons.

I am, sir, your constant reader,

Bloomsbury, ELIZA.
June 5, 1805.

LONDON FULL DRESS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

TIARA head-dress, ornamented with the installation plumes; cornelian necklace and cross; dress of light blue, or coloured muslin, drawn up on one side to shew the petticoat; tucker let in, sleeves muslin, and lace fashioned, with a broach and silk bow and tassels for the waist; the petticoat bordered with lace and small tucks.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THERE are rarely any fashions so generally adopted as that at present prevailing of yellow straw hats, with a round bottom covered with taffety. For these several days past the air having been somewhat keen, many ladies have worn under their hats a bandeau of *tulle*, or lace, or a small cap.—The number of capotes of perkale has increased, which has not been the case with those of dimity.

Aprons are seen of various sorts, as well with respect to their cut as the manner in which they are trimmed. Some are of embroidered muslin, with a trimming all round, and worn over a white muslin robe. —Coloured robes are embroidered, but much less frequently than white. —Short sleeves now come down nearly to the elbows: they are still worn puckered.

Shawls are in general long; many of them are of muslin. Veils are become much less common.

THE METHOD RECOMMENDED BY DR. HAWES, FOR RESTORING TO LIFE THE APPARENTLY DEAD.

THE greatest exertions should be used to take out the body before the elapse of one hour, and the resuscitative process immediately to be employed.

CAUTIONS.

Bodies taken out of the Thames, ponds, &c.—

1. Never to be held up by the heels.
2. Not to be rolled on casks, or other rough usage.
3. Avoid the use of salt in all cases of apparent death.

WHAT THOU DOEST—DO QUICKLY.

The Drowned.

1. Convey carefully the body, with the head raised, to the nearest convenient house.
2. Strip and dry the body; clean the mouth and nostrils.
3. Young children between two persons in a warm bed.
4. An adult. Lay the body on a blanket or bed, and in cold weather near the fire. In the warm season air should be freely admitted.
5. It is to be gently rubbed with flannel, sprinkled with spirits; and a heated warming-pan, covered, lightly moved over the back and spine.
6. To restore breathing. Introduce the pipe of a pair of bellows (when no apparatus) into one nostril; close the mouth and the other nostril, then inflate the lungs, till the breast be a little raised; the mouth and nostrils must then be let free: repeat this process till life appears.
7. Tobacco-smoke is to be thrown gently up the fundament, with a proper instrument, or the bowl of a pipe covered, so as to defend the mouth of the assistant.
8. The breast to be fomented with hot spirits—if no signs of life appear, the warm bath: or hot bricks, &c. applied to the palms of the hands and soles of the feet.
9. Electricity early employed by a medical assistant.

Intense Cold.

Rub the body with snow, ice, or cold water. Restore warmth, &c. by slow degrees; and, after some time, if necessary, the plans to be employed for the resuscitation of drowned persons.

Suspension by the Cord.

1. A few ounces of blood may be taken from the jugular vein, and cupping-glasses may be applied to the head and neck; leeches also to the temples.
2. The other methods of treatment the same as recommended for the apparently drowned.

Suffocation by noxious Vapours, or Lightning.

Cold water to be repeatedly thrown upon the face, &c. drying the body at intervals. If the body feels cold, employ gradual warmth; and the plans of the drowned.

Intoxication.

The body is to be laid on a bed, &c. with the head a little raised: the neckcloth, &c. removed. Obtain immediate medical assistance, as the modes of treatment must be varied according to the state of the patient*.

General Observations.

1. On signs of returning life, the assistants are most earnestly advised to employ the restorative means with great caution, so as to nourish and revive the languid signs of life.

A tea-spoonfull of warm water may be given; and if swallowing be returned, warm wine or diluted brandy. To be put into a warm bed, and, if disposed to sleep, will generally awake restored to health.

2. The plans above recommended

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* Dr. Hawes earnestly recommends the perusal of Dr. Trotter's essay on drunkenness.

are to be used for three or four hours. It is an absurd and vulgar opinion to suppose persons irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance.

3. Electricity and bleeding never to be employed, unless by the directions of the medical assistants.

N.B. The breath should always be more particularly attended to.

Extract from the Will of an Old Bachelor; *Who died at the age of* 87.

(From the German.)

——— LOVE, hope, and even fear, ought by turns to agitate the human breast, to prevent our days from passing over in an insipid uniformity.—It is to escape this insipidity, so insupportable to man, that he employs himself in a thousand trifles, a thousand follies: one plays at chess, another builds houses —one learns to warble like the birds, another to decypher music——this man learns to cultivate flowers, the other to write books, &c.

These various means of escaping *ennui* had nothing in them to captivate my fancy. In examining the different interests which arose in my view, I found that which alone had power to attach me to life, and make it valuable, were the extatic ties of husband and father: celibacy never made a part in my schemes of happiness; I loved in good earnest; my vows were always sincere and honourable, as I only aspired to become a good husband and a good father of a family. I have been in love seven times—is not that enough? and is it not unfortunate that I have not found a wife? Ah! my friend—my first affections alone have power to make my tears flow! A gentle innocent girl, who was to me most truly a first love, and who returned my passion as tenderly—death snatched her from me, and I was near following her to the grave. Never shall I forget that amiable creature!

After some years of grief and indifference, a very pretty fair-one animated my heart; I exerted all my assiduities with kindness—she blushed, and cast down her eyes with a thoughtful air. This is she who is to be the companion of my life, thought I with transport, and I disclosed to her my passion; she interrupted my first words, by assuring me of her tender friendship, of which she was about to give me a proof. She then told me, in confidence, that she had a long time been strongly attached to a young man, and never would marry any other than him. In thus renouncing my tender and pretty fair-one, I did not renounce the hope of being one day happy in marriage. I offered my vows to a third, a young lady who was beautiful as an angel; she received my declaration with expressions of esteem, but she received them as the homage due to her charms. Amelia (for that was her name) was proud of her beauty and wit, and only thought of multiplying her conquests, considering it beneath her to sacrifice those to the happiness of one man only. When I merely talked of love, she willingly heard me; but when I pronounced the word marriage, I was repulsed. I left her, and went home much mortified by her refusal: but as I had been more dazzled by her charms than touched by her character, I felt more resentment than grief.

Nothing is more suffocating than anger and vexation; I opened my window to get air, and my eyes were mechanically cast upon the street. In that moment, a young brunette, neat and smart, crossed it; I recol-

lected to have seen her before, but she had never drawn my attention; the general elegance of her air struck me, and, as a flash of lightning, it occurred to my mind to avenge myself on the haughty Amelia, by paying my court to this young person. This suggestion quickly ripened into a settled project, and, as usual, was combined with the idea of marriage, which still more embellished in my eyes the object of my new flame. I found means to introduce myself at her house; I followed her with assiduity; I suffered no opportunity to escape to make known my sentiments, which she appeared well inclined to return; when suddenly her parents said to me, 'That my frequent visits to their house did them much honour; that they begged I would continue them, and remain always a friend to the family; but they believed they ought to apprise me, that their daughter had been long before promised to a very rich man of the next town; that his arrival was expected, and they besought me as a friend, not to offer him any offence.' My young friend gave me to understand, that she would have preferred me, but that she must obey. He was handsome, he was amiable; and I soon perceived that my young brunette obeyed without reluctance.

You may easily imagine that I became timid and suspicious after all these disappointments; hardly dare I look at a woman, lest I should become enamoured; but the disease quickly banished my fears. I became again in love, and this time I was very seriously so. I loved with passion, but with such diffidence, such an apprehension of not succeeding, that I dared not to avow my sentiments to her who had inspired them: I regularly passed before her windows three times a-day, and when she appeared, I bowed with the most tender and respectful air, almost touching the ground with my hat. During some days, she appeared there more frequently, and I even remarked, that when she saw me at a distance she fixed herself in her balcony, and answered my salutations with a sweet smile. I was overwhelmed with joy, and employed my thoughts on the means of making myself known to her; when one day that I passed, as usual, before her house, and was walking slowly to prolong the pleasure of being near her, I heard her burst into a fit of laughter, and say, 'Come, I pray, my dear friend, come and look at this cringing fellow! he is of all beings on earth the most ridiculous.' A young man approached her, and, passing his arm round her waist, laughed heartily with her, as their eyes followed me.

I withdrew much quicker than I went, and soon learned that the young man had become her husband two days before. This melancholy adventure, which ought to have humbled me, on the contrary suddenly renewed my courage. I resolved to be no longer the dupe of my own feelings, and to marry, cost what it would. I went into an assembly of young persons, and addressing myself to her who pleased me the most, I asked to speak to her apart; she granted my request, and the next day I went to her house. 'Are you at liberty?' said I, entering. 'Yes,' answered she, 'absolutely free.' 'Will you accept my heart and hand?' 'Both,' said she, smiling, and extending hers. From that moment, I considered myself married: but this engagement, so suddenly formed, was as suddenly dissolved. It would be too tedious to inform you of the particular circumstances; happily before the ceremony, I perceived . . . . . In short, she was unfaithful, and God be praised she was not yet my wife. It requires

much precaution, thought I; one ought to study a long time, and with much attention, the woman who is to be one's companion. Try once more. I then made a seventh choice, which was more wise and reasonable, a charming young girl, well educated, and who had never been in love.

This time no one could accuse me of too much precipitation; I carefully watched all her steps, all her actions, all her intentions, without making my declaration. I hoped incessantly.—I was as yet only in the fourth year of vigilance and observation, when in the moment I least expected she was carried off by a young man who knew her only four days. This shall be my last trial, said I; I can no more resolve to begin new amours: I still love the ladies, but this sentiment is accompanied by such timidity, that I cannot again venture to speak to them.

EVELINA.

(Translated from the Irish.)

The following beautiful Sonnet is said to have been written some time in the twelfth century, by a bard of the *Deasy's country*, now part of the county of Waterford, and translated, as Mr. *Francis Lodge*, jun. informs us, by a Gentleman well skilled in the language and antiquities of the country. It is to be regretted, that no contemporary bard has given the author's name to fame.

IT was on the white hawthorn, on the brow of the valley, I saw the rising of the day first break—the young, the soft, the gay delightful morning; it kissed the crimson of the rose, mixed with her smiles, and laughed the season on us.

Rise, my Evelina! soul that informs my heart! Do thou rise, too, more lovely than the morn in her blushes, more modest than the rifled rose when weeping in her dews, pride of the western shores!

The sky's blue face, when cleared by dancing sun-beams, looks not serener than thy countenance; the richness of the wild honey is on thy lip, and thy breath exhales sweets like the apple-blossom;—black are thy locks, my Evelina! and polished as the raven's smooth pinions; the swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck,—and the witch of love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom.

Rise, my Evelina! the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee, without enmity to me, and the heath reserves its blossoms to greet thee with its odours; thy timid lover will pluck thee strawberries from the awful lofty crag, and rob the hazle of its auburn pride, the sweetness of whose kernel thou far exceedest;—let my berries be as red as thy lips, and my nuts ripe, yet milky as the love-begotten fluid in the bridal bosom.

Queen of the cheerful smile! shall I not meet thee in the moss-grown cave, and press to my heart thy beauties in the wood of Iniscother? How long wilt thou leave me, Evelina, mournful as the lone son of the rock; telling thy beauties to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the grey stone of the valley?

Ah! dost thou not hear my songs, O virgin! thou, who shouldest be the tender daughter of a meek-eyed mother!

Whenever thou comest, Evelina, thou approachest like summer to the children of frost; and welcome with rapture are thy steps to my view, as the harbinger of light to the eye of darkness.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1805.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, *Esq.* P. L.

HIGH on the *winding shore sublime,
That Thames' imperial waves divide,
Majestic in the garb of time,
Where you proud dome frowns on the silver tide;
Honour's and knighthood's bright abode,
By nobles, warriors, patriots trod,
What time from Gallia's vanquish'd coast,
Returning with his victor host,
Triumphant Edward rear'd on high
The banner'd meed of chivalry;
While eminent above the rest,
With sable arms and snowy crest,
The youthful hero grac'd his side,
His country's and his sovereign's pride;
From ev'ry clime lo glory calls
Her votaries to yon trophied walls;
Binds her fair guerdon round each loyal breast,
And bids them combat pride and succour worth oppress'd.

The notes of triumph swell again!
Lo, Windsor boasts as bright a train
Of royal youths, as brave as those
Who frown'd defeat on Edward's foes;
Of royal nymphs, as fair a race
As crown'd Philippa's chaste embrace:
Around their king, their sire, they stand,
A valiant and a beauteous band.
Conspicuous shining 'mid the rest,
In chivalry's first honours dress'd,
For Cambria's prince, for George's heir,
Albion prefers this ardent prayer:
Thine be the sacred wreath of virtuous praise,
Thine youthful Edward's fame, but crown'd with length of days.

Oh! still, as this auspicious morn
Awakes the Muse's votive lays,
May peace, and health, and fame, adorn
The tributary strain she duteous pays!
And while where'er his navies ride,
Where'er his legions bend their course,
Oppressive rage and giant pride
Yield to his firm, but temperate force!
Guarded he stands from inroad's fear,
By freedom's shield, by valour's spear;
Though dark despair, and shame, and woe,
Lurk in the wreaths that bind the guilty brow,
In George's diadem resplendent shine
Glory's unsullied beams, and Virtue's gems divine.

* The name of Windsor is derived from Winding Shore.

THE CAMP.

TENTS, *marquees*, and baggage-waggons;
Suttling-houses, beer in flaggons;
Drums and trumpets, singing, firing;
Girls seducing, *beaux* admiring;
Country lasses gay and smiling,
City lads their hearts beguiling;
Dusty roads, and horses frisky;
Many an *Eton boy* in whisky;
Tax'd carts full of farmers' daughters;
Brutes condemn'd, and man—who slaughters!—
Public-houses, booths, and castles;
Belles of fashion, serving vassals;
Lordly gen'rals fiercely staring,
Weary soldiers, sighing, swearing!
Petit maitres always dressing—
In the glass themselves caressing;
Perfum'd, painted, patch'd and blooming
Ladies—manly airs assuming!
Dowagers of fifty; simp'ring
Misses, for a lover whimp'ring—
Husbands drill'd to household tameness;
Dames heart-sick of wedded sameness.
Princes setting girls a-madding—
Wives for ever fond of gadding—
Princesses with lovely faces,
Beauteous children of the Graces!

Britain's pride and Virtue's treasure,
Fair and gracious, beyond measure!
Aid-de-camps, and youthful pages—
Prudes, and vestals of all ages!—
Old coquets, and matrons surly,
Sounds of distant *hurly burly!*
Mingled voices, uncouth singing;
Carts, full laden, forage bringing;
Sociables, and horses weary;
Houses warm, and dresses airy;
Loads of fatten'd poultry; pleasure
Serv'd (TO NOBLES) without measure.
Doxies, who the waggons follow;
Beer, for thirsty hinds to swallow;
Washerwomen, fruit-girls cheerful,
ANTIENT LADIES—*chaste* and *fearful!!*
Tradesmen, leaving shops, and seeming
More of *war* than profit dreaming;
Martial sounds, and braying asses;
Noise, that ev'ry noise surpasses!
All confusion, din, and riot—
NOTHING CLEAN--and NOTHING QUIET.--

OBERON.

TO MISS JANE C—K—G.

HOW lovely the dew-spangled morn!
How refreshing the breezes that play,
And scatter the sweet-scented thorn,
On the beautiful bosom of May!

And lovely the wild flow'rets strown
Promiscuously over the plain:
The charms of the season we own—
But beauty glows brighter in Jane!

Can cowslips or daisies disclose
Such tints as carnations display?
Can daffodils vie with the rose?
No: sooner shall March vie with May.

Carnations must yield to her cheek,
Nor to own they are vanquish'd disdain;
And roses and lilies shall seek
An emblem appropriate in Jane!

Melodiously music now floats
From the gold-tinted cloud and the spray;
When linnets' and larks' mellow notes,
Harmonious, are welcoming May.

What heart can insensate refuse
Responsive to throb to the strain?
But more fervid it beats to the muse,
When summon'd to action by Jane!

The muses with rapture attend—
Her mind 'tis Minerva doth sway:
The graces their influence blend—
She eclipses the splendor of May.

Love has quitted bright Venus's arms,
Forsaken the Paphian plain,
Allur'd by superior charms;—
And Venus is rivall'd by Jane!

Fleet. BELINDA.

TO THE MISSES C—K—G,

On their going to America.

MUST we part with the pride of our plains;
Wit, genius, and beauty, resign?
Delighted no more by those strains,
Must we at their absence repine?

Ah! since we so quickly must lose
Those sunbeams that gilded our days,
Sure but to torment us they rose,
To point out the loss of their rays.

Atlantic, be proud of thy charge!
Neptune, curb ev'ry boist'rous storm!
With honour thy duties discharge;
Let nought thy smooth bosom deform!

Ye guardians of genius, arise!
And make the sweet rovers your care:
Though alter'd the climate and skies,
Let each prospect they witness be fair.

Let health shed her roses around—
And happiness bless their retreat:
May Fortune's fair flow'rets abound,
And Love render all still more sweet!

'Tis a prayer that proceeds from the heart,
Although by a stranger 'tis penn'd:
With regret she will hear you depart;
Then what pangs 'twill inflict on each friend!

Fleet. BELINDA.

TO VERTUMNUS.

VERTUMNUS, thy verses inspire
With fond love—to resist them is vain.
"Blooming charms, speaking eyes, liquid fire,"
Enchanter! repeat them again.

Thy pen's irresistible pow'r
Modern friendship to love shall refine;
Enliven the lone midnight hour,
And sooth us with numbers divine.

Thy language, thy vows, raise a smile:
Love doubts not thy proffers are true.
For ah! thy fond heart's free from guile;
It beats for *so many*, so true.

Kingsland, May, 1805. ELIZA.

THE CURATE'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a studious breast,
While a poor curate supplicate attend;
Fat pluralists, and heads with mitres deckt,
Condole with me, and be a scholar's friend.

Life's early morning dawn'd with promise fair,
Bright rose the sun and gilt the flow'ry scene;
Gayly I drifted down the flatt'ring tide,
Nor dream'd the black-wing'd storm would intervene.

Sent by fond relatives to Eton's bow'rs,
Joy tipt each jocund hour that flit along;
When relaxation gave the welcome space,
I spent the time in music, dance, and song.

My friends were such as bore a noble name;
I lodg'd my secrets in a star-gilt breast:
Those friends I hop'd would future patrons prove,
And fancy's golden visions made me blest.

In quest of sacred lore to college sent,
Where I indulg'd preferment's gilded dream;
Bright reveries illum'd my mind, whilst I
Saunter'd beside, dear Cam! thy classic stream.

My gay compeers, their studious term expir'd,
As interest or as pleasure lur'd, they rov'd;
Hasten'd to court, and bent the supple knee;
Or rang'd, fair Italy! thy vales belov'd.

Yes; all are gone, and left me to my fate,
To live unpatroniz'd in this dull cell;
Far from the world and all its bright rewards,
With poverty and solitude I dwell.

To soothe my cares, a tender friend is mine;
Not Albion's isle can boast a lovelier maid.
This luckless hand transplanted the fair flow'r,
In colder soil to blossom in the shade.

Kind Providence, to bless the nuptial scene,
Has given two lovely girls—two black-ey'd boys:
Ye cherubs! would but fortune deign to smile;
How warm my transports! how sublime my joys!

Fond friends! instead of scientific lore,
Had ye but learnt me some mechanic art,
Then a sufficiency had bless'd my board,
And pangs like these had never pierc'd my heart.

No views ambitious ever fill'd my mind;
A competence genteel was all my plan:
But what, in times so pregnant with expence,
Ah what, just Heavens! are sixty pounds per ann.?

"Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,
"In distant chapel hastily to pray,
"By nod scarce notic'd of the passing throng—
"'Tis but the curate! every child will say.

"Ah! not for me the harvest yields its store;
"The bough-crown'd stock in vain attracts mine eye:
"To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
"I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.

"When at the altar surplice-clad I stand,
"The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee:
"The gift I take, but dare not close my hand;
"The splendid present centres not in me."

Ye who have wealthy livings in your gift,
Your humble, poor petitioner regard;
Then shall my warmest prayers for you ascend,
And Heaven the deed benevolent reward.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, May 29, 1805.

ELLEN OF THE VALE.

NEAR yonder grove, the seat of love,
Where dwells the nightingale,
In cottage neat, a cool retreat,
Lives Ellen of the vale.

The wealthy squire his heart's desire
Pursues o'er hill and dale;
With eager love in hopes to move
Sweet Ellen of the vale.

But still the maid, to all that's said,
E'en love's soft flatt'ring tale,
Will not give ear; for Collin Clare
Loves Ellen of the vale.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Vienna, April 4.

AS some regiments have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march for Inner Austria, it is conjectured that a summer camp will be formed on the Italian frontiers. The dragoons of Wurtemberg, who are now here, have received orders to break up, it is believed for Stiria. Five regiments will go to Tyrol. The reports, however, of the forming of magazines, of contracts, &c. are entirely without foundation.

Our ambassador at London, count Strahremberg, who was expected here on leave of absence, has, we are assured, received orders to defer his departure from the court some time longer.

Constantinople, April 18. Since the departure of the French ambassador, marshal Brune, there has been no official communication between the French chargé d'affairs and the Sublime Porte.

The number of Russian troops at present in the Ionian republic is estimated here at 20,000.

Leghorn, April 22. A Hamburgh ship which is arrived here saw the Toulon fleet off the most westerly coast of Spain, steering westward, with a favourable wind.

Italy, April 23. The senator Lucien Bonaparté has arrived at Pesaro from Milan, with his family, and has taken up his residence in the palace of the marchese Mosca. On his arrival he received the compliments of all the civil officers and of the clergy.

Private accounts from Marseilles mention, that the Toulon fleet met with and took, off Cape Maria (to the west of Marseilles), an English frigate.

Constantinople, April 25. M. Joubert arrived here from Paris on the 12th inst. He is the bearer of a letter from the emperor Napoleon to the grand-signior, and it is believed that he is charged to make new attempts to engage the Porte to acknowledge the emperor of the French.

The dismissal of the grand-vizier was a measure adopted to pacify the Janissaries and the populace, who were extremely discontented, on account of the new military system. The grand-signior consented very unwillingly to his removal from his office, which was accompanied by no confiscation of his property, or other punishment.

Hamburgh, April 26. We are assured that there is now on the tapis a new plan for maintaining peace on the continent; that the plan has been approved of by Russia, and that it has been sent by a courier to Milan. Endeavours are also making to remove the difficulties which oppose the restoration of peace between England and France, and it is said that Russia is already agreed with England upon several points, Malta excepted. England will not renounce the advantages which the possession of that island gives her, and is desirous, at least, of preserving a great influence over it. On the other hand, the French will not consent to let Great Britain preserve those advantages, and insist on the *status quo*.—It is said M. Novosilzow is to return to London, furnished

with full powers and fresh instructions, to restore, if possible, peace to Europe.

Italy, April 27. Besides the camp of Marengo, in which are assembled the troops lately employed in ci-devant Piedmont and its vicinity, another French Italian camp will be formed at Castegleino, to be composed of troops from Milan and the neighbouring countries.

The emperor Napoleon will arrive at Milan on the 9th of May.

General Acton has returned to Naples from Palermo.

Turin, April 29. The Prussian ambassador, the marquis Lucchesini, is arrived here from Paris. It is said that he will go from hence to Milan, to be present at the coronation; but this is not certain. Yesterday he was at the play, which their imperial majesties honoured with their presence.

The ministers for foreign affairs and of the interior have gone from this city for Milan.

Lower Elbe, May 3. There are no news from the north; and notwithstanding all that has been circulated, there is no visible sign of the proposed coalition. It is even said that pacific negociations are on foot between England and France, under the mediation of Prussia. In support of this it is said, that the king of Sardinia is to get as indemnity the seven islands and Malta, with the grand-mastership of that order. One of the existing difficulties between France and Russia was, as is well known, an adequate indemnity for that dethroned monarch.

Brussels, May 7. Our gazette contains an article from Madrid, in which it is said, that when general Junot was there certain military arrangements were agreed on, between him, gen. Bournonville, and the prince of peace, relative to the places in Spain where camps shall be formed, consisting of French and Spanish troops. There is to be one near Cadiz, and another at Ferrol; it is proposed to have a body of troops always ready for embarkation whenever a favourable opportunity may offer. This plan is likewise connected with the dispositions making in Holland.

Amsterdam, May 10. We hear that his excellency the pensionary, on Monday last, made a nomination of the persons who are to form the college of their high mightinesses, representing the Batavian nation.

Leipsic, May 10. The Prussian ambassador at the court of Sweden, M. Von Tarrach, it is understood will soon leave Stockholm, and return to Berlin.

Milan, May 11. We learn here that the marquis de Lucchesini has applied for passes for the Russian plenipotentiary Novosilzow, and has obtained them.

This day the marquis de Gallo, ambassador from his Sicilian majesty, and a deputation from the queen of Etruria, consisting of the prince Tomaso Corsini, and others, arrived here to compliment their imperial majesties in the name of their courts.

Copenhagen, May 11. The Prussian envoy to the court of Sweden, M. Von Tarrach, and the counsellor of legation, M. Teischke, have been recalled, and will soon set out for Berlin.

Leipsic, May 12. It is confidentially asserted here, that there will be a congress at Brussels, and that prince Joseph Bonaparté will conduct the negociations in the name of the emperor his brother. It is added, that the French government has already sent passports for count Novosilzow, who will repair to this congress, as plenipotentiary of the emperor of Russia.

Stockholm, May 13. The king has thought proper to make Stralsund a free port for the importation of all British manufactures and merchandise, upon payment of a small duty; and has ordered several regiments to march there immediately for its protection.

It is reported that the Prussian minister has left this court, and that a note has been published by the cabinet of Berlin, declaring all communication between it and that of Stockholm at an end for the present. It is thought that the king of Sweden having returned the order of the Prussian

eagle, has given rise to this coolness between the two courts.

Hamburgh, May 14. The king of Prussia, a few days ago, transmitted the insignia of the French order of the legion of honour to the reigning duke of Brunswick. His serene highness, however, instantly returned them, with a letter to his Prussian majesty, expressing his obligations for this intended additional mark of his majesty's favour, but begging leave to decline accepting it, because in his quality of knight of the most noble and ancient order of the garter he was prevented from receiving any badge of chivalry instituted by a power at war with the sovereign of that order. This spirited conduct of the duke is highly praised in every part of Germany, and is contrasted with that of the elector of Hesse Cassel, who, though also a knight of the garter, has not disdained to become a member of the legion of honour. The emperor of Germany, the moment he was apprised that the French ambassador at Vienna had orders to present the insignia of the legion of honour to his brothers, the archdukes Charles and Ferdinand, created them knights of the golden fleece, by which they are prevented from accepting any order of a more recent origin.

Brussels, May 15. Last night, prince Joseph Bonaparté returned hither with his attendants, from his tour through Flanders and the ports of the Channel, where he has inspected the armaments. This morning his highness again left this place, on his way to Liege, Cologne, Mentz, and Strasburgh.

Gibraltar, May 15. All here is bustle and confusion since the arrival of general Craig's reinforcement, and the landing of a great many sick from lord Nelson's fleet, who is gone to the West Indies in quest of the French squadron from Toulon.

Hague, May 16. Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, a discharge of artillery announced the commencement of the solemnity of the day. The parade assembled at nine, and all the other troops were under arms at ten o'clock, and repaired to their appointed posts. The crowd of spectators would have been greater had it not been for the rain. Meanwhile general Marmont, with the état-major Rousseau, general of division, all the other French and Batavian officers here, both of the army and navy, most of the members of the *corps diplomatique*, and a number of persons of distinction of both sexes, had repaired to the hall of their high mightinesses, where madame Schimmelpenninck also appeared. Precisely at twelve the procession went, in the manner settled in the ceremonial, from the old court to the inner court. His excellency the pensionary was received in the hall in the manner precribed, took his seat, and administered the oath to the members of the assembly of their high mightinesses, one by one, as they were introduced. They next elected M. Van Styrum their president, before whom the pensionary took the oath prescribed by the constitution, and his excellency opened the sessions with a long speech. When the speech was finished, the pensionary quitted the assembly, and M. Van Styrum, as president, took the chair; and after he had implored the Divine blessings on their high mightinesses and the executive administration, in a short address, a committee of three members was appointed, on his proposition, to draw up an answer to the pensionary's address; whereupon the first sitting broke up by adjournment to the next day.

This morning several constituted authorities and colleges were successively admitted to an audience of the pensionary.

Madrid, May 20. Last week several couriers arrived here from Lisbon, in consequence of the arrival of the English expedition under general Craig, in the Tagus, which, however, sailed again on the 10th inst. It is generally reported that this expedition is bound for Gibraltar and Malta; but it is suspected here that it is destined to attack Teneriffe and the other Canary islands. These, however, are in a very good state of defence, and will receive succours by the Cadiz squadron, which sailed in conjunction with the Toulon fleet.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, May 16.

THE commissioners for the great seal met this day in the court of chancery, according to adjournment, to hear further arguments in the case of judge Johnson. Counsel for the judge informed the court, that they did not intend pressing the matter further, three of their lordships having already decided in their respective courts on the merits of the case; the judge was accordingly remanded, as bail could not be taken under the 44th Geo. III. c. 92. The judge's counsel tendered to the attorney-general a written undertaking of the judge, binding him to appear and plead at Westminster on the first day of next term, which was refused, the attorney-general insisting, that he should appear and plead instantly, and be ready for trial on the first *nisi prius* day in Trinity Term, or go in custody to England. The judge, by the advice of his counsel, chose the latter;—he will probably sail this evening.

Dover, May 18. Mr. William Pattison, jun. of Baltimore, is just landed from the ship Erin, of Baltimore, from Amsterdam; they left the Texel, where his sister, wife of Jerome Bonaparté, was not permitted to land. The ship she was in was moored between a 64-gun ship and a sloop of war, a guard was also put on board the ship. There are four ships in the Texel of 64 guns each, ready for sea, and about 100 transports; two more ships of the line were expected down every tide.

Madame Bonaparté, late miss Pattison, is a pretty little woman, of a fair complexion, and, if we may judge by the smile on her countenance, was pleased with the crowd which had gathered to see her land. She went to the inn attended by her brother, a female, surgeon, and several attendants.

May 21. This day, at about half past two o'clock, the beautiful madame Jerome Bonaparté received the visits of the most conspicuous persons, both ladies and gentlemen, at this place. Her style and behaviour on this occasion displayed an unaffected elegance and dignified composure, which entirely confirmed the favourable impression which, on her first landing, was immediately made. She was dressed with great simplicity and modesty; on her head she wore no ornament but her hair, seeming to trust completely to that nature which had to her been so bountiful. The company remained a considerable time, each appearing to vie in the offer of attentions. Among many distinguished persons, lady Forbes, the honourable general Hope, Mr. Skeffington, &c. &c. were particularly noticed.

London, May 23. The principal merchants in the Jamaica trade had a meeting yesterday at the London tavern, at which it was determined, that a letter should be immediately written to lord Camden, requesting to be informed, if government had received any information from that island, relative to its means of defence in case of a visit from the French: when his lordship was pleased to return them an answer, that he had received a dispatch from general Nugent, who was

apprised of the arrival of a French squadron in the West Indies; that the general had taken every prudent and necessary precaution for their reception, should they attempt to come there; and that no apprehension was entertained for the safety of that island.

Dover, May 24. The following information of the state of the enemy's flotilla was given by an officer of a ship taken by the *Bold* gun-brig, and brought in here, as stated in my last; he says, there are about 3000 of their craft at Boulogne, 800 of which are armed; the others are merely transports for troops, stores, &c. There are near 1000 at Estaples, and about 600 at Vimereux, and 400 at Dunkirk, Ostend, and Calais. The troops are in small camps; about 8000 at Boulogne, the same number about Calais, Vimereux, Estaples, and some other camps a little inland, in all about 50,000 men. He seems very confident that the attempt will be made this summer; he says, the combined fleet, 60 sail of the line, will fight our fleet *(balayer la manche)*, while the large frigates will come up Channel to convoy the flotilla over. The troops are stated to be very eager to come, and entertain the most sanguine hopes of success: they are waiting very impatiently for the appearance of the ships to set them free, and great reliance is placed on the genius of Bonaparté.

Madame Bonaparté set off to-day from Mr. Steriker's, City of London inn and hotel, about eleven o'clock, to proceed by gentle stages on her journey to London, attended by her brother, surgeon, &c.

Newcastle, May 24. Yesterday, being Ascension-day the annual custom of sailing the boundaries of the corporation of Newcastle on the river Tyne was observed in the usual joyous manner. An accident, however, of an untoward nature, contributed not a little to throw a gloom upon the festivities of the occasion. On the return of the barges and boats from Shields, and while many of the happy party were partaking of some refreshments at the mansion-house, a light coal-keel ran foul of one of the packet-boats, which almost instantly went to the bottom, with several people on board. The boat was soon after raised, but not till a youth of about eighteen years old, named Thomas Spar, was drowned. The body is not yet found.

May 25. This day the new London docks were opened, in the presence of the lord-mayor and sheriffs, Mr. Pitt, lord Hawkesbury, and many other distinguished nobility and gentry. Two port traders, the *Thames* and the *Triumvirate*, dressed in the colours of all nations, passed from the lower basin nearest the river into the inner dock, under the discharge of 21 pieces of cannon, and amid the shouts of upwards of 30,000 spectators.

May 27. On Friday morning, Mr. Foote, an eminent banker in the city, went down the river in a pleasure boat with a party of friends. While the boat was sailing off Gravesend, it was upset. All the persons on board were saved except Mr. Foote, who was unfortunately drowned. Mr. Foote was a gentleman of great worth and respectability, and his loss is universally lamented.

Cambridge, May 28. Two students of the university made a bet for 500*l.* a few days since, that they would travel from Cambridge to Tottenham, in Middlesex, in the garb of gipsies, riding on asses, with earthenware, without being molested. Having accomplished their journey in a peaceable manner, they struck into a wood, close to the town; but a farmer caused them to be apprehended, and they were brought before Mr. Moore, a magistrate at Tottenham. Having told who they were, their proper dress being in the bottom of their panniers and a good store of wine and provisions, they dressed themselves, and gave the asses and panniers away, and returned to college before they were missed, to receive their bet.

Cork, June 3. In consequence of the arrival of a king's messenger at Monkstown, on Saturday last, with dispatches to admiral Drury, the Triumph, of 74 guns, which had been

appointed to convoy the expedition under lieutenant-general sir Eyre Coote, was ordered to prepare immediately for sea, and she accordingly sailed yesterday morning; her destination is to join the channel fleet, which it has been found necessary to reinforce, from some movements of the enemy's fleet indicative of a disposition to put to sea.—Two king's messengers arrived in town last night, who left London last Thursday evening: the object of their journey has not yet transpired, but perhaps it is connected with the order which we understand has been received here, to prevent the embarkation of the troops destined for the expedition under sir Eyre Coote.

London, June 6. A few days ago a young man presented a draft for payment at Messrs. Biddulphs, Cox, and Co. bankers, Charing-Cross, for the sum of 75*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; but no such person as the drawer of the draft being known there, the young man was detained, and taken before Mr. Graham, at Bow-street, for examination, when it was proved, that the draft in question had been written and dropped, as a frolic, by a young gentleman, a clerk in a certain public office, and who came forward to verify the fact. There seeming to be no connection or collusion between the young gentleman alluded to and the other parties, they were all dismissed; the former receiving a very proper admonition from Mr. Graham, not to indulge himself in future in such dangerous frolics, by which three innocent men had been tempted to the commission of a crime which might have placed their lives in a most perilous situation.

June 8. Tuesday a most distressing catastrophe happened in St. Philip's, Bristol:—As a child belonging to a foreman of one of the brick-yards there was playing near a piece of water, it unfortunately fell in: the mother, who was on the spot, immediately plunged in to endeavour to save the child, but without success; the father, who by their cries was brought to witness the dreadful scene, attempted to rescue them from their perilous situation; but, awful to relate! all three perished. Three orphans are left to deplore their loss.

June 10. On Friday last a most foul and atrocious murder was committed in the broad face of day, upon the person of a young woman, in a cellar in Oak-street, Manchester. It appears that the deceased resided with her sister, who is employed in a cotton factory, and whose husband died a short time ago. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the unfortunate woman was observed reeling cotton by some of her neighbours, and about three the body was found almost lifeless, the livid hue of the face indicating the strongest symptoms of her having been strangled. Her apron was found upon the floor without strings, together with a pair of tongs. Exclusive of three guineas in money, the drawers were completely ransacked of all the wearing apparel belonging to the deceased and her sister, who, we are concerned to add, has remained ever since the tragical event in an indescribable agony of mind. An inquest was held upon the body on Saturday; but no clue having been obtained that could lead to a discovery of the perpetrators of this diabolical deed, the coroner was under the necessity of adjourning the inquisition for fourteen days, during which interim, it is to be hoped, something may occur to detect the murderers.

June 18. A very serious accident happened on Epsom Downs on Tuesday last. Captain Pritchard and Mr. Jones agreed to run their horses for a friendly wager over the course; (themselves to ride). The animals set off at full speed, but before they had proceeded many paces, captain Pritchard's horse fell with great violence, and the consequence was, that captain Pritchard had his arm broken, and his head much injured. The animal was dreadfully bruised, and is since dead. Captain Pritchard was brought to town to the Hummums for surgical assistance. His case was at first considered extremely dangerous, but yesterday favourable hopes were entertained of his recovery.

BIRTHS.

May 14. At Brady Hall, in Derbyshire, the countess of Chesterfield, of a son.

At Sunderland, the lady of major-general Leighton, of a son.

15. At Eastgate House, Winchester, the lady of sir Henry Mildmay, bart. of a son.

18. At Mr. Beresford's house, Orchard-street, the right hon. lady Anna Beresford, of a daughter.

At Sydney Lodge, Hants, the lady of William Tennant, esq. of a daughter.

26. At Adbury House, near Newbury, the lady of David Chambers, esq. of a son.

27. In Quebec-street, the hon. Mrs. Thomas, of a daughter.

29. In Devonshire-place, the lady of Thomas Baring, esq. of a daughter.

At his house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of C. Puller, esq. of twins.

June 2. At Canterbury, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Taylor, of the 20th light dragoons, of a daughter.

5. At Windsor, Mrs. Buckeridge, wife of lieutenant-col. Buckeridge, of Binfield Grove, Berks, of a son.

At his house in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the lady of George Pocock, esq. of twin sons.

6. At Canterbury, the lady of John Walsham Garbett, esq. of Knill Court, Herefordshire, colonel of the royal Radnorshire militia, of a son and heir.

In Devonshire-street, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Buller, of a daughter.

8. Mrs. George Dawson, of twins, being the third successive time she has been safely delivered of a similar number.

11. At Shute, in the county of Devon, the lady of sir Wm. Pole, bart. of a daughter.

14. In Nottingham-place, the lady of George A. Robinson, esq. secretary to the marquis Cornwallis, of a son.

16. At Hampton Lodge, near Farnham, Surrey, the lady of Edward B. Long, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

May 15. At St. Saviour's church, Southwark, John Holyland, esq. jun. of Broken Wharf, to miss Taylor, of Queenhithe.

18. At St. Anne's, Westminster, three brothers, named William, Edward, and George Warner, of Tottenham-Court-road, to three sisters, daughters of Mr. Stanard, of Ryder's-court, Leicester-fields.

20. Re-married, by special licence, the most noble John Henry, marquis of Lansdowne, to lady Gifford.

At Eastry, in Kent, Richard Halford, esq. jun. of Canterbury, to miss Sarah Bargrave, youngest daughter of Robert Tournay Bargrave, esq. of Eastry Court, in that county.

21. At Edinburgh, lieutenant-colonel Lauriston, of the hon. East-India Company's service, to miss Marion Craufuird, of Ardmillan.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, John Holmes, esq. of Retford, Notts, to miss Catharine Moody, of the same place.

At Lambeth church, Robert Buchanan Dunlop, esq. to miss Beachcroft.

24. At Bath, Daniel Mackennen, esq. of Binfield, in the county of Berks, barrister at law, to miss Yeamans Eliot, daughter of Thomas Eliot, esq.

J. T. Parkinson, esq. of Tavistock-square, to miss Salter, of Poplar.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, George Moore, esq. of Durrington, Wilts, to miss Rhodes, of Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.

At Lewisham, Peter Young, esq. of Blackheath, to miss Balfour, of Windsor.

June 3. At Harrow church, John Lambert, esq. of Cornhill, to Mrs. Lambert, widow, of Kentson Lodge.

5. Mr. Wm. Pearson, of Dowgate-hill, to miss Lyall, daughter of John Lyall, esq. of Haydon-square.

At Bathwick church, Bath, William Read, esq. to miss J. Robinson, of Marlborough-buildings, Bath.

7. Charles Frederick Barnwell, M. A. fellow of Caius college, to

miss Lowry, daughter of the rev. John Lowry, of Norwood, Middlesex.

8. At St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, Mr. Wm. Courtney, of the Old Jewry, to miss Charlotte Elizabeth Barker, of Brook Green.

Richard Mence, esq. of the Middle Temple, to miss Dandridge, of the Commandry, Worcester.

11. At Harpenden, Herts, Thomas Vipan, esq. of Thetford, to miss Jennings, of Harpenden.

14. At Kingston Lisle, Berks, the hon. George Bowes, of Paulswalden, son of the late, and brother to the present earl of Strathmore, to miss Mary Thornhill, daughter of Edward Thornhill, esq. of Kingston Lisle.

15. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, John Cumming, esq. of Great Russell-street, to miss Hunter, of Beach Hill, in the county of Berks.

16. At St. Pancras church, captain Woodgate, to lady Honora Lambert, daughter of the earl of Cavan.

17. At Wanstead church, by the rev. Dr. Glasse, Peter Godfrey, esq. of Old Hall, East Bergholt, in the county of Suffolk, to miss Catherine Chapman, daughter of Abel Chapman, esq. of Woodford, in the county of Essex.

At Lymington, colonel St. George, to miss Caroline Carteret, youngest daughter of the late admiral Carteret.

At Edmonton, the rev. John Skinner, rector of Camerton, near Bath, to miss Holmes, eldest daughter of Jos. Holmes, esq.

Samuel Marindin, esq. of Edgbaston Priory, Warwickshire, to miss Catherine Louisa Web, third daughter of Samuel Web, esq. of Henbury, Gloucestershire.

DEATHS.

May 15. In Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, in the 81st year of his age, Thomas Lockwood, esq.

16. At his lodgings, Stockwell, Mr. Timothy Folgam, of Fleet-street.

At Chelmsford, miss Euphemia Lockhart, daughter of the late Charles Lockhart, esq. of Muiravonside, in Scotland, and sister to Alexander Macdonald Lockhart, esq. lieutenant-colonel of the royal Lanerkshire militia, whose second son died on the 17th.

17. At York, Thomas Oldfield, esq. of that city, one of the partners in the banking-house of Wilson, Smith, Hartley, Tweedy, and co. and captain in the York volunteers.

The rev. John Clark Hubbard, rector of St. John's, Southwark.

19. At his house in York-place, the only son of lord Louvaine.

20. At her house in Merrion-square, Dublin, the countess-dowager of Masserine, aged 89.

At Bridgnorth, Mrs. Haslewood, wife of Thomas Haslewood, esq. aged 72.

23. At Greenwood Lodge, near Rochampton, the lady of Peter Ryder Minster, esq. of the royal navy.

24. Joseph Wilkes, esq. of Measham, in the county of Derby, aged 73.

25. At Sunderland, in the 62d year of his age, the rev. Dr. Paley, archdeacon of Carlisle, sub-dean of Lincoln, and rector of Bishopswearmouth.

William Bowes, esq. formerly of Boston, in North America.

Suddenly, at Ramsgate, Mr. alderman Nicholson, of Rochester, aged 72.

At his house in Gloucester-place, sir David Carnagie, of Southesk, bart. M. P. for the county of Forfar.

28. At Parson's Green, Mrs. Milner, wife of William Milner, esq.

In the 72d year of his age, Caleb Smith, esq. of Mitchelmersh, in the county of Hants.

29. Mrs. Norris, relict of William Norris, esq. of Nonsuch-house, Wilts, aged 75.

At Kellerton, in the county of Devon, Hugh Acland, esq. aged 77.

The rev. Charles Moss, precentor and canon-residentiary of Wells, aged 69.

At Mr. Hewlett's, in Camden-place, Bath, Mrs. Lindsey, widow of G. Lindsey, esq. of Chester.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JULY, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Botany for Ladies, 337
2 Method of producing a Diversity in the Colours of Flowers, 338
3 On the Love of Disputation, 338
4 The Moral Zoologist, 339
5 Anecdotes, 342
6 Romance of the Pyrenées, 345
7 Letters from a Lady to a Gentleman, 356
8 Eliza; or the Hermit's Cell, 358
9 London and Parisian Fashions, 369
10 On the Country of Beauty, 369
11 The Country Town, 374
12 Account of the New Comedy —The Village; or, the World's Epitome, 378
13 On the present Manners of the French, 379
14 POETICAL ESSAYS.—A Lover's List—Nancy—Jessy—Stanzas —The Door that opens with a Latch—Matrimonial Hint—The Power of Gravity—To a Lady, with a Present of Violets —On seeing some Poetical Compositions of a very young Lady —Lines, written by Sir Walter Raleigh—Epigram, 381—384
15 Foreign News, 385
16 Home News, 388
17 Births, 391
18 Marriages, 391
19 Deaths. 392

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 The MADAGASCAR ROLLER.
2 VICTORIA entreating COUNT VICENZA to leave her.
3 LONDON FULL DRESS, elegantly coloured.
4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a SHIRT, &c.
5 Music—'The Good Man's Grave.'—An Elegy. Set to Music by W. BARRE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to J. F. for his collections and extracts; we cannot, however, promise insertion to them all.

Observations on the Writings of a celebrated Poet of the present Day, are illiberal and unjust.

The Essay signed *Lucilla* shall appear.

The *Verses on the Illness and Recovery of a beautiful young Lady*, contain many good lines; but others so incorrect, that we would recommend the whole to the author's revision.

The Seducer's Tale—Lines to Miss M. L.—and F. C.'s Acrostic—are received.

We are sorry for the typographical mistakes pointed out by Belinda, in her *Lines on seeing the Bud of a Carnation very fresh late in November* 1804; they probably are to be attributed to the indistinctness of the hand-writing. —We readily insert, at her request, the following corrections.——

ERRATA in the Poetry of the Magazine for May, page 271.

Stanza 3—*line* 3, for *How should these feeble*—read *Now should*, &c.

Stanza 4—*line* 2, for *Mere ignorance*—read *Where ignorance.*

Stanza 7—*line* 1, for *The faithful thorn*—read *Too faithful thou.*

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For JULY, 1805.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

FOURTH LESSON.

WE will now recapitulate the whole of the preceding doctrines contained in the foregoing lessons, as they form the basis of all our knowledge of botany.

A GENERAL RECAPITULATION.

FLOWERS, although apparently so diversified, consist but of five * PARTS:

I. The PISTILLUM, in the center of the flower.

II. The STAMEN, exterior to this. —Both *projecting* bodies being extensions of the *pith* and *wood*.

The PISTILLUM is discriminated by a *swollen base*, which is the seed-vessel, or GERMEN, which being opened discloses the seeds.

The STAMEN is discriminated by having a *part which forms the pollen*, or coloured farina, called an ANTHER by botanists.

A *perfect* PISTILLUM is composed of three *parts:*

1. The STIGMA, at top, rarely absent, though sometimes obscure.

2. The STYLE, elevating the Stigma, not absolutely essential.

3. The GERMEN, or seed-vessel, always present.

A *perfect* STAMEN is composed of two *parts:*

1. The ANTHER, at top, containing the fertilising pollen, always present.

2. The FILAMENT, elevating the anther, not so essential, being absent in some flowers.

For the protection and nourishment of the SEXUAL ORGANS of vegetables (viz. the Pistilla and Stamina), Nature has furnished two other parts.

III. The COROLLA, interior.

IV. The CALYX, exterior.—Both *expanded bodies*, being expansions of the *bark* and *rind*.

These are discriminated not only by their *respective situations*, but by the *greater delicacy* of the COROLLA compared with the CALYX, which last is usually green. These parts are not absolutely essential, some

* The *Receptacle*, or basis of the flower, is considered by us as forming part of the peduncle, or flower-stalk, and not as constituting any part of the flower.

flowers being destitute of one, or both of them.

As an appendage to the Corolla, there is found in some plants,

V. The NECTARIUM, for the secreting, and containing of honey.

UNISEXUAL FLOWERS are such as have the *pistil* and *stamen* in *separate corollas.* These plants are very few compared with those which are BISEXUAL, or have the *two sexual organs in the same corolla.*

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

OBSERVING that you allow a monthly portion of your amusing miscellany to the pleasing science of botany, I beg leave to notice an experiment, said to have been frequently tried with success—*viz.* that of streaking and variegating flowers by means of threads passed through the roots with a needle, and there suffered to remain.

Threads of *different colors* have been used for this purpose. It may, however, be reasonably questioned, whether the color of the thread have any effect whatever in the case, and whether the simple wounding of the root be not the sole cause of the streaks afterwards observable in the flower, and proceeding from what may in fact be considered as a disease in the root. But, as I have never myself *seen* the experiment fairly and decisively tried, I leave the question to be determined by persons practically versed in the culture of flowers; intending no more in this short address than barely to suggest the hint of the operation to such of the fair florists among your readers, as happen to have never before heard of it.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

Islington, July 20. J. CAREY.

P.S. I avail myself of this opportunity, to observe (in answer to numerous inquiries) that *I* am *not* the person, who, under the title of '*Dr. Carey,*' has lately advertised certain '*Restorative Drops,*' and '*Egyptian Ointment;*' that I know nothing of those medicines; and that I neither have nor ever had any concern, directly or indirectly, in the preparation, sale, or profits, of any quack medicine whatever. J. C.

ON THE LOVE OF DISPUTATION.

THOUGH men dispute for the purpose of ascertaining truth, there are few men who find less of it than those who dispute a great deal. The habit of disputation is a dangerous one. It creates such a love of triumph, that men acquire a dexterity of handling unintelligible subjects with a view only to conquest. By this means, eager disputants abandon the plain paths of reason and truth, and wander into the fields of imagination and conjecture. When men confine their investigations to such points as admit of demonstration, he who takes the right side of the question will, with equal abilities, put his adversary to silence. The subject will be stripped of all adventitious glare, and the light of truth will shine conspicuously over error and sophistry. But those who dispute merely for the love of such a practice know too well that they should have very little to do with reason and common sense. It should be their main object to elude the arguments of other people by the refinements of art and evasion.

Discussion is, no doubt, an important medium of investigating truth. It opens a spirit of enquiry in the world, and excites in cool disinterested men a desire of com-

ing at the real knowledge of such things as are capable of being known. The warm disputants, however, only start the game: the acquisition falls to men of candour and impartiality, who take the right track, and often overtake their object. It is easy to observe, that the most violent disputes which prevail among men are on subjects of such a nature that they admit not of certainty. Many points of disputation are enveloped in such unknown or remote contingencies, as elude all the powers of investigation. After all the discussion that can be had on some subjects, truth will keep out of sight, and the point in debate remain undetermined. If men, however, manage their altercations with good humour and moderation, some benefit will result from them. Discussion gives scope to the imagination, and habituates the reasoning faculty to a dexterity in its processes.

No circumstance reflects more dishonour on human nature than the ill-will and persecutions that have been instigated by such disputes as are not only unimportant in themselves, but utterly incapable of being demonstrated. The periods of ecclesiastical contention draw over the character of man some of its darkest shades. To a person of a liberal mind, it seems an incredible thing that a useless question, unattended with any rational data which might lead to a solution, should throw whole cities, districts, and countries, into broils, persecutions, and wars.

Though a free spirit of enquiry should at all times be tolerated, I would still recommend it to prudent individuals to have little connection with those who have the principal management of disputes. They are not the men from whom truth flows with purity and force. It is easy to perceive, that the originator of any system or question will be apt to commence his enquiries with an aim to victory. Truth is no further to be regarded in his pursuit than as it coincides with the favourite doctrine under examination. The system must not yield to the dictates of reason; but, whenever they come in competition, reason must be sacrificed to system.

Lovers of altercation are not only to be shunned as bad guides in our researches after truth, but as troublesome associates and dangerous friends. A warm partisan estimates the merits of his acquaintance according as he promotes or defeats the schemes he has in contemplation. As these schemes generally will be wrong, his friend must either quarrel with him, or participate in his errors and quarrels.

Wakefield, June 3. M. L.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 288.)

AMONG the foreign birds related to the rollers Buffon places first,

THE ABYSSINIAN ROLLER.

This bird, called *coracias Abyssinia* by Gmelin, in its plumage greatly resembles the European roller, but its colours are more lively and brilliant, which is probably to be ascribed to the influence of a drier and hotter climate. The two side feathers of the tail project five inches beyond the rest. The point of the upper mandible is very hooked.

The *Senegal roller* is to be considered as only a variety of that of Abyssinia. The principal difference between them is, that in the latter the orange-colour of the back does not ex-

tend to the neck and hind part of the head, as it does in the Senegal roller. But this difference does not appear sufficient to constitute two distinct species, especially as both these birds are found in nearly the same climate; as they are alike in the shades, lustre, and distribution of their colours; as the two lateral quills in both are double the length of the intermediate ones, and the wings of both are shorter than those of the European roller.

THE ANGOLA ROLLER, OR THE MINDANAO ROLLER.

These two rollers, says Buffon, resemble each other so exactly that it is impossible to separate them. That of Angola is distinguished from the other by the length of the exterior quills of the tail, which is double that of the intermediate ones, and by some slight variations in the colours of its plumage. Such minute differences may, however, be the effect of age or even of moulting; or, they may be merely the distinctions of sex. Even the descriptions of Brisson, who supposes them to be two species, as well as an inspection of the figures we have of them, will tend to confirm the opinion that the species are the same. Both are nearly of the size of the European roller, and in general have a similar shape. The bill, in both, is somewhat hooked; the nostrils are naked; the legs short; the toes long; and the colours of the plumage, though differently distributed, are always blue, green, and brown, which are sometimes distinct, sometimes mixed and blended, forming a variety of shades and reflections. The crown of the head is of a blueish or sea-green: all the fore part of the body brown or green, more or less deep, with some tints of violet on the throat. The belly, wings, rump, and tail, are blue or green, or the various shades which arise from the mixture of those colours. The Mindanao roller, however, has a tinge of orange, which that of Angola has not.

It may, perhaps, be objected, that Angola is at a great distance from Bengal, and still further from the Philippine islands. But is it impossible, continues the French naturalist, or is it not indeed natural, that these birds should spread themselves through the different parts of the same continent, or the neighbouring islands which are connected with it, perhaps by the continuation of the same chain, especially in climates so similar? Besides, we cannot always expect that those who import from distant countries their different productions should never make any mistake; and the intercourse of the Europeans with the various regions of the globe is now so extended and frequent, that a bird found in the East Indies might have been carried to Guinea, and afterwards imported as a native of Africa. If, then, we ascribe the slight differences between the roller of Mindanao and that of Angola to age, the latter must be the oldest of the two; if to the difference of sex, it must be the male; for it is well known, that in the rollers the beautiful colours of the plumage do not make their appearance till the second year; and it may be considered as a general law with respect to the conformation of the feathered tribes, that, in every species of birds, the male, when it differs from the female, is of a larger size, and distinguished by a plumage brighter and richer in its colour.

The Angola roller is called in the Linnæan system *coracias caudata;* and that of Mindanao, *coracias Bengalensis:* the latter is the Bengal roller of Latham, and the Bengal pie, or jay, of Albin.

The *Roller of the Indies*, the *coracias Orientalis* of Gmelin, and the *Oriental roller* of Latham, differs from the preceding merely in the distribution of its colours, which are always blue, green, brown, &c.; in general, however its plumage is more dusky, its bill is also broader at the base, more hooked, and of a yellow colour. This has longer wings than the rollers before described.

THE MADAGASCAR ROLLER.

THIS species differs from all the preceding in several particulars: the wings and tail are longer, the eyes larger, and the plumage is of a uniform purple-brown, excepting only that the bill is yellow. The lower belly is of a light blue; the largest quills of the wings black; the tail light blue like the belly, and edged at the extremity with a bar of three shades, viz. purple, light blue, and dark purple, approaching to black. It has all the other characters of the roller tribe;—short feet, the edges of the upper mandible scalloped near the point, the small feathers which bend back from the base of the bill, and naked nostrils.

The two other foreign birds enumerated by Buffon, as included in, or related to, the rollers, are the *Mexican roller*, and what he terms the *Paradise roller*. The former is called by Seba the Mexican blackbird; but Brisson makes it his eighth roller, and Gmelin likewise admits it among the rollers, by the name of *coracias Mexicanus*. In its colours, however, it differs from the general character of those birds. The upper part of the body is of a dull grey, intermingled with a reddish tinge; and the under of a light grey, mixed with flame-colour.

The *Paradise roller* is classed by Linnæus with the orioles, under the name of *oriolus aureus*; and by Edwards with the birds of paradise, under the denomination of the *golden bird of paradise*. Buffon considers it as connecting the rollers and the birds of paradise, because it has the shape of the former, at the same time that it resembles the latter in the smallness of its size and the situation of the eyes under and very near the junction of the mandibles, and by a sort of natural velvet which covers the throat and part of the head. The two long quills of the tail, which are sometimes met with in the European roller, and which are much longer in that of Angola, are another character connecting the genus of the roller with that of the bird of paradise.

The upper part of the body of this bird is of a vivid and brilliant orange, the under of a fine yellow. The feathers of the back part of the neck are long and flexible, and spread on the sides, over the neck and breast.

The numerous species of birds and other animals whose general resemblance, on the one hand, is as striking as their distinct difference on the other, and the nice gradations by which species is connected with species and genus with genus, which frequently perplex and puzzle the most acute descrimination of the naturalist, and derange his systems, cannot but impress the attentive observer with a reverential admiration of that Power who has so diversified with infinite wisdom his great and manifold works, that equally in the order of their arrangement as in their construction they elude human comprehension.

I remain, with the utmost respect and affection for your ladyship,

EUGENIA.

ANECDOTES.

THE night before the battle of Blenheim, after a council of war had been held in the duke of Marlborough's tent, at which prince Louis of Baden and prince Eugene had assisted, the latter, after the council had broke up, stept back to communicate something he had forgot to the duke, whom he found giving orders to his aid-de-camp, colonel Selwyn (who related the fact), at the table, on which there was now only a single taper burning, all the others being extinguished the moment the council was over.—'What a man is this,' said prince Eugene, 'who at such a time can think of saving the ends of candles!'

WHEN lord Cornbury returned from his travels, the earl of Essex, his brother-in-law, told him he had got a handsome pension for him: to which lord Cornbury answered, with a composed dignity—'How could you tell, my lord, that I was to be sold; or at least, how came you to know my price so exactly?'—To this anecdote Pope is supposed to allude in these lines:

Would you be blest? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains:
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

COUNT de Grammont, a courtier very acceptable to Louis XIV. for his wit and courtly manners, said to that king, with respect to M. de Feuquiere his nephew, at a time when his majesty was about to dispose of nine bishoprics—'Sire, I thought the abbé de Feuquiere was a man of such merit, as would engage your majesty to think of him: but you seem to have forgotten him, so that I am almost inclined to have an ill opinion of him. Your majesty will therefore give me leave, should he be forgotten at the next nomination, to propose that he be shut up in a seminary.'—The king took the hint, and the abbé had a valuable bishopric conferred upon him at that very promotion.

IN the insurrection which happened in Ireland, in 1642, orders were given to the earl of Ormond, and sir James Coote, who commanded the king's troops there, to pillage, burn, and destroy the countries of the rebels. Coote executed these orders rigorously; Ormond with more humanity and prudence, yet with a severity sufficient to afford the rebel leaders a pretence of complaint. Lord Gormanstown, a rebel chief, remonstrated by letter against his proceedings; which, if continued, he threatened Ormond that his wife and children should answer for. The reply of Ormond to his threat is worthy to be recorded. He wrote to Gormanstown, reproached him with his disloyalty, vindicated himself, and declared his resolution of prosecuting the rebels at the hazard of every thing dear to him, in pursuance of his king's command. 'My wife and children,' said he, 'are in your power. Should they receive any injury from men, I shall never revenge it on women and children:—that would be not only base and unchristian, but infinitely beneath the value at which I rate my wife and children.'

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 304.)

CHAP. XXXI.

NEAR an hour of expectation had elapsed when the duchessa appeared, leaning upon the arm of Bianca. Victoria arose at her entrance, but did not advance a single step to meet her. The duchessa, evidently in the utmost embarrassment, approached with tottering steps the spot where dignity and innocence immoveably stood, in the person of her interestingly lovely, though wan and languid niece, whom she folded to her bosom with a strong pressure, which she hoped might be mistaken for the ardent embrace of affection. Her air, and whole aspect, had now lost all that commanding superiority which had hitherto so conspicuously marked her manners and appearance. Humbled by the proclamation of her vices, she trembled in the august presence of virtue, and sunk abashed on the couch beside Victoria, a hand of whom she held fast locked within her own, and whose altered countenance, recent illness, and late calamities, she deplored with all the exquisite feeling the most consummate art could teach her to assume; and eagerly she strove to overwhelm the resentment and remembrance of injury in Victoria's gentle bosom, by an impetuous torrent of tender speeches and caresses, and all the refined adulation of an accomplished parasite. But Victoria's acute perception, no longer clouded by partiality, soon penetrated through the veil of hypocrisy; and truly was she grieved to find each moment new causes for despising the woman she had long loved with filial fondness, and whom her dear deluded father had chosen for her guardian and her guide.

The duchessa continued about an hour with our heroine, during which time she had taken particular care that her eyes should never once encounter Victoria's; but with downcast looks she sat, fearing to meet the glances that might develop the secrets of her guilty soul.

Victoria was sad and unhappy after this painful interview, which by no means lessened her fears of her guardian's perfidy; so that when her dinner was served, to the great chagrin of Roselia, she could not eat: and that affectionate girl felt the most dreadful alarms, lest new agitation and disquiet should again subdue her beloved and persecuted lady.

Soon after dinner, Bianca brought word that the duchessa would take her coffee with Victoria; and very shortly after that diabolical woman made her appearance, with an air of infinitely less embarrassment than she had discovered in their first interview. When they had taken their coffee, and the domestics had retired, the duchessa entreated our heroine to gratify her by a recital of all that had befallen her since she had so fatally encountered the Pyrenean banditti. Victoria instantly complied, and artlessly, but energetically, recounted all the horrors and distresses she had met with; suppressing only those anecdotes which, by being repeated to conte Vicenza, might prove injurious to any one.

At some parts of this narrative the duchessa was really affected; at others, only assumed the appearance of being so: and when Victoria ended her eventful tale, she clasped her to her bosom, emphatically congratulating her upon her

providential escape from such unheard-of dangers and calamities; and fervently would she pray, she said, that the remainder of her adored and angelic niece's life might be marked only by exquisite happiness. 'But, my Victoria, my sweet, seraphic, suffering child! tell me,' she continued with a softened voice and insinuating smile, 'who is this Hippolyto, this exalted hero of your interesting story?'

'I know nothing of his family, duchessa, or of his connections: I found him, by some strange caprice of fortune, amongst the domestics of that horrid castle, and proved him to be possessed of every virtue under heaven.'

'But my Victoria,' replied the duchessa, putting on a look of archness, 'by the emotion of her sweetly intelligent countenance, and by her animated energy of expression, whilst speaking of this wonderful young man, discovers to every attentive observer, that this being, "possessed of every virtue under heaven," is at least deficient in that very essential one called honesty.'

Victoria started in amazement; and, with a bosom glowing with indignation at such an unjust aspersion, was hastening to vindicate her hero's fame, when the duchessa, with increased playfulness of looks and manner, continued—

'A breach of trust can be incontestably proved upon this very worthy monsieur Hippolyto; for, while the unsuspecting maid, trusting in his faith and honour, consigned herself to his protection, he insidiously and imperceptibly stole away her heart.'

'Nay, now I see you are jesting, duchessa,' Victoria replied gravely, while her before pallid cheeks were animated by the most glowing tint of vermilion.

'Serious, on my life!' said the duchessa.

'Heavens, duchessa! how could you suppose any thing so totally impossible? I should be insensible to the attractive power of virtue, to the sweet influence of genuine gratitude, did I not estimate and admire Hippolyto with all the energy of enthusiasm; and although I give him my friendship, my esteem, my highest admiration, yet for me to give my heart to Hippolyto would surely be so very contrary to Nature's dictates, that I must ever consider it an utter impossibility:' and she bent her eyes to the ground, offended and confused.

'Why, so it would, my love! if Cupid had no influence over the operations of the mind. But surely, Victoria, you must (at least in theory) have long since known the attributes of the little urchin. Was Farinelli so very fastidious as never to permit your taking lessions from novels and romances?'

'Signora Farinelli certainly often allowed me to peruse such novels and romances as she herself approved of.'

'And still so unlearned in the theory of love! Well then, my pretty novice, I must instruct you, and tell you all the properties of the blind boy, who is invested with full power to overcome all rationality in the human mind; to wage war with Nature's self; to reign lord paramount over the optics, whose faculties he can at pleasure weaken or prevent; often sportively making his votaries blind to every imperfection, or deceiving, by the aid of his delusive perspectives, where every object appears perfect in beauty and virtue. And such contrary forms can he make every beloved object assume in the eyes of those he has ensnared, so effectually can he change black into white, and white into black, that it would be by no means extraordinary if friendship, admiration, and gra-

titude had been taught by love to lead you into his toils, and that in your eyes this negro should appear a rival to Adonis. Nay, so sure am I of my conjectures being well founded, that was Hippolyto to be led forth to be broken upon the wheel, for the murder of my lord———'

Victoria shrieked. 'Just Heaven forbid!' she cried. 'Oh! duchessa! what horrid phantom have you conjured up to terrify me? Hippolyto broken upon the wheel?—Hippolyto!—for murder! Why, surely, surely ——' Her breathing became so short and difficult she could not proceed. Fervently she grasped Elvira's hand, and eagerly looked up in her face with an air of supplication, terror, and anxiety: but instantly she dropped the duchessa's hand—a thrill of horror darted through her heart—for on her aunt's countenance conspicuously sat an expression of the most malignant satisfaction.

'Why this emotion, my sweet love?' returned the duchessa, evidently disconcerted at the marked withdrawing of Victoria's hand. 'I did not say Hippolyto would suffer upon the wheel; it was only an hypothesis to prove my——'

'But though you did not *say* he would suffer,' eagerly interrupted Victoria, 'is there a probability, a possibility, of such a direful calamity?'

'I hope not,' said Elvira coldly: 'but conquer this at present unnecessary alarm.' She paused. Victoria sickened, and fell back upon the couch; and, had not the duchessa quickly applied some restoratives, she must have fainted. To dispel her niece's apprehensions was next Elvira's care; and she would have succeeded, had not a smile of mysteriousness accompanied all she said, which Victoria tremblingly observed: but, wishing for her aunt's absence, she affected to be composed, and the duchessa soon after departed for the night. As Victoria's narrative had necessarily taken up much time, it was then late. Roselia attended the moment Elvira retired, and strove, by every comforting suggestion, to alleviate the affliction and apprehensions of her lovely mistress, in whose feeling bosom the duchessa's words (but more her manner) had inflicted a wound that rankled dreadfully, forbidding sleep or peace: and the morning found her restless, unhappy, alarmed, and eagerly wishing for an interview with Hippolyto, to warn him of the dangers that might await him, should conte Vicenza's wound prove mortal; and more impatiently than ever did she long for the moment of her departure to St. Marguerite's. She had not found courage the preceding day to apprise the duchessa of her intended removal; and she was considering what method to pursue to gain her approbation to this measure, when that perfidious woman unexpectedly entered her apartments, with the most winning softness in her whole deportment. After inquiring, with apparent maternal affection, how her beloved child had rested, she, with an engaging smile, continued:—

'I have had a long conference with the holy fathers Pierre and Anselmo this morning; when I had the severe mortification of learning from them, that my Victoria means to tear herself from me this very day.'—Elvira paused, and Victoria faintly said—

'Considering that I had no longer a guardian, madam, I had so determined and arranged before your arrival.'

'But now I am here,' eagerly interrupted the duchessa, 'you will not surely, my sweetest love! so precipitately desert me. Consider how very extraordinary it must appear to the domestics in this château, and indeed to all the world, were you to

fly from hence the moment after my arrival.'

Victoria found herself in possession of sufficient self-command to suppress a sarcasm which forcibly suggested itself; but her eyes, not so amenable, darted a glance at the duchessa expressing more than language could convey. But, as a look demanded no reply, Elvira, though visibly disconcerted, hastily proceeded———

'I request nothing unreasonable; for I would not for worlds, in the delicate state my sweet child is in, contradict her wishes. All I solicit, my love, is, that you will postpone your intended departure for two or three days, when I will no longer oppose your leaving me; because,' and a flush of crimson now deepened the rouge upon the duchessa's cheeks, 'I shall then expect some guest, whom I should not approve of your meeting at present.'

Victoria, guessing that it was De Montfort her aunt alluded to, was pleased to find she had still some respect to the delicacy of her ward's fame; and therefore, notwithstanding her great impatience to be gone, assented to Elvira's request, and begged the reverend fathers might be apprised of her retarded removal.

'I will settle that with father Pierre, who is still here waiting to see his lovely patient,' said the duchessa, who, embracing Victoria for her kind acquiescence, immediately departed; and soon after father Pierre was introduced, on whose countenance was visible a dark lour, or thoughtful gloom, quite unusual to it. His cheeks were flushed, as if from agitation; and when he addressed Victoria, it was with a forced smile, and in a tremulous voice. He found her pulse much quicker, and her health in no respect so good as it had been the preceding day; and with petulance he exclaimed—

'Why was I so infatuated as not to comply with your wish of removing to our holy sisters? The little journey could not have injured you half so much as the arrival of this diabolical woman has done. But if I find you are not more composed to-morrow, I will be arbitrary; and may the blessed saints forsake me, if I allow you longer to remain in a place not befitting innocence to dwell in!'

'I have certainly been much agitated since I saw you yesterday, good father.'

'I wonder not that your delicate frame and susceptible mind should be agitated by this shocking woman, since she possessed power to discompose me, whom religious habits have long taught to behold with indifference all human events, except the sufferings of my fellow-creatures. But, although she had power to disturb the serenity of my temper, she had it not to corrupt my principles; and finding that I was not to be won by her insidious arts, she has turned all her artillery against our brother Anselmo. But, gentle and docile as he appears, his virtue is incorruptible.'

'You alarm me beyond measure, holy father! What new plot can my aunt have in agitation?'

'Fear not, my daughter. The monks of St. Lewis will protect you. The extent of her plot I know not; for, on perceiving by her preface that the work she was about was vile, my indignation would not suffer me to stay and hear further.'

'I apprehend, good father, that there is some direful plot framing for the destruction of the amiable, gallant Hippolyto.'

'There is something of that kind in her head. She ordered him hither at an early hour this morning, and he has not since returned to St. Lewis.'

'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed Victoria in agony of soul, 'my fears are verified, and she has given him to destruction.'

'Be composed, my daughter. I saw and conversed with him when my indignation led me from the duchessa. He has no fears, and defies her malice; therefore has assented to her proposal for his remaining here.'

'For the love of Heaven, good father, entreat him not to stay, but immediately to fly from France; for, should conte Vicenza's wound prove mortal, his destruction would, I fear, be inevitable.'

'See him yourself, my daughter. He agrees to stay here, from the hope of seeing you; for now, under the roof of your guardian, you need no longer scruple to grant him an interview. The duchessa has had a long conference with him. He is perfectly aware of her intentions, and has much to say to you upon the subject.'

'I will see him then, if possible, this morning,' Victoria said; and the monk soon after took leave, promising to see her again next morning, and charging her to take some composing medicines which he would immediately send to her.

Shortly after the good monk's departure Roselia entered, and was truly grieved to find our heroine so agitated and unhappy.

'Oh!' said Roselia, 'I wish we were safe out of this château, where I suppose there will be no peace for my dear lady. But do, dear lady Victoria! come and take a little walk. I am sure it will be of infinite service to you, the day is so pleasant; and monsieur Hippolyto said it would be the best thing you could do, and charged me to persuade you to it.'

'What, then you have seen him, Roselia?'

'Yes, madam, and have had a long conversation with him. He was so very anxious to hear every particular about your health and spirits, and he has such a fascinating manner, that I should never have got away from him, only he was so eager that you should walk! I think monsieur Hippolyto could, if he pleased, draw every secret of my heart from me, even had I crimes to reveal; and I am sure he could soon make me forget the colour of his complexion, particularly when I had constantly in my remembrance the loveliness of his deeds; and he certainly is the handsomest negro I ever beheld. His figure is the finest, and his eyes and teeth the most beautiful I almost ever saw. His eyes have nothing of that savage fierceness which has ever terrified me in other black people; although, indeed, I thought nothing less than lightning had flashed from them when I told him how very miserable lady Victoria was, so miserable about him, that she could take neither food nor rest since she had reason to fear his safety would be in danger should conte Vicenza's wound prove mortal. But in a moment after his eyes assumed the tenderness and softness of a dove's; and he was so grieved that you should suffer any alarm upon his account, that he entreated me to prevail upon you to let him see you on the terrace, that he may assure you he has nothing to apprehend. And wo'n't you, wo'n't you, lady Victoria, go?

Victoria was soon equipped for her walk, and was just upon the point of leaving her apartment, when Bianca made her unwished-for appearance, who came to desire Victoria would immediately attend the duchessa in an airing. Our much chagrined heroine wished to excuse herself, but in vain, as father Pierre had ordered her to be taken out in an open carriage; and the duchessa, Bianca said, had desired one to be

got ready on purpose for lady Victoria's accommodation.

CHAP. XXXII.

Unwillingly now our heroine descended the staircase, leaning upon the arm of Roselia, whom she desired to inform Hippolyto of her disappointment, and to assure him she would see him in the evening. In the hall they were met by the duchessa, who conducted her reluctant niece to the carriage, where she was agreeably surprised to find father Anselmo already seated.

They continued their airing about two hours, during which time the conversation found no other theme than the perfections of Hippolyto. Motives of delicacy kept Victoria silent upon the subject; but the monk and Elvira seemed absolutely charmed to enthusiasm by his conduct and manners, and appeared to find the highest pleasure in talking of this phænomenon, as they termed him. On their return to the château Victoria found herself so subdued by fatigue, that she could not comply with the duchessa's wish for her dining with her, but was compelled to retire to her chamber to take some rest; and while she was taking her coffee after dinner, Roselia alone attended, whose countenance betrayed a perturbation and anxiety which Victoria eagerly inquired the reason of.

'I shall not be comfortable or happy,' Roselia replied, until lady Victoria has left this château. Oh, how I wish we were safe with the good Benedictines!'

'What new cause have you for wishing it?' said Victoria in alarm.

'Because I every hour like less and less the conduct of the duchessa. Such repeated conferences with Bianca and Maratti can bode no good to any one.'

'Heaven defend us! Is Maratti then here? What, what can be the meaning of my aunt's bringing her steward with her to the comte de Montfort's château?'

'The duchessa, like a sorceress, cannot move without her familiar; and Heaven forgive me if I wrong them, lady Victoria; but I do think they are both familiar with crimes.'

'From my earliest days,' said Victoria, 'I have trembled at the sight of Maratti. He ever appeared to me like a being who had fed through life upon human calamities; and in his age, with the furrows time had traced upon his brow, was clearly told the food that had nourished him, with evident symptoms of an insatiable appetite for more. I never beheld him, but treason, cruelty, and murder, arose to my appalled imagination; and if he is engaged in any plot against us we well may tremble.'

'I know nothing, my dear lady, but that there has been much consultation amongst them; and that when I was returning from the terrace, after delivering your message to monsieur Hippolyto, I met Bianca and Maratti coming out of the wood in deep and earnest discourse. On seeing me they started in evident confusion, and instantly became silent, whilst they regarded me with a suspicious and inquisitive eye.'

Victoria's mind now imbibed all the apprehensions of Roselia, in addition to her own; and, much alarmed and perplexed, she instantly resolved to hasten her interview with Hippolyto, that she might persuade him to immediate flight, and consult with him upon the measures she should take to effect her own safety. Roselia she therefore dispatched to summon Hippolyto into the grounds; and she was equipping herself for her walk, when the duchessa, with strong symptoms of wildness and

despair in her countenance and deportment, suddenly rushed into the room, and flung herself into a seat without uttering a single word.

'Merciful Heaven! what can have thus agitated my aunt?' exclaimed our astonished and alarmed heroine.

The duchessa made no reply, but sat with her hands clapsed, and her eyes fixed with the immoveable gaze of soul-harrowing despair. Victoria trembled. At length, deep groans burst from Elvira's bosom, and she articulated, in the most piteous tones of grief, short sentences, interrupted only by convulsive sobs and sighs.

'Poor, poor, ill-fated Polydore!—Yes, I did once adore you! Infidelity, perjury. and unkindness, are now wiped from my remembrance. Oh, oh, my Polydore! my affection is revived; and oh, my heart! my bursting heart! keenly, deeply, I deplore your untimely, cruel fate.'

Victoria's vital warmth chilled to its source; and she shook with terror. Catching Elvira's hand, feebly she demanded—'Is conte Vicenza dead?'

'Yes,' exclaimed the duchessa, roughly flinging our heroine's trembling hand from her, and starting from her seat with terrifying wildness, 'yes, *your deliverer* murdered him.'

Victoria, clasping her hands in speechless agony, cast an eloquent look of reproach at her aunt, and sunk into a chair almost deprived of respiration. The duchessa snatched her to her breast—'Forgive my phrensy, my love, my child, my all I have now in life to rest upon! Look up, revive, my darling! and forgive your distracted parent. Adoring Polydore as I once did, can the feeling tender heart of my Victoria condemn or wonder at my agony, my distraction, at his dreadful fate? but shook as I am to the vitals of sensibility, do not believe that *I* accuse the gallant Hippolyto of murder.'

'Who, who does?' wildly Victoria demanded, shrinking from the ardent embraces of her aunt.

'Be composed, my lovely, my adored child! All may yet be well. We may have the power still to rescue him from the hands of justice.'

'Then he is accused!' faultered out Victoria, almost annihilated by horror.

'Alas! my child, it is too true. Polydore's sanguinary relations have done it. The dreadful account of my husband's death, and Hippolyto's attainder, reached me by the same horrid messengers——no less than those wretches who feed on human woes, called officers of justice, who have traced the unfortunate Hippolyto hither, and are come to drag him to his fate in the Bastile.'

Victoria, almost screaming with grief and dismay, sunk upon her knees at the duchessa's feet; and, as well as the anguish of her heart would permit, supplicated Elvira to save Hippolyto.

'Already, my love, have I done something towards it; for when Maratti disclosed the dreadful tidings to me, I had Hippolyto privately conducted to a remote chamber in the château, where he is now locked in, and the key in my possession: but, alas! this can avail us little, since the messengers have the king's warrant to search every part of the château and the neighbourhood.'

'Well,' said Victoria, suddenly catching a glimpse of comfort in the moment of despair, 'and if Hippolyto is brought to trial he must be acquitted. I was the only witness upon the dreadful occasion, and my single testimony will prove his innocence.'

'Alas, my child! you talk like

an artless being, unskilled in the wickedness of this depraved world. Power can ever in France silence justice. Conte Vicenza's friends are powerful and numerous: poor Hippolyto is a stranger and friendless.'

'My preserver cannot want numerous and powerful friends while the illustrious family of Ariosto live,' said Victoria haughtily.

'Certainly, was your brother here; but you forget how many leagues distance he is from hence, and not now the master of his own time; and you are not aware, my love, of the corruption practised in the Bastile: Hippolyto, on the instant of his arrival there, may be brought to trial, and execution may take place on the moment of condemnation.'

Victoria, bursting into an agony of tears, again, with all the energy her ardent feelings inspired, supplicated the duchessa to befriend Hippolyto.

'Should I conceal Hippolyto,' said Elvira, 'and screen him from the fangs of justice, should I not irreparably injure my own fame, and criminate myself? It was but too generally known the unhappy terms on which my late lord and I for a length of time lived; and were I to protect his murderer, as Hippolyto is unjustly denominated, what would the world say of me?'

'Alas! I know not,' replied Victoria, 'what the world might *say;* but I should *think* the man who repeatedly hazarded his life to deliver your orphan niece from the cruel atrocious plot formed to destroy her every hope of happiness merited at least protection from you, who solemnly promised my father, in the last moments of his life, to be my guardian, my guide, a fostering parent to me; and think, think, duchessa, that still from high my anxious father, your tender friend and brother, narrowly observes you, to see how well, how conscientiously, you execute the sacred trust he confided to your care.'

The countenance of the duchessa underwent a marked variety of changes during this short speech, emphatically delivered. Shame, guilt, and irresolution, were conspicuously blended, with other disguised expressions of dark and mysterious meaning. At length, after an interesting pause, during which Victoria keenly observed her, it suddenly assumed the character of cold and stern inflexibility—and, with a voice which proclaimed her steady to her purpose, she said—

'Unnecessary is further entreaty; since it is in your appropriate power, and yours alone, to save Hippolyto from an immediate and an ignominious death.'

'In mine!' exclaimed the dreadfully agitated and astonished Victoria: explain; name but the means, that I may fly to secure his safety.'

An awful pause ensued, which at length the duchessa broke, in a quick but hollow tone.

'Promise, solemnly promise, as your soul hopes to find eternal peace hereafter in the realms of endless bliss, with both your virtuous parents, to become to-morrow morning the wife of Hippolyto. Promise this to me, and the prosecution against his life shall instantly cease. I am authorised to tell you so.'

Victoria, with a look of mingled amazement and contempt, arose from the duchessa's feet; and, calmly taking a seat opposite to her, after a short interval of silence, in which her intelligent countenance eloquently expressed her feelings, she spoke with dignity and firmness.

'I am, 'tis true, but young in years; and in knowledge of the world much younger still: yet I am not so much a child, or so great a novice in the machinery which ac-

tuates human views and human events, not clearly to perceive that my becoming the wife of Hippolyto cannot be the project of conte Vicenza's relations, unless to cut off my evidence, which can be of consequence, if my marriage with him is to save him from persecution; and such inconsistency must lead me to believe that no sanguinary plot has been formed against Hippolyto by conte Vicenza's friends. Ah, no! this most extraordinary and inexplicable project has, alas! I fear been the work of those who ought to blush at forming or combining in any plots inimical to the interest or happiness of the late conte Ariosto's child. But let me take the liberty of requesting the duchessa di Manfredonia to inform those who employed her upon an embassy so disgraceful to her, and insulting to me, that Victoria di Modena feels most properly her obligations for the alliance so suited to her birth, which with such parental tenderness they have endeavoured to form for her; but that, highly as she estimates the virtues and services of Hippolyto, enthusiastic as she owns her gratitude and admiration are, she is not to be duped by such a puerile plot, or terrified into a marriage with a stranger, whose birth, connexions, or history, are unknown to her. But even were she, in the enthusiasm of her gratitude, so far to forget the dignity of that illustrious house from which she sprung as to accede to such a degrading proposition, the duchessa di Manfredonia, feeling, as she must feel, the duty of a guardian, would oppose so improper an alliance, and, in respect and gratitude to her late brother's memory, exert her utmost power to save his child from ruin and his house from dishonour.'

'Are these your real sentiments?' said the duchessa, almost suffocating with rage.

'They are,' replied Victoria with firmness. 'My fears upon Hippolyto's account are now dissipated, and the influence of terror no longer destroys the faculties of judgment. The story of conte Vicenza's death I must believe a phantom, conjured up to delude; and feel convinced, that no one dares, or has the power, to touch the life of Hippolyto.'

'Your residence, child, in the castle of the Pyrenean brigands has certainly deranged your intellects,' said the duchessa, endeavouring to appear composed.

'No, duchessa,' Victoria replied; 'my early acquaintance with misery and misfortune has arranged my intellects, to see, with optics much too clear for my repose, cruel foes in those whom by nature and law I had a right to claim protection from:' and her voice faltering as she approached her period, she burst into tears.

'Well,' said Elvira, with the voice, gestures, and countenance of baleful implacable revenge—'well, and since you have learned to see your foes, learn also to beware their vengeance for your insults. What they have threatened they dare perform; and whether you choose to admit the authenticity of conte Vicenze's *murder* or not, your deliverer, whom you thus *gratefully* abandon to his fate, is in the hands of those whom your sagacity terms your foes; and you may prepare your crystalline optics to view him, ere many hours ensue, distended upon the wheel of torture a bleeding mangled corpse, sentenced to that doom by you for whom he did so much. The officers of justice are within call, and dare, and have the power, to lead him to immediate execution.'

Terror and grief again assailed

Victoria with accumulated torture from this short suspension; and she threw herself once more, in all the agony of the most acute mental suffering, at the duchessa's feet, to implore and plead; but that diabolical woman, spurning her thence, instantly arose, and, with the ghastly smile of malignant triumph, said—

'I once told you the only means of saving the life of your preserver, and of crowning him with riches, honours, happiness; but the imperious and penetrating Victoria di Modena rejected not only with scorn and indignation, but with insult to those whose power she braved and doubted; and soon shall she have cause to thank her own erring and haughty spirit for accelerating a calamity that only threatened at a distance; for before this hour to-morrow she shall be presented with fatal proof, that there are those who have power, and were dared by her, to touch the life of Hippolyto.' Then, with stern vengeance on her brow, and swift-winged malice brooding in her brain, she rushed out of the apartment. Victoria would have followed, to promise every thing to insure Hippolyto's safety, but she possessed not power to move; and extended upon the floor in a state of agitation almost too much for her fragile frame to sustain was she found in some time after by Roselia, who, as well as her concern and alarm would permit, exerted herself to compose the lovely sufferer.

By broken sentences and apostrophes that burst from Victoria, Roselia soon learned the cause of her agonising perturbation, and deeply felt the cruelty of her situation, without being able to afford her any advice or consolation. Her gratitude to, and admiration of, Hippolyto were extreme; and she could not endure the thoughts of any evil befalling him; nor yet could she brook the dreadful idea of her beautiful, accomplished, and high-born lady becoming the wife of an obscure negro. All poor Roselia could do, then, was to heave sigh for sigh, and shed tear for tear, with her afflicted lady, and to unite with her in prayers to Heaven for succour.

At length Victoria thought of Diego, who had proved himself such an able and willing friend to her. 'Go, dear Roselia!' said she, 'and bring my good Diego to me. He will extricate me from this state of horror, if sense, prudence, attachment, and courage, can do it.'

Roselia hung her head in evident embarrassment. Victoria caught new alarm; and Roselia hastened to inform her that Diego was no longer in the château. 'That,' said she, 'was amongst my reasons, to-day, for wishing us removed to St. Marguerite's; but I did not like to tell you all my causes of alarm at once. Francis informed me that the duchessa, thinking the illness which still hangs about Diego is a disordered mind, sent him early this morning to the Carthusian convent, for the monks to reason him into health; nor would she permit him to see you before his departure, although he earnestly supplicated for that indulgence.'

'Was Diego's benefit her real motive, I should thank her for his removal; but, alas! I fear it was solely to deprive me of the only friend who could assist me now;' and bitterly she wept at the peculiar forlornness of her situation, and at the confirmation of evil which Diego's secret removal but too plainly told.

'But, my dear lady,' said the sympathising Roselia, 'weep not for this. St. Lewis's is within our reach; and, if you think Diego's presence can afford you even one gleam of com-

fort, I will myself bring him to you.'

Victoria thankfully and eagerly accepted the offer of Roselia, who instantly set out to bring, if possible, father Pierre as well as Diego to the château; and during the interval of her absence, the mind of our heroine was agitated with so many painful emotions, such quick transitions of hopes and fears, that we cannot attempt the delineation of her feelings. At length Roselia, chagrined and sad, appeared alone.

'What,' said Victoria mournfully, 'and would they not come to me?'

'Alas, lady Victoria! I have not been at the convent at all. I got out of the château, as I thought, without observation; and had run about half-way to St. Lewis's, when Maratti overtook me, and savagely dragged me back to the château, in spite of all my struggles and remonstrances; and in my hearing, he has given orders to the porter not to let me out of the château until he gives leave. But the worst part of my story is,' continued she, bursting into tears, 'that just as we approached the house, I saw that wretch Bianca emerging from a thick part of the wood, in earnest conference with two men, with whom she entered the château by a private door. I had a full view of the men; and they so much resembled bravos, that I am certain they are come upon some sanguinary purpose.'

'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed Victoria, in an agony of grief and consternation, 'then Hippolyto's life is too truly in danger, and if I longer hesitate it may be too late to save him. Would to Heaven that I could see father Pierre! he would act, would think for me. Run, fly, Roselia, to François; dispatch him to the convent; tell him I am taken dangerously ill, and must this instant see the holy father. It is no untruth, my Roselia, for I am sick at heart. Persuade, bribe François to go immediately, if you love me, Roselia.'

Roselia instantly disappeared; and Victoria, in a dreadful tumult of spirits, sunk upon her knees, and fervently implored the protection of Heaven for Hippolyto. In about twenty minutes Roselia returned, pale, trembling, breathless.

'Heaven defend us!' exclaimed Victoria, alarmed almost to phrensy, 'what doth this evident dismay portend?'

'Oh, poor monsieur Hippolyto!' faintly articulated Roselia, her teeth smiting each other as she spoke: 'alas, what is become of him!'

'Torture me not to madness by this suspense,' exclaimed Victoria: 'tell me, I conjure you, tell me all that has occasioned this dreadful agitation.'

'On going from hence,' replied Roselia, whose excessive tremor scarcely allowed her power to speak, and she was forced to pause between every sentence, 'I had just reached the top of a staircase, when on the first landing below me I caught a glimpse of Maratti in deep consultation with those horrid men I saw with Bianca. I instantly stopped and crouched down, with a hope of hearing what they were talking about, but not one word reached me. At last they all began to descend the staircase; and so did I, still keeping them in view, but continuing at a proper distance for concealment. At length they turned into a long dark passage, which I knew led to the part of the château where Jeanne told me monsieur Hippolyto is confined. Terrified for him, I instantly resolved to follow them. I did so, cautiously, led on by the sound of their footsteps, and crept after them upon my hands and knees, to prevent my being seen, up a small

staircase, where once I was quite sure I was detected, as I thought, when Maratti turned suddenly round, that his eyes rested upon mine; but fortunately I was mistaken, for on he went with his companions, until they reached a gallery leading to several chambers, where they stopped; and, after I had concealed myself behind a pillar of the first doorcase I came to, I saw Maratti take a dagger from his bosom and present it to one of the men; when distinctly I heard him say, although he spoke in a cautious whisper, "The point is touched with a quick and subtile poison, and will do this business effectually.—"

Victoria's senses sickened, and she almost ceased to respire. 'Go on,' said she, panting with horrid expectation.

'———Then pointing to a door,' continued Roselia, "That is the chamber of your victim," said the sanguinary wretch; "and immediately after the convent bell tolls at one, send his black soul to join his kindred devils."

'"This mode," said one of the bravos in the most soul-harrowing voice I ever heard, "this mode will spare us the trouble of dragging him to the Bastile, and the ceremony of trial; but would it not afford more ample vengeance to the widow of the conte to see her husband's murderer broke alive upon the rack?"

'"Why no," returned Maratti; "her niece is under obligations to him, and the duchessa would therefore spare him the pangs of torture, and send him a lifeless body to be crushed upon the wheel."

'"But why may we not dispatch him now?" said the other assassin; "there is no one to observe us."

'"Because," replied Maratti, "that it is the duchessa's pleasure to have the deed perpetrated after midnight when all eyes and ears will be closed by sleep, and when unobserved you can convey the body hence; but in the intermediate time, lest any one should hold intercourse with him, you must keep watch here, with loaded pistols, and seize all who approach his chamber;" and he then opened the door of a room contiguous to that in which was confined the poor devoted monsieur, through which they all cautiously entered,—and I returned hither.'

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following letters I found among a variety of papers of various kinds collected and preserved by a respected relation of mine, who has now been several years deceased. They were written by a very accomplished young lady, as I have reason to believe, of her acquaintance, to a young gentleman on whom she had unfortunately fixed her affections. If you will give them a place in your entertaining and instructive miscellany, you will oblige your constant reader,

LEONORA.

'SIR,

'I RELY on your goodness to redress and conceal the misfortune I now labour under. But, oh! with what words shall I declare a passion which I blush to own? It is now a year and a half since I first saw, and (must I say?) loved you; and so long I have strove to forget you. But frequent sights of what I could not but admire have made my endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe my name to this letter, lest it should fall into hands that may pos-

sibly expose it; but if you, sir, have any curiosity or desire to know who I am, I shall be in the Park to-morrow exactly at two o'clock.

'I cannot but be under apprehensions, lest you should come more out of curiosity than compassion. But, however, that you may have some notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a short description of my person:—which is tall, and slender; my eyes and hair dark. Perhaps, you will think me vain, when I tell you that my person altogether is what the flattering world call handsome. And as to my fortune, I believe you will have no reason to find fault with it.

'I doubt you will think such a declaration as this from a woman ridiculous; but, if you reflect, you must be sensible that it is only custom, not nature, that makes it so. My hand trembles so whilst I write, that I believe you can hardly read what I have written.'

The gentleman did not give himself the trouble to meet the lady, but took great pains to ridicule and expose her letter, though reproved for it by his acquaintance; which coming to the lady's knowledge, she sent him the following:

'Sir,

'You will the more easily pardon this second trouble from a slighted correspondent, when I assure you that it shall be the last.

'A passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once. But I hope I shall undergo no severer trials or censure than what I have done, by taking this opportunity of discharging the remains of a tenderness which I have so unfortunately and so imprudently indulged.

'I will not complain of your unkindness and want of generosity in exposing my letter, because the man that is so unworthy of a woman's love is too inconsiderable for her resentment. But I cannot forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my letter, and by that means hazard a discovery of the writer; and so cruelly to sport with the misery of a person whom you knew nothing worse of, than that she had entertained too good, too fond, an opinion of you?

'For your own sake I am loth to say it, but such conduct cannot be accounted for but from a cruelty of mind, a vanity of temper, and an incurable defect of understanding.

'But, whatever be the reason, amidst all my disappointments, I cannot but think myself happy in not subscribing my name: for you might, perhaps, have thought my name a fine trophy to grace your triumph after the conquest. And how great my confusion must have been, to be exposed to the scorn, or at least to the pity, of the world, I may guess from the mortification I now feel, from seeing my declarations and professions returned without success; and in being convinced, by the rash experiment I have made, that my affections have been placed without discretion.

'How ungenerous your behaviour has been, I had rather you were told by the gentlemen (who I hear universally condemn it), than force myself to say any thing severe.

'But although their kind sense of this affair must yield me some satisfaction under my present uneasiness, yet it furnishes one with a fresh evidence of my own weakness, in lavishing my esteem upon the person that least deserves it.

'I hope the event will give me reason not only to forgive, but to thank you for this ill usage.

'That very face, which I have so

often viewed with a mistaken admiration, I believe I shall be able to look on with an absolute indifference. And time I am sensible will abundantly convince me, that your features are all the poor amends which nature hath made you for your want of understanding; and teach me to consider them only as a decent cover for the emptiness and deformity within.

'To cut off all hopes of your discovering who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken care to convey this by a different hand from the former letter, for which I am obliged to a friend on whose goodness and fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last request, that you would make this letter as public as you have done the former. If you do not, there are other copies ready to be dispersed. For though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am very secure of making it plain to every one else, that you are a coxcomb. Adieu.'

ELIZA;

OR,

The HERMIT'S CELL.

A NOVEL.

By Miss ELIZA YEAMES.

(Continued from p. 312.*)*

CHAP. IX.

'WHAT says Fortescue, friend?' cried Cleora, the day the captain and Danvers left Richmond, as she was walking out with miss Goddard and Ruth Chambers. Eliza blushed.—'He tries to hasten you away from us, I suppose,' said lady Germain, laughing, 'that your marriage may the sooner take place.'

Ruth turned pale at mention of his name. 'Mr. Fortescue?' uttered she, somewhat faintly.

'Yes, yes, my love! Eliza's beau.'

'I once saw him,' said Ruth, sighing, 'though I believe he is totally unacquainted with me.'

Miss Chambers, having spoken, eagerly turned the conversation.

Eliza did not leave Richmond till her father had removed from Bridge to London, where she was saluted with more than common tenderness by sir Gilbert, whose pale countenance was suffused with a ray of crimson at her apparent surprise produced by his renewed attentions.

Eliza now perceived that lady Goddard treated Harriet St. John with uncommon severity, which her conduct appeared to merit, as she scarcely paid the respect to her ladyship due to a mother from her child. Eliza saw sir Dennis O'Calloner was very much in the good graces of lady Goddard: she knew Harriet loved him, and to jealousy our heroine imputed their behaviour.

Fortescue now began to urge an immediate union, which from time to time she successfully eluded, as her mother gave herself no concern about her, and sir Gilbert listened with pity to her prayers.—'I cannot break this connection which lady Goddard has formed,' said he to the fair mourner, 'but I will prevail on her to suffer your union to be deferred: that favour she shall grant me. Ah! Eliza, that I had never listened to her seducing tongue! it is plain she wedded me for riches, and now bestows her smiles upon O'Calloner; most likely has—Start not, Eliza; I would not willingly wrong her. You must think me, likewise, a guilty wretch. Yes, dear child! one crime weighs heavy on me; I have left you in my will entirely subject to

your mother's control, who is to have your portion if you marry without her consent. You remember when you came to my library with the request to go to Mrs. Harrison's, I then was thinking of sketching that fatal deed, and'——He wept; and Eliza, shedding tears, said, 'Ah, sir, talk not of riches to me; my heart is content without them;—I hope, besides, that you will live many, many years longer in this world. Oh! yes, yes——' and Eliza's eyes sparkled with tenderness.

Miss Goddard was followed and idolised in town; she in return admired London, but she carried her passions to no extremes, therefore was all sensibility—loved rural pleasures, and was enamoured of plain lieutenant Danvers, though a girl guided by fashion.

Fortescue grew more and more enraptured with Eliza from the applause that attended her at whatever place she appeared, and he was at length out of patience with her evasive answers to his entreaties of having their marriage immediately celebrated.

As Eliza was one day walking with her lover in Hyde-park they were met by lady Germain, Mrs. Harrison, and Ruth Chambers (they being in town): miss Goddard perceived the latter to turn pale at their approach. She almost immediately complained of a faintness, and was attended home.

'Who is that pleasing young lady?' asked Edwin.

'Miss Chambers. Yes, indeed, she is the most engaging of women.'

While hanging on his arm listening to his voice, a wounded sailor came up, and begged charity. The tears of pity and sensations of a different kind in the remembrance of Danvers started into her eyes, as she put into his hand half-a-crown.—'Heaven bless you, madam!' said the supplicant, faltering with emotions of gratitude. 'Heaven bless you, and prosper every wish!' Fortescue added to her bounty, and the sailor, with gushing tears, walked off. Edwin turned to Eliza; he pressed the hand he held close in his.—'How amiable thou art, miss Goddard!' said he; 'every moment adds to thy worth in my opinion.' A sweet smile passed over the beauteous mouth of Eliza, and with a becoming blush she returned the compliment.

This evening the faro-table of lady Goddard was uncommonly crowded. Among the lookers on was Mary Ann St. John. Eliza sat apart with her, and in lively discourse passed away the time.

A high dispute at length made Eliza raise her head from the shoulder of Mary, and the waving feathers of lady Goddard drew her gaze upon her. She beheld her, with a sparkling eye and rising colour, protesting to the company there had been false play; and the alarmed Eliza with her sister went to that part of the room. No proof could be brought of the charge, and lady Goddard was at length appeased; but the rooms soon were cleared, and Ophelia found herself alone with her husband. 'You have ruined me, cruel woman!' said he, walking up and down the room in a passion.——She wept.——'We must leave town,' continued sir Gilbert, 'and retrench our expences.'

'That I cannot consent to,' returned his lady.

'But, madam, I am determined,' said he; and instantly left the room.

Lady Goddard sent for Eliza:—she came.—'Miss Goddard, my love!' cried she, 'your father, by this unlucky affair, finds himself under the necessity of confining his expences in future, which obliges us to quit London; I have therefore requested this interview to beg you to accept the

haud of Fortescue before we go from hence.' Eliza trembled, and, bending her knee, she cried—'Oh, madam, spare me!'

'What means this?' said Ophelia. 'That—O lady Goddard! I cannot indeed wed him.'

Her ladyship spurned the kneeling girl, and left the room, leaving her fainting on the floor. In this situation Mary-Ann found her, and causing her to be carried to her room, this amiable girl watched during the whole night by her side.

In the morning lady Goddard found herself rather indisposed; sir Dennis O'Calloner only was admitted into her dressing-room; and sir Gilbert, shutting himself in his own chamber, bewailed his wife's conduct in silence.

Lord Jordan, who arrived the day before in London, now called at Portman-square. His looks expressed anxiety for Mary Ann, who appeared pale from want of rest; and Eliza rejoiced to perceive traces of an attachment for her in his whole behaviour.

In the evening, as Eliza sat by the window looking at the passing travellers, while Fortescue was reading to her, lady Germain was announced. Her face beamed animation and intelligence, which made Eliza impatient to hear what she might have to relate.

'My brother has won the battle! my brother has won the battle!' cried Cleora, grasping her friend's hand; 'and he is safe and well.' Eliza expected something more; her heart beat high, and she faltered out the name of Danvers. Lady Germain perceived not her embarrassed air.—'Oh, poor fellow!' she exclaimed, 'he is wounded.'—'Wounded!' repeated Eliza; and to the astonishment of Cleora, she fainted.

'What is this!' said Fortescue, breathing short; 'what indeed do I hear? Who is Danvers? who—'

'Oh, my poor friend!' said lady Germain, pressing Eliza's inanimate form to her beating heart, and unheeding Edwin, 'I had forgot your fatal passion; I thought it obliterated by——'

'Her mother's commands,' cried Fortescue. 'Oh, that I ever should have believed!' 'For pity sake,' said Cleora, 'Oh, for mercy sake, do not overpower her again!—See! she recovers! see how the blush rises in her cheek! see—'

'See all my hopes crushed!' he exclaimed with wildness.

Cleora screamed, and sir Gilbert and lady Goddard rushed in.

'Oh, thou wretched woman!' said Edwin, going up to Ophelia with the air of a manaic, 'Oh, thou false deceiver! who first infused thy poison in yon beauteous form, and did it but to kill!' He attempted to rush out, but sir Gilbert stopt him, and, ringing the bell, he ordered the servants to carry him to an apartment. Here nature, tired, sought repose, and he sunk into the embraces of sleep.

The unhappy Eliza was recovered by the reviving intelligence of Danvers's speedy recovery; but lady Goddard, from her frame being indisposed, immediately fainted at Edwin's address, and was carried to her apartment in convulsive fits.

All now was confusion and distress. Sir Gilbert tenderly watched his wife, whose illness every day increased; and at length her physicians announced her disorder the measles, which disease now covered her skin.

Lady Goddard, when acquainted with the nature of her complaint, appeared resigned for death; and in a little time, the crisis of her disorder being arrived, she died in the arms of sir Gilbert, after having owned sir Dennis O'Calloner his dishonourer, whom she begged him not to pursue; and asking the forgiveness of Eliza and Mary Ann, for her unkind behaviour towards them.

CHAP. X.

As the last sigh fled from lady Goddard, Eliza gave a shriek of horror, and fainted. She was placed on a sofa and restoratives were applied; but her teeth were closed, and it was with the greatest difficulty that any thing could be introduced into her mouth. Her heart faintly beat, and but for that they would not have believed that life still continued in her.

After some time their applications produced effect; a faint blush revisited her cheeks, she began to breathe freely, and in due time her charming eyes unclosed. But illness crept through her veins—the hectic fever heated her blood, and her looks were wild and vacant. With attentive zeal Mary Ann supported her; she bound a handkerchief round her throbbing temples, the most soothing language flowed from her rosy lips, and to her own afflicted heart she pressed her friend.

The house was now turned into mourning, Eliza's life hung upon a thread, and her distracted father waited the result to know if his own were worth preserving. In about two months she, however, was able to leave her room. Illness had made very visible ravages on her complexion, and thrown over it a sickly hue; but she still was beautiful, for it had given her looks a mild and sweet softness peculiarly interesting.

Sir Gilbert now removed to his seat at Bridge, that Eliza might have the benefit of the air; and, with the tender Mary Ann, watched her returning health. Harriet St. John had absented herself from her home, on lady Goddard's death, with sir Dennis O'Calloner, and sir Gilbert mourned the depravity of human nature in silence.

The hermit's cell again was visited, and with lord Jordan, who now having no arts of the mother and sister of his beloved to fear, was the declared lover of Mary Ann. Eliza often spent with them many happy hours in the utmost harmony, and once more seemed to be all life.

With blooming health and vivid cheerfulness, Eliza met the good Mrs. Harrison, lord and lady Germain, miss Bennet, and Ruth Chambers, at Bridge, and was rejoiced to behold Fortescue as the admirer of the latter. Eliza was charmed with Isoline, nor was Isoline less fond of our lovely heroine. Thus did friendship early cement their hearts, and bind them to each other.

Captain Harrison had received the promise of Isoline's hand, as Ruth's engagement to Fortescue eased him in that respect, and hastened the declaration of his love to miss Bennet. He informed miss Goddard, that Danvers was gone to close the eyes of the relation he had once mentioned to her, and he did not expect to see him for some time. His ardent looks at the recital caused her many blushes, and she turned from him almost before he had finished speaking.

Edwin Fortescue had certainly doated on Eliza; but knowing from good authority, that miss Chambers secretly cherished a passion for him, he procured himself to be introduced to her brother, and soon found, in the engaging smiles of Ruth, something which every day became more necessary to his happiness.

Sir Gilbert was now in congenial scenes, he listened with pleasure to the soft strains from the harp of the amiable Isoline, while his eyes dwelt with parental pleasure on the beautiful countenance of Eliza. The playful vivacity of Ruth charmed every one and often forced smiles from sir Gilbert, whilst more and

more it enchanted the heart of Fortescue.

One evening as the friends were assembled in the hermit's cell, a violent storm of thunder and lightning coming on, they were prevented from leaving the place, and Eliza, screaming, clung to her father. Peal succeeded peal, and lightning glared around them in all directions, rolling in fantastic shapes. Torrents of rain presently poured from the fiery sky, and the storm gradually abated. Part of the cave had been knocked in by the fall of the cliff, and every other fear yielding to that of being buried in its ruins, the party tried to reach home. Poor Eliza was nearly fainting, and was carried from the cell by lord Jordan and Fortescue.

Sleep could not close the eyes of sir Gilbert that night, so disturbed was he for his child; and till he had risen the next morning, and enquired at her door in what manner she had passed the night, he could not enjoy peace.

Among the ruins of the hermit's cell a manuscript was found by sir Gilbert, who gave it to Eliza, and was surprised to hear her exclaim—'This, surely, must be the life of that good man whom Claudius mentioned.' Her father asked an explanation of her words; and, while he retired to read the former papers, Eliza perused the manuscript which he had put into her hands. The first few lines were written by Claudius, and signified that he had accidentally found the history of his old friend the hermit; and as he thought chance might conduct an eye to wander over this as well as his own, he supposed it right to say by whom it was written.

'*The* HISTORY *of* HENRI, COUNT DE RECLOUVIER.

'To the hut of a fisherman it chanced that M. de Reclouvier one day directed his steps, he being weary from the length of the walk he had taken since he left his château, and gladly partook of the refreshments which the young fisherman, his mother and sister, kindly tendered to him.

'Blanche, the sister, was about seventeen, and one of the most beautiful of nature's productions; Reclouvier as he gazed on her was entranced, and vowed to possess her if it cost him his whole fortune to accomplish his purpose.

'De Reclouvier was a courtier, of about forty years of age; his manners were elegant, but his person far from pleasing, and the beauteous Blanche blushed as she turned from his penetrating gaze, with something little short of disgust.

'Shortly after M. de Reclouvier had obtained admittance into the hut, as Blanche was walking out one evening by moon-light, a note was given her by a servant who hastily retired, and she directly ran home to peruse it. The note contained offers made by the count, which hurt the honest pride of her mother, and abashed the delicacy of Blanché Banti. The answer was to be given when called for, and miss Banti penned a denial with dignified modesty, and gave it to her mother.

'The count de Reclouvier would not brook controul; he vowed to possess her in spite of all, and now eagerly endeavoured to entrap this charming innocent. But Heaven seemed to guard her from his snares; and while she sat at her humble casement to inhale the fresh air, employed at making garlands, her soft notes met the ear of the count, who in vain waited for his prey; till wearied and disappointed, he departed venting curses on his unlucky fate.

'Reclouvier now changed his purpose: he found he could not obtain

her but by making her is wife, and with all due form he offered to Blanche his hand and fortune. Mrs. Banti could not resist so alluring an offer, and, in spite of all the tears of Blanche, she shortly became the countess de Reclouvier.

'The count doated on his lovely bride, and Blanche returned his affection with grateful warmth; which, to her husband, appeared the effect of love.

'Her brother was now raised to a genteel and lucrative employment, and her mother provided for in a convent. Thus was she the making of her family; and she experienced in this respect the truth of Mrs. Banti's words—"That it was an act of duty to accept the count." Thus all regret was lulled in the fair bosom of Blanche, and she repined not at her situation.

'The countess shortly proved pregnant, and my father was given to his fond parent. Henri improved daily under the prudent instructions of his father and mother, and promised to become all that their hearts could wish him.

'Near the château de Reclouvier, resided Mr. and Mrs. de la Tour, a pair very lately married, of unexceptionable characters, and manners extremely inviting. With them Blanche formed a friendship.—Fatal act! This friendship became at length a criminal passion for de la Tour, and to which the frail Blanche became a sacrifice. She, however, breathed her last in her husband's arms, whose love for her was not abated, though he refused to see de la Tour ever afterwards.

'Young Henri lost in his mother the most tender of parents, and his only female relation, as Mrs. Banti had long since breathed her last. But each day M. de Reclouvier grew fonder of his boy, and seemed but to live for his sake. Most unfortunately, Mr. de la Tour had a daughter, and Egbertha was in all her childish sports still accompanied by Henri in spite of the extreme animosity of their parents. These two lovely children improved in every accomplishment together; and with their years their friendship increased.

'Henri was always the first to praise Egbertha, and she, in return, admired her young friend. Thus did their attachment continually grow with them, and Henri de Reclouvier and miss de la Tour, long before they were of age, were the fondest lovers.

'With his flute young Henri would serenade his beloved companion beneath her window with the tenderest strains, and the beautiful Egbertha oft answered him with lively expressions of friendship, that cheered his dejected heart:—dejected, because his father had remonstrated with him on the passion he seemed to feel for miss de la Tour; and, as he pictured his wife's death with tears in his eyes, he entreated him to desist from thinking of forming such an alliance. Poor Henri felt the truth of the count's words, and owning that her image had taken deep root in his heart, said, he would try to banish it from his thoughts, and not bring the grey hairs of his parent with sorrow to the grave.

'The count was pleased with his son's answer, and embraced him a thousand times; but Henri kept not the promise which filial duty had forced from him in a transport of tenderness, but at his next meeting with Egbertha again renewed his declarations of love.

'Thus passed some months; till Mr. de la Tour proposed leaving that part of France, which awakened them as from a dream. Poor Henri was almost frantic with grief at the idea of losing his beloved Egbertha, and

the amiable girl was not less affected: she sighed in secret, and the bloom of health fled her cheek.

'Henri at length, infatuated by love, spoke to Mr. de la Tour of his passion and hopes, but met with heavy reproach; and now, discouraged and despairing, he gave up every hope of obtaining the hand of her he so fondly loved.

'Egbertha, the amiable Egbertha, soothed him to composure: she promised to write to him by the assistance of her waiting-woman, and with this assurance he parted from her, and became to all appearance cheerful and gay. It indeed was all appearance, for sorrow possessed his heart, and the count was at length alarmed at the pallid countenance of his son.

'In the mean time Egbertha had received several splendid offers of marriage, all of which she refused; and her parents were so incensed at her conduct, that they declared they would immediately shut her up in a convent for life if she persisted in refusing one particular gentleman. No sooner was this known to Henri than he suddenly withdrew himself from his father's château, and flew to the rescue of his Egbertha. In vain he hovered round her castle, no one knew whether she had not already quitted it, and Henri was in despair.

'But the attendant she had mentioned now aided him, and with her assistance he carried off his dear Egbertha.

'The heart of his father was now shut against him, and Henri vainly sighed to be forgiven—his prayers were unheeded; and with his beauteous wife he retired to an elegant cottage not many miles from the château de Reclouvier.

'Egbertha became every day more dear to the heart of her husband; and as he fondly gazed on her charms, he wondered where could be a heart that could refuse her prayers, as Mr. de la Tour had done.

'A twelvemonth after their marriage, my mother gave birth to twin-children, which were Juliette and me. With what delight did our parents view us! Juliette was a fine child, she engaged the whole heart of my mother; and I, the young Henri, was the darling of Reclouvier.

'I was nearly two years old when Mrs. de la Tour died, and soon after her afflicted consort sent an express for Egbertha, to bid her an adieu before he died, as it was not expected he could long survive.

'On wings of duty the beauteous Egbertha arrived at her father's castle, and with her husband, Juliette, and myself, entered the noble building.—But all was hushed—Mr. de la Tour had already breathed his last, and the fainting Egbertha was carried to her bed, where a fever for some time confined her. How did her children hang over her! how did their tears fall on their estimable mother! Young as we were we thought only of losing her for ever, and our little hearts were nearly breaking. But the measure of her woes was not yet completed, though she had lived to bless Heaven for his goodness in having softened her father's heart towards her before he died.

'But my beloved sire was never to know peace, for now the intelligence that M. de Reclouvier was dangerously ill, filled his heart with remorseful tenderness. He presented himself at the gate of the château, but was not admitted; and he retired with sorrowful resignation.

'Once more he entreated admission—it was granted, and he was shewn into his father's presence.—Alas! what did he behold him! a maniac! At the sight of Henri, he laughed, and called out—"Hollo,

friend, are you here! welcome, welcome to my house!"

'"O God! what have I done!" said Henri, and leaned his head back on his chair, nearly deprived of reason.

'"You weep, D'Arville," said his raving father—"Ha! ha! ha! I hate weeping; I once frequently did, but I hope no one saw me—for I would not let Henri know that I wept for his ingratitude.—Ha! ha! come, let us be jovial."

'"Ingratitude, indeed!" repeated my father.

'"Ingratitude of the deepest dye—but I must try to forget it; or, Egbertha, I shall curse thee."

'"O my father!" exclaimed Henri; "O my father—father!"

'"No, no, I am not a father!" cried de Reclouvier; "D'Arville, he was false—he fled me, and is since dead.—Yes, yes, he is dead." And tears flowed down his cheeks. While he spoke, the sound of a flute was heard accompanied by the fine voice of a shepherd. The notes were soft and pleasing, they stilled the tumult of Henri's palpitating heart, yet increased his father's wildness.

'"Ah, D'Arville, I dislike that sound," said the old man, striking his breast: "my boy used to play so, and I cannot bear any thing that reminds me of him.—See! he sits on the hillock where Henri often would recline—Oh! oh! oh!" "I am your boy—I am your destroyer!" cried Henri, wildly clasping his knees. But the count heard him not; he mentioned his son no more, but began to play with Alonzo his dog, and Henri was taken from the place in convulsive fits.

'Egbertha attended her husband in an agony of mind better to be conceived than described. In his delirious ravings Henri heaped a thousand curses on her as the cause of his disobedience, and the gentle frame of Egbertha nearly sunk beneath the shock. In vain I hung round her, in vain Juliette called on her dear mamma: pushing us from her, she would burst into an agony of tears; nor heeding our petitions, leave us with our nurses, without cheering us by one kind look or little endearment.

'The crisis of Henri's disorder proved favourable; yet although this beloved parent still survived, it was evident that he was fast declining in a consumption. He could now endure the sight of his father without upbraiding Egbertha or himself; but my mother still cherished the hope that both might recover, and that the count might forgive Henri.

'But, alas! old de Reclouvier was now pronounced an incurable manaic.—Henri became daily worse, and one sod covered the father and the son. The latter died, blessing his Egbertha and children, and calling the bounty of Heaven on their heads. Yet would this lovely woman have certainly followed him to the grave, if Juliette and I had not bound her to life, and calmed the violence of her grief by our innocent prattle.

'As we grew up we shared her affliction, and soothed her sorrows by participation. Her expences were not limited, our education was therefore the best; we received it under the eye of a mother, and became amiable from precepts early inculcated by that charming woman. My mother's pride was centred in Juliette; her fears in me, lest I should experience the misfortune my father had; and I often was asked concerning my affections, which I always answered with sincerity, because no one in particular engrossed them.

'Easy in this respect, some years rolled over, while I improved in my studies, and Juliette in personal graces. She was the exact counterpart of Egbertha; and my parent

flattered me, by saying, that though her departed Henri was the most handsome and most graceful man at court, I was his image in every respect, and, if not corrupted, might equally imitate his virtues.

'As in sportive innocence the days of childhood glided away, we cherished enthusiastic love and veneration for those rural scenes. The court was shunned. In the centre of a grove, by the margin of an expanse of water thickly over-hung with trees, that shaded us from the sun-beams, or the piercing air, my mother, with Juliette and me, often sat retired. Here would my lovely sister warble her enchanting strains; and as Egbertha listened to her voice she would snatch her to her breast, calling her the child of Henri, and hang on their resemblance of voice.

'Thus passed the happy hours of early youth, till I was called to court. I left my mother with secret sorrow, who pressed me in her arms with heartfelt sighs, as if this parting was to divide us for ever.

'Mournful, and in tears, I bade an adieu to the domestics, kissed off the pearly dew that hung on the blooming cheeks of the beauteous Juliette, and again clasping the tender form of Egbertha, left the château.

'I beheld Versailles with disgust; the voluptuous scenes I there witnessed sickened me, and I most ardently longed to return to my mother. But my diffidence was soon removed; I no longer started at the licentious pursuits I hourly witnessed, and, at length, was entangled in the snares laid out by some designing young men, and engaged in an intrigue with the comtesse D'Albina, a married woman, and the most beautiful I ever beheld. Oh, how I was fascinated with her charms! I was certainly at her command in every respect, and resisted all the prayers of my mother and Juliette for an immediate return.

'Large sums I repeatedly drew to answer the demands of madame D'Albina, and the enormous losses I sustained at the gaming-table; yet still she kept me in her chains, and I awakened not till I was nearly a beggar; and my cash being again wanted, made me open my eyes to gaping poverty.—"O Seraphina!" said I, in answer to her demands, "I have not the money."—Seraphina turned pale.—"You have done this," cried I, "but I will not hate you for it, or abandon you, though my mother and sister must be forsaken upon the account."

'"O Henri!" answered she, "we will part—it must be so: I will seek the husband I left for you, and you may return to the countess de Reclouvier, and the lovely Juliette."

'"Never, never," cried I, "will I part with Seraphina, while still she continues to love me! What is wealth to the idea of losing her?—Let us retire to some cottage, my love, and there pass our future days in peaceful calmness."

'"We will settle this some other time," said she, and quitted me with affected tears.

'Some days after she fled with a young Italian, and left me to enjoy the effects of my credulity.

'With what a heart of despair, shame, and madness, did I return to my mother and the lovely Juliette!

'Rumour had been busy, and had whispered my errors in their ears, and, in truth, augmented them; they therefore expected all they had to hear.

'We were not so poor as I thought, yet still I had greatly injured Juliette, as well as myself; but my repentance was accepted, and with the greatest kindness those amiable women endeavoured to ease my care, which at length vanished entirely from my breast.

'Alas! I had observed my mother to be strangely altered;—she was

pale and emaciate, a slow fever consumed her, and in vain I strove to disperse this cloud by the most fond attentions.

'I beheld Juliette alarmed, and, notwithstanding all my mother could say, a physician was called in. A few drugs were administered, and Egbertha appeared once more cheerful and in health.

'It was, indeed, entirely appearance, for she had received too severe a shock from her son's sad misconduct to support it with her usual strength of mind, and in less than three months after my return from Versailles I beheld her committed to the tomb.

'I was very much affected at the event, but I had other claims more powerful than grief;—for Juliette I was forced to support under her afflictions.

'The term of mourning was just expired, when I became acquainted with the count De Montmorenci, an elegant youth of the most engaging qualities. From him Juliette received the offer of marriage, which she accepted—love being mutual; and I had the pleasure of witnessing their supreme happiness.

'Peace was now the inhabiter of my bosom; but not long was it to remain so, for shortly after I became acquainted with Madeline Lausanne, first cousin to the count, whom I instantaneously loved.

'For beauty she was generally celebrated; indeed, few could equal her, and none surpass her: she seemed to behold me with the eyes of partiality. Ah, how many fond hours I passed in her company!—every day the beautiful maid becoming dearer to me.

'At length I made known my heart's sweetest hopes; Madeline blushed, and, in faltering accents, declared a similar attachment. Delightful sounds! which convinced me that my love met return.

'Miss Lausanne was on a visit at my sister's, and she was now recalled to Paris by her parents; I promised soon to follow her, and left her with a thousand sighs of regret. How many times did I press her lips! how often lingered out the word—adieu! The beauteous Juliette parted from her arms; and, when the coach drove off, it seemed as if I had quitted every thing I held dear.

'"Come, rouse, my dear Henri!" said the count, clapping me on the shoulder; "you absolutely will spoil the girl and feed her vanity: let us drink to your union, and try to banish care."

'The word vanity seemed to hang in my throat: I replied—"She has no vanity."

'"Yes, yes," said he, "she, like the rest of her sex, I believe, has a spark of it; and, believe me, Henri, if it is fanned it will become a flame."

'"You seem to wrong my Madeline," said I, rather hurt; "I think her all perfect."

'"She is certainly an amiable woman, and beautifully pleasing, but she is not all perfection."

'"May be so," returned I, out of humour; "you can say nothing further against her."

'"Nothing; if I have persuaded you she has her errors like the rest of her fellow-creatures, I am satisfied." Juliette here joined us.—"You look indisposed, Henri," said she in a tender tone; "else why so pale, my brother?"

'"He is only love-sick, I believe," cried De Montmorenci.

'"That is nothing," said my sweet sister.

'"Nothing do you think it!" cried I. "O Juliette! it is made up of very various ingredients, bitter and

sweet. If returned, it is all bliss; if not, despair: but my Madeline is no coquette; she has owned me not wholly indifferent to her, and, from those words, I may indulge hope."

'"I have never tasted its bitters," said the count, smiling on his beauteous Juliette, "but I still experience its sweets; and ever shall, while my lovely bride blesses me with her smiles."

'"Can you say so, too, Juliette?" said I. "No, my charming sister! before De Montmorenci made known his passion I dare swear you often sighed in secret; and—" I saw a tear start in Juliette's beautiful eyes, as with the most bewitching smile she said, turning to her lord, "You guess right;" and De Montmorenci with a flush of joy caught her in his arms.

'The time of my departure from the count's for Paris arrived. Patience could extend no longer, and having taken leave of Juliette, I set out for that gay city. But, O Heaven! what reached my ears when I arrived there! A more splendid offer had been made to Madeline, who accepted it, and was married a few days before. How did I curse the perfidy of woman! how join with the count in agreeing, that vanity and perfidy were almost inseparable from the sex! With a thousand invectives on her I quitted Paris.

'Sick of life, I was now determined to leave the world and all its follies. A convent was a refuge; but I wished to commune with no man, I therefore was resolved to travel in search of a retirement, but which should not be situated in France. To England I then proposed bending my course. I wrote a letter to Juliette, telling her that I proposed to travel, but did not mention my wish to turn hermit. Juliette and her husband immediately came to me, before I could put my plan in execution. They attempted to shake my purpose, but I resisted all their entreaties.

'"And will you leave your only sister?" said Juliette, weeping bitterly.

'"It is but for a short period," returned I.

'"Short as it is, it may be for life," said she sighing.

'"We must trust to Providence, Juliette," replied I, "for the certainty of again seeing each other."

The count added further arguments to mine, and at length Juliette consented to my departure. With the most tender farewell of De Montmorenci and my sister, I left France, and arrived safely in England. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'Here in my CELL, I forget what has passed—it seems like an idle and unpleasant dream. But my thoughts turn on Juliette—no answer to my letters, what am I to think? * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'This day I walked in the village, and saw, coming out of a public-house, a domestic of count De Montmorenci's. I spoke to him of France, told him I was a native of that country, &c. and was rejoiced to think that he did not recollect me in my disguise. He told me he had lived in the service of the count, whose lady was lately carried off by a fever, and he (De Montmorenci) had retired to a convent, but of what order he knew not. How melancholy, how overwhelming was this intelligence! But I must bear my misfortunes like a man.—

'Could I forget
What I have been, I might the better bear
What I am destined to: I'm not the first
That have been wretched: but to think how much
I have been happier!——Wild hurrying thought
Starts every way from my distracted soul
To find out hope, and only meets despair.

'Months and years glide on, and

life is short; surely my weary pilgrimage will soon be closed. With a conscience void of offence, I cherish sweet hope, that, when this transitory scene of disappointment and misery is ended, I may be admitted to a place in the mansions of the blessed.'

(To be continued.)

LONDON WALKING AND FULL DRESSES.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. STRAW hat or bonnet; cloak of worked muslin, or lenno, lined with silk, crossed on the back, and trimmed with lace: short muslin dress: russet shoes.

2. Cap of apple-blossom silk, covered with lace, and deep lace border, bunch of roses in front; dress of light-coloured silk, and lace draperies on the sides, tied round the waist with silk cord and tassels; short lace sleeves; silk gloves; and white shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE rose, jonquil, and lapis-lazuli (or blue), are colours still fashionable, though somewhat less in vogue, as within these few days apple-green and white have become very prevalent.—The head-dresses of smooth hair are ornamented usually with a diadem of flowers, the point of which is considerably raised. The flowers of which these diadems are composed are of three or four sorts, and are not intermingled with any kind of leaves. Besides roses, which display most taste when in the bud, ranunculuses, heliotropes, and the hortensia, are worn: jonquils and hyacinths have gone out. The hat, or at least that part of it on which these flowers are worn, is usually not of yellow but of white straw, or of very fine *sparterie*.

Long trains are now seldom seen in the promenades. All the robes, especially the white, are worn round. The coloured robes, of perkale, for undress, are full of little squares, rose and white, or lilac and white: they are likewise worn of silk and cotton. Few mamelukes are seen.—Almost all the sleeves are puckered, and come down to the elbows.—The mode of *canezous* (a kind of spencers) is beginning to be revived, but they are still rather rare.—Trimmed *fichus* of fine muslin, plaited with small plaits, become more and more fashionable.—Aprons are worn even in full dress; they are of crape or embroidered *tulle*.—Flesh-coloured silk mittens are much in vogue.

ON THE COUNTRY OF BEAUTY.

(From the French.)

IN almost every part of the world nature is very far from bringing the human form to absolute perfection: here she does not finish the whole of the countenance; there she merely sketches the shape and proportions of the body; and almost every-where she fails in the extremities, as has been well observed by Winckelmann. Thus in all languages the epithet *rare* is applied to beauty; and even the Italians style it *pellegrina* (foreign), as if to indicate that it is not frequently seen in their country. Hence, no doubt, the expressions common in their language—*Bellezze pellegrine; —leggiadria singolare e pellegrina.*

Beauty, however, appears to favour more particularly certain countries, in which the examples of it

are more numerous; while in others the human form appears to be in a state of degradation comparatively to that presented by the inhabitants of more fortunate climes. In fact, the difference of air and soil appears to have a great influence on beauty: and if man, by the strength and flexibility of his organisation, is not attached to certain points of the globe; if his race is diffused in all countries, and all climates; if he inhabits the frozen regions of the north, and disputes with the most savage and venomous animals the burning wilds of the equator; yet all parts of the vast domain in which he is capable of supporting vitality are not equally favourable to him. A climate as far removed from the rigid polar cold as from the sultry heats of the equator constitutes the first and most essential condition of the physical and moral developement of the human species.

Beauty requires especially a temperate climate. It is a delicate flower, which unfolds not if the cold be extreme; and which immediately withers when exposed to excessive heat.

Frequently, also, in the same zone, and under the same degree of latitude, the situation of the place, its elevation, its environs, the nature of the soil; in fine, all the accidents of locality which constitute the climate proper to each place, occasion great differences in the configuration of man. Thus in the same district we constantly find that the inhabitants of the higher grounds, as the sides or tops of hills, are agile and well-made, and that the women are generally handsome; while in the flat country, where the earth is heavy, the air thick, and the water less pure, the peasants are ill-formed, dull, and awkward, and the females homely and ill-favoured.

A similar effect is also produced in a greater degree by the constant return of certain unwholesome winds, which wither, as it were, the men, animals, and plants, of those ill-fated countries on which they exert their baneful influence, and give to the inhabitants a yellowish and livid complexion and a melancholy or mischievous disposition, at the same time that their forms are rendered irregular and ignoble. We will not therefore seek the country of beauty in places which are abandoned by light and heat, nor in those which suffer and are laid waste by their excess. We shall find it, if we somewhat enlarge the limits assigned to it by Buffon, between the fortieth and sixty-fifth degree of north latitude. It is within this zone that nature appears more beautiful, more majestic, with respect to whatever relates to the human conformation. In this climate, indeed, we must seek the model to which we must refer all the other varieties of beauty.

The countries which are contained within this space are Persia, Turkey in Europe, the provinces bordering on Mount Caucasus, principally Circassia and Georgia, Italy, the northern part of Spain, France, England, Germany, Poland, Denmark, Sweden, a part of Norway, and a part of Russia.

The human form, however, does not attain to the same degree of perfection throughout the whole of this vast extent, but there are some privileged regions to which the name of *the Country of Beauty* is in a peculiar manner applicable. These are, more especially, Circassia, Georgia, Mingrelia, and all the environs of Mount Caucasus.

The beauty of the Georgian women is generally known. The females of this country unite to the most regular features the clearest complexion and the most symmetrical forms. Nature has liberally

bestowed on them graces and charms of which she has been much more sparing in the other parts of the globe. According to Chardin, these women are full-sized, well-made, and extremely slender-waisted. The women of Circassia are not less beautiful. Their forehead is high and open; a streak of the most beautiful black pleasingly defines their eyebrows; their eyes are large and full of fire, though attempered with an inexpressible mildness; the nose is well-formed; the mouth small and smiling, with vermilion lips; and the chin such as it ought to be to terminate the oval of the most perfect countenance.

The most beautiful complexion gives to all these charms their full effect. It is usually so delicate and exquisitely blooming, that the merchants who sell the female Circassion slaves in the market of Caffa, in the Crimea, have recourse to various proofs to shew that the beauty of their complexions is entirely natural, and not the effect of art.

The practice of inoculation, which has long been in use in Circassia and Georgia, contributes no doubt to the perservation of beauty in that country, by preventing the ravages of the natural small-pox, which have occasioned so much deformity in many other countries.

Many of the women of Mingrelia are likewise remarkable for their beauty; and many dispute the palm, in that respect, with the Georgians and Circassians.

'Mingrelia,' says Chardin, 'produces women admirably well-made, of a majestic air, and with excellently-proportioned features and shape: they have besides an engaging and alluring eye, which prepossesses in their favour all who look on them.'

Below, in his observations published in 1555, he appears to speak of the women of that part of Asia which borders on Mount Caucasus, when he expresses himself as follows:

'There is no labouring woman or peasant in Asia who has not a complexion fresh as a rose; a delicate and white skin, so smooth and polished that it appears to the touch like velvet. They make use of a certain kind of earth of Chio, which they steep, and make of it a kind of unguent, with which they rub in the bath not only the face and hair, but the whole body.'

There are many very beautiful women in Persia, and the Persian blood has become more pure and refined by its intermixture with the Georgian. Similar alliances have, in a great degree, effaced the Tartar character among the Turks.

Europe, considered with a reference to the beauty of its inhabitants, presents us with two grand divisions; first, the south-eastern part, and secondly, the north-western. In these two parts, the extent of which is very unequal, the human form is distinguished by important differences. In the northern and western parts it displays a greater developement; it frequently approaches to the athletic; but its whole has less of nobility. The outline of the countenance is more distant from the beautiful ideal: even the female forms have too much of fulness and relief; they have nothing in them of the finished, of the elegance of the antique. The extremities are almost always defective; and a beautiful foot, a complete leg, or a perfect hand, are partial beauties which it is extremely rare to meet with in the northern and western parts of Europe.

Favoured by a more mild climate, the south-eastern part is more auspicious to the developement of beauty; and the more nature ap-

proaches to the climate of Greece and Italy, which are comprehended within this division, the more she appears beautiful, majestic, and active in the conformation of man.

With respect to their physical and moral qualities, the Greeks have much degenerated. Their subjection to servitude, the mixture of their blood with that of a foreign race, their education, in fine, the state of slavery and oppression to which they have been reduced by their barbarous conquerors, have changed their national form, and degraded their beauty.

Yet, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, the Greeks still assert their ancient claims; and the women of that nation hold a distinguished rank in the seraglios, where they are often preferred to the beauties of Circassia and Georgia.

The most beautiful race of the Greeks were the natives of Ionia; and the orator Dion. Chrysostom makes use of the expression, 'the Ionian figure,' to signify a beautiful human figure. The same country is still celebrated for the beauty of its inhabitants; and Belon tells us, that when he traversed it he could never sufficiently admire the elegant forms of the women, the whiteness of their skin, and the delicacy, animation, and freshness, of their complexions.

In the other parts of Asia Minor, or, as it is at present called, Natolia, and especially in the more elevated countries and in the islands of that region, the women in general are extremely beautiful. Those of the island of Chio are particularly remarkable for their gracefulness, the liveliness of their complexion, and the symmetry of their forms. The traveller while he admires them is led by a pleasing recollection to those early ages, when some individual beauties of this island furnished to the great painters and statuaries of those times their most perfect models.

In Greece, properly so called, which the Turks have so barbarously disfigured, the human form has still preserved a certain degree of perfection; and nothing is more rare among the inhabitants than those broad flat noses which are so common, at least much more common, in the north and west. Vesalius thought he had observed that the oval of the Grecian heads was much more regular than that of the heads of the Germans and Flemings.

In southern Italy, which anciently bore the name of Magna Græcia, or Great Greece, the human form was long distinguished by a perfection not less decided than in Greece Proper. The same beauty still exists in the present times in some parts of that country.

Riedesel, in his travels in Sicily and Magna Græcia, relates, that at Trapani the women are remarkable for their beauty; and thinks that the worship rendered to Venus on Mount Eryx may very probably have derived its origin from the beauty of the women. The alliances with the Moors, and other causes of degradation, have somewhat debased the forms of the inhabitants of Magna Græcia; but in Sicily, the women, though less beautiful in some respects than those of Rome, produce a greater effect by their charms, which they heighten by the most seducing and expressive graces. These observations are principally applicable to the Sicilian women of Palermo. These, according to a modern traveller, are of a middle size: the young girls have black or brown hair, black and animated eyes, a slender shape, a neck admirably formed, and are so perfect in their proportions, that we no longer wonder that the beauties of Palermo served for models to the

Grecian sculptors. The dress of the women of Palermo is suitable to the climate. Their head has no covering, not even of net-work. They bind their tresses with a riband, or a piece of gauze, and sometimes place a rose in their hair. Whalebone stays are unknown to them: a light corset, which preserves the gracefulness of their shape, an amber or coral neck-lace, a black veil in the Spanish style, and a robe of the French fashion, compose their dress. They have the art of displaying their figure to the best advantage, to which their drapery, in whatever manner it may accidentally be disposed, constantly contributes. Their step, their dance, their attitudes, have an attractive and irresistible charm. They have especially the talent of varying their character and air in a great variety of manners; sometimes exhibiting a mild languor, at others an enchanting gaiety, or flashes of imagination and sensibility, which leave the less chance of escaping them, as the sound of their voice is usually tender and delicate, and almost as powerful in its effect as the beauty of their features and form.

At Naples the men are very finely shaped, but the women are much less handsome. The Venetian women are very agreeable; but in general their forms somewhat exceed the just proportions of size.

At Rome, in the territory of that city, and in general in the countries which Winckelmann denominates the fine provinces of Italy, transcendant beauty, that beauty which results principally from the regularity of the forms of parts and from the whole, is in some sort an indigenous production, a produce of the influence of climate. In any of these countries, says the author above mentioned, we rarely see those indecisive and equivocal features which are so common among the ultramontanes, or people beyond the Alps. The traits which characterise the Italians are truly noble. The form of the countenance is large, well defined, and all the parts of it are harmoniously disposed. These characters of beauty are found even among the lowest class of the inhabitants, and many of the heads of the commonest people might appear with propriety in an historical painting. Nothing can be more picturesque than the heads of the old men. The beauty of the women is, perhaps, less perfect. 'Nature,' says the abbé Dupaty, 'could not possibly have placed more properly, or in a manner more justly harmonizing, the forehead, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the chin, the ears, and the neck. She could not have employed forms more pure, more mild, or more correct. All the parts are finished, and the whole is complete.—A beautiful Roman head always astonishes: it has its full effect at a first view, and the least suggestion recalls it to mind.'

The perfection of the hands, which is so rare in the western countries, is not inferior among the Romans to the beauty of the countenance. The form of the shoulders acquires with age, and in consequence of that plumpness which succeeds to the charms of youth, a perfection and grace of which the Roman ladies are extremely proud, and of which they avail themselves by uncovering those parts, and displaying them with equal coquetry and ostentation.

Proceeding from the south to the north, and from the east to the west, the character of the Roman beauty degenerates, and becomes more rare. In Tuscany, however, and especially at Florence and Sienna, we find very beautiful women. In the higher countries, and those which make part of the chain of the Apennines, the complexion is fresh and clear, and, in the women, the shape has

ustness of proportion only repre-
ensible for its too great tendency to
mbonpoint, which is not compatible
with that kind of beauty sought after
by artists.

Lombardy, inclosed between moun-
ains, and watered by a great num-
ber of rivers which fertilize it, no
onger presents in its inhabitants the
talian character. Forms too vo-
uminous, and a too marked *embon-
oint*, there diminish beauty. At
Milan, however, and in some other
ities, we find very beautiful women;
nd if we were to judge from the
erfection of a small number of spe-
imens, we should be led to consider
he city just mentioned as one of
hose in which the character of the
talian beauty is displayed in its
reatest lustre.

The more we advance towards the
Alps the more this character of
beauty disappears, and the more the
uman form approaches that of the
nhabitants of the north and west of
Europe. Of the whole of this part,
which comprises Germany, Sweden,
Denmark, and England, the south
of France is the country in which
he beauty of the women reminds
is most of the antique, and presents
nalogies with the beauties of Greece
nd Italy. It is principally in late
Provence, and a part of Languedoc,
hat the conformation of the women
resents this perfection; and, as
Camper as well observed, we find
mong the inhabitants of these south-
rn countries more frequently than
n any other part of the western
egion that finished contour of the
w, and that flatness of the visage,
which appears to be of Grecian
rigin, and approaches to that in-
xpressible charm which the ancient
rtist has diffused over the counte-
ance of the Apollo, and over that
f the Venus de Medici.

In several of the northern depart-
ents of France, we find very agree-
able women, but without any trait of similitude with the antique perfection; and nature scarcely ever completes in those high latitudes the extremities, which she finishes with so much care under the beauteous sky of Italy. The purest and finest complexions and well-made forms, somewhat indeed too strongly expressed, recompence these defects, and cause them to be disregarded, in the females of several parts of Normandy, Picardy, Flanders, and Belgium. The women of Paris, who may be considered as almost a distinct species of women, are more conspicuous for their elegant air and manner, their grace, and the art with which they avail themselves of all their advantages, than for any great character of beauty. Their features, more agreeable than regular, have rarely any remarkable resemblance to the Grecian models. Immured in the closeness of their habitations, like the plant reared under the bell-glass, they become weak and defective in their proportions; they want freshness and colour, and their complexion has in general more of the interesting paleness of convalescence than of the animated bloom of youth and health.

THE

COUNTRY TOWN,

A COMEDY.

(Continued from p. 317.)

ACT III.

Scene VII.

Madame Guibert.

FLORA, Flora, Flora!—Where is this idle thoughtless girl, that she does not answer?—and at a time, too,

when, perhaps, she may make her fortune.—Flora! I say.

SCENE VIII.

FLORA, *Madame* GUIBERT.

Flora. Do you want me, mamma? Here I am.

Madame Guibert. Want you? yes: why don't you come when I call you?

Flora. I was feeding your canary-bird, mamma.

Madame Guibert. Never mind my canary-bird; there are things of much more importance for you to attend to. You are now grown up, and of age to be married.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. I have spared no expence to give you a good education; and, in fact, you will do honour to any man you marry.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. But you know—for I have often told you—that this town affords no very desirable matches for marriageable daughters. Here are only some ill-educated rustics; coxcombs, who have no wit, and very little money. Paris is the place for an accomplished young woman, to obtain a suitable settlement. I did intend to send you to pass some time with my brother in the capital, and I doubt not but you would have met with an eligible offer.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. Thank Heaven, I hope you will have no occasion to make the journey. My brother is very properly attentive to the interest of his family. He has sent me, with letters of recommendation, a young heir, who has just succeeded to an estate of five thousand a year.

Flora. Five thousand a year, mamma!

Madame Guibert. He is coming to reside here for a time with his friend. He is a very amiable young man: he has sense and wit, is very accomplished, and is fond of music. I hope you will approve of him for a husband.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. You must display before him all your graces, your powers of pleasing, your wit, your conversation, and all the accomplishments you have acquired by the finished education I have taken care to give you.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. They will return immediately. Take care to behave in such a manner that the first interview may make a strong impression: that is a great matter. But come hither; let me look at you. You know I have forbidden you ever to make use of *rouge*, except when you go to a ball. However, when one looks so pale as you do, and especially when it is by the advice of your mother, there is no harm in it. A little judiciously applied is sometimes a great addition to girls of your complexion.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. (*Putting rouge on her daughter's cheeks*) Remember, child, that modesty is the greatest ornament of a maiden—the most valuable portion she can bring to her husband. But how stiff and awkward you are in that corset! You must dress yourself more *à la Grecque*, since it is the fashion: but never depart from the principles of virtue and *bon ton*, which you have received from your mother. Is your piano tuned?

Flora. Good heavens! No.

Madame Guibert. Why I thought it was to have been done a week ago.

Flora. Mr. Splimann has promised to come to-morrow morning.

Madame Guibert. Well, I hope he will not fail. I will arrange a little concert, and invite all our ac-

quaintance. The two young gentlemen from Paris, Splimann and you, may perform a quartetto; and Francis, who is beginning to play a little on the clarionet, may take a part.

Flora. What, our servant, mamma?

Madame Guibert. In a family party it does not signify. Besides, I do not wish to invite any of the players from the orchestra of our theatre of beneficence; they are pert and satirical, and no better than they should be.—But I hear my two accomplished Parisian visitors coming. Prepare yourself, my dear; behave with a modest confidence, and don't be too bashful and shame-faced, and take care to speak when it is proper, and to the purpose.

SCENE IX.

Madame GUIBERT, FLORA, DESROCHES, DELILLE.

Desroches. You see, madam, that we have kept our word, and have not been long.

Madame Guibert. You have been but too long, gentlemen.

Flora. Yes, a good deal too long.

Delille. Our servant, Dubois, will immediately bring all our baggage. Really, madam, I am quite ashamed to think of the trouble you force us to give you.

Madame Guibert. Do not speak of it, I entreat you, gentlemen. Will you permit me to present my daughter?—Your curtsey, Flora.

Desroches. Miss, I am——

Delille. Enchanted!

Flora. Gentlemen—*(Aside to her mother)* Which of the two, mamma?

Madame Guibert. *(Aside to her daughter)* The youngest;—he next to me. *(Aloud)* She is my only child. The hope of seeing her well settled can alone console me for the loss of a husband I can never cease to lament. I have neglected nothing to finish her education; but you must be aware that in a country town, like this, it is not easy to procure the means.—She is a little bashful; but she has an excellent heart, and a cultivated mind. *(Aside to her daughter)* Speak, Flora.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. How provoking! Is that the way to answer?

Flora. Why, what would you have me say, mamma?

Madame Guibert. Hold your tongue.——*(To them)* My brother writes me in his letter that you are very fond of music. My daughter has an excellent voice, and can sing and play, I think I may say, with some taste. After dinner, you shall, if you please, judge of her performance.

Delille. But why, madam, need we wait for that pleasure till after dinner?

Desroches. We shall be delighted to hear the young lady.

Madame Guibert. You have quite confused her: she is very easily intimidated; especially when in the company of gentlemen who come from Paris.—She has, too, the bad habit of wanting a great deal of entreaty.

Delille. Oh, if entreaty be all that is wanted, we will supplicate, we will conjure you, miss.

Desroches. I will join my friend, and most earnestly solicit the favour——

Flora. Indeed—I am ashamed—

Madame Guibert, Come, come, you must not be too bashful.

Flora. I have got a cold, too.

Madame Guibert. Yes, you have always got a cold, or something or another, when you ought not to have it.

Flora. But, mother, what shall I sing?

Madame Guibert. What you please. Come, hold yourself upright, and sing.

Flora. *(Coughing)* Hem—hem. —I am sure I don't know how I shall succeed. *(Begins abruptly, with a very loud and shrill voice)*

I will without confinement rove,
Guided alone by blissful love.

Madame Guibert. For goodness sake, what kind of a song is this?

Flora. *(Continuing to sing)*

No, no, no, it ne'er shall be—
No marriage chains shall e'er bind me.

Madame Guibert. Gracious heavens! where could you learn this shocking stuff? Pray let us have no more of it. You will not be bound by marriage chains, indeed! Is this a song fit for a young lady to sing?

Flora. Why, mamma, it is from the opera of the beauteous Arsenia.

Madame Guibert. The beauteous Arsenia was a fool and a hussy; and I hope you will not follow her example.—Besides, the music is old and out of date.

Flora. Well, then, mamma, what shall I sing?

Madame Guibert. Why, something new—such as,

When I meet with a worthy man,
I'll try to get married as soon as I can.

Or,

Hymen's gentle chains I'll wear.

Flora. Oh, ah! that I believe I can sing.

Delille. Do, miss: it is a very pleasing air; and much more suitable to the situation.

Flora. Hem—hem. *(Sings)*

Hymen's gentle chains I'll wear—
They shall banish every care:
Fervid but transient are Love's fires;
Hymen a settled warmth inspires;
And oft of gold his fetters are.—
Hymen's glittering chains I'll wear.

Desroches. Exquisitely sung, miss; like an angel!

Madame Guibert. Like an angel, indeed! like a simpleton. She generally sings a thousand times better than this. Besides, she has not given that tender expression to the words which they require.

Flora. Indeed, mamma, it is not my fault. You know I got such a cold at our last rout, that it is a wonder I can sing at all.

Desroches. Do not find fault with her, madam; she sings admirably.

Delille. Oh, certainly. *(Aside to Desroches)* Give me leave, I will put an end to all this in a moment. *(Aloud)* I have no doubt, my dear sir, that this young lady's voice is extremely pleasing to you, for it must remind you, as it does me, of a person very dear to you. Have you not observed it?

Desroches. Whom do you mean?

Delille. Your lady—your wife.

Desroches. My wife!

Madame Guibert. His wife!

Flora. Good heavens!—his wife!

Desroches. *(Aside to Delille)* What do you mean?

Delille. *(Aside to Desroches)* Do not contradict me; you will perceive presently. *(Aloud)* Her voice has exactly the same tone, the same pitch, the same compass.

Madame Guibert. How, sir, are you married?

Desroches. Married, madam!

Delille. Yes, madam, he is married—*(Aside to Desroches)* Assent to all that I say—*(Aloud)* to a charming woman—*(Aside to Desroches)* I have my reasons for acting thus—*(Aloud)* a young widow. The wedding took place about six months since:—*(Aside to Desroches)* You will see. *(Aloud)*—I was present at it.

Madame Guibert. Indeed, sir!—I most sincerely wish you joy; I am glad you have been able to make a choice which I have no doubt—— You may leave us, Flora.

Delille. *(Aside to Desroches)* You now perceive the motive of all this

politeness. *(Aloud)* I am extremely sorry, madam, that we must so soon be deprived of the company of your amiable daughter.

Madame Guibert. I ask your pardon, gentlemen; but she has employments which must not be neglected: she must attend her lessons, too.

Flora. (Aside to her mother) But perhaps, mamma, the other gentleman is not married.

Madame Guibert. What do you say?—Go, go, I tell you.

Flora. Mamma, must I tell Mr. Splimann of the concert to-morrow?

Madame Guibert. Concert! what concert? Is this a time for concerts, when every body is busy with the vintage?

Flora. (Curtsying) Gentlemen, I have the honour——

Madame Guibert. Well, well, that will do—leave us. [*Exit Flora.*

Scene X.

Madame Guibert, Delille, Desroches.

Delille. Your daughter, madam, is extremely handsome, and infinitely agreeable.

Madame Guibert. You are very polite, sir. No: she would only be reckoned an awkward country girl among the fine ladies of Paris.—But one thing has just occurred to me, for which I ask your pardon; and that is, that I have been rather too precipitate in offering you an apartment in my house, for, on further consideration, I am afraid you will find it very small and inconvenient.

Delille. Oh, no, madam, that cannot be. It has, you know, a delightful prospect over the river and the gardens; there is a library, glasses, a dressing-table, cupboards, a commode—nothing is wanting.

Madame Guibert. Yes; but there is only one chamber, and a closet.

Delille. Well, madam, that is sufficient. Two friends, inseparable as we are, occupy no more space than a single person. There is only one objection; and that is, if Mr. Desroches should invite his lady to come down, as he has some thoughts of doing——

Madame Guibert. You will allow that, then, however desirous I may be, it will not be in my power to furnish suitable accommodations to you and the lady too.

Delille. Yes, madam, that must be admitted.

(To be continued.)

Account *of the New Comedy entitled* The Village; or, The World's Epitome; *performed at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket, on Thursday, July* 18.

The Characters were thus represented.

Jack Mutable	Mr. Elliston.
Frank, his Friend . .	Mr. De Camp.
Process	Mr. Dowton.
George Grouse . . .	Mr. W. Palmer.
Timothy Anvil . . .	Mr. Matthews.
Anthony	Mr. Liston.
Widow Eglingtown	Mrs. Mara.
Widow Meadows . .	Mrs. Harlowe.
Judith Process . . .	Mrs. Powell.
Rosa Meadows . . .	Mrs. Gibbs.
Maria	Mrs. Matthews.

THE Prologue, spoken by Mr. Chapman, informed the audience that the Author's object was to prove that a country village is a miniature of the town, with all its vices. In the execution of this plan, he employs *Jack Mutable*, a Bond-street lounger, who is disgusted with town, in consequence of the supposed infidelity of *Maria*, a young lady with whom he is in love. He is accom-

panied by his friend *Frank;* but their journey is interrupted by the breaking down of their carriage, in the neighbourhood of a country village.—Their adventures here constitute the incidents, and introduce all the other characters of which the piece is composed. In their search for accommodations, *Jack Mutable* makes love to every women he meets; and, being remarkably short-sighted, as well by nature as from affectation, he is betrayed into several ludicrous mistakes. The *Widow Eglingtown* he finds is a flirt, ready to forsake her former admirer, *George Grouse,* a country 'squire. The *Widow Meadows* he finds an artful woman, who is willing to entertain the two strangers only with a view to get a husband for *Rosa,* her daughter, an awkward simpleton; and *Miss Judith Process* is an ugly old maid, whom her brother, an attorney, seeks to force him to marry. *Mutable,* thus disgusted with the litigation, coquetry, and selfishness of the village, is preparing to depart, when he meets his mistress *Maria,* who had followed him from town, and he discovers that there were no grounds for his jealousy.

From this sketch our readers will immediately perceive that the plot of this piece is taken from that of a French play, a translation of which is now continuing in the LADY'S MAGAZINE, under the title of the *Country Town* *; (see the preceding article); *viz. La Petite Ville* of Picard. The scene, however, is transferred to England, and *Desroches* is changed into *Jack Mutable;* his friend *Delille,* into *Frank; Riflard,* into *Squire Grouse; Vernon,* into *Process; Miss Vernon* his daughter, into *Miss Judith Process; Madame Guibert,* into the *Widow Eglingtown, &c.* Had the execution of this transformation been equal to the original design and plan of the piece, it would have fully answered the public expectation; but, besides some other defects, the attempts to excite laughter by pleasantries not found in the original, were in general unsuccessful. *Anvil,* the village smith, who acts as porter to the two strangers, and carries their luggage about in their search for a lodging, makes some tolerable hits in the language of his forge; but most of the efforts of *Jack Mutable,* the hero of the piece, in the same way, are rather ridiculous than ludicrous. On the whole, the disapprobation of the public with respect to these parts was so evidently manifested on the first night of representation, and so fully confirmed on the second, that it was withdrawn.

This piece, it is understood, is from the pen of Mr. Cherry, the author of the *Soldier's Daughter.*

* The *Country Town* was begun in the Magazine for January of the present year, and will be completed in the next and following numbers.

On the PRESENT MANNERS *of the* FRENCH.

(From a late Publication.)

A TASTE for magnificence and expence is encouraged by the French government. The policy of this is obvious: it is done to countenance the extravagancies of Bonaparte and his family; and to exhaust those who have acquired money during the storms of the revolution, or from the plunder of other nations;—a method by which the tyrant hopes to render them more subservient to his designs. This is seen in the character of the metropolis, where the distinctions of wealth are vanishing under the subtle policy of the usurper. He acts on the maxim, that to impoverish and

oppress, is to render dependent. A respectable middle class of people exists not in Paris: the *Bourgeois* are ill-informed and vulgar; and live in much poverty at home, to be able to cover themselves with finery when they go out.

With regard to one distinguished class of men in Paris, the artists, their attention is employed, and their genius excited, by premiums offered for plans for an *imperial palace*. Projects for building an *imperial church*, by finishing with suitable grandeur the neglected structure of the Madeline, also occupy them; and they are stimulated to an emulation in designing the beauties of this latter edifice, which is intended to ornament an *imperial parish* in the neighbourhood of the Thuilleries.

The general progress of the arts in Paris is not highly honourable to their professors. At the last yearly exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and architecture, at the Louvre, out of the seventy-two subjects that appeared, drawn from every period of history, thirty-six were devoted, in abject adulation, to celebrating Bonaparte and his actions. The most conspicuous was one of his visit to the hospital at Jaffa, to comfort the sick and dissipate the fears of the plague. How are the actions of *great men* misrepresented!

The greatest portion of the inhabitants in the morning examine their numerous daily papers, for the criticisms on the theatric performiances of the preceding night, and for intelligence of what is to be played in the evening.

They look for the solutions of enigmas, and new ones proposed; and observe what general, senator, or other happy individual, has best succeeded, and merited the prizes announced by the publishers of these journals, for the riddle-solving talents of their readers.

They do their business, or, having none to do, go out to walk, and sit in the public *promenades*. They dine in great haste; after one glass of *liqueur* and a cup of coffee, resort either to the public walks, the theatres, dances, or gambling-houses.

A habit of taking tea at very late hours gains ground very much. Cards occupy the whole attention of their private parties, from which all rational and useful conversation, and all public spirit and energy, are banished; and this is their general mode of spending the day.

The people in business know no settled interval of remission; they labour most irregularly at all hours, at the tedious confusion of their affairs.

The Parisians deal with each other in the ordinary concerns of life and business as if they were a nation of swindlers, and each man thought his neighbour intended to cheat him. All their transactions are rendered tiresome by a number of cautious formalities which impede their progress; and the universal remark is, 'The Revolution has done this.' Every class of men and women frequent the public gaming-tables in Paris.

The surest way of carrying any point with a general, minister, or judge, whom you are soliciting, is to employ a female. Accordingly the public and private audiences of these persons are crowded by ladies, who are always the most effectual negociators to obtain favour, and the most proper means of conveying any *douceur* which you may think it advisable to use in aid of the justice of your cause. A man sends his wife, his mistress; and if he is so connected as to be able to choose among ladies who stand in those different relations to him, he will prefer the handsomest.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

A LOVER'S LIST.

In answer to J. M. L's. *See page* 103.

YOUNG Frederic first, with graceful air,
Declar'd himself my lover;
But shortly he refused was,
For Henry the rover.

Young Harry rov'd from this to that,
And me he soon discarded:
But, being only tit for tat,
The slight I disregarded.

Next William I had surely wed;
But, before we were marry'd,
The thoughtless youth away had fled;—
And so my plan miscarry'd.

Next James and John, alack the day!
Unlucky, came together:
To them I knew not what to say;
I could not fix on either.

But while I ponder'd what to do,
Young Edmund came, so clever;
I thought, when he began to woo,
He'd win my heart for ever.

But soon, my favour to obtain,
Came Albert; none trod lighter,
Or nimbler danc'd upon the plain;—
None of the swains shone brighter.

And now I vow'd that I would not
Admit another lover:
But Charley came, upon the same,
And did his heart discover.

With Albert I was loth to part,
To leave him for another;
And yet could not find in my heart
How to refuse the other.

I ponder'd well the matter through,
And firmly I believed
That no great danger could ensue
If I them both received.

But jealousy soon caused words,
Each well his right defended;
At last they went and measur'd swords—
And so the quarrel ended.

Next Thomas came, with lively air,
With ev'ry grace enriched;
And this sweet youth, I do declare,
My very heart bewitched.

But soon, alas! I tired was
Of Thomas's advances;
And, like a giddy thoughtless lass,
I Thomas chang'd for Francis.

And Francis, more than any youth
Amongst them, I admire:
He's ev'ry thing—he is, in truth—
That fancy can desire.

I never will desert this swain,
I do him love so well;
No, no, I'll never change again—
Except for J. M. L.

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

NANCY.

ADIEU! ye plains where nature smiles;
Adieu! ye verdant groves;
The view no more my thought beguiles,
No more my solace proves.

Adieu! ye scenes of infant bliss;
Yon babbling brook, adieu!
On whose soft banks a tender kiss
I stole from Nancy true.

Adieu! yon well-remember'd bow'r;
Adieu! yon cottage door;
Where oft I pass'd the peaceful hour,
Which I must pass no more.

For Nancy from the plains is fled,
To realms of purer peace:—
I'll wander wide, to pleasure dead,
Till death shall bring release.

July 3, 1805. J. M. L.

JESSY.

LOUD roar'd the boist'rous blast of heav'n,
Whilst Jessy rov'd with bosom bare;
The fleecy snow in heaps was driv'n;
The black'ning tempest filled the air.

To Jessy's senses all was lost:—
She knew, nor felt, the driving storm;
By love, alas! too rudely crost,
Distraction seiz'd her beauteous form.

A soldier shar'd her gentle heart:—
Than Henry none more true or brave:—
But war's stern dictates bade them part;
And Henry found an early grave!

Since then, no joy has Jessy known:
Her only theme is Henry's love;
Her mind is melancholy's throne:—
But Henry will be hers above.

July 3, 1805. J. M. L.

STANZAS.

WHERE yonder softly-flowing stream
In peaceful slumbers wends its way,
Oft have I stray'd, of love to dream,
Or hear the rustic's roundelay.

I hate the town's tumultuous throng;
I hate its gaudy, glitt'ring glare;
But love to pour the pensive song,
And nature's blissful bounty share.

For where you see the woodbine bow'r,
Each joy of life I often prove;
The pleasures of the classic hour,
With those of friendship, and of love.

And, oh! ye powers of Mercy! grant,
Content may still each wish controul!
Just keep me free from chilling want;
And, when I die, receive my soul!

J. M. L.

THE DOOR THAT OPENS WITH A LATCH.

AN ODE.—*By* CLIO RICKMAN.

FINE folks, and fine houses, are nothing to me;
Nor care I for splendor or state;
From fashion and nonsense I wish to be free,
And the purse-proud and crafty I hate:
But I love all the charms to the cot that attach,
Where the door of rusticity opes with a latch.

Crowded cities are full of unnatural hordes,
Where folly and fuss and misery combine;
Full of pompous professions, and unmeaning words,
Where truth is kick'd out, for the frothy and fine:
O bear me from these to the cot crown'd with thatch,
Where the door of simplicity opes with a latch.

O bear me from these to the hamlet's dear green,
Where mirth gaily leads on the hours;
Where nature exhibits each beautiful scene,
And melody gladdens the bowers.
The parting sun's ray o'er yon downs let me catch,
Then repose in the cot whose door opes with a latch.

Dear simplicity, too, of mind and of mien—
Most charming of qualities—flourishes here:
Here beauty bright blazes; and true love, its queen,
Lights up in the breast each affection sincere.
For ever far hence be the money-made match!
Nor the cottage pollute whose door opes with a latch.

The greatest of foes to the good of mankind
Was he who two houses adjoining first built:
Then to town, and town-manners, away flew the hind,
To finery, disquiet, and slavery, and guilt;—
To cities repair'd, ev'ry mischief to hatch,
And left honesty's roof, and the door with a latch.

How hateful the sound of the thundering hall,
Where impudent lackies, and ladies, and lords,
Be-gilt and be-painted, affectedly squall;
Unhealthy, and solemn, no hearts, and all words;
With trouble and pain each disquiet they hatch,
Such as reach not the roof whose door opes with a latch.

Here, too—at the close of the busier day,
When the bright orb of glory descends in the west,
And steals to the tomb, a lingering ray—
Where my soul's early partner retir'd to her rest,
Let me dwell on her virtues, which nothing can match,
Then retire to the cot whose door opes with a latch.

Oh, grant me, from noise and cabal far away,
With the children of lowly pursuits to abide;
O'er the uplands, the woods, and the downs, let me stray,
'Midst nature's fine scenery, and with her reside:
Exult in her beauties, her glowing tints catch,
As I sit at my door, that still opes with a latch.

Blest scenes! each domestic delight to improve,
To give vigour to all the emotions of heart;
Nurse of sentiment, taste, and the raptures of love;
To me and to mine, oh! your blessings impart:
Night, morning, and noon, all your charms will I watch,
Nor the mansion e'er quit whose door opes with a latch.

MATRIMONIAL HINT, TO STELLA.

WHAT heart, when with youthful desire it first glows,
Enamour'd of wrinkled old age do we see?
What bee quits the fragrance and sweets of the rose,
To feed on dry leaves at the foot of the tree?

FLORIO.

THE POWER OF GRAVITY.

SIR ISAAC, that surprising man,
Long toil'd, with fruitless industry,
The universal cause to scan,
Ere he discover'd *Gravity*.

At length, one day, by chance, he 'spied
An apple falling from a tree;
Then with triumphant joy he cried—
"The thing I sought for!—*Gravity*."

That all things to their centre tend,
Since Newton's days the learn'd agree;
Prince, statesman, soldier, lover, friend,
Has each his point of *Gravity*.

Self-interest, ambition, love,
Compose the mighty centres three,
Tow'rds which all human creatures move,
With various pow'rs of *Gravity*.

The patriot, while he puffs and blows,
And bawls so loud for liberty,
Seeks (tho' he thinks that no one knows)
Some *private* point of *Gravity*.

The judge, who looks so sternly just,
So void of partiality,
Like other atoms of frail dust,
Is biass'd oft by *Gravity*.

The lawyer, who turns black to white,
And *vice versa*, for a fee,
Acknowledges his magic might
Depends on *golden Gravity*.

The sage physician, to whose skill
We trust our lives, if sick we be,
(Let his prescription cure or kill)
Owes half his fame to *Gravity*.

The crafty son of merchandise,
Who labours like the busy bee,
Both when he sells and when he buys
Puts on the mask of *Gravity*.

As for the poor hard-toiling race,
It needs no great sagacity
Their plain propensities to trace,
Without the aid of *Gravity*.

But now I find the theme I sing
Begins to operate on me—
So, muse, compose thy weary wing,
And sink in silent *Gravity*.

HAFIZ.

TO A LADY, WITH A PRESENT OF VIOLETS.

(*By* THEOPHILUS SWIFT, Esq.)

THESE violets to my fair I bring,
The purple progeny of spring;
Nor thou, dear girl, the gift refuse—
Love's earliest tribute to the muse.

Whate'er has beauty, worth, or power,
Or grace, or lustre, is a flower.
Wit is a flower; and bards prepare
The flower of fancy for the fair.
The flower of youth the loves appear,
Leading in flowery youth the year;
And beauty's flowery fetters bind
In sweet captivity the mind.
With flowers the graces Venus deck;
And these adorn a fairer neck:
That neck, whose paradise to range,
A flower I'd prove; and bless the change;
One little hour I'd live, then die—
A violet in that heaven lie.

Still as you charm, some flower we trace,
Some blossom of the mind or face.
Does Laura lead the courtly dance?
We hail the *flower of elegance.*
Does fashion's wreath adorn her brow?
The *flower of taste* is Laura now.
In Laura's mien, in Laura's mind,
The twin-born *flowers of grace* we find;
And in her blushing cheek we see,
The *royal rose of dignity.*
Yon lily, symbol of her youth,
Blooms next her heart, the *flower of truth.*
Oh, might these violet buds express,
The opening *flower of tenderness.*

But not the brightest flower of spring,
That fancy paints, or poets sing;
Nor these, nor all the sweets that blow,
The rose's blush, the lily's snow,
With thee in excellence compare,
Or breathe so fresh, or bloom so fair.
For in thy bosom lives a flower
Not time shall spoil, nor death devour:
A flower that no rude season fears;—
And VIRTUE's sacred name it bears.

On seeing some POETICAL COMPOSITIONS *of a* VERY YOUNG LADY.

JOYOUS we view the primrose pale
Peep forth beneath the thorn;
Sweetly the balmy breath inhale
That scents the vernal morn:

But greater joy, when first the rose
Presents its lovely form;
To see its beauteous leaves disclose,
Unfolding with the dawn.

But greater still my bosom feels,
To view th' unfolding mind:—
Gradual each hidden gem reveals
To fortune's fickle wind.

Oft when the beauteous tints we view,
And hail the opening flower,
The blast of envy flies too true,
And nips it ere an hour.

But when its bloom shall scent the air,
And candor give it praise,
No fairer wreath can genius wear,
While genius plants the bays.

May fortune's sun, dear maid, be thine!
And ev'ry blessing given,
In your sweet mind reflected shine,
And hail the gift of heaven!

Fleet. CLEMENT COOTE.

THE SHEPHERD'S REQUEST.

GO, gentle gales, and tell the maid,
In beauty's blooming smiles array'd,
The flame that warms my heart:
Tell her how oft she wakes a sigh,
Whene'er I pass unheeded by,
A slave to Cupid's dart.

Tell her, how oft I've wish'd in vain,
To meet her image on the plain,
And all my heart disclose;
But still a slave I wander'd on,
And vainly bid each care begone,
That I might taste repose.

Ye sylvan powers, who love the shade,
Oh! when she next requires your aid,
In gentle whispers tell—
The youth that feels her conq'ring charms,
Wounded by love's resistless arms,
A guileless victim fell.

His heart, a stranger to the snare,
Which fashion spreads to catch the fair,
With deepest cunning plann'd;
Tell her his breast more transport knows,
In healing, than creating, woes,
And aiding virtue's stand.

Oh! if these truths attract her ear,
Pour'd from a bleeding heart sincere,
Your winning voice renew:
Tell her, the soul that feels the fire
Lit at her charms, with pure desire,
Shall prove for ever true.

Fleet. CLEMENT COOTE.

LINES

Written by Sir WALTER RALEIGH, *the night before his execution.*

EVEN such is Time; that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave
(When we have wander'd all our ways)
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

EPIGRAM.

(*From Boileau.*)

YOU say, without reward or fee,
Your uncle cur'd me of a dang'rous ill:—
I say, he never did prescribe for me;
The proof is plain—I'm living still.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, May 15.

THE ministers of the porte have held two great conferences relative to the proposition which has been made for a triple alliance between England, another great power, and the sublime porte, but nothing has yet been determined; and though some persons pretend that this alliance is already signed, it is known with certainty that the minister of the power not named has received orders from his court to delay the conclusion of the negociation.

Cadiz, May 21. Five days since the secret expedition which had put into Lisbon passed the Straits, and cast anchor in the road of Gibraltar; it consists of 5000 men, on board fifty-three transports, convoyed by three men-of-war. Four hundred of these troops, and a regiment, will, it is said, remain at Gibraltar, and replace the 13th and 14th regiments of the present garrison there, who will embark for the Windward Islands. Several mutinies have already broken out in these regiments. With regard to the expedition itself, it is in a state of inactivity, and appears by no means in a hurry to repair to its destination.

Lord Nelson, with his fleet, consisting of twelve sail of the line, five ships under admiral Orde, and three under admiral Bickerton, in all twenty sail, are cruising between Cape St. Vincent and Finisterre, before Carthagena, Gibraltar, and other parts in the Mediterranean.—*(Moniteur.)*

Madrid, May 24. More than thirty ships of the line are now lying in our ports, the greater part of them ready to sail; viz. eleven at Ferrol, besides five French ships which are there, ten fitted out at Cadiz, five at Corunna, and six at Carthagena, under rear-admiral Salzedo: to these are to be added, a proportionate number of frigates, and other ships of war. Every thing indicates that the part we shall take in the war will be splendid and glorious.

Constantinople, May 30. M. Romieu, who lately resided in Corfu as French consul, has arrived here from Paris, with dispatches to the chargé d'affairs.

Parandier's arrival may be considered as a supplement to the mission of M. Joubert, and relates not only to the notification of the new regal dignity of Italy, but also to its acknowledgment. In like manner, in the letter which M. Joubert delivered to the grand-seignor, the acknowledgment of the emperor of France is alluded to, and the warmest assurances expressed by that monarch towards the grand-seignor.

M. Joubert, at the time of his departure from Paris, received instructions to wait for an answer from the grand-seignor to the letter of the French emperor, on which account he still continues at Constantinople, ten days having elapsed without any answer to the said letter having been received. The chargé d'affairs Parandier gave in a written memorial to the porte. He was then informed that the grand-vizier had received directions to transmit an answer to the said letter to the minister Talleyrand. M. M. Parandier and Joubert were not satisfied with this reply, but declared that a letter from the French to the Turkish emperor must be answered by the latter. The grand-seignor, therefore, caused an answer written by

himself to the emperor Napoleon to be delivered to M. Joubert, with which the latter will immediately set out on his return to Paris.

This answer contains assurances of friendship corresponding to those made to the grand-seignor by the French emperor, but no mention is made of an acknowledgment. The letter is accompanied by a particular one from the grand-vizier to the minister Talleyrand.

Cadiz, May 31. An English frigate and two brigs have been cruising in our neighbourhood for three days past. The Spanish ship of the line El Glorio, of eighty guns, put to sea yesterday. On Sunday evening a cannonade took place between her and the frigate; and in the night time a stronger cannonade was heard. Yesterday the English frigate and brigs were again in sight, but the Spanish ship has not since been seen.

Vienna, June 5. The Prussian envoy here, count Von Keller, has applied for his recall: his successor is not yet known.

The regiments which are to occupy the camp of exercise at Schimmeron have received orders to break up for their different quarters to-morrow, that they may enter the above camp on the 10th instant.

Italy, June 10. The report of changes at Lucca, and at Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, still continues. The civil code for these three duchies has been published under the seal of the kingdom of Italy. The gonfaloniere of Lucca, Belluomini, is at Milan. Lucca, it is said, will be united to the principality of Piombino.

June 13. Forty-eight battalions of infantry and forty-five squadrons of cavalry, attended by a train of sixty pieces of cannon, are now manœuvring in the immense plain of Montechairo. Upon an eminence in the middle is perceived the emperor's tent, who from thence looks on the positions of Senato, Castiglione, Montebaldo, and Rivoli. The eye is lost in the horizon, bounded by Mantua on the one side, and by the fertile plains of Romagna on the other.

Never did France possess finer troops, who went through their manœuvres with more promptitude, or were animated by a more enterprising spirit. Independent of this camp and that at Marengo, we have a division at Genoa, a second at Florence, and a third at Naples; so that upon the whole we have absolutely more troops in Italy than at any former period, without reckoning the Italian troops, who are formed under their masters, and appear animated by the desire of rendering themselves worthy of their sovereign.

When possessed of so much power, we ask, we wish, only for peace, and a peace on fair conditions. Can any thing equal the blindness of a power which rejects it? of a power too which has not the means of wounding the prosperity and repose of the enemy it fights against?—*(Moniteur.)*

Vienna, June 15. Besides the camps at Pettau, Kaschaw, Cracow, and Summering, it is determined that a camp of exercise shall be formed near Trevis, under the command of the archduke John.

The Ligurian envoy, Boccondi, set out, by orders from his government, three days ago, for Genoa; and, on account of the changes that have taken place there, will not return. Our envoy at Genoa, baron Guisti, whose secretary of legation is arrived here, is likewise soon expected to return.

The baron Von Winzingerode has arrived here, having on his journey from Berlin to St. Petersburgh found orders at Riga to proceed to Vienna with certain dispatches. He has had conferences with the cabinet minister, count Colloredo, and the minister of state, count Cobentzel. It is conjectured that his mission has a connection with the proposals for a general peace. The report that the baron was to go to Milan is unfounded.

Several regiments have been removed from those provinces which suffer by dearth and the dearness of provisions; and their marching has been ascribed by short-sighted politicians to warlike views.

The report of an interview between

our monarch or the archduke Charles and his Prussian majesty is not confirmed.

Amsterdam, June 15. The general estimate of the public expenditure for the Batavian republic, during the last months of this year, has been published; which, including ordinary and extraordinary items, amounts to no less a sum than 50,501,560 guilders, 17 stivers and a half.

The Batavian land forces, exclusive of the pensionary's body-guard, are to consist of eight regiments of infantry, each of three battalions; two regiments of light infantry, each of 1123, in two battalions; one regiment of foot-artillery, of three battalions, each to consist of six companies, 677 men strong; a company of pontoniers, of 59 men; three regiments of cavalry, each consisting of 616 men; a company of miners and sappers, of 73 men; riding artillery, 224 men; corps de genie, 78 men; the regiments of Waldeck, 1764 men, and those of Saxe Gotha, 868 men. In the whole, including the pensionary's guard, 21,299 men.

Frankfort, June 18. The following is mentioned from Milan, dated June 3. "It is reported that this city will not long form the capital of the kingdom of Italy, but that the seat of government will be transferred to Rome, the ancient metropolis of the world. This is, however, highly improbable."

Berlin, June 25. The Russian imperial chamberlain and minister of justice, M. Novosiltsoff, arrived here the day before yesterday, from St. Petersburgh.

The English envoy here, Mr. Jackson, who has been for three weeks at Dresden, returned yesterday in great haste, and had a conference with M. Novosiltsoff, who has arrived here sooner than was expected.

Paris, June 25. It is thought that his majesty the emperor and king will not be in Paris these two months.

It is asserted that his imperial highness prince Louis is about to take the command of a large army upon the coast. It is said that his head-quarters will be at St. Amand, whither this prince will first repair to take the waters. Marshal Lannes is returned from Milan to Paris.

Altona, June 25. M. Novosiltsoff, it is said, will go directly to Mentz, where he will learn at what place he may see the emperor of the French.

It is said that their majesties the emperor of Germany and the king of Prussia have had an interview, on the estate of count Wallenstein, in Bohemia. Their majesties were attended by a very small retinue.

Berlin, June 29. M. Novosiltsoff is still here. The minister for the electorate of Hanover, M. Ampteda, will to-morrow give him a grand dinner.

Banks of the Maine, June 29. According to one of our journals, it is considered as certain at Paris, that the republican calendar will be entirely laid aside in September next. Several public offices, even in their official documents, make use of the old. The principal difficulty is said to be, that the financial accounts throughout the empire commence from the 23d of September; but the minister of finance, it is said, has a plan that will obviate this.

Berlin, July 2. A courier, arrived from Alexandersbad, near Barreuth, brings the agreeable intelligence that our beloved monarch may be expected here on the 8th inst. M. Novosiltsoff will then have an audience of his majesty.

Paris, July 6. The troops on the coast are in motion, and their numbers are estimated from 150 to 200,000 men. No less than 2000 vessels are lying ready in the road and in the port. The flotilla consists of praames, being a large kind of vessel, having cannon and horses on board; of gun-boats, pinks, and chaloups, carrying a 24-pounder.

A basin has been formed in the port of Boulogne, capable of receiving one half of the armed vessels.

Scheidam (Holland), July 7. We hear that vice-admiral De Winter has been appointed commander in chief of the Texel expedition, with permission to hoist his flag on board whatever ship he may choose.

HOME NEWS.

Liverpool, June 29. THIS day arrived here the Triton, capt. Marshall, from St. Lucie; which place he left on the 15th May, and brings the following intelligence:

St. Lucie, May 14.—Information was received from capt. Morris, commanding at the Diamond Rock, that a French force, consisting of sixteen sail of the line, six frigates, and three brigs, had that day passed the Rock, and gone into Fort-royal, Martinique. On the 21st May was boarded by a boat from his majesty's ship Goolan, capt. Ascough, off Cape Samana, St. Domingo, and informed him of the arrival of the above fleet at Martinique, with which information he immediately proceeded to Jamaica, to give the information to the admiral. On Monday the 10th June was spoke by his majesty's frigate Mercury, in lat. 40. 51. N. long. 48. bound from Jamaica for England.

The Triton called at Turks Island on the 24th of May, to fill up her water, and was informed that the Jamaica fleet had passed Cape Nicola Mole about a week before.

The Cyane sloop of war and a 44 armed en flute are captured by the French fleet.

Plymouth, July 1. Came in from a cruise the Insolente, 14 guns; also from off Cadiz and Ferrol, the Indefatigable, 44 guns, capt. Moore. She left those squadrons all well a few days since. On her passage home she fell in with a West-India packet, bound to Falmouth, the master of which said, that the French fleet from Europe, of eleven sail of the line, with troops, had arrived at Martinique on the 17th of May. Vice-admiral Dacres's and rear-admiral Cochrane's squadrons were eleven sail of the line, exclusive of a ship of 84 guns at Barbadoes refitting. If vice-admiral lord Nelson had arrived in those seas he could not be many days after them, as he was far in the Atlantic on the 16th of May, waiting for intelligence as to the course he should steer, either for the East or West Indies, being victualled and stored for any part of the world, and three weeks would convey him to the West Indies.

Dublin, July 1. Mr. Hamilton Rowan was this day brought up by *habeas corpus* to the court of King's-bench. Mr. Curran moved that the outlawry in this case should be reversed for error. The attorney-general appeared, and confessed the errors. Mr. Rowan was then put to plead to an indictment for high treason. He pleaded his majesty's pardon, which was read and allowed. Mr Rowan was then informed that he was at large.

Mr. Rowan then addressed the court. He begged to be permitted in a few words to express his heartfelt gratitude for the clemency of his sovereign. —'When I last (said he) had the honour to stand in this court before your lordships, I said that I did not know the king otherwise than as the head of the state, as a magistrate wielding the force of the executive power. I now know him by his clemency—by that clemency which has enabled me once more to meet my wife and children; to find them not only unmolested, but cherished and protected during my ab-

sence in a foreign country, and my legal incapacity of rendering them the assistance of a husband and a father. Were I to be insensible of that clemency, I should be indeed an unworthy man. All are liable to error. The consequences have taught me deeply to regret the violent measures which I once pursued. Under the circumstances in which I stand—were I to express all I feel upon this subject, it might be attributed to base and unworthy motives; but your lordships are aware how deeply I must be affected by my present situation, and will give me credit for what I cannot myself express.'

Woolwich, July 1. At half past nine o'clock, last night, an alarming fire broke out in the royal arsenal, lately Woolwich Warren, close to the powder magazine, which threatened the whole with destruction. There was a long range of wooden store-houses parallel to the magazine, and at a distance from it of between 10 and 20 yards. This range was filled with combustible matter. Parallel to it stood a second range of store-houses. The distance between these two ranges was not more than sufficient for a waggon to pass, and it was in the second or more remote of the two ranges from the magazine the fire broke out. The fire, as might be expected from the nature of the building and its contents, made a rapid progress; and before the expiration of many minutes after it was discovered, the two ranges of store-houses were one dreadful blaze. The store-houses being completely enveloped in flames, and there being no chance of saving them, the attention of those who first came to the spot was directed to the magazine. A great number of wadmill tilts were hauled up upon the face of the magazine, fronting the fire, and carried over the roof. The engines of the arsenal and town of Woolwich were instantly brought to bear upon the magazine; and, though of a small capacity, they kept the wadmill tilts so wet as to prevent them from catching fire, notwithstanding the fury and proximity of the flaming store-houses. We do not know the exact quantity of powder in the magazine; but it has been stated at between 200 and 300,000 barrels. The greater portion of this is of course deposited in apartments protected against accidental fire. Still, however, a great quantity of it remained in an exposed state, from the necessity of having it convenient and at hand for the workmen daily employed in making cartridges, &c. The apprehension that prevailed at Woolwich, on the first report of the fire, was, that it had broken out in the magazine, and every inhabitant of the place momentarily expected that the magazine would blow up, and that the whole town would be involved in universal ruin. The horror, consternation, and confusion that ensued, would be difficult to describe. The women and children lost not a moment to make their escape. Some fled to Shooter's-hill, some to the Barrack-field, some in other directions. In every approach to the town they might be seen, some dressed, others half dressed; particularly children, who had gone early to bed, and were suddenly roused from their slumbers. Several houses were also stripped by their owners, who were busily employed in carrying off their furniture, and depositing it in a place of safety. Fortunately, however, the engines succeeded in preventing the flames from extending to the magazine; and the two ranges of store-houses were, in about two hours, totally consumed, without doing further mischief. About twelve o'clock, several engines had arrived from within a distance of some miles; but the fire had completely subsided, and they only served to restore confidence to the trembling inhabitants.

July 3. Yesterday, sir R. Ford went down to Woolwich to investigate and endeavour to discover how the fire happened, whether from accident or design; and to examine some persons who were in custody on suspicion of being concerned in effecting this dreadful calamity. After the examination of several persons, it clearly appeared that the fire could not have been the effect of accident, as no fire or candle was ever allowed to be

made use of in the building where the fire burst out, which the sentinel who first discovered it described to appear like a lighted candle burning through the roof; and in a moment afterwards a sudden burst took place, and the flames for several yards round rushed forth with the greatest violence. It appeared in the course of the investigation, that a labourer of the name of Samuel Margatroyd, who worked in a part of the buildings that were consumed, called the lobby, had, on the Sunday morning preceding the fire, made use of very violent expressions to a brother workman, of the name of Norton, who generally worked in a loft over the room where Margatroyd was stationed, and which loft Norton and his companions ascended by a ladder, purporting that he, Margatroyd, would take care that Norton and his shopmates should not go up that ladder again; adding, with an oath, that he would take care so many of them should not go up there any more. Norton also stated, that he saw Margatroyd on the Monday morning, and recollecting the conversation on the Sunday, he asked him, if he would say what he had said to him the day before? which Margatroyd said he would do, as he meant no harm by it. Several other circumstances came out on examination, which it would be imprudent to disclose, as they involved other persons in a suspicion of being concerned in this horrid transaction. Margatroyd was committed for further examination.

The board of ordnance has offered a reward of 500*l.* for discovering the persons concerned in setting fire to the laboratory. The dreadful act must have been premeditated for some time, and planned for the prevention of extinguishing the flames; for when the engines belonging to the yard were brought out, they were rendered nearly useless by four of the brass screws belonging to the leather pipes being injured so much, that they would not screw together. A number of the fire buckets were likewise rendered useless, by being cut, and holes made in them.

London, July 3. This day, John Troy, a young man, about twenty-six years of age, was executed, pursuant to his sentence, in front of Newgate. This unhappy delinquent was convicted of uttering a forged 5*l.* note, with intent to defraud Mr. Rhodes, hosier, in Oxford-street, and the Bank. In the progress of the trial, it was proved that the prisoner had uttered two other notes of the same fabrication; and he was found guilty on the clearest evidence. Previous to the awful moment that terminated his existence, his behaviour was penitent, and when on the fatal platform he appeared to feel a just sense of his dreadful situation. He was cleanly dressed, and bowed to the spectators, many of whom expressed emotions of compassion at his untimely end. The wretched mother of the criminal remained with him until the dreadful separation, under all the agony of grief and distraction. Some time since he married a woman of the town, by whom, it is supposed, he was introduced to the nefarious practice which led to his melancholy catastrophe.

July 5. The public anxiety has lately been very strongly excited by accounts of an alarming indisposition in his majesty's eyes. The public were told, that on a consultation of his physicians it had been declared that a cataract was formed in one of the eyes, and in danger of being immediately formed in the other. We are happy to state that the case has been represented much worse than it really is. Though the unfortunate malady has taken place in one of the eyes, there is understood to be no danger of its communicating to the other, and his majesty in other respects is in the best state of health.

Yesterday his majesty arrived at Buckingham-house from Windsor. In a short time after, Mr. Phipps, the oculist, Dr. Heberden, and Mr. Dundas of Richmond, had a consultation upon the state of his eye, and we understand their report to be that it is better.

BIRTHS.

June 27. At Maple, Durham-house, in the county of Oxford, the lady of Edward Blount, of Bellamore, in the county of Stafford, esq. of a daughter.

28. The honourable Mrs. Warneford, lady of lieutenal colonel Warneford, of the first Wiltshire militia, of a son.

July 2. The lady of the city remembrancer, at Guildhall, of a son.

At Kilruddery, Ireland, the countess of Meath, of a son.

At Culzean castle, Scotland, the right hon. the countess of Cassilis, of a daughter.

3. Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley, of a son, at the earl of Bristol's, St. James's-square.

5. In Saville-row, the lady of William Hamilton, esq. jun. of a son.

7. In South-street, lady Catherine Stewart, of a son.

10. The countess of Berkeley, of a son, at his lordship's house in Spring Gardens.

14. The lady of colonel Roberts, of Upper Grosvenor-street, of a son.

The lady of John Lyall, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

June 25. At Swaffham, in the county of Norfolk, W. H. C. Benejet, esq. of the royal artillery, to miss Nelson, daughter of the late rev. William Nelson, of Fransham, in the same county.

27. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Richard Eaton, jun. esq. of Stretchworth-house, in the county of Cambridge, to miss Jefferson, only daughter of the late rev. Mr. Jefferson, of King's Langley, Herts.

July 1. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Wm. Russell, esq. to miss Sophia Russell, daughter of Claud Russell, esq. of Binfield house, Berks.

2. At King's-Norton, in the county of Worcester, Avery Homer, esq. of Balsall-heath, to miss Ann Gill, second daughter of the late Thomas Gill, esq. of Birmingham.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, John Willett Willett, esq. of Merly-house, Dorsetshire, M. P. for New Romney, to miss Wilson, of Wimpole-street.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Mrs. Uniacke, daughter of the right hon. J. Claudius Beresford, to Mr. Doyne, of the county of Wexford; and at the same place and day, her youngest sister, miss Beresford, to Mr. White, banker.

6. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thomas Strangways Horner, esq. of Mell's Park, colonel commandant of the Home and East Mendip cavalry, to miss Hippesley, eldest daughter of sir J. C. Hippesley, bart.

At Hackney church, William Wilcox, esq. of Camden-street, Islington, to miss Gore, daughter of the late captain Arthur Gore, of the Nassau East Indiaman.

At Edgeware, Thomas Bartrum, esq. to miss Comerford, of Brockley-hill, near Edgeware.

8. At the seat of the hon. Henry Sedley, in Nottinghamshire, lieutenant colonel Francis Cunynghame, late of the Coldstream regiment of guards, to miss Jane Whitefoord, youngest daughter of the late John Whitefoord, bart. of Whitefoord.

11. At Enfield, Thomas Scrafton, esq. of Stanmore, to Mrs. Ostlife, widow of the late Francis Ostlife, esq. of the former place.

14. At Castlegate church, York, Mr. Bartholoman, proprietor of the York Herald, to miss Dixon, of that city.

15. Philip Neill, esq. barrister at law, to miss Elizabeth Charlotte Dyer, eldest daughter of the late — Dyer, esq. of the treasury.

Mr. Vaughan, gentleman of his majesty's chapel royal, to miss Tennant, of Dean-street, Soho.

16. At Colney Hatch, by the rev. Dr. Randolph, of Bath, the rev. W. Money, son of William Money, esq. of Holm-house, near Ross, Herefordshire, to miss Emma Down, daughter of Richard Down, esq. banker, Bartholomew-lane.

20. At Mary-la-bonne church, the hon. colonel Acheson, M. P. eldest son of lord Gosford, to miss Sparrow,

only daughter of Robert Sparrow, esq. of Warlingham-hall, Suffolk.

At the earl of Carhampton's, Cobham, Surrey, the right hon. lord Grantham, to the right hon. lady Henrietta Frances Cole, youngest daughter of the late earl of Enniskillen.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Henry Sansom, esq. of Finsbury-square, to miss Magniac, daughter of Francis Magniac, esq. of Maryland Point, Essex.

21. At Melbourne-house, Whitehall, earl Cowper, to the hon. miss Lambe, second daughter of viscount Melbourne.

22. At Watlington, the rev. George Capper, rector of Little Blakenham, in Suffolk, to miss Reid, daughter of George Reid, esq. of Watlington-hall, Norfolk.

DEATHS.

June 11. At his house in Pulteney-street, Bath, Arthur Davies, esq. of Forest-hall, in Carmarthenshire.

At Edinburgh, Mungo Murray, esq. of Linrose.

19. At his house, at Battersea Rise, William Francis, esq. aged 72 years.

At Bognor Rocks, Sussex, the lady of William Boyd, esq. of the Paragon.

21. At Champion-lodge, Camberwell (the residence of her grandfather), miss Crespigny, the eldest daughter of lieutenant-colonel and lady Sarah Crespigny.

24. At Dublin, the bishop of Limerick (Dr. Bernard), aged 87.

27. At Hadley, near Barnet, Mrs. Montagu Burrows, wife of major Montagu Burrows, of the 14th regiment of foot.

28. At Maize-hill, Greenwich, in the 80th year of his age, Richard Brathwaite, esq. admiral of the white.

At Denmark-hill, Mr. Thomas Ellis, hop merchant, of the borough of Southwark.

At Hadley, Middlesex, Mrs. E. Garrow, eldest daughter of the late rev. David Garrow.

At Ferrybridge, on his road from town, aged 66, the rev. Edward Bowerbank, B. D. rector of Croft and Barningham, both in the north riding of Yorkshire, and prebendary of Lincoln.

John Groves, esq. of Pimlico.

At his lodgings in Great Russel-street, Covent-garden, Roger Blount, esq. in the 90th year of his age.

At Teddington, Middlesex, Mr. Toussaint, late of Sackville-street, Piccadilly.

At Lyme, in Dorsetshire, miss Louisa Birch, daughter of Samuel Birch, esq. of Cornhill.

July 1. At Horsewell house, Devon, the rev. Peregrine Ilbert, archdeacon of Barnstaple, and rector of Farringdon.

2. At his house in Weymouth-street, Dr. Patrick Russell, F. R. S.

3. At Leixlip castle, the hon. Mrs. Cavendish, wife to the hon. George Cavendish, and daughter to James Caulfield, esq. of the county of Tyrone.

6. At Chelsea, Mr. R. Suett, of Drury-lane theatre.

At Greenwich, of a paralytic stroke, captain Medley, third harbour-master of the port of London, formerly commander of the Raymond East Indiaman.

7. After a short illness, at his house at Richmond, Surry, in the 67th year of his age, James Woodbridge, esq.

At his seat at Southgate, Charles Walcot, esq. comptroller of the two-penny post-office.

10. At Eastbury, in Dorsetshire, Thomas Wedgwood, esq. third son of the late Josiah Wedgewood, esq. of Etruria, in Staffordshire.

In Scotland-yard, Mrs. Street, wife of T. G. Street, esq.

14. At her seat at Preswood, Staffordshire, in the 49th year of her age, the hon. Mrs. Foley, relict of the late hon. Edward Foley, of Stoke Edith, Herefordshire, and M. P. for the county of Worcester.

15. At her daughter's, Mrs. Ord's, house, in Dover-street, Mrs. Scott, widow of the late reverend James Scott, and mother of lady Oxford.

Mrs. Morley, aged 69, the wife of William Morley, esq. of Green-street house, East Ham.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR AUGUST, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Sadi and Amina—an Eastern Tale, 395
2 Serious Reflections—addressed to unmarried Men, 399
3 On Calumny, 400
4 Romance of the Pyrenées, 401
5 The Maiden reconciled to Marriage, 412
6 Eliza; or, the Hermit's Cell, 415
7 Letter addressed to the Ladies, 421
8 Observations, Literary and Miscellaneous, 423
9 London and Parisian Fashions, 425
10 Anecdotes, 425
11 The Country Town, 426
12 On the Persons, Dress, and Manners, of the Highlanders, 429
13 The Moral Zoologist, 433
14 POETICAL ESSAYS.—Lines to Miss C-k-g—The Happy Man—Sonnet to Miss A. H-n—Song—Acrostic—Acrostic—Song—The Muffled Drum—Epitaph—Evening—Epitaph—Sonnet 437—440
15 Foreign News, 441
16 Home News, 444
17 Births, 447
18 Marriages, 447
19 Deaths, 448

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 SADI and AMINA.
2 LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESS, elegantly coloured.
3 The greater BIRD OF PARADISE.
4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a HANDKERCHIEF, &c.
5 Music—'The Hero of Acre.'—The Words by a LADY. Composed by D. CORRI. *(N. B. It may be purchased separately, printed in a size proper to bind up with other music.)*

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. L.'s request will be readily complied with.

C. C.'s communication was received too late for this month: it shall certainly appear in our next.

The Ode to the Ladies on their wearing Drawers and Pantaloons, by J. S—t, contains too many allusions bordering on indelicacy.

Eliza Yeames's favour is received.

Miranda's Essay shall have a place.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Sadi and Amina.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For AUGUST, 1805.

SADI AND AMINA;

OR,

THE ESTIMATE OF SENSIBILITY.

AN EASTERN TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

SEVERAL philosophers have entered into the enquiry—whether sensibility is most productive of happiness or misery to the person endued with it? This question can best be determined by those who are under its influence, and have fully experienced its effects. On an impartial estimate, it must surely be found that its offspring is rather pain than happiness.

Sadi was born in the beautiful isle of Chio, in the Archipelago. Nature had endowed him with a mind uncommonly sanguine, and fraught with the most delicate sensibility. Whatever he hoped he thought possible, and reason was seldom able to keep pace with the flights of his ardent imagination. The world dawned upon his view, at the expiration of infancy, with charms not to be described, and which only minds like his can feel. As the mist of the morning magnifies every distant object in the eye of the traveller, thus his unacquaintance with the real value of the enjoyments of life increased their importance in his expectation. Imperfectly beheld, they offered to his view only scenes of beauty and unruffled happiness. While the sun of life rose in all its attractive splendor, he thought not that in its meridian it might scorch, or that he might feel a melancholy chill at its departure. Sensibility and tenderness united bestowed present happiness, and presented to his eager expectation flattering pictures of still greater bliss to come.

Before the age of twenty, the death of his mother, which was soon followed by that of his father—parents whom he tenderly loved—gave him the severest of pangs, and produced a dreadful void in the affections of his heart, by depriving him of the principal objects on

which they had hitherto been exercised. The painful struggles, however, which he had now to encounter, gave a vigour to his mind, and, as his sorrow gradually subsided, seemed to new-brace his faculties. He entered into the possession of considerable property, engaged in business, and occasionally indulged in pleasure; and thus filled, for some time, by a succession of novel scenes, the vacuity occasioned in his heart and his enjoyments by the loss of his parents.

At length his ardour in the pursuit of business abated, and his pleasures cloyed and became insipid. He felt that the warmth of his feelings, and the enthusiasm of his disposition, required something different from what he had yet found. He wished for another self, one of the gentler sex, with a mind similar to his own, capable of returning his affection, and of intimately feeling the delight of reciprocal love. Long did he seek and enquire with anxious gaze, without meeting with the object of his search—a congenial spirit, with whom he might enjoy, and on whom he might bestow, happiness, the communication of which affords a delight only known to those who have experienced the supreme pleasure of making a beloved object happy. Admiration and desire a thousand times obtained transient possession of his breast, but too soon he discovered that the object which had excited his admiration or inflamed his desire was not that which was necessary to a heart like his; and he at length began to doubt whether what he sought had any existence except in his own imagination, till he almost conceived towards the sex an indifference bordering on disgust. He did not then know that among the crowd of females disgusting by vanity, by folly, by caprice, or by apathy, there existed superior and angelic beings, difficult, it is true, to be found, and which without having the good fortune to meet, a man might wander through this wilderness of life in its widest extent, while they sometimes fall to the lot of the basest of mortals.

But before he had entirely given up his search, and while he was in this state of mind, it was his lot to meet with Amina. Her modest reserve had prevented her perfections from being much noticed by fools; and though her person was truly graceful, and her countenance extremely beautiful and interesting, a conscious dignity of character, and an unwillingness to be ostentatious of the excellences she possessed, left them to be discovered by observation of a different kind from that of the common herd of flutterers round the sex. Her eyes manifested not merely understanding and sweetness of temper, but an innocent liveliness, concealed under the most unaffected modesty;—as the cheerful sun behind a summer cloud discovers a thousand scattered lights in his sportive beams.

Sadi saw her, and, for the first time, received in his bosom the shaft of real love. Yet was he long unacquainted with the full extent of her perfections, or with that of his own passion. He felt himself dissatisfied and restless if he did not see her; but attributed this merely to the effect of her agreeable and rational conversation, and of her gentle manners. But when a longer intercourse with her had convinced him of the superiority of her understanding, and the happy mixture of mildness and strength in her character which at once repressed the impertinence of the vain and the insolence of the depraved libertine, he found her, after attentive observation, unlike and superior to any woman he had ever seen—an angelic nature;

and he loved—he adored. Her similarity of taste and temper inclined him almost to believe in that philosophy which teaches that souls are made in pairs, and to imagine that he had found the congenial being formed by Heaven in the same mould. A union with her he was convinced must constitute his happiness, and a separation from her be insupportable misery. His fears represented to him many obstacles, but his passion was too strong to regard any but her dislike. With trembling lips he at length avowed to her his passion, and a flood of tears gave him his answer. He stood like one stupified for a moment and sunk in despair. With the utmost difficulty was it that he at last expressed his dread that this reply indicated either aversion or a heart pre-engaged;—a meaning which must render him dumb for ever, how severe soever might be the consequences to his health or to his peace. But, with a spirit and soundness of understanding superior to all disguise, Amina assured him that her emotion proceeded solely from surprise, and candidly signified to him her approbation of his love, in a returning smile of most inexpressible sweetness.

Who can describe the feelings of Sadi? His heart seemed to dissolve in a paroxysm of joy;—joy unutterable, and unfelt or even imagined by him, child of imagination and enthusiasm as he was, before that hour.

But the bliss of mortals is ever of short duration, and seldom appears to be other than a specious prelude to misery. Sadi and Amina had been accustomed frequently to walk in a retired and beautiful grove near his residence, where, occupied alone with each other, they conversed in the fulness of happiness, and forgot the world. It chanced while thus they walked that they were one day observed by some of the giddy females of the island, who envied them their happiness, and were stung with jealousy and mortification to think that Sadi should have preferred the less obvious and unobtrusive charms of Amina to theirs. With the basest malignity, they endeavoured to blast that felicity which they were incapable of enjoying. They circulated, in such a manner that they must come to the ear of Sadi, the basest calumnies concerning Amina. Sadi heard them with a kind of horror. His first feeling was indignation at the villanous falsehood of the insinuations; but the poisoned shaft had pierced and sunk down into his breast, and his love and sensibility, which had before occasioned him to enjoy ecstatic bliss in the company and affection of his Amina, now inflicted on him tortures the most inexpressible. He, however, aroused himself to exertion, made the fullest enquiries, and satisfactorily discovered the falsehood of the malignant slanders, after having completely traced them to their source.

Now again were the feelings of Sadi those of the fluttering spirit unexpectedly admitted to Paradise. Soon was he indissolubly united with Amina, with increased passion and increased happiness. Every day new proofs of affection on the part of each confirmed and augmented the enthusiasm of love. No wish was formed by the one which the other did not strive to anticipate; and unbounded love was the parent of eternal peace, while unbounded friendship communicated every hope and every fear. Their union was soon cemented by a beautiful child, and they mutually gazed with ineffable tenderness on the fruit of their virtuous affection. Frequently would Amina exclaim—'O! how transcendent is my happiness! to add to it is impossible!' and fre-

quently would she notice with delight the proofs of still-increasing fondness in the partner of her felicity.

Two years had rolled in tranquil round over their enjoyment of this state of undisturbed bliss, when one evening as they walked forth together in the retired grove which was the first scene of their loves, while the setting sun with a gentle light illumined the distant objects, Amina passionately exclaimed—'Do you believe, my Sadi! that that sun which seems to smile on our affection and our delight ever beheld beings more truly happy?' Alas! on that day week the sun irradiated the horizon with equal splendor, but viewed no more the form of Amina: she had disappeared from the face of the earth, and was as those who have never been!—Reader, dost thou start? think, then, what sudden, what stupendous, misery agonised the heart of him who adored Amina. At first the suddenness and violence of the dreadful blow rendered him almost insensible, and plunged him into wild stupidity; but when, roused from this torpid state by racking torture, he returned to sensation—a dreadful sensation of his misery—some idea of his sufferings can only be formed by that imagination which can conceive the heart to be torn out of the body and rent asunder, while the wretched owner still survives. He awoke from a delightful, a rapturous dream—a dream of long happiness to come, while many a year should sweetly glide away in love and transport. The ground had fled from beneath his feet, and he beheld only an abyss which was to swallow up for ever hope and joy. Scarcely could he believe that bliss so complete, so excessive, could have vanished in a moment: it was a dream, a thing impossible. In the darkness of the still night his thoughts dwelt only on his lost Amina. Every morning he called on her name, but found with unutterable pangs that no answer was returned. Often, in his broken slumbers, he seemed to view her form re-animated and decked in smiles. He stretched forth his hands to grasp the vision, and the violent agitation of ideal joy awaked him to all the anguish of his real situation. 'Why, gracious Heaven!' would he exclaim, 'this imaginary return of deceitful bliss, to add fresh keenness to tortures but too intolerable before?' Sullen despair seized his soul; and the madness of grief succeeded. The sight of the infant of Amina, the perfect image of herself, rendered him frantic. He sought and traversed with hasty and unequal steps her favourite walks, the grove in which they had so often strayed together, absorbed in mutual affection; he reclined on the seat where he had first told his love, and called to mind, with agonising recollection, the delicate tenderness with which she had received the avowal of his passion. In the dead of night, when none could observe him, he would steal to her grave, and bedew it with his tears; and, in the agitation of his frenzy, he would call to her as if she could hear and answer. He would use the same expressions, the same fond epithets of tenderness, to which she had been accustomed.—'To thee I come,' would he cry, 'my Amina! while others seek pleasure in the society of the living. I come to thee with a melancholy, a fearful, satisfaction; for what delight can I enjoy among the living? Still do I love thee: I swore to love thee for ever, and ever will I keep my vow. Soon will I again revisit thy gloomy chamber—how different, alas! from that in which we have passed together ecstatic moments—soon will I revisit thy chamber of death!'

In the course of a few months afterwards he caused a vault to be built, in which the coffin of his Amina was deposited. He descended into it, resolved that it should be hereafter their common abode. His infant child, which he had entrusted to the care of a relation, and endowed with his property, was brought to him there every day, when he would kiss it with enthusiastic tenderness, while he placed it on the coffin of its mother. But neither the most ardent entreaties nor any arguments which reason could offer, nor even his love for his child—the child too of his dear Amina—could prevail on him to quit this habitation of despair until he closed his eyes in the embraces of death, the victim of melancholy and incurable grief.

Had the heart of Sadi been formed of more rugged materials, though he might not have been capable of experiencing the ecstatic pleasures he had enjoyed, he would not thus have suffered the bitterest pangs and agonies which can torture the human feelings. He would have passed through life like the common race of mortals, not anxious to obtain that exquisite happiness which he could never have known to exist, and indifferent to all the events of life which did not immediately affect his person or his interest.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following Reflections were sent me a few days since by a young lady (though I assure you they are not pointed at me), expressing a desire that I would forward them to the Editor of the Lady's Magazine, for insertion.—Your compliance with this desire will confer a lasting favour both on myself and the lady, who are truly admirers of your interesting miscellany.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS: *addressed to* UNMARRIED MEN.

HORTENSIO found that a gentleman had gained his sister's affections, without absolutely or immediately discovering himself to her.—In answer to a question that was put to him, 'whether he had not, as it was believed he had, addressed her?' he says, 'he had never made *love* to her.' Ridiculous subterfuge! He stole into her heart, by the help of those *silent, tender* observances, which are the surest batteries, when there *is time* to play them off.—If any man had thus attained my sister's heart and left her a prey to disappointment, and then said *he meant nothing*, my vengeance should have taught him that his conduct was *not less dishonourable* than if he had kneeled at her feet and swore a million of oaths. Let me ask you, single gentlemen, if you do not, at this moment, know too many of our helpless sex whom you yourselves have devoted to this most painful of all disappointments? and can you acquit yourselves of dishonourable conduct, who have by a thousand *little* attentions, by *ardent looks*, by those various methods you have used, endeavoured to insinuate yourselves, by saying—you meant *nothing*—you had *no* thoughts of *matrimony*——and that it is very unreasonable the world should form conjectures otherwise, when *nothing* was further from your intention? It is very hard indeed a man cannot enjoy the company of a female friend but a report must be immediately propagated that a *union* was

to take place: it is a very great hardship, but the weight must fall on the deluded and too credulous of that sex; while ye yourselves can rear your heads triumphantly, and say, you meant *nothing*.——But in this, as in most other cases, the world judges by the appearance of things. When the world, therefore, sees a man frequently in the company of an agreeable woman every way suitable to him, taking every opportunity of convincing her of it, such as the *tender glance*, the frequent *sigh*, contriving to be near her, *pressing* her hand with *fervour* when unobserved, and a hundred other *little* things, which, *trifling* as they seem in relation, yet, when used by a man to all appearance *sensible* and in *earnest*, steals into the breast of an *unsuspecting* woman—Can this man in *honour* exculpate himself, although the word *love* may never have escaped his lips? Weigh it well in your minds, ye men of *honour!* ye men of *feeling!* feel the distress which fills the female bosom after such a seduction of the heart and affections.

Oh, ye meaners of *nothing!* take yourselves to task: whatever you may think of it, your conduct is very reprehensible. Some of you have a subterfuge, if possible, more base and cruel:—you *play* with the *affections* of some amiable and deserving object, whose only *weakness* is, perhaps, her attachment to you, although you give her every reason to suppose you only wait for a *convenient* opportunity of making a formal address. Your behaviour is likewise such as to induce every one to be of the same opinion; yet, as you have never given it under your hand, or before a witness, you think you can get off. And this is your method, as you wish to be thoroughly acquainted with her disposition. You are to be commended were you in earnest; yet, after a series of behaviour of the utmost assiduity, all on a sudden you change, you give out hints that come round to her ear you meant *nothing*; of course the next time she meets you she feels a painful emotion, which discovers itself in a distant reserve which adds to the asperity of her countenance and treatment of you. Thus, then, is your wish answered.—She had not the *good-nature* you thought she had; you are very happy things proceeded no further.—Mistaken man! you have proceeded *too* far already: you cruelly planted daggers in that breast which never formed a wish but for your happiness.—Many of you in reading this will view your own pictures: May it have weight with you! Reflect that the impressions you have made are owing to the sensible light you appeared in. Be, then, still men of *honour*, and repair the breaches you have made in the female bosom.

S. Y.

ON CALUMNY.

CALUMNY may be defined a false injurious detraction from the character of any person, either in speech or writing. The most abandoned and sordid minds have the least abhorrence of calumny. He who is but moderately wicked dares not venture upon it: he who has the least particle of ingenuousness in his disposition disdains it. One asked a Spartan, whether his sword was sharp? He answered—Sharper than calumny.

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a lady.*]

(Continued from p. 356.)

CHAP. XXXIII.

VICTORIA was now almost convulsed by horror and despair. 'So, then,' she wildly exclaimed, 'he is given up to destruction; and I, vile ungrateful wretch that I am! I sealed the doom of my gallant preserver—of Hippolyto; but do not, do not, cruel Roselia! tell me it is too late to save him. I will brave his assassins. I will fly to him; I will alarm the house, the neighbourhood. Alas! alas! what will that avail me, but to accelerate his murder? Hippolyto's murder!'—she shrieked, she burst into the bitterest tears of agonising horror and despair. Her tears restored her fleeting senses. She wept abundantly, and her mental powers at length resumed their functions.

'Roselia,' said Victoria after a painful pause, 'a woman so deeply versed in crimes as the duchessa must surely be so in stratagems, and she yet can save Hippolyto from these fiends of civil law. Fly then to her, Roselia, if you love me, and promise all things for me that can save Hippolyto. But stay; your word may be doubted, it may not be deemed sufficiently decisive, and I had better render my promise indisputable.' Hastily our agitated heroine snatched up a pen, and with much difficulty traced a few almost illegible lines addressed to the duchessa di Manfredonia.

'NOTHING can save the life of Hippolyto but my complying with the wishes of my guardian, I have been told by her. Truly would I yield my life, my liberty, my all of happiness, to save him. Solemnly, then, I promise to become his wife to-morrow. Unmurmuring will I accede to any proposition that can secure him from destruction.

'VICTORIA DI MODENA.'

With this almost unintelligible billet she instantly dispatched the trembling Roselia, the moments of whose absence were not so miserable to Victoria as those she had passed for the last few hours. She had now, she conceived, performed her duty to gratitude and humanity, and she felt almost composed, and comparatively happy; for well she knew that, whatever were the mysterious motives which inspired Elvira's wishes for this extraordinary union, they were so powerful, that she would eagerly embrace her acquiescence, and exert herself to extricate Hippolyto from danger. Her expectations soon were verified; for, as quickly as possible, Roselia returned with the following answer from the duchessa.

'EVERY apprehension for Hippolyto's safety may cease from this moment; nor let a fear obtrude of his being repugnant to, or intimidated into, the projected union.

'Be ready at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, attended by Roselia, to accompany me to the church of St. Lewis, where we shall be received by the enraptured Hippolyto and the pious father Anselmo, who shall perform the nuptial benediction. After the awful ceremony you will all return to the château, to give me the pleasure of your company at breakfast; but at twelve I shall wish your long projected journey to St. Marguerite's to take place, and where I would have you continue until my plans for your future establishment are arranged.

'ELV. MANF. VICENZA.'

Victoria perused this billet, which

seemed to fix her doom, with astonishing composure; nay, with a kind of heroic satisfaction caught from the reflection, that, although she was to be the sacrifice, she would evince the greatness of her gratitude, and save, in her turn, the life of her amiable preserver. But not so composed was Roselia; for bitterly she wept at the sacrifice that deep plotting art and cruelty had forced her lovely mistress to make, who now, to reconcile poor Roselia to Fate's inevitable decree, entered into a more minute detail of all that had occurred to her, from the commencement of her captivity until the moment of her taking shelter in comte de Montfort's château, than she had heretofore done;—and when her narrative was ended, she found her own mind charmed to enthusiasm by a retrospection of Hippolyto's virtues, and calm and contented at the prospect of their intended union; while Roselia, almost as much delighted with the heroism of her lady's preserver, felt a considerable abatement of reluctance to the proposed marriage; nay, would have been absolutely pleased at the event (although she herself had been forming, in her wishes, an alliance for Victoria) could Hippolyto but change the tint of his complexion.

Victoria's narrative brought the night almost to its termination; when Roselia recollected that it was necessary to make some arrangement for her lady's dress the subsequent morning: but small was the scope her fancy had to select the bridal garments from, as it was her own wardrobe that was to supply them, as it had already done Victoria's dress since her shipwreck; our heroine having had no opportunity to purchase a wardrobe of her own, or to get any thing belonging to her from conte Vicenza's château. With a heavy heart Roselia now prepared her own best cambric gown and the prime of all her linen for her beloved lady, who could not but sensibly feel the mortification of her own fortune and extraordinary situation. Where was now the nuptial pomp which Fate had promised to conte Ariosto's daughter? Reared up in all the splendid luxury of rank and brilliant expectations, she now was doomed, by the villany of her guardian, to be indebted to her own domestic for her bridal garments, and forced into a clandestine union with an obscure man, a stranger to herself and family. She felt herself the outcast of her house, a victim to the crimes of others; and, with tears of anguish, she bitterly deplored her cruel destiny, until her genuine piety arose to hush her murmurs, and to lead her mind to fortitude and resignation. She wiped her tears away, and a soft, but melancholy, smile again diffused its plaintive sweetness over her interesting lovely countenance.

The château clock at length struck one. Victoria started in horror, and her varying cheeks hung out the ghastly ensigns of fear. Roselia, too, was infected by alarm. The convent bell struck up a dismal knell. It had been the signal for murder—for Hippolyto's murder. Had the diabolical decree been revoked? perhaps the duchessa's billet was only a delusion to lull apprehension? Victoria breathed short; her heart throbbed with painful violence. She grasped Roselia's arm. She could not speak; but Roselia perfectly understood her meaning, and, instantly taking up a light—

'Be composed, my dear lady!' said she. 'I will go see that all is safe, and watch by his door until morning.'

Roselia moved to go; and Victoria, continuing her grasp, moved with her.

'Does lady Victoria mean to accompany me?'

'I do,' Victoria falteringly articulated: 'these bravos might murder you too, my Roselia! did not I appear to protect you; and how could I support the interval of suspense, uncertain of your fate, as well as his?'

'Well then,' said Roselia, striving to wear the appearance of cheerfulness foreign to her heart, as she gently opened the door, 'should we meet any of the family, we can tell them you walk the house at this unseasonable hour through a rash vow you made the night of your shipwreck.'

Softly and tremulously they trod the way to Hippolyto's chamber. On entering the gallery leading to it their fears increased to tortures. Every sensation of horror Victoria had experienced in Don Manuel's castle now assailed her with renovated force; and when, on approaching the chamber, which Roselia pointed to as Hippolyto's, she saw the door of it open, no words can express the anguish of her heart, and, subdued by agonising apprehension, she sunk almost breathless upon the floor. Roselia, more herself, rushed impetuously into the room, which now was vacant. Minutely she searched around. No Hippolyto—no trace of murder could she see, and concluded that the duchessa was faithful to her promise, and that he was returned to St. Lewis, to be there in readiness for the morning's awful ceremony.

Her conjectures and intelligence Roselia hastily communicated to Victoria, who, revived and comforted, arose from the ground, and, supported by Roselia, looked into the room, to convince herself the affectionate girl's statement was just. In turning from this now deserted chamber, Roselia observed the door of the room, into which Maratti had conducted the bravos, ajar. Her wish to tranquillise her beloved lady's mind lent her courage, and she instantly entered to search that also. She found it to be an unoccupied bedroom, and in it she quickly discovered a dagger lying on a table, which she conjectured was that she had seen Maratti give to the assassins. Carefully she examined the point; and finding it to all appearance guiltless of blood, she flew with it to Victoria, who hoped it was a proof that the fatal deed had not been perpetrated; but fearing to leave it there, she took it from Roselia, and carried it with her to her own chamber, which they reached unmolested —still in painful anxiety respecting the fate of Hippolyto. There was nothing to confirm their hopes of his being gone back to the convent. Might he not have been removed to some more secret part of the château? and might not the assassin be supplied with other weapons of death beside that she had found? These ideas gave birth to so many new horrors, that Roselia proposed going to learn from Jeanne if Hippolyto was really returned to St. Lewis.

'It is very probable that Jeanne knows,' continued she, 'and if she does, I know she will tell me; but, before I go, I must prevail upon my dear lady to take some of this composing medicine.' She now took up a phial which had been sent late in the evening from St. Lewis; and while, according to usual custom, she was shaking it preparatory to pouring it out, a paper fell to the ground which had been warily concealed within the label. Roselia, no longer mindful of the medicine she had been about to administer, hastily picked up what she saw was a written paper, and, with infinite satisfaction, read aloud:—

'The best composing medicine which we can administer to our interesting patient before her hour of

rest, is an assurance that her preserver, Hippolyto, is returned in safety to our convent, where, in perfect security, he will pass this night; and let our daughter come to the church of St. Lewis to-morrow morning with confidence and hope, since there, through the mercy of Heaven, she will find a termination to all her cruel persecutions, and permanent protection from her guilty foes.'

Victoria found this a balm that distilled sweet peace and comfort to her tortured heart and agitated spirits; and after paying her just tribute of thanksgiving to her merciful Creator, and invoking his future protection, she, with Roselia, who slept in the same room, retired to rest. When Roselia laid her head upon her pillow, it was in the firm hope that the billet from the convent implied the intervention of something to prevent the union she was so averse to; and Victoria fell into a tranquil slumber, in the firm belief that whatever Heaven decrees is for the ultimate good of its creatures, who ought not only to meet its wise dispensations with resignation, but with gratitude.

Between six and seven Roselia sprung from her bed, to assist her lovely mistress in dressing for the solemn event which was fast approaching. But Victoria would not dedicate much time to the task of adorning, having what she considered a much more important business to settle with her Creator. Yet, notwithstanding her inattention to her appearance, she looked, in the simple and unstudied garments of Roselia, most interestingly lovely; while, in despite of her reliance upon Heaven, a tear of reluctance glistened in her eyes, and a flush of timid awful apprehension animated her cheeks.

The hour which the duchessa had appointed for meeting was nearly arrived, when Victoria recollected the picture she had, with her own trinkets, brought in her pockets from Don Manuel's castle; and, without bestowing one parting look upon it, lest it should prove to the disadvantage of Hippolyto, she folded it in several papers, which she carefully sealed, resolving never more to behold it, and, on the first possible opportunity, to restore it to its owner, as now voluntarily to retain it in her possession she considered would be a crime against the man whom she was so shortly to plight her vows to; and giving it to Roselia, she directed her to put it up with those things they purposed taking to St. Marguerite's with them.

A few moments before eight Bianca requested admission, at sight of whom Victoria's firmness almost entirely forsook her. She had ever disliked Bianca; but her having so cruelly consigned her amiable sister Octavia to the murderer's power had converted that dislike into detestation, and she now beheld her as the harbinger of evil. She came to announce, that the duchessa was waiting for Victoria in the wood leading to St. Lewis.

Our trembling heroine, leaning on the arm of the trembling Roselia, followed Bianca to a private path in the wood, where the duchessa and Maratti were waiting. At the sight of these execrable fiends, Victoria's fears and agitations dreadfully augmented, nor was Elvira without her share of visible emotion. She spoke not; but, taking the chilled and passive hand of her devoted victim from Roselia, drew it through her own arm; and silently and gloomily they were conducted by Maratti to the convent church, where they were all instantly admitted by a lay-brother, and received by father Anselmo, who led them in awful silence to the altar; where stood Hippolyto, plainly but elegantly attired, attended by

poor Thomas, and as much agitated as his destined bride.

The duchessa, in a hurried and hollow voice, bade father Anselmo proceed; and the moment Victoria beheld Hippolyto placed by her side, and heard the holy father pronounce the first words of the nuptial ceremony, her recollection totally forsook her, and she saw not the agitation of Hippolyto, or the guilty working of her perfidious guardian's countenance. She heard not the hysteric sobbings of poor Roselia, nor the marriage benediction, firmly and piously delivered by the devout father Anselmo: nor did she clearly comprehend any thing that was passing until after the awful ceremony was ended, and the vestry business completed; when, returning through the wood, and the gentle breeze of the morning, the well-known soothing voice of Hippolyto recalled her to perception, as he tenderly supported her to the château, whither the duchessa had invited him and father Anselmo to accompany them.

CHAP. XXXIV.

When Victoria recovered her senses sufficiently to know her doom was fixed, and that she was irrevocably the wife of Hippolyto, she would have found considerable relief by indulging in a flood of tears that was forcing its passage to calm her agitated breast; but reflecting that tears, by implying a repugnance to their union, might wound the feelings of her generous, gallant deliverer, she exerted her utmost endeavours to restrain them; and effectually to do so, she knew she must not attempt to speak; and therefore continued silent to all the soothing tenderness of Hippolyto, who led her to the saloon, where an elegant breakfast was prepared, and where he seated himself beside her; but still she spoke not, fearing the effect might subdue the little share of firmness she had acquired.

The duchessa had, with father Anselmo, taken a seat at some distance from the sad bride, evidently uncomfortable in her own hypocritical task, and heartily repenting the difficult and disagreeable part she had given herself to perform, by not having arranged for her niece's departure to St. Marguerite's immediately after the nuptial ceremony had been pronounced; but as she had undertaken the part, she exerted herself to sustain it, with all that consummate art she was mistress of; and, with a countenance of perfect ease and an air that spoke unconsciousness of guilt, she calmly fell into conversation with the holy man.

At length Roselia entered with a glass of sal volatile and water, which she presented to Victoria, who, on beholding the pretty and intelligent countenance of Roselia swelled and disfigured with excessive weeping for her, burst into tears, which continued to flow for some minutes before she could collect sufficient mental power to subdue them; when, eagerly swallowing the sal volatile, and hastily wiping away the crystal drops, she turned to Hippolyto with a soft bewitching smile, and looked upon him for the first time since their union.

'Think not, Hippolyto,' she said —and low and tremulously she spoke —'think not that I weep because I am your wife. No, believe me; it is the manner of our union that distresses me, that wounds my heart, my every feeling of delicacy, to the very quick.'

Roselia, through respect and fearing to trust her firmness in hearing more, hastily retreated; and Hippolyto, affected almost to tears, took Victoria's hand, on which he had so

lately placed the little token of their plighted vows, and with the most impassioned energy he spoke—

'And believe me, lady Victoria, the man to whom your vows were given, when wrested from you, is not villain enough to refuse the restoration of these compulsatory vows the moment you demand them. The laws of this country (defective as they are) can never consider those vows binding which are extorted by terror and compassion from a minor; and it will therefore be in your own power, at a future period, to annul this marriage, should I prove so unfortunate as to find such your wish; and I should not, believe me, have submitted by passiveness to become a party in this cruel plot of torturing and working upon the most exquisite feelings of susceptibility, but to extricate you from the power and machinations of those whom I well knew were unworthy of the valuable trust reposed in their honour. No other method was mine of wresting you from inevitable destruction; and though harsh my remedy, perhaps you may forgive me, when you shall learn how deep was the source from which my conduct sprung.'

Victoria heard Hippolyto with that candour he so justly merited, and fully was she convinced that it never could be her wish to give him one moment of uneasiness; and she was about to speak what a sweet expressive smile anticipated, when Elvira summoned them to the breakfast table.

The bride and bridegroom were merely spectators of the repast; although our heroine's mental strength seemed each moment to augment, and she appeared serene and resigned, if not happy. Hippolyto's (now her attentive observer) tenderness, respect, and admiration, strongly marked his manners to her; while to the duchessa his deportment was visibly tinctured with contempt and aversion, which his situation could not justify, nor his politeness even conceal.

Breakfast was ended, and the domestics just departed, when one of them hastily returned and announced the arrival of comte de Montfort.

The expression that instantly diffused itself over the duchessa's countenance was difficult to define. It seemed openly to evince shame, mortification, and chagrin, blended with a mysterious kind of satisfaction ill according with the revealed emotions of her face. In the moment of surprise she lost her usual self-possession, and hastily exclaimed—

'Heavens! how unlucky! Let him not come hither.'

'The comte is already here,' said the domestic, throwing the door wide open. 'My lord has just entered the antichamber.'

Elvira started from her seat, and, with a hurrying emotion of her hand, pointed to another door. 'Holy father,' said she, 'will you and Hippolyto have the goodness to retire for a few moments into that room; I will hereafter assign reasons for this request, that will excuse the liberty I take.'

They instantly complied with her wishes, and the door closed upon them at the moment De Montfort entered the saloon.

Victoria's delicacy bade her depart, and she had hastily arisen to go, but the duchessa insisted upon her stay.

Comte de Montfort advanced with an empassioned air to Elvira, and gallantly took her hand; but at that moment perceiving Victoria, he flung the duchessa's hand in horror from him; and, pale and trembling, he for some moments stood gazing in speechless amazement.

'Gracious powers!' he at length exclaimed, 'and do I indeed behold

lady Victoria di Modena?' He rapidly advanced towards her, then suddenly stopping, hung his head in shame and sorrow, and, reproachfully addressing Elvira, he continued—'Oh! duchessa, why, why did you tell me that she was lost to my eager pursuit for ever; that she was gone, by her own express desire, to take the veil in a convent far distant, the name and situation of which you had solemnly vowed never to disclose, until it was too late for your profligate husband to trepan her into his power?—and yet I see her here, and not even in the habit of a noviciate. For what was this cruel deception practised? Oh! duchessa, why was I doomed by your duplicity a victim to unceasing wretchedness?' His voice now faltered; tears gushed from his eyes; his whole frame appeared convulsed; and he sunk, overpowered by agitation, into a chair.

Elvira now, with an air of calm effrontery astonishing to the guiltless Victoria, replied—'I told you truly that my niece had left me to go into a convent; but on her way thither, by the contrivance, as it appears to me, of conte Vicenza, she unfortunately fell into the power of a banditti who infest the Pyrenées.' The duchessa now sketched a slight outline of Victoria's adventures in Spain, her subsequent shipwreck, and taking refuge in that château; and concluded with saying—'and now, De Montfort, prepare to hear the most wonderful incident of this eventful narrative. This Hippolyto, who so gallantly rescued my darling girl from impending destruction, possessed sufficient influence to overcome her religious propensities, and is now her husband.'

The comte, who had been dreadfully agitated during the duchessa's recital, now starting in horror and amazement from his seat exclaimed —'A negro, the husband of Victoria!'

'Yes, comte; Victoria di Modena, who so firmly rejected the comte de Montfort, is now the wife of an obscure negro.'

'I will not believe it!' De Montfort replied, trembling with dismay and astonishment. 'I cannot believe the dreadful intelligence.—No, no, duchessa, 'tis a horrid sprite you have conjured up to torture further the wretched victim of your deceptions.'

Elvira's darkening brow for a moment threatened a storm; but quickly recovering her self-command, she smiled maliciously.

'Ah! I see by your smiling that you are in jest, duchessa,' said the agitated De Montfort; 'but why am I to be tortured by such barbarous jests? Do I deserve such cruelty from you? Oh! no, no; you knew too well the situation of my heart before you hurled me down the precipice that has destroyed me. Lady Victoria, may I, dare I, presume to apply to you, to learn if I am of every hope bereft?'

A storm now gathered upon the duchessa's brow, that instantly burst forth with dreadful violence. Frantically she flew to the door of Hippolyto's retreat.—'Since you wish for other testimony than my assertions,' said she, almost convulsed with rage, 'you shall have immediate conviction.' Then throwing open the door, her countenance underwent a sudden and conspicuous change. The fire of rage turned to the dark gloom of vengeance, an expression of malicious triumph gleamed in a horrid smile of dæmoniac exultation, and, with her glaring eyes fixed upon De Montfort, to watch with diabolical satisfaction the operation of those tortures which her frantic jealousy was inflicting, she audibly said—

'Hippolyto del Rosario, I request your presence here, as comte de

Montfort wishes for an introduction to the *husband* of Victoria di Modena.'

Victoria, almost subdued by astonishment at the motives for her aunt's conduct, which were now unfolding themselves, sat with her eyes riveted to the floor, perplexed and uncertain what part she ought to take in so strange a drama, until de Montfort exclaimed in a tone of much amazement,

'Conte di Urbino!!!'

Victoria in terror, lest Urbino's arrival announced the approach of Polydore, the story of whose death she did not now believe, raised her eyes, and beheld in the elegant dress Hippolyto had worn not the companion of conte Vicenza, but the identical stranger she had encountered in the church during her captivity, the original of the miniature she had found.

De Montfort's exclamation had also called the duchessa's attention to the object which excited it; and in a tone of much surprise and great displeasure she said—

'Urbino! What, what could have brought you hither?'

'I am too proud,' he replied, 'of the honour of being Victoria di Modena's *husband* not instantly to obey the summons that called upon me to appear as the happiest of mankind.'

The different and contending sensations of Victoria's mind threw a momentary suspension over her faculties, and her head sunk upon the elbow of the couch on which she sat.

Her husband flew to support her.

'My life! my Victoria!' he said. His voice recalled her fleeting senses; she opened her eyes, and burst into tears.

'Forgive,' he exclaimed, 'the deceptions I have been compelled to practise; and, oh! pardon me, my Victoria, for thus distressing you by surprise; but the moment required it. When publicly called upon to appear as the husband of Victoria di Modena, I could not degrade her rank and excellence by producing him in the disguise of an obscure and unknown man. In my own character, I trust, the illustrious house of Modena cannot suffer degradation by owning an alliance with me. As conte di Urbino I now appear, to claim and avow my privilege of protecting from further cruelty and outrage that sacred and precious charge Heaven has blessed me by entrusting to my care.'

'Rash and unthinking boy!' said the duchessa indignantly, 'you are not the husband of Victoria. Under the name of Hippolyto you wedded her, therefore she cannot be the wife of Urbino, and is still indisputably under my protection.'

'I was too conscious of the value of this hand,' he replied, 'not to make it mine irrevocably. In my own name, duchessa, I plighted her my vows; and your, but too natural, agitation prevented your observing it. But father Anselmo can satisfy your doubts, and prove my claims, which I will yield only with my life, except to the wishes of Victoria.'

Father Anselmo was summoned by the now dreadfully alarmed duchessa. 'Holy father,' said she, in the faltering accents of dismay, 'in what name did you plight the vows of this young man to Victoria?'

'In his own,' the reverend monk replied, 'and with the consent of, and in the presence of, the lady's guardian. The marriage is as binding as the church and law can make it.'

'Then know, infatuated boy! you have doomed me to an ignominious death, and yourself to endless misery,' exclaimed Elvira as she frantically rushed out of the room.

'Conte di Urbino,' said the dreadfully agitated De Montfort, 'you

have used me ill. Knowing, as you did, the situation of my heart, wresting, thus basely, my every hope of happiness from me requires atonement.'

'Atonement,' replied Urbino (as we now must beg leave to call him, whom our reader has so long known under the name of Hippolyto), 'can only be exacted for crimes or injuries, and I have done nothing that I cannot justify. You knew the situation of my heart also; and so far our confidence was mutual. From yourself I learned that lady Victoria was under no engagement to you, nor had she ever fed your passion with a single ray of hope; and from me you learned, that, should circumstances ever permit me to seek for happiness, I would attempt to win the favour of lady Victoria di Modena. Surely, then, you have no right to impeach my honour, or to demand *atonement!* Chance, or I ought rather to say Providence, made me acquainted with the perils lady Victoria was to be doomed to from the most atrocious plot ever formed by villany; and who shall dare to say I had no right to attempt her rescue? Conceiving myself accountable to no man for my actions, I followed her into Spain, where Providence permitted my attempt to succeed: and her guardian, to crush your hopes at once, bestowed this invaluable hand this morning upon me; and, to prove that I well know what such a character as lady Victoria's claims, the first use I shall make of that guardianship so lately consigned to me is to convey my precious charge to an asylum more suited to her purity. Dare lady Victoria, once more confiding in my honour, intrust herself to my protection?'

Victoria essayed several times to speak before she could articulate. In low and tremulous sounds she said—'O—conte di Urbino, why ask me such a question?' Then, with a soft blush of timidity and gratitude animating her lovely countenance, she arose from her seat, and gave her trembling hand to Urbino to lead her. He took it with respect and grateful joy, and turning to Anselmo, said—'Holy father, you will, I hope, have the goodness to accompany us to St. Marguerite's.'

The holy man acquiesced; and the enraptured Urbino led his lovely bride, attended by the reverend monk, to a coach that was in waiting, leaving comte de Montfort overwhelmed with grief and amazement too great for utterance.

When they reached the carriage, which was stationed in a secluded part of the wood to save Victoria from the prying gaze of the domestics, the good Anselmo returned to the house in quest of Roselia: while Urbino, following Victoria into the coach, sunk on his knees before her.

'Forgive, I implore you, lady Victoria,' he said, 'the deceptions I have been compelled to practise, and the mystery and silence I am still doomed to persevere in. The undecided state I am forced to leave you in is an additional pang to the torments I must endure until we meet again: but, thanks to Heaven! you will be exempt from the misery, the horrors, of incertitude, that during my absence I shall suffer, unknowing whether the most pure, the most exalted happiness, or the extreme of wretchedness, is to be my portion; since, too much respecting the delicacy of your peculiar situation, I dare not at present urge that suit on which the existence of my every hope of happiness depends.

'Having, I trust, completed your emancipation from the power of your vile and faithless guardian, and secured you from the toils of the villanous and profligate, I must go

where fate now calls me: but I go only to return with the blessing of a father's presence, to encourage me in my pleadings for your pity; and, sanctioned by him, to implore the ratification of those vows extorted from your humanity for an unknown man, who, when he dares announce himself, may, he trusts, claim, without degrading her, an alliance with Victoria.'

'Rise, conte di Urbino, I entreat you, rise!' said our agitated and embarrassed heroine. 'Why should you kneel to me, whom you have known only to heap benefits upon? To you am I not indebted for safety, for escape from destruction in every horrid shape it could assume? And what offence am I to pardon? It was necessary, no doubt, that your form should wear disguise; but your mind partook not of it. *That* I beheld in its own semblance: and—'

Victoria suddenly ceased. A consciousness of all which that mind had awakened in her own arose to her imagination. The deepest blushes suffused her cheeks: she essayed, but in vain, to finish a well-turned compliment she could but the day before have, unembarrassed, paid Hippolyto. Now the fascinating stranger and Hippolyto were found to be the same. One had won her tenderest esteem, the other had charmed her fancy; and between the two characters she found her heart was irrevocably gone. Her consciousness alarmed her delicacy; and her fears, lest a too energetic delivery of her sentiments should betray her, robbed her of that ease which best could have concealed her feelings—feelings that, now surcharged by a variety of sensations, could not be repressed; and she burst into tears. The enraptured Urbino beheld her confusion with transport, and, while he construed it to his own advantage, appeared not to observe it: but rising from his knees, and respectfully taking the seat beside her, he said—

'Since lady Victoria has the goodness to pardon my deceptions, perhaps she will allow me to plead for a place in her friendship: even the peculiar delicacy of her present situation cannot prohibit my soliciting for that.'

'Most certainly'—Victoria hastily replied, happy in an opportunity of answering to any thing to which she could speak without perturbation—'conte di Urbino has, as well he merits, my sincere friendship.'

'Then, as your friend,' he said, 'may I not presume to hope you will feel anxious for my safety, and that you will permit me sometimes to address you in the language of friendship, to tell you where I am, how I am, and as much of my proceedings as I am permitted to reveal?'

'Every privilege that friendship can claim,' replied our heroine, 'my preserver shall find me anxious to allow him.'

At this moment father Anselmo returned with Roselia, to whom he had imparted the metamorphosis of Hippolyto. Almost frantic with joy, she bounded into the coach, since Urbino was the very man she had for some time ardently wished to see——the husband of her beloved lady. On her knees she now threw herself; and taking a hand of each, breathed forth the most animated prayers for their happiness, intermingled with the most extravagant expressions of joy which her affectionate and glad heart could dictate; and as she arose from her knees to make room for the good monk to occupy the fourth place in the coach, she exultingly said—

'Now, now I shall die happy, since my fond wish is fulfilled. Conte di Urbino is the only man in the whole world who

merits my inestimable lady; and lady Victoria is the only woman upon earth who has a right to such a husband.'

'The only woman who has a right to him!' said Victoria mentally. 'Oh, Matilda!'——Her heart ceased to throb with hope, the knell of blasted happiness struck heavily upon her soul; her senses sickened, and her aching head sunk for a resting-place against the coach side; for, oh! what a shade now appeared in the character of Urbino, darkening at once that which but for this would have seemed as clear and bright as the hand of nature could pourtray!

'But is it, can it be possible,' thought she, 'that Urbino is one of those cruel, cruel beings who steal insidiously into the unsuspicious maid's affections, and then forsake her, allured by the first fair face that strikes his roving fancy?'—Bitter remembrance told our agonised heroine it was too true: the words of Matilda still vibrated in her ears, and poured dire conviction, and its concomitant miseries, into her throbbing heart. Oh, how she wished that she could transform her husband back into the humble Hippolyto, in whom had appeared no shade but in complexion!—'Yet,' continued the suggestions of her upright mind, 'the vows I have just plighted to him are not irrevocable; he told me so himself, and I will annul the marriage; for Urbino my preserver, my brave deliverer, shall not deserve the name of villain. No; the grateful Victoria will preserve his fame; the wrongs of Matilda shall not tarnish it. He cannot know that he is in possession of my affections, nor shall he be withheld from the lovely injured Matilda by any claim a knowledge of my sentiments might lead him to imagine I had upon his heart—for this day we part, never more to meet. Yes, Urbino, to your fame I will make this sacrifice—never will I again see you. Reflection in such a mind as his will soon destroy delusion: he will think of his meditated injuries to Matilda with abhorrence, and his ingenuous heart will lead him back to her and rectitude—while to resignation will I devote myself and sorrows, and within some peaceful convent-walls pass the remainder of my hapless days.'

Whilst these determinations agonised our grieved heroine's mind, Urbino, attentive only to her, too quickly divined her thoughts in respect to him were undergoing some unfavourable revolution; and pensive and miserable he became: for, in total ignorance of her knowledge of Matilda, he could form no conjecture of what could thus suddenly have filled her ingenuous mind with unpropitious thoughts of him. But, anxious to clear all doubts, and to relieve his mind from the tortures of suspense and apprehension, he hastily, as the coach moved from the château of comte de Montfort, addressed himself to father Anselmo—

'It was my intention, you know, holy father, not to leave St. Lewis until the arrival of signora Farinelli, whom lady Victoria expects shortly at St. Maugerite's: but I have now changed my plans, and will this very day set out for Rome—since, why should the man whose heart knows no guile, and who sickens at the semblance of disguise, continue enveloped in mystery, and wear the appearance of dissimulation one moment longer than is absolutely necessary? And so truly wretched shall I be, while doomed to this state of uncertainty relative to the dearest hopes of my life, that I shall not rest until I can emerge from the clouds of mystery, and appear, with a fame as free from reproach as her

own, before lady Victoria, to plead for a ratification of those sacred vows the villany of her guardian extorted from her this morning.'

Victoria sighed heavily. 'How ingenuous his language sounds!' thought she: 'But does not conscience thrill one pang through his heart for the injuries of Matilda?' —She attempted to steal a glance at him, to observe the changes of countenance she doubted not the silent monitor of man must inspire. But Urbino, watchful of all her movements, caught the glance; and its expression struck painfully upon his heart. It implied doubt and inquiry; and, deeply hurt and afflicted, his cheeks flushed the crimson of indignant conscious worth, swelling in sullen dignity at the injustice of suspicion, while extreme misery wrung his soul in the torturing idea that his Victoria—his adored, his idolised Victoria—could not esteem, or she would not suspect him. All his fond hopes of happiness now fled at once; tears of anguish started to his eyes; deep sighs, almost groans, heaved heavily from his heart; and, the most mournful of Sorrow's sons, his head sunk in despondence upon his breast.

Victoria attentively observed all this, and attributed all to the workings of conscience, upon a sudden recollection of the lovely injured Matilda: and vain was now every effort of the good monk and Roselia to inspire this truly wretched pair with any gleam of cheerfulness, or draw them for a moment from their sad and afflicting meditations.

At length they reached the convent of St. Marguerite's, where the venerable abbess welcomed our trembling and agitated heroine with the unaffected, cordial kindness of sincerity; and the miserable and dreadfully perturbed Urbino consigned his Victoria, in the most solemn and affecting manner, to the protection of the abbess and the church: all which father Anselmo, in a truly awfully impressive manner, enforced.

Urbino, wretched beyond conception, could scarcely conceal his agonising emotions; and, anxious to be where he could give free indulgence to his surcharged feelings, hastened the moment of his departure. In the most pitiable agitation he bade a hurried yet touching adieu to his adored Victoria, who, firmly resolved that they should meet no more, felt shaken to the very soul; yet exerted herself to the utmost stretch of her fortitude to conceal the anguish of her heart, whilst she said 'Farewell!'—But the moment the door closed that shut out, as she believed, Urbino from her sight for ever, she fell, deprived of sense and respiration, into Roselia's arms.

(To be continued.)

The MAIDEN RECONCILED *to* MARRIAGE.

(From the Memoirs of Marmontel.)

A MULETEER from Aurillac, who passed his life on the road between Clermont and Toulouse, undertook to conduct me. I went on one of his mules, and he, generally on foot, by my side.—'Mr. Abbé,' said he to me, 'we shall be obliged to stop some days at home, for I have business that will detain me there. In God's name, employ this interval of time in curing my daughter of her foolish devotion. I have but her, and were an angel to ask her, she would not marry him. Her obstinacy afflicts me.' The commission was delicate; I found it comical, and willingly undertook it. I confess I had figured to myself as very poor and humble, the dwelling of a man who was trotting inces-

santly at the tail of his mules, now exposed to rain, and now to the bleak snow, on the roughest roads. I was therefore not a little surprised, on entering, to find a convenient house, well furnished, and of singular neatness, and also a kind of grey-clad sister, young, fresh, well made, who hastened to meet Peter (this was the name of the muleteer), and who embraced him as she uttered the endearing name of father. The supper she ordered for us had no less the air of comfort.—The leg of mutton was tender, and the wine excellent. The chamber they gave me had, in its simplicity, almost the elegance of luxury. I had never lain in so soft a bed. Before I went to sleep, I reflected on what I had seen. 'Is it,' said I to myself 'in order to pass a few hours of his life at his ease, that this man tortures and consumes the rest of it in such painful labour? No; he labours to procure tranquillity and repose for old age; and it is the prospect of this repose that lightens his fatigues. But this only daughter, whom he loves so tenderly, what can have persuaded her, young and beautiful as she is, to wear the habit of a nun? Why is that grey-coloured dress, that unplaited linen, that golden cross on her breast, and that close handkerchief on her bosom? Yet the hair she conceals under that fillet is of a sweet colour. The little that can be seen of her neck is white as ivory.—And her arms! they too are of pure ivory, and incomparably turned!' I fell asleep on these reflections, and the next morning I had the pleasure of breakfasting with this fair votary. She obligingly inquired whether I had slept well. 'I slept very sweetly,' said I, 'but not tranquilly—I was troubled with dreams. And you, mademoiselle, did you sleep well?'—'Tolerably well, thank God,' said she.—'Did you dream?' She blushed, and answered that she very rarely dreamt. 'And when you do dream, it is surely of angels?'—'Sometimes of martyrs,' said she, smiling. 'Then it is of the martyrs you make——?'—'I! I make none, sir.'—'I will wager you make more than one; though you do not boast of it. As for me, when, in my sleep, I see the heavens open, I scarcely ever dream but of virgins. I behold them, some in white, others in a vest and petticoat of grey serge; and these simple dresses become them more than the richest ornament. Nothing, in that simple attire, impairs the native beauty of their hair or their complexion; nothing obscures the lustre of a pure forehead or of a rosy cheek; no plait deforms the figure, a strait girdle marks and indicates its roundness. An arm of lilies, and a fair hand with rosy fingers, issue just as Heaven made them, from a plain and modest sleeve; and what their close handkerchief conceals is easily divined. But whatever pleasure I may have in thus seeing, as I sleep, all these young virgins in Heaven, I confess I am a little afflicted at finding them so ill placed.'—'Where then do you find them placed?' enquired she, with some embarrassment. 'Alas! quite in a corner, almost alone, and, what vexes me still more, by the side of the Capuchin monks.'—'By the side of the Capuchins!' cried she, contracting her brow. 'Alas, yes; almost forsaken: while the respectable mothers of families, surrounded by the children they have borne, by the husbands they have already rendered so happy on earth, by their parents, whose age they consoled and comforted, are placed on a distinguished eminence, in the view of all Heaven, and all brilliant with glory.'—'And priests,' enquired she, with a malicious air, 'where are they put?'—'If there be any,' answered I, 'they

are surely thrust into some corner, at a distance from that of the virgins.' —'Indeed, I believe it,' said she; 'that is exceedingly proper, for priests would be to them most dangerous neighbours.'

Honest Peter was very much amused at this dispute on our professions. He had never seen his daughter so lively, nor so talkative; for I took care, as Montaigne says, to put into my provocation a sweet sour point of winning, flattering gaiety, that, while it seemed to displease, was not unwelcome to her. At last, her father, the evening before we set off for Toulouse, took me alone into his chamber, and said to me:—'I see plainly, Mr. Abbé, that you and my daughter will never agree. Let us put an end to this dispute between a nun and an abbé: the means are easy: do you cast off these bands, and let her throw away her collar; and I have some notion that if you be inclined, she would not want much persuasion to be inclined too. As to what regards me, I have for ten years done the commissions of your honest father; I am told by every one that you are like him, and I'll act roundly and cordially with you.' He then opened one of the drawers of his bureau, and, shewing me piles of crowns, 'Look ye,' said he, 'in business, there is but one word necessary—here is what I have saved, and what I am still hoarding up for my grand-children, if my daughter should bless me with any; for your children, if you choose, and can persuade her.' I will not say, that the sight of this treasure did not at all tempt me. The offer was the more seducing to me, as honest Peter made no other condition than that of rendering his daughter happy. 'I shall continue,' said he, 'to drive my mules: at every journey I shall augment this pile of crowns as I pass, and you shall dispose of them: my life, a life of labour and fatigue, I will not quit while I have health and strength; and when my back shall be bent, and my hams stiffened with age, I'll come and finish my days quietly with you.'—'Ah! my good friend,' said I, 'who deserves better than you the gentle repose of a happy and long age! But what are you thinking of, when you propose to marry your daughter to a man who has already five children?'—'You, Mr. Abbé! five children at your age!'—'It is indeed true. Have I not two sisters, and three brothers? Am not I their only father? It is from my labours, not from yours, that they must live: it is I who support them.'—'And do you think you can earn as much with your Latin as I with my mules?'—'I hope so,' said I; 'but I will at least do all that depends on me.'—'Then you wo'n't have my little nun? and yet she is very pretty, and particularly since you have ruffled her a little.'—'Certainly,' said I, 'she is charming and lovely; and she would tempt me more than your crowns. But, as I have already told you, nature has thrown five children into my arms; marriage would soon bring five others; and perhaps more, for your devotees are very prolific, and I should then be too much embarrassed.'—'Tis a pity,' said he; 'my daughter will now never marry.'—'I think, I can assure you,' said I, 'that she has no longer the same aversion to marriage. I have taught her that in Heaven good mothers are far above virgins; and, by choosing a husband that pleases her, it will be easy to instil into her soul this new species of devotion.'—My prediction was realized.

ELIZA;

OR,

The HERMIT'S CELL.

A NOVEL.

By Miss ELIZA YEAMES.

(Concluded from p. 369.)

CHAP. XI.

IT has been already said that Mr. Danvers was gone to close the eyes of a relation. This relation was lord Fitzhenry, an uncle to Godolphin; but who, from a dispute with his father concerning his marrying a woman of no property, took very little notice of Danvers, and whenever they met he never failed to mention the imprudence of his deceased brother. 'For instance,' he would say, 'he married when he had only the pay of a lieutenant to support him, without considering that a family might come on. George was a fool there, and every one must own it. But peace be to his manes!'

'My lord,' replied Danvers to a speech of this sort, 'I'll hear no more of this; the name of my father shall not be branded. I am his son, and will be his champion.'

From that time there was a degree of enmity between the uncle and the nephew till the present period, when Danvers was called to attend the dying moments of the former. With affectionate zeal he obeyed the summons, and was alarmed at the state which his lordship appeared in.

'Well, so I see you here, young man!' said lord Fitzhenry: 'you find me not quite dead, nor do I think I shall die yet; so you need not be in haste for my estates, lest you should be disappointed; for, believe me, today I find myself considerably better.'

'May you continue to mend, my beloved uncle! is my most ardent desire.'

'Well said,' cried Fitzhenry—his countenance brightening—'well said, my boy!—But, Danvers, don't you recollect that we formerly had a few words?—but forget and forgive, and Fitzhenry will not totally forsake the child of his brother.'

'You are very good, my lord,' said Danvers, looking affectionately at him. 'I do not deserve your kindness.'

'Pugh, Godolphin; only forgive what I have said of your father, and all will be well!'

A relapse of his uncle retained Godolphin with him, and, while his heart longed to be near the beauteous Eliza, he could not leave his suffering relation. Thus situated, week succeeded week, and his cheeks became pale and wan.

'My dear boy!' said lord Fitzhenry one day, taking his hand, 'I believe I fatigue you by long watching.—You are a duteous beloved youth, but I would not wish you to kill yourself for me. You are young, and ought to live; but I shall sink into my grave unpitied, except by you, who I know will drop a tear to my remains.—Will you not, Godolphin?'

'What is a tear to such worth? Oh! my lord, you distress me beyond expression! I shall not kill myself by doing my duty; and as long as life warms and animates your benevolent heart I will attend your wishes.'

Lord Fitzhenry cast his eyes to heaven, and burst into tears.

His lordship grew worse every day, and Danvers saw he was fast going to his grave. 'Farewel!' said his uncle to him on the day he died, grasping his hand—'Farewel, my

beloved Godolphin! be virtuous and sincere. Follow the precepts of religion, and be happy. Forgive what I may have said to you: it was not ill will: I sincerely loved you, and almost adored your father.'

He stopt, and Danvers wept.

'What a fool you make me!' said lord Fitzhenry, dashing a tear from his pale cheek: 'Don't cry, boy, you really unman me;—a woman would not be so weak. Fie, man! you are a sailor.—More tears! Oh, Godolphin!' and he turned his eyes wildly round: 'Bless, bless you!' continued the dying man.—'Once more, farewel, Jane!' said he to the housekeeper; 'I have provided something for you, so do not fear poverty. Old Joseph, I have recollected you too. Faithful, faithful attendants!' continued he, raising his clasped hands to heaven, 'may the Almighty protect ye all!—Oh, mercy on me!' he said, in an under tone, and expired without a sigh.

CHAP. XII.

DANVERS now felt his spirits completely broken down, and he for some time was incapable of attending any business.

However, after the interment of his deceased uncle, he found it necessary to inspect his affairs; and when the will was opened he found himself heir to all his property (which was considerable), except a few hundreds as legacies; and our hero's grateful heart expanded with lively gratitude, while flowing tears fell to lord Fitzhenry's memory.—'For ah!' he sighed, 'what are riches to me! Eliza is, perhaps, already wedded to another; and I—I forgotten! She never gave me the least hint to suppose myself beloved. Her aversion to Fortescue, it is too probable, proceeded from an attachment elsewhere; and if she is now freed from that engagement, she may be united to the man of her choice.'

With these reflections poor Godolphin was miserable; and the country gentlemen were astonished at the grief that seemed settled on the brow of so young and so brave a man.

Godolphin was remarkably fond of the chase; and he now sometimes indulged in this amusement. Though it was not often that he followed the frolics of his companions, yet now and then he would join in their sports. But these were soon forgotten when he retired from them, and his beloved Eliza's sweet image alone stood before him.

About two months after the interment of lord Fitzhenry, Godolphin received a letter from captain Harrison, informing him the Royal Charlotte was lying at Deal, and expressing a wish to see him. Godolphin, after perusing it, instantly took horse, and in a few hours reached Deal.

As he stopt at an inn at the entrance of the town, he perceived Warburton with a gentleman and two ladies in sight. Godolphin joined them after giving some instructions to his servant, and found in Warburton's companions lord and lady Germain, and Ruth Chambers. He ventured to ask after Eliza, and learned that she was well. This answer, though it informed him that she was in health, was not satisfactory: a gloom clouded his brow, and he sunk into abstraction. At length the voice of Warburton, in a somewhat raised tone, roused him:—'Ladies, step this way, the cows have been here.—Oh, curse the cows! the nasty cows!—Miss Chambers, you will spoil your shoes—Demme, the streets in Kent are famously marked with the tread of cows.' The ladies laughed.

They had not walked far when presently a man came driving before him a number of pigs, which made them

under the necessity of standing up near the wall. Warburton stopt his ears—'Oh, let meshut out the noise of the pigs!—You man, mind what you are doing, don't you see us?' 'Yes, I zee you; but let every one take care of themselves, zay I.'—At this moment one of them got in his mouth the tassel of Warburton's suwarrow, and pulled him nearly down in the dirt. Enraged, he drew his dirk, and was going to make use of it, when a door opened, and a soft female voice, which attracted his notice, invited them in. Warburton followed his companions into the house, cursing the cows, the man, and his pigs.—'Oh, how heartily I despise the whole race of those filthy animals!' cried he, as he stood at the window viewing the trouble of the man in getting them to go on. 'Demme, I would rather stand in front of a twelve-pounder than meet their noise and dirt!' and so saying, he pulled out his perfumed snowy handkerchief.

CHAP. XIII.

As Eliza was one evening walking with her father in the park at Bridge, the landlord of a little inn came running to them in the greatest perturbation:—'Your honour! your sirship!—' cried he.

'Well, honest Hastings, what would you say?'

'Oh, your honour—Oh, madam,—she is dying!'

'Whom do you mean? who is dying?' cried Eliza, faltering.

'The lady, madam—the lady!—She has sent me to request you to visit her, and——'

'We will come, Hastings,' said sir Gilbert: and the landlord instantly ran off. Eliza, trembling, followed her father to the alehouse; and they were shewn to the invalid's couch, where lay, in the most wretched state, a daughter of depravity—the once-haughty Harriet St. John. At sight of her, Eliza half screamed, and sir Gilbert was horror-stricken.

'See the victim of love for a villain!' said Harriet, extending a hand to the latter. 'I fled you for O'Calloner, and was abandoned by him in Ireland.

'Without money or friends, I was near perishing with want at the time that accident introduced me to the marchioness de Lambelle, a French lady of a most amiable disposition, who was going to her native country. When she heard of my situation, she, with compassionate pity, proposed to grant me her protection.

'To her without reserve I told my guilt; and after hearing me to the end, she kindly invited me to accompany her to Paris; which offer I accepted with unfeigned pleasure.

'The marchioness de Lambelle was a young widow, possessed of great wealth and a beautiful person. Of course, unnumbered suitors crowded round her door; but she had forsworn marriage, and therefore all met with denial.

'A woman, by name Lunette, frequented the marchioness's house, who had always honoured me by particularly distinguishing me, and I was charmed with the preference. This artful woman, my mistress shortly found, was a private courtezan, she therefore refused her acquaintance: but I could not relinquish her fascinating company; and by this perseverance I drew the anger of my lady upon me, whom I instantly left, for Lunette.

'Most unfortunately, love again assailed me in the form of her husband. She gained knowledge of our intrigue, and I was spurned from her house. My lover came to my rescue, and made me the mistress of a villa in Laon.

'Here I sometimes received his company, and passed my days toler-

ably cheerfully. But he gradually grew less attentive to me, and made his visits shorter. At length they wholly ceased; and I received a letter, telling me I must leave the villa.

'With a few livres in my pocket, I reached Calais, and embarked on board the first ship bound for England. The wind was contrary. I found a fever creeping through my veins, and my sighs heaved consonant with the moaning of the angry waves that dashed against the vessel with convulsive force, as I mused on my situation and errors.

'The wind was now increased, and every moment we seemed going to the bottom. I heard the confusion over my head, and raised my voice to enquire the chance left us; but no one heard me.—"O God, preserve us!" met my ear.—"Ah," cried I, "wretch that I am! here am I left to perish—Oh, if there be any means of preservation——" "Not so," cried a voice; and I was lifted out of bed by an elderly gentleman, who supported me up stairs. As I reached the deck, I perceived a boat put out from the ship, and those who chose took to it. Among them was the gentleman I have mentioned. Alas! they never reached land, but met a watery grave. My tears fell to his memory—but I grieved in vain.

'The storm now gradually abated, and we found ourselves in safety. I returned a thousand thanks to Heaven for my escape from death, and felt gratitude fill my heart.

'I found you were not in London, and I came hither, and have at length summoned up courage to speak to you—to ask——' Harriet stopt. Sir Gilbert pressed her in his arms:—'Harriet,' cried he, 'you are forgiven; you are my child once again.' Miss St. John wept, and could only say he was too good; her frame, weakened by fatigue, was overpowered, and she fainted.

It was now the care of Mary Ann and Eliza to watch over the invalid. Dearly had she paid for her mistaken ideas; and who that viewed her sufferings would not take warning to avoid her errors, when such sharp sorrow was their consequence?

'I fear poor Harriet cannot long survive,' said Mary Ann to Eliza one day, as they walked to the hermit's cell.

'Indeed she seems to droop daily,' returned Eliza with a tear of pity in her expressive eye.

'It is a painful conviction,' said Mary Ann, sighing, 'and seriously afflicts me.'

They now entered the hermitage, which had been lately repaired, and a magnificent temple erected near it, by the good sir Gilbert, to the satisfaction of the sisters.

Miss Goddard seated herself at her harp, and drew forth an air on death. Mary Ann bursted into tears; and at this moment a violin resounded in the valley in answer to Eliza, and a fine voice sung to it.

The ladies were bewildered in astonishment. Who could be the musician was the question; and as they bent their steps towards home their eyes wandered, but in vain, for the person who engaged all their thoughts.

Clowns only met their eyes, whose looks were, in the words of Sterne, 'fat contented ignorance looking downwards' upon the earth, and nothing resembling one who 'looked forward, and looked as if he looked at something beyond this world.'

CHAP. XIV.

Eliza one day went for a drawing she had left in the hermitage, to shew Harriet; but she could nowhere find it, and, out of patience, she was leaving the place, when suddenly her eyes fell upon a paper

on the floor, which she eagerly snatched up, and beheld drawn by an unknown hand a landscape of the scenery around—the cell, the temple, and Eliza herself, sitting at her harp. There also was a young man in the habit of a shepherd, with his violin and dog, reclining under an oak a few yards off. And Eliza, with a thousand palpitations at her heart, of love and suspicion, returned home.

In the evening our heroine again bent her steps to the cell, and, with pleasure dancing at her heart, entered, and seated herself at the entrance. During her stay she was regaled by a variety of airs from the unknown musician, and did not leave the place until late. As she sallied out, a dog rushed towards her, and, tremendously barking, seized her white robe, and rent it between his teeth. Eliza gave a shriek of alarm, and a voice was heard to call 'Fidelle! Fidelle!' The agitated maid turned towards the sound, and beheld the form of Godolphin, who approached with quick steps.

'Miss Goddard,' said he, 'I hope Fidelle has not harmed you?' 'He has not, I have been unnecessarily alarmed,' answered she. After a pause he again addressed her, with, 'May I enquire if miss Goddard will pardon the stratagem I have used to attract her attention, by playing the songs that first came from the lips of Eliza herself, and caused me to catch up this instrument?'

Eliza gazed with pleasure on the violin he held, and Godolphin, observing her looks, was transported. 'Lovely Eliza!' cried he, seizing her hand, 'say, do you approve—do you pardon my boldness?' Observing her blushes, he said, 'I would not offend.' Eliza was more and more embarrassed, and noticed Fidelle, to hide it. Godolphin now took her hand, muttered something of happiness, and left her. Eliza followed him with her eyes till she could no longer discern him, when all her spirits vanished, and, with a deep dejection at her heart, she walked home.

Sir Gilbert held out a letter to her as she entered; and miss Goddard was rejoiced to find that lady Germain intended to call at Bridge on her way to Richmond, where she was going with miss Chambers and Isoline Bennet.

Harriet, overhearing that lady Germain was coming, entreated her father to have her removed.—'I cannot meet those amiable women,' said she, trembling—'Oh sir, I will not meet their gaze, guilty as I am!' Sir Gilbert replied, such persons ought rather to be sought; and Eliza, taking her hand, said—'My dear sister, surely, need not fly the glances of my three charming friends; in their company you may pass many pleasurable hours, and are not obliged to see them when not so inclined. Let me entreat you not to make me wretched, by leaving our house.'

Harriet sighed:—'I know not how to refuse you,' returned she. 'Ah, Eliza, how sweetly tender are thy melodious accents! how have I dreamed, never till now to know thy worth, Mary Ann's tenderness, or the godlike goodness of sir Gilbert!—Eliza, your will is mine.'

'Thank you, my love!' said sir Gilbert, kissing off the tears that stood upon her pale cheek; 'thank you, my good Harriet! you have cheered my heart.'

The day following lord Germain with the ladies arrived at sir Gilbert's, and were welcomed by Eliza with that sweetness which so peculiarly marked her manners, and by her father with cheerful hospitality. Lady Germain was agreeably surprised at the news of Harriet's return; but, alas! how many times

her bosom heaved with sighs whilst gazing on the form so dreadfully altered. She looked for the beauty she once possessed, but looked in vain. Her cheeks and lips were bloodless; her figure worn to a skeleton; and she might have been taken for a marble image, if her full dark eyes had not oftentimes rolled with a fire shooting from them that appeared to penetrate the beholders.

One afternoon Harriet, casting her eyes upon a newspaper, read the death of sir Dennis O'Calloner, and heaving a groan, she fainted on the bosom of sir Gilbert.—Eliza screamed, and the party assembled were greatly alarmed. For some days she was delirious; and when returning health visited her frame her head was often disordered and her recollection lost.

One day lady Germain informed Eliza that she had received a letter from her brother, informing her he should see her while at Bridge. At his name Isoline blushed, and turned her beautiful face from Eliza.

'He brings with him a young nobleman,' added her ladyship: 'you therefore must prepare yourself to meet them; and you, my dear Isoline! get ready for your friend the captain.'

Miss Bennet appeared greatly embarrassed, and, to ease her, Eliza changed the subject.

In the evening lord Jordan called at the castle:—'Ladies,' said he, 'will you take a walk to the hermitage? The weather is very fine.' They agreed to the proposal, and left home in the utmost good-humour. As they reached the hermit's cell they discovered Harriet sitting by a willow, watering it with her tears, while low moans escaped her. Eliza, alarmed, advanced towards her; but miss St. John flew swiftly past her, and in dreadful perturbation they returned home, and found her in extreme agitation.

CHAP. XV.

'Eliza, Eliza, my love!'—cried lady Germain next morning, as miss Goddard was dressing—'my brother and his friend are arrived: come, my sweet girl, let us go down stairs.' Eliza gave her hand to her, and lady Germain led her into the drawing-room, where she was greeted by captain Harrison and her beloved Godolphin, now lord Fitzhenry. Eliza appeared nearly fainting, and in the variation of her countenance his lordship read the secret of her heart. It added new fire to his speaking eye, and to his address an insinuative softness. The hours passed on wings of down with all; pleasure danced in the brilliant eyes of Isoline, and smiles revelled round the beauteous mouth of Eliza.

Godolphin took the first opportunity of speaking to miss Goddard on the secret of his heart: they were sitting in the hermit's cell at the time he ventured to address her on the subject. Eliza blushed, trembled, and knew not what to reply. She muttered something in an under tone, but, blushing more deeply, was again silent.

'My trembling angel!' cried Fitzhenry, taking one of her hands—'this sweet confusion becomes your virgin modesty, and adds to your divine beauty; but, oh! will you not attend to my passion? Do you disregard my love?'

Eliza's sweet eyes were suffused with tears as, in a voice falling into a soft, tender tone, she answered—'Ah! my lord, can you doubt my attention to what you say?'

'Angelic accents!—You will listen to me? Hear—I love you, beauteous Eliza!—Ah, will you now suffer me to speak to sir Gilbert?'

'What can I say?' cried Eliza, half speaking to herself.

'Say only that you will indulge my hopes.'

She smiled on him acquiescence; and, kissing her hand, he left the cell.

The delightful hopes Godolphin entertained were promptly related to sir Gilbert, who wished him very heartily success; and Eliza, the beauteous Eliza, attempted not to conceal her delight.

It was Mary Ann and Eliza's determination not to marry till Harriet was recovered: but miss St. John begged them not to protract their happiness on her account; and declared she should die easier if they consented to her wishes. With tears she urged her entreaties, and with tears her sisters agreed to her request.

They were at their seat at Bridge when the marriages took place between lord Fitzhenry and Eliza, lord Jordan and Mary Ann, captain Harrison and miss Bennet, and Mr. Fortescue and Ruth Chambers. The weddings were conducted with privacy; but few bid fairer for felicity.

Sir Gilbert Goddard continually resided with Eliza during his lifetime, and had the felicity of witnessing her happiness complete. Lady Jordan continued to diffuse content around her, and every voice cried aloud to Heaven for blessings on her beneficent head. Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue were loved and respected by all who knew them, for their many striking virtues; and Isoline, who took up her abode with the good Mrs. Harrison, blest in the smiles of her adored William, experienced not the care of a moment to ruffle her gentle temper or cloud her beautiful face with sorrow.

Three months after Eliza's marriage Harriet St. John breathed her last, in the arms of sir Gilbert; and this was the first grief that obtruded on our heroine's happiness, or affected the spirits of Mary Ann. A splendid monument was erected to her memory; and lady Jordan often visits the spot, and sheds tears over it while regretting her fate.

At the time of lord Fitzhenry's marriage peace was proclaimed between England and France, to the great satisfaction of his lady and Isoline, whose throbbing bosoms received comfort from the sound: all their fears for their husbands' safety now were at rest; and none with more pleasure witnessed the rejoicings made upon the occasion than these lovely women, whose hearts were so greatly concerned in the welfare of their nation.

THE END.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following admonitory letter, although anonymous, has met my most serious attention, and its advice will, I hope, not be thrown away: as I conceive it may be equally applicable (in some respects) to many ladies in Great Britain, I beg to tender it to their reflection through the medium of your publication, should your opinion respecting its being sufficiently interesting coincide with that of

your obedient servant,

July, 1805. C.

'TO MISS C——.

'IN the elevated rank of society in which Almighty Providence has placed you, many important facts, much useful information, and the most necessary advice, are wished to be conveyed to you: but your friends immediately around are nearly debar-

red that communication;—those who are your superiors and equals, in false compliment, not wishing seriously to interest you; the higher rank of those beneath you fearing to give offence; and your tenantry and inferiors not presuming to approach you. Thus situate, an anonymous, but sincere, well-wisher takes this method [by post] of transmitting his sentiments; actuated thereto by the purest wishes for your benefit, and that of human kind.

'You were born heiress to a considerable estate, which, during your minority, has been accumulating for your future benefit; but at this moment you enjoy an ample use of it: you are blessed with health and understanding, have been nursed in the lap of prosperity, and, in fine, are surrounded with every temporal felicity. Yet you have made no use, or taken any advantage, of these favourable circumstances: you have lived alone for yourself; you have never benignly diffused these blessings around you, or contributed in any material degree to the good and happiness of your fellow creatures.

'You are now of an age to reflect, that, richly gifted as you are, the most charitable exertions are immediately expected from you; and be assured that your humanity will ever be fully rewarded by the complacent satisfaction of doing good, by the extended, the heartfelt voice of the multitude, and by the discerning praise of superior society, to whose rank it will entitle you, more than birth or fortune; for who are so amiably exalted as those many truly noble ladies who in this age have so laudably distinguished themselves in the relief of distress, and the general cause of philanthropy?

'Your own good sense will point out numberless instances in which you may have an opportunity to exert your benevolence, particularly in the parish of which you are *apparent* owner and patroness; a few of which I must be permitted to recapitulate:—in the first place, to alleviate any distress or calamity that may unhappily befal your tenantry, and upon no account to increase their several rents beyond what their industry can realize in these hard times, with justice to their families and yourelf.

'To your cottagers dispense still greater lenity: personally visit the poorer part of them; cheer them by your condescension, your tenderness, and your bounty, when oppressed by want, by sickness, or by misfortune; for be assured that at no period of your existence will you appear so divinely amiable, as when soothing the sorrow of the afflicted, or drying the tears of the unfortunate: even at other periods kindly investigate their little concerns, and add your beneficence when wanting to their prosperity, or your correcting advice if improperly conducted.

'Thus you will gain endless and the worthiest praise; it will attend you while living, and embalm your memory when no more: whereas the contrary conduct will class you among that common-place set of beings who pass through life without an intentional good action, whose charity is confined to the *dash* of an advertised subscription, and whose fortunes are spent in dissipation; being rather a curse to their immediate dependants than otherwise.

'That you are positively wanting in humanity and every virtue I by no means wish to imagine; but you require a stimulus, a direction to your efforts, and rousing from the lethargy in which you are apparently plunged, or surely you would never so palpably neglect the church adjoining your mansion, where the roof is tottering, and dangerously suspended over the heads of the congregation; where the damp green incrusted walls chill all devo-

tion, and nearly preclude its exercise; and where the tattered achievement of your father, trembling at every gust through the broken casement, shamefully reproaches this neglect to the sacred depository of your ancestors; while a few pounds properly directed (without having recourse to the parish, already overburthened) would entirely repair the whole fabric.

'Further, is not a still greater lethargy apparent in your total neglect of the most useful establishment that ever adorned and benefited the village of ——? I allude to the Sunday school established by your late vicar; which, prior to his death, had rapidly increased, to the visible amendment of the lives and morals of the youth around; but now is on the point of final decay, and will absolutely be given up, for the want of finances and a trifling assistance.

'Here, then, is an important opportunity for you to step forward, and, like a guardian angel, avert the impending destruction of so very useful an establishment: and which would be increased, if extended to the ——, by forming another school in that populous hamlet, on the same plan; now disturbed each Sunday with the mischief, destruction, indolence, and vice, of its younger branches.

'In short, were I to enumerate the entire limits of your neglected duty it would occupy a still greater space than I have already unavoidably taken; and it is far better left to your own heart, and the dictates of conscience, which will unerringly point out what you ought to do. I submit these hints to the consideration of that understanding which the Almighty has favoured you with: put that to a proper use, and you will immediately perceive what I have written is the truth, and tendered to you from the best of motives.

'Anticipating this favourable reception, I shall anxiously await the effect, and hope it will preclude all further address, from

'ARIEL.'

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF the following miscellaneous observations meet your approbation, the insertion of them in your agreeable and instructive repository will much oblige

your constant reader,

Whitehaven, July 2, 1805. I. F.

IT has been remarked by a judicious critic, with respect to the learning of the sixteenth century, that it abounded more with learned men than the seventeenth, and yet this latter age was much more enlightened than the former. During the reign of criticism and philology several prodigies of erudition arose in all parts of Europe. The study of experimental philosophy and that of modern languages introduced another taste. Men were no longer fond of treasuring up so prodigious a stock of learning; but, to compensate this, a certain more delicate and refined genius, accompanied with a more exquisite discernment, diffused itself over the republic of letters: in a word, the men of this age were not so learned, but their abilities were greater. Acontius, a philosopher of the sixteenth century, said that he took the more pains with his works, because he foresaw a more enlightened age approaching than that in which he lived. Rapin confirms these opinions, by saying of his own times, 'Sense and reason are more attended to now than any thing else. It may be said to the praise of our contemporaries, that we are better acquainted with the character of an-

cient authors, and enter more into the soul of their writings, than our predecessors. The difference between them and us is, that in the last age erudition was much more in fashion than it is in ours. It was the genius of those times, in which nothing was more admired and extolled than a great capacity and profound literature. Languages were then thoroughly studied: the literati employed themselves in restoring the text of ancient writers by far-fetched interpretations, cavilling about an equivocal expression, inventing conjectures on which to establish corrections; in fine, these men confined themselves to the literal sense of an author, because they had not genius sufficient to soar so high as his spirit and genius in order to understand him fully: but the men of this age, who are not so learned, have more sound understanding, and set a much higher value on plain good sense than upon an injudicious capacity.'

There are many who condemn the liberty of philosophising upon religious subjects, as a practice which leads insensibly to atheism or deism. Acosta, the celebrated Portuguese, is one instance. He refused to comply with the decisions of the Catholic church, because he did not find them consistent with reason; and he embraced the Jewish religion, because he found it more conformable to the knowledge which he had acquired. He afterwards rejected a number of Jewish traditions, because he judged they were not contained in the holy scriptures; he even denied the immortality of the soul, upon pretence that it is not mentioned in the law of God; and, lastly, he denied the divinity of the books of Moses, because he thought that the religion was not conformable to the ordinances of that legislator. 'Had he lived six or seven years longer, he, possibly, would have denied the religion of nature, because his reason would have suggested a great number of difficulties in the hypothesis concerning the providence and free-will of the eternal and necessary Being. Be this as it will, reason is a guide that often leads us astray; and we may compare philosophy to certain medical powders that are of so corrosive a nature, that they not only eat away the proud flesh of a wound, but the sound also. Philosophy refutes errors at first; but in case she is not stopped there she attacks truths; and if suffered to grow headstrong, she goes such lengths, that she loses herself, and does not know where to fix. This must be imputed either to the weakness of the mind of man, or to the ill use he makes of his pretended strength. Happily, or rather by the wise dispensation of Providence, few men are capable of falling into this abuse.

Oaths, notwithstanding the solemn importance we annex to them, have too often been used as an honourable tie between men, without any reference to the Deity. In the time of Alaric, king of the Goths, Jovius made the emperor swear that he would never make peace with Alaric. He himself took the same oath, by putting his hand on the emperor's head; and obliged all those who held any civil or military employments to follow his example. Zozimus observes upon this, that if they had sworn by God, perhaps they might have been at liberty to break their oath, in hopes that God, who is a benevolent and merciful being, might forgive their impiety; but as they had sworn by the emperor's head, they were no longer at liberty to act against their oath.

Although the substance of the following precepts is now become common and commonly received, yet, as expressed by Plato, there is much point and elegance in them:—'Pleasure and pain,' says he, 'are like two copious streams, which nature has distributed

among men, and in which they dip at a venture, for happiness or misery. These are the two first feelings of our infancy, and those which direct all our actions in a more advanced age. But let us beware lest such guides seduce us into errors. A young man therefore must be taught betimes to be diffident of their suggestions, and not to contract in his earlier years any habit that may not eventually be justified by reason. Let example, conversation, sciences, bodily exercises, every thing, in short, concur to make him love and hate from the present moment what it is his duty to love and hate for his whole life.'

LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

SHORT dress of coloured silk or muslin, over a long dress of white satin, or lawn; trimmed down the front and bottom with lace, or worked muslin: short sleeves fastened at the shoulder with a broach: muslin handkerchief or turban for the head-dress: silk gloves; and kid shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

WHITE and yellow straw-hats, some with long brims in front, and others with none at all; the former sometimes trimmed with a violet ribband, and the latter ornamented with artificial ears of corn, are still in vogue. The robes are in general short, of white muslin, and embroidered at the bottom, sometimes with green foliage and red roses. The sleeves are short and puckered. Shawls of cashmire or embroidered silk are still much worn; with long yellow or white gloves, and white or violet shoes.

THE RUSSIAN SAINTS.

AN ANECDOTE.

IT was formerly a custom with the Russians, when they entered a room, to make their first bow to the image of a saint, set up in some conspicuous place, and generally over the chimney. They made the sign of the cross, and then saluted the mistress of the house. Under the reign of Peter I. foreigners began to settle in Russia; and they placed large looking-glasses over the chimneys. The Russians, on entering the room, looked, as usual, for the saint; and seeing themselves in the glass, made a low bow, which, to their great surprise, the supposed saint returned.—'Well!' said they, 'it must be confessed that the saints of these foreigners are much more polite and well-bred than our own.'

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE II.

DURING the rebellion in 1745, this illustrious monarch came to the council-board some time after the council had been sitting. He asked them the subject of their deliberations; and was told that they were considering how to take care of his sacred person, that it should come to no harm. 'Gentlemen,' replied he nobly, 'take care of yourselves; as for myself, I am resolved to die king of England.'

THE

COUNTRY TOWN,

A COMEDY.

(Continued from p. 378.)

ACT III.

SCENE XI.

Madame GUIBERT, DELILLE, DESROCHES.

Enter DUBOIS, *with a Trunk and Portmanteau.*

Dubois. Pray, does not madame Guibert live here?

Madame Guibert. Yes, friend: what would you have?

Dubois. *(Seeing Delille and Desroches)* Oh, gentlemen, you are here! then I know I am right.—Madam, will you tell me, or desire one of your servants to shew me, which are the apartments of these gentlemen?

Madame Guibert. Presently, friend—Francis shall shew you.—Francis! *(calling)*—Francis!—Good heavens! gentlemen—

Desroches. You seem, madam, to be somewhat embarrassed: what is the matter?

Madame Guibert. Indeed, I am very much embarrassed; for Francis, my domestic, has told me, while you were at your inn, that the room I had designed for you cannot be made use of, as it is full of lumber.

Delille. Indeed! madam.

Dubois. Well, till you can settle it, I shall sit down and rest myself. *(Puts down the trunk and portmanteau, and sits on them.)*

Madame Guibert. No, no, friend: do not be in such a hurry to put down your trunks; as you will, perhaps, almost immediately——

Desroches. But, madam, if it is so very inconvenient——

Madame Guibert. Stay, I will make further enquiry; and you shall certainly have the apartment, if it is in any way possible.

SCENE XII.

Enter FRANCIS.

Francis. Here am I, madam.

Madame Guibert. Well, is the apartment I intended for these gentlemen ready for them? *(Making signs to him to say no.)*

Francis. Not yet, madam.

Madame Guibert. Not yet! Was ever any thing so provoking! What, will my kind neighbour Girand always make it a warehouse for his goods? *(Still making signs to Francis.)*

Delille. Your neighbour Girand!—A warehouse for his goods!

Madame Guibert. This is the way one is made a dupe to one's politeness and good-nature!—Knowing that this apartment was empty, Mr. Girand begged me to let him put some goods in it which he had not convenient room for in his shop; and now I want it again, he cannot remove them, he says, under four days——*(Continuing to make signs to Francis.)*—Is not that what you told me, Francis?

Francis. Yes, madam——yes——four days—that was what I told you.—*(Aside)* There is an end to all the perquisites I had flattered myself with!

Madame Guibert. But I do not understand this—Surely, I ought to be mistress of my own house! I will go this moment to Mr. Girand—

Desroches. No, madam, by no means; we cannot suffer it.

Madame Guibert. I have lost all patience; I cannot put up with such treatment.

Delille. Oh! madam, do not let such a trifle discompose you so much.

SCENE XIII.

Madame GUIBERT, DESROCHES, DELILLE, DUBOIS, FRANCIS, —*Madame* SENNEVILLE.

Madame Senneville. Good morning, my dear madame Guibert; it is an age since I have seen you, my dear.

Desroches. Madame Senneville!

Madame Senneville. What, here are our two amiable travellers! I expected to find them—And your charming daughter, where is she? let me embrace her—The whole town already knows that these gentlemen are to lodge with you. Apropos! I come to engage you to dine with me tomorrow, without injury to the assembly, at which I expect you in the evening. You will bring with you my dear Flora. Your two agreeable guests have already promised me.—I know every thing. You have taken them away by absolute force, as I may say, from their inn. That is like yourself. Madame Guibert is well known to carry politeness and courtesy to the utmost extreme.

Madame Guibert. Ah! you are too good; but I am very far from meriting your praises.

Madame Senneville. What do you say? Sure there is no mistake!

Delille. It only happens that madame Guibert has it not in her power to carry into execution her good intentions.

Madame Senneville. What do you mean?

Madame Guibert. I had flattered myself that I was able to accommodate these gentlemen with a lodging—

Madame Senneville. And you cannot?

Delille. No, madam; Mr. Girand, a neighbour, has, it seems, made the rooms a warehouse.

Madame Guibert. I assure you it distresses me in a manner I am unable to express.

Desroches. For Heaven's sake, do not let that distress you, madam; we will soon find another inn.

Delille. Yes, there will be no difficulty in that.—Come, Dubois, take the trunks. *(Dubois rises, and prepares to take up the trunk and portmanteau.)*

Madame Senneville. By no means. *(To Dubois)* Stay, friend, a moment. —I am persuaded of the reality of the obstacle which prevents madame Guibert from affording you a lodging—

Madame Guibert. I hope, madam, nobody can suspect that it is not real.

Madame Senneville. Nobody, most certainly; and I less than any person. But permit me to congratulate myself on this accident; since it affords me an opportunity to repair a defect in my own politeness, with which my uncle has continually upbraided me ever since I told him of the arrival of these gentlemen.

Delille. What do you mean?

Madame Senneville. In not immediately offering you the accommodation of a lodging at our house.

Delille. This is equally extraordinary and fortunate;—a difficulty on the one hand only produces an invitation on the other.

Madame Senneville. Yes, gentlemen, you shall lodge with us. My uncle, Ambrose Senneville, the companion and friend of your uncle, Mr. Desroches, joins with me in the invitation. *(To madame Guibert)* You will not be offended with me, madam, for completing the good intentions which it was not in your power to carry in effect?

Madame Guibert. I offended at

you, madam! You must be very little acquainted with my character to think such a thing. *(Aside)* Impertinent minx!

Desroches. But, madam, I do not know whether I ought to accept—

Madame Senneville. I have no neighbours to make my rooms their warehouses; and I shall find myself offended if you hesitate.

Delille. My friend, madam, will not, I am sure, persist in refusing the request of a fine woman.

Madame Senneville. No, I think he has too much gallantry for that. *(To Dubois)* Friend, carry this trunk and portmanteau to my house; it is not two steps from hence. My waiting-maid will shew you the apartments intended for your masters.

Madame Guibert. My servant shall shew you the way, friend, with madame Senneville's permission.

Madame Senneville. If you please, madam. You are too good.

Dubois. (taking up the trunks) I will go immediately. *(Aside)* I think this baggage of my good masters will be pretty well carried about the town to-day, before I have done with it.

[*Exit with Francis.*

Scene XIV.

Madame Guibert, Desroches, Delille, *Madame* Senneville.

Madame Senneville. (to Desroches) Well, sir, how do you proceed with Mr. Vernon, and his celestial sister?

Desroches. How, madam! are you acquainted with——

Madame Guibert. Acquainted with what?

Madame Senneville. An adventure; a pleasant mistake of this gentleman's.

Desroches. Who can have told you——

Madame Senneville. Twenty persons.—Mr. Vernon related the whole story to his counsel, the counsel to the attorney, the attorney to his clerk, and the clerk to my waiting-maid, to whom he makes love.

Delille. You see, my friend, what secrecy there is in a country town.

Madame Guibert. I hope all that has passed here will not likewise be made the town talk.

Madame Senneville. What can be talked of, madam, which will not be to your praise? Besides, by your prudent conduct you have long since placed yourself out of the reach of all such talking.

Madame Guibert. That is a science with which some other ladies are much better acquainted than I am, madam.

Madame Senneville. It is not very easy to be so, I believe, madam.

Desroches. For Heaven's sake! ladies——

Madame Senneville. Oh, she likes to be a little severe upon me; but we can both indulge in this kind of wit without quarrelling; can we not, madam?

Madame Guibert. Oh, certainly. *(To Delille)* I cannot bear that woman; she affects an air of superiority over every body that is intolerable.

Madame Senneville. (to Desroches) Poor woman! what a passion she is in.

Scene XV.

Enter Francis.

Francis. Madam, I have been with the servant of these gentlemen to your house; but your maid Lucilla will not let the trunks be brought in.

Madame Senneville. What do you say? my maid Lucilla will not let the trunks be brought in?

Delille. (to Desroches) You will find, I doubt, that our accommodation will again meet with difficulties.

Madame Senneville. Believe me, gentlemen, I will soon teach my maid other behaviour. Come with me: give me your hand, Mr. Desroches. I ask a thousand pardons, dear madam, for so hastily carrying away your agreeable guests; but it could not be avoided, you know. You will come soon, my dear. I expect you this evening;——and to-morrow to dinner, with your amiable daughter. —Do not fail.

Desroches. (to madame Guibert) Believe me, madam, we leave you full of gratitude for the politeness we have experienced from you.

Delille. We have met with too agreeable a reception not to return as soon as we shall have an opportunity.

Madame Guibert. (conducting them to the door) I hope you will; you will always be truly welcome.—— *(Aside to Francis)* Francis, if these gentry should come again, do not fail to tell them I am not at home.

Francis. No, madam.

END OF ACT III.

On the PERSONS, DRESS, *and* MANNERS, *of the* HIGHLANDERS.

(From Mawman's Excursion to the Highlands of Scotland, and the English Lakes.)

IT cannot be doubted that elegance of dress and manners gives a lustre to beauty, and excites the senses through the medium of the imagination: it has even been observed, that were it the fashion to go naked the face would hardly be noticed; certain it is, that the bare feet very much attracted our attention: the conspicuously active spring of the ball of the foot, and the powerful grasp of the toes, increased our knowledge, by exhibiting the beauty and utility of that member. All the highlanders walk with firmness and agility. We saw not a single instance of a female turning in her toes, or stepping with a stiff bent knee.

We remarked, that, north of Glasgow, we had not beheld one individual, man, woman, or child, crooked; and that, though their feet were freely applied to rugged roads and gravelly shores, they yet did not appear to have received any injury.

The rude mode of living of the highlanders seems in many respects not dissimilar to that described by Hollingshed, at the close of the fifteenth century, in England. 'Considerable towns,' he observes, 'had hardly a house with a chimney in it; the smoke sought its way out at the roof or door; the houses were nothing but watling, plastered over with clay: pillows were only used for women in child-bed. Students dined at eleven, and supped at five o'clock. The merchants of London seldom dined before twelve at noon, or supped before six at night.'

We naturally expected to have seen the tartan plaid much worn, but we did not meet any one in this highland dress; in the philibeg and bonnet very seldom; and the ancient costume seems to be entirely laid aside.

We observed that all the people in the highlands had linen next their skins. In this respect, if the humorous remark of the learned Arbuthnot be true, they are more comfortable than were the imperial Cæsars; for 'Augustus had neither glass to his windows nor a shirt to his back.'

The young women let their hair grow long behind, and twist and fasten it on the top of the head with

a comb, and thus wear it without caps. They, as well as the men, are uniformly short in stature, unincumbered with flesh, and very active; but their faces are rarely handsome, and generally, as we thought, indicated the appearance of premature old-age. Their features are probably hardened by exposure to the severe blasts of winter, contracted into a most unsightly grin by labour, soured by want and misery, and oppressed with deep dejection of spirit.

The manners of the people, however, are easy, respectful, and agreeable, showing simplicity mingled with intelligence, and an openness of manner and behaviour superior to disguise or artifice, and possessing great presence of mind and ready wit, which have often been remarked to appertain to those living in mountainous countries. Their general agility proved that they could

'Foot it featly here and there;'

but, alas! when the heart does not rejoice, gladness cannot be communicated to the feet. Though there was much equability of temper, there was no mirth. Were they indeed disposed to those amusements which require the participation of numbers, they are commonly too thinly scattered to form such harmonising sports.

The powerful influence of the bagpipe over the highlanders is well known; it roused them from security, and collected them when dispersed: their attachment to it was not unlike that of the ancient Germans to the animating strains of their bards, which excited the desire of fame and the contempt of death. At the battle of Quebec (1759), we are told that general Fraser, in answer to a complaint made of the misconduct of his regiment, informed the commander in chief he had done wrong in forbidding the pipes to play. 'Let them blow,' he exclaimed, 'like the devil, if they will but bring back the men.' The moment the pipes struck up a favourite martial air, the highlanders formed with the utmost intrepidity.

It seems hardly possible to be amongst a people whose wild and inhospitable country prevents their participating in the comforts of their neighbours without sympathising with their wants, and feeling a strong interest in their welfare. We doubted if the traveller could be more safe from harm, even amongst the simple and innocent Laplanders. Dr. Johnson's remark that 'mountaineers are thievish,' is erroneous; and applied to the Scotch highlanders is particularly unjust.

Their patient sufferance of toil, connected with an almost total exclusion from enjoyment, fills the stranger with regret that these high-spirited and virtuous natives should be driven to emigration. The inhospitable ruggedness and sterility of the country might seem to be hardship enough; but the ingrossing of farms is necessarily inflicting a much deeper wound on the vitals of the country than the greatest severities could do. It is in vain for the advocates for large farms to affirm that this system, by increasing the rent of the landlord, must therefore increase the general population. The ruinous vestiges of cottages, with their small appendant inclosures, containing grass, corn, and potatoes, which had been cultivated with infinite labour, too plainly evince the contrary. These, now mingling with the general waste, furnish but too incontrovertible proofs of the decay of those intrepid mountaineers, who in any struggle for independence would form our best national security.

Though ferocity, authorised and cherished by their chiefs, entered in-

to the composition of the highlanders, that seems now to have left them; but ferocity does not constitute courage. Give their active souls, visible in their lively eyes, but a proper sphere for their bravery; and be assured, though their dignity is depressed, and though happily their courage is not whetted by domestic animosity, that their military ardour will not be found abated. To their rugged lives, war would be a scene of festivity. The little necessary to the support of a highlander would astonish an English soldier; and the little that would sustain a still more hardy race would astonish both.

The highlander, on long journeys, over hills, destitute of human support, will for a long time repel the attacks of hunger by eating dried roots. The Tartars, we are told by Gibbon, on the sudden emergency of a hasty march, provided themselves with a quantity of little balls of cheese, or hard curd, which they occasionally dissolved in water; and that this unsubstantial diet would support for many days the life and even the spirits of the patient warrior.

It is doubted whether this elegant English historian could have selected, throughout his vast researches, a more striking proof of the fierce bravery of the Tartars than the classic annalist of Scotland (Buchanan) has given of the highlanders.

'In 1396, a private war existed between the clan Chattan and the clan Kay, which was decided in a manner parallel to the combat between the Horatii and the Curiatii. A cruel feud raged between these warlike tribes, which the king (Robert III.) in vain endeavoured to reconcile. At length the earls of Crawford and Dunbar proposed that the difference should be determined by the sword, by thirty champions on each side. The warriors were chosen, the day of combat fixed, the field appointed, and the king and his nobility assembled as spectators. On reviewing the combatants, one of the clan Chattan, seized with a panic, was missing; when it was proposed, in order to form a parity of numbers, that one of the clan Kay should withdraw: but such was the spirit of that brave people, that not one could be induced to resign the honour and danger of the day. At length one Henry Wind, a saddler, who happened accidentally to be present, offered to supply the place of the deserter, for the small sum of a French crown of gold. He was accepted, the combat began, and Henry fairly earned his pay; for by his prowess victory declared itself in favour of his party. Of that of the clan Chattan only ten and the volunteer were left alive, and every one of them dangerously wounded. Of the clan Kay only one survived, who, declining so unequal a combat, flung himself into the Tay, and swam over unhurt to the opposite side.'

That instability of national grandeur, so much affected by the mad ambition of a few individuals, shows the necessity of our being not wholly commercial. Of this these highlanders themselves gave us, in the year 1745, an unequivocal lesson.

'In future times,' says Pennant, 'posterity will almost doubt the fact, when they read that an inconsiderable band of mountaineers, undisciplined, unofficered, and half-armed, had penetrated into the centre of an unfriendly country, with one army behind them, and another in their front; that they rested at Derby a few days; and that they retreated above three hundred miles, with scarcely any loss, continually pressed by a foe supplied with every advantage that loyalty could afford.'

If the attachment of the highlander to an excluded family once

rendered him dangerous to our government, it is now at an end: both nature and habit fit him, who has emphatically been said to fight by instinct, for the severest duties of a soldier; and, surely, it cannot be policy to export these heroes to the wilds of Canada, or drive them to the back settlements of Kentucky! It is not easy to find a remedy for the evil, which will not interfere with the inalienable right of disposing of our property as we please; yet, unless the evil be exposed, it is not probable that a remedy will be applied.

The highlander has deeply to lament, though not owing to any want on his part of vigilance or activity, the loss of those small patches of cultivated earth, and those humble cottages, which were left him by his industrious ancestors; he must behold with pain nature resuming her rights, effacing his operations, and covering with moss and heath his best efforts; but still he has the consolation of reflecting that he clung to his country as long as he was permitted to cultivate it, and as long as it was habitable.

Continuing our route through an avenue consisting almost entirely of ash trees, we reached Luss, where we bade farewell to the highlands. While our horses were feeding and resting, we amused ourselves with walking about the village, and along the shores of the lake. One of the houses, built like that in Glen-croe, we entered. The fire was here also in the middle of the floor, and the smoke was left to find its way out at the door, and through the holes which admitted the light. It contained two slovenly young women, who were sitting idly near the glowing embers, enjoying the comforts of smarting eyes and suffocation, though the pure air and the summer sun were to be enjoyed on the outside of their habitation. Here no violence is suffered from those unwholsome clouds, and here the strong expression of dislike used by Shakspeare, 'worse than a smoky house,' loses its force.

We visited another dwelling, which was somewhat larger, and much neater. Its possessor was the wife of a servant of sir James Colquhoun, who has a fine mansion at the southern extremity of the lake. She had learnt, in respectable families, the divine habits of cleanliness and industry.

The hardy Caledonians divert themselves with the effeminacy of their neighbours of the south, and among their gibes mention, that at this place two English travellers (cockneys of course) arrived, with a full determination of making the tour of the highlands. In the morning, however, when they had mounted their tandem, one of them, alarmed at the thick mists and hanging clouds around them, observed to his companion, that, 'beyond those mountains he was sure the sun never shone; and the other being of the same opinion, they immediately turned their horses round, and hastened back to the sun-shine of the Seven-dials, and the clear atmosphere of Exeter-change.

In a large company of Scotch gentlemen, where this anecdote was related, we were not sparing of our compliments to their country, of which those, at least, relative to their hospitality were most sincere; for never was a nation more courteous in their reception of strangers, or more solicitous to conciliate by their kindness those whom they enlighten by their intelligence. If, in some respects, our gratitude led us, in our acknowledgements, beyond the strict boundary of truth, we found their national, like individual, modesty so

mild a virtue as easily to pardon the insult of flattery.

After ridiculing the effeminacy of the English, the grave gentlemen of the company spared not our real or supposed vices; and prognosticated that but for themselves the most fatal consequences would ensue from the decay of public manners. It seemed to be their opinion, that degeneracy had debased our sentiments, enervated our courage, and depressed our talents; whilst these giants of the north, being out of the reach of the contagion, had by their union with us preserved the only remaining spirit and capacity in the kingdom.

In answer to these observations, the application of a reply made above two thousand years since, to similar complaints, had a whimsical effect. —'This is so true, that I remember, when I was a boy, I heard my father say all was lost by the immorality of the people; and, when he was a boy, he heard my grandfather say the same thing.'

It must, however, be admitted, that the Scots have little disposition to retaliate upon their southern neighbours for their national reflections. We wished they had possessed the spirit and the humour to rebut, and to laugh at these jokes; for we suspected that at first Dr. Johnson's remarks were expressed in jocularity; and that, when he found he had created enemies, he became himself soured into serious hostility, and then spared neither country nor inhabitants.

It was impossible to leave the Highlands without regretting that cultivated and inquisitive men had not employed their leisure, agreeably to themselves and profitably to the state, in viewing and recording the life, condition, and manners, of this sequestered race. Probably here they would find humanity in as simple a state as many travellers have gone thousands of miles to witness; and if it be more natural and more advantageous to introduce agricultural improvements, encourage manufactures and fisheries, and give excitement to the industry of our countrymen, than to waste our benevolence in theoretical and impracticable projects of universal good, surely it will be deemed no idle or useless avocation to visit the Highlands.

The life of the Highlander was formerly, like that of all rude nations, squandered in extreme sloth, except he was roused by some great necessity. Extraordinary exertion necessarily requires long rest, and hence all barbarians are by turns the most restless and the most indolent of mankind; but indolence more easily slides into habit.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 341.)

LETTER XV.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady L——

ONE of the most remarkable birds included in the order of the pies is that which, from its beauty, and the extravagant fictions to which possibly that beauty gave rise, has been called the

BIRD OF PARADISE.

THE fabulous accounts of this bird, which, if not implicitly received by, at least long perplexed even judicious naturalists, asserted that it was during its whole life continually on the wing, and that as it never alighted it was unprovided with legs, which must consequently be useless;

that its sustenance was solely the dew of heaven; and that it even bred in the air, the female laying and brooding over her eggs on the back of the male, which had a cavity formed in it by nature for their reception. As these birds, however, notwithstanding their beauty and extraordinary qualities, are mortal, they at length die, and drop to the ground which they had never touched before. They were supposed to sleep on the wing; though some admitted that they would suspend themselves for a few moments from the branches of lofty trees, by means of the long filaments of their tails.

The enquiries however of modern travellers, and especially of M. Sonnerat in his voyage to New Guinea, have furnished us with rational and accurate accounts of the nature and habits of this bird; and it is now known that it is not destitute of legs, but furnished by nature with very large and strong ones. The natives of the Moluccas, however, where this bird is common, perceiving that the Europeans were anxious to purchase it on account of the beauty of its plumage, and being aware that its feet by no means corresponded with its elegant appearance in other respects, they cut them off, and when they were enquired after asserted that this species of bird never had any; inventing and adding the fables already recounted in confirmation of their assertion.

Of this bird there are two principal species; the *Greater Bird of Paradise*, and the *King of the Birds of Paradise*, or the *Manucode*.

THE GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE

Is about the size of a thrush or small pigeon, but appears much larger, from the abundance of its plumage. The head, back, and breast, are covered with short straight feathers, which, to the touch, are soft like velvet, and so changeable in their hues, that they vary continually, according to the different points from which they are viewed. Besides these there are a number of long feathers which rise on each side between the wing and the thigh, and which, extending much beyond the true tail, and mingling with it, form a sort of false tail, which many observers have mistaken. Two long filaments take their rise above the true tail, and extend more than a foot beyond the false one. The head is very small in proportion to the body; the eyes still smaller, and placed near the opening of the bill, which is slightly bent, and has the base covered with downy feathers. The tail, which is about six inches, is as long as the body: the wings are large, compared with the other dimensions of the bird. The head, throat, and neck, are of a pale gold colour; the hinder part of the head of a shining green mixed with gold. The body and wings are chiefly covered with beautiful brown, purple, and gold feathers. The uppermost part of the tail-feathers is of a pale yellow, and those under them white, and longer than the former; for which reason the hinder part of the tail appears to be all white. The two long naked feathers or filaments above mentioned are bearded only at the beginning and the end; the whole shaft, for above two feet nine inches, being of a deep black, while the feathered extremity is of a changeable colour.

This beautiful bird is almost entirely confined to New Guinea, the islands of Arou, and some of the Moluccas. They are supposed to breed in New Guinea, and to reside there during the wet monsoon; but they retire to the Arou isles, about a hundred nd forty miles to the eastward, durin the dry

or western monsoon. They usually migrate in flocks of thirty or forty, and have, it is said, a leader, called by the inhabitants of the Arou islands the king of the birds of paradise, of which I shall say more presently. They never fly with the wind, as in that case their loose plumage would be ruffled and blown over their heads; and a change of wind often compels them to alight on the ground, from which they cannot rise without great difficulty. When they are surprised by a heavy gale, they instantly soar to a higher region beyond the reach of the tempest, where, in a serene sky, they float at ease on their light flowing feathers, or pursue their journey in security. During their flight they cry like starlings; but when a storm blows in their rear they express their distressed situation by a note somewhat resembling the croaking of a raven.

They never willingly alight but on the highest trees. The food on which they subsist does not appear to be known with certainty: some have thought that, since their residence is confined to the Spice Islands and New Guinea, they must be supported principally by some aromatic productions. Linnæus, however, says that they feed on insects, and principally the butterfly; and that in calm weather great numbers of these birds may be seen flying both in companies and singly, in pursuit of the larger butterflies and other insects on which they feed. According to Bontius, they sometimes prey on small birds.

In what manner these birds breed, or what number of eggs they lay, appears to be still unascertained.

Belon has supposed that this bird was the phœnix of the ancients; but the countries which the one inhabits and the other was supposed to inhabit seem to be too distant to accord with such an hypothesis; the phœnix being described as appearing in Arabia and Egypt, while the bird of paradise is a native of the eastern parts of Asia, which were very little known to the ancients.

It does not, in fact, appear that this bird was known either to the Greeks or Romans. The very singular characters by which it is so remarkably distinguished from all the other tribes of the feathered race could not have been unnoticed by them.

Marcgrave, in his account of the birds of Brazil, has inserted a description of one of this species: but it does not seem probable that any of them were ever seen in America, as none have ever been imported from that continent; and a bird clothed in such delicate swelling plumage could not traverse the wide expanse of ocean which divides the two continents of Asia and America, near the equator, where these birds are found.

Clusius, on the authority of mariners who derived their information from common report, states that there are two species of this bird; the one large and beautiful, which inhabits the islands of Arou, and the other of a smaller size and inferior in beauty, which is an inhabitant of New Guinea, near Giloto. Helbigius, who had received the same information in the islands of Arou, adds, that the birds of paradise of New Guinea differ from those of Arou not only in size, but in the colours of the plumage. Both these species, according to the same accounts, have a chief or leader, which appears to be a distinct species, usually described under the denomination of

THE KING OF THE BIRDS OF PARADISE.

It is called by the Indians *Manucodiata*, which, it is said, signifies *the*

bird of God, whence Buffon calls it the Manucode. According to the traditions in the east, which Clusius received from the mariners in those seas, the royal mandates of this bird are received with submissive obedience by a numerous train of subjects. His majesty, it is said, always flies far above the flock, which never desert him, but always settle in the same place where he chooses to alight. It is even extravagantly pretended that he issues orders to them to go and examine the springs where he may drink with safety, and to taste of them before him.

Without enlarging, however, on these fables, I shall endeavour to give as authentic a description as can be procured of this supposed sovereign, who in many respects resembles this species of birds, but in more, perhaps, differs from them. His head has the same velvet covering, and is small in comparative size; his eyes are still smaller, and are situated near the corner of the opening of the bill; his feet are rather long and firm; the colours of his plumage are glossy; the two filaments of his tail nearly similar, except that they are shorter, and their extremity, which is furnished with webs, forms a curl, by rolling into itself, and is ornamented with spangles, resembling in miniature those of the peacock. He also has beneath the wing a bunch of seven or eight feathers, which are longer than in most birds, but not so long as those of the common bird of paradise, and of a different shape, for they are edged through their whole extent with webs of adhering filaments.

The arrival of the flocks of the birds of paradise at Arou from New Guinea is watched by the natives, who either shoot them with blunt arrows, or catch them with bird-lime, or in nooses. When caught they make a vigorous resistance, and defend themselves stoutly with their bills. They are instantly killed, the entrails and breast-bone are taken out, and they are then dried with smoke and sulphur for exportation to Banda, where they are sold for half a rix-dollar each. They are sent to all parts of India and to Persia, to adorn the turbans of persons of rank, and even the trappings of the horses: they have also occasionally contributed an additional ornament to the elegant head-dresses of the British fair.

There are some other species of this bird, or at least related to it, described by Buffon and other modern naturalists. These are, the *magnificent bird of paradise*, principally distinguished by two tufts behind the neck, and at its origin; and the two filaments of the tail being of a blue colour, changing into a lucid green:—the *black manucode of New Guinea*, called by Latham the *superb paradise bird*, the predominant colour of the plumage of which is a rich velvet black, decorated under the neck with reflections of deep violet:—the *sifilet*, or *manucode with six filaments*, it having six instead of two of those filaments, which may be considered as the specific character of the manucodes; it is called by Latham the *gold-breasted bird of paradise*, from the beautiful colour of its breast:—and the *calybe of New Guinea*, called by Latham *the blue green paradise bird*; the former name was given it by Daubenton, from the principal colour of its plumage, which is that of bronzed *steel*.

(To be continued.)

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES

To Miss C—K—G.

In answer to her Lover's List.—(See page 381 of our last number.

ALAS! how mutable is love!
How changeable the human mind!
My fair I thought would ever prove
Each joy to me I hop'd to find.

You wrote,—and now she charms no more;
Jane fills each love-devoted thought:
I only *fancy'd* love before,
But now I'm certain I am caught.

I wrote a letter to a friend
The other day, in terms quite plain;
'Dear sir,' to write I did intend,
But, sure enough, I wrote 'Dear Jane!'

From Portsmouth lately when I came,
'Where have you been?' ask'd all I knew;
My answer ever was the same,—
'To Holbeach Marsh,'—a jaunt quite new!

Thus you may see my heart is gone;
In short, I'm deeply lost in love:
Jane I adore,—and Jane alone
Can now my pleasing solace prove.

Oh then, fair girl! address once more
Some lines of excellence to me:
Of learning you can boast a store;
Then bid me hope for love and thee.

Turn Francis off,—nor think again
That love can ever prove like mine:
I'll strive to shield thy form from pain,
And bid each pleasure round you shine.

We'll wander through each verdant grove,
When Summer spreads her mantle wide;
Each homefelt comfort still we'll prove,
Though Winter swell the angry tide.

For peace can only there be found,
Where mind and heart congenial are:
Reason and rhyme shall be *our* round,
And bliss unbounded we must share.

For when you've wrote some little song,
And ask what are my thoughts upon it,
Instead of answering, ere long
I'll tell you, Jane, in some soft sonnet.

And when you say to me, 'My dear,
'What shall we have of butcher Dutton?'
A rhyme you instantly will hear—
'My love, we'll have a leg of mutton.'

Or when you say, with smile so true,
'Shall Mr. Chip repair the table?'
I shall reply, and smile like you,
'As soon, my dear, as he is able.'

But, ah! we are not married yet,
Though much I hope it may be soon;
For from that time I ne'er will fret,
But life shall be one honey-moon.

Yet, ere these well-meant lines I close,
Let's see how many *we* have lov'd;
I mean *the whole*,—not only those
Amongst them we the most approv'd.

Yours are but *ten*,—*besides myself*;
Whilst I, of love by no means thrifty,
Had *thirty-two*,—oh! what an elf!
And those that I forgot were fifty.

But now I firmly do declare,
My love shall never more be twain;
Sweet maid! I'm sure you are so fair,
I ne'er can love but you, dear Jane!

J. M. L.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HOW happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill:

Whose passions not his master's are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;

Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath:

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend:—

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SONNET.

To Miss A. H——N.

MY Anna's charms what bard can tell,
Or painter's pencil trace?
So many in her person dwell,
Her mind so many grace.

If wit to beauty lends a charm,
If taste can sense improve,
If virtue can the Stoic warm,
Or prompt his heart to love—

Then Anna sure is form'd to please,
And happiness impart;
Possess'd of charms far more than these
To captivate the heart.

Oh! grant my prayer, ye powers above!
Let it be, Cupid, thine
T'inspire her breast with mutual love;
And, Hymen, make her mine!

A SONG.

By the Rev. Dr. DWIGHT, *of Philadelphia.*

LOOK, lovely maid! on yonder flow'r,
And see that busy fly,
Made for the enjoyment of an hour,
And only born to die.

See, round the rose he lightly moves,
And wantons in the sun!
His little life in joy improves,
And lives before 'tis gone.

From this instinctive wisdom, learn
The present hour to prize;
Nor leave to-day's supreme concern
Till morrow's morn arise.

Say, loveliest fair, canst thou divine
That morrow's hidden doom?
Knows't thou if cloudless skies will shine,
Or heaven be wrapp'd in gloom?

Fond man, the trifle of a day,
Enjoys the morning light;
Nor knows his momentary play
Must end before 'tis night.

The present joys are all we claim—
The past are in the tomb;
And, like the poet's dream of fame,
The future never come.

No longer, then, fair maid! delay
The promis'd scenes of bliss;
Nor idly give another day
The joys assign'd to this.

If then my breast can soothe thy care,
'Twill now that care allay;
If joy this hand can yield, my fair!
'Twill yield that joy to-day.

Quit then, oh quit, thou lovely maid!
Thy bashful virgin pride;
To-day, the happy plan be laid,
The bands to-morrow tied!

The purest joys shall be our own
That e'er to man were given;
And those bright scenes, on earth begun,
Shall brighter shine in heav'n.

ACROSTIC.

A MBITION oft will lead astray,
N or yield the promis'd joy:
N e'er may its gilded bait display
E ffulgent rays t'annoy!

C an all the treasures India's pride,
O r Nature's smiles, or art,
C onduce to pour fair Pleasure's tide,
K ind Heav'n! into the heart?
I love a soul with pow'rs sublim'd;
N or can a nobler dow'r
G race mortals; for a tuneful mind

H as bliss within its power.
O 'er Nature's boundless scene 'twill rove,
L eaving dull care behind,
B reathing the dear delights of love,
E xquisitely refin'd.

A greater joy to mental sense
C ould not to us be giv'n;
H eav'n, partial, does this gift dispense—
M ark! 'tis the gift of Heav'n.
A nd you, my theme, are well possess'd,
R ich in the boon divine:
S till may its joys pervade your breast!
H eaven there transcendent shine!

Fleet. CLEMT. COOTE.

ACROSTIC.

J USTICE with Truth the verse inspires,
A nd guides an artless hand;
N o gloss of art my theme requires,
E quivocally plann'd.

C an there be such, to merit blind,
O f noble souls the scorn,
C onceiving they no genius find,
K een-rayed, your verse adorn?
I view with pleasure, and must praise;
N or deem me prepossess'd:
G enius, a sterling gem, displays
H er treasures in your breast.
O h! cherish well the spark divine:
L et Nature's copious store
B eam on your eye; art nerve each line,
E nnobling all your lore:
A s beauty needs no foreign aid,
C ombin'd to win the heart;
H aving, in native smiles array'd,
M ore charms than studied art.
A nd yours, dear maid! where'er you stray,
R ound earth's extended sphere,
S ure to the heart will win its way;
H eaven grant a heart sincere!

Fleet. CLEMT. COOTE.

SONG.

YOUNG Edmund's the swain to my mind;
He always is talking of love:
He vow'd that he'd ever prove kind,
As we took a sweet walk thro' the grove--
Quite early one morning,
As Sol was adorning
The east with his beautiful ray,
Each flow'ret was springing,
The larks sweetly singing,
To hail a sweet morning in May.

vow'd that he lov'd me as life;
And if to become I'd agree
His loving and much-belov'd wife,
He happy, thrice happy, should be.
So early that morning,
As Sol was adorning
The east with his beautiful ray,
I freely consented,
And ne'er since repented
The vows which I made on that day.

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

THE MUFFLED DRUM.

BY JOHN MAYNE,

Author of the Poem of 'Glasgow.'

AH me! how mournful, wan, and slow,
With arms revers'd, the soldiers come,
Dirge-sounding trumpets, full of woe,
And, sad to hear, the Muffled Drum!

Advancing to the house of pray'r,
Still sadder flows the dolesome strain:
Ev'n Industry forgets her care,
And joins the melancholy train!

O! after all the toils of war,
How blest the brave man lays him down!
His bier is a triumphal car—
His grave is glory and renown!

What though nor friends nor kindred dear,
To grace his obsequies, attend;
His comrades are his brothers here,
And ev'ry hero is his friend!

See, love and truth, all woe begone,
And beauty drooping in the crowd—
Their thoughts intent on him alone
Who sleeps for ever in his shroud!

Again the trumpet slowly sounds,
The soldier's last funereal hymn—
Again the Muffled Drum rebounds,
And ev'ry eye with grief is dim!

The gen'rous steed which, late, he rode,
Seems, too, its master to deplore;
And follows, to his last abode,
The warrior who returns no more!

For him, far hence, a mother sighs,
And fancies comforts yet to come!
He'll never bless her longing eyes—
She'll only hear the Muffled Drum!

July, 1805.

EPITAPH.

WHEN brilliant Sol (his daily journeys o'er)
Shall gild this sublunary scene no more;
When the pale planet, that illumes the night,
No more shall cheer the shades with silvery light;
When Hesperus, and her attendant train,
Shall leave their orbs and quit the azure plain;
When earth shall be in vast combustion hurl'd,

And one broad ruin desolate a world;
Then shall the soul,—that spark of heavenly fire—
O reader, live, when time and death expire:
Shall rise with heirs of light to regions fair,
Or hopeless sink to mansions of despair.
Pause at the thought---thy sinful course amend---
For mercy plead---and peaceful be thy end!

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

EVENING.

Written during a Rural Walk.

YON golden traveller, auspicious Phœbus,
His daily tour has finish'd, and descends
In purple pomp behind the western mountains:
Hush'd in its cavern sleeps each ruffian blast,
And scarce a zephyr moves its silken pinion.
Mute are the plumy chaunters, not a strain
Of rural minstrelsy delights mine ear,
Except the wakeful robin's simple lay.
Fair Cynthia now ascends her azure throne,
Rides in bright dignity th'etherial space,
And sheds a silver smile on every object:
A pleasing calm pervades the scene of Nature,
And all around appears serene and placid.
But, hark! what sounds melodious strike mine ear?
Thou tuneful poet of the rural groves,
Sweet Philomela, 'tis thy plaintive lays!
Beneath yon lofty elms, I'll sit me down
And listen to thy sweet 'love-labour'd song.
Brown evening! how I love thy tranquil reign,
Thy calm enjoyments, and thy sober pleasures,
Superior to the joys bright day can boast!
This is thy season, Love! thy happy votaries
Frequent the shady walk and fragrant bower,
To pass in blissful converse the fair moments,
And taste thy uncontaminated sweets.
Sweet hour of meditation! now the sage
Quits his belov'd retirement, and his studies,
To commune with his heart, and raise his thoughts
Above this sublunary scene of trifles,
To the fair spheres of light, his future home.
Hail halcyon period! when the truly wise
Leave busy life, and all its bustling sons,
To meditate at evening's balmy hour,
To soothe the mind with silence, and recline
Their care-tir'd heads on quiet's downy lap.

Haverhill, July 23, 1805. JOHN WEBB.

EPITAPH,

On a Lovely Infant.

YE bright invisibles who guard the just,
And watch the relics of their lifeless dust,
Here take your station o'er this mould'ring clay,
Till, big with terror, dawns the last dread day.
And when this form in fair proportion rise
And gain a passport to the upper skies,
Then with the young celestial wing your flight
Through the bright portals to the plains of light:
To join angelic, archangelic choirs,
And strike soft lutes, or sing to golden lyres.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

SONNET.

On visiting Windsor, after a long and painful Absence.

THOU Gothic pile! where, in my fleeting years
Of youth, of hope, affections first began;
Thou mansion dear! which sacred yet appears,
Where tenderest parent nurs'd me into man;
Giving, supporting life—(this little span!)
O early haunts! hills, vales, and forests green,
Oft trac'd, oft priz'd, at evening's pensive hours;
O well-known spires*! O silver winding stream!
Which parts those spires and Windsor's regal towers,
Again thy hills I view, again thy verdant bowers:
View them sublime—yes, verdant, still the same—
Yet not to me the same; with alter'd eye
(Where once ambition beam'd for early fame)
I view—nor tower, nor tree, nor valley, prize,
Nor aught:—ambition, ease, and heartfelt rest,
Are lost—are long-lost aliens from this breast.

ETONENSIS.

Eton College.

FOREIGN NEWS.

St. Petersburgh, July 3.

FOR some days nothing has been talked of here but an approaching war. A courier has been sent off to M. Novosiltsoff, with orders to discontinue his journey. It is said, that a considerable body of troops is assembling on the frontiers of Prussia and Gallicia. Notwithstanding all this, however, we see here no military preparations, nor any indication to confirm these reports of war.

Vienna, July 6. The preparations for war still continue with great activity, and transports of artillery and ammunition are daily passing into Inner Austria. The regiments in garrison here have received orders to be ready to march by the 26th instant. There is now in Inner Austria, in Italy, and the Tyrol, an army of from 180,000, to 200,000 men.

On the 3d arrived here a courier from St. Petersburgh, and the next day one from Berlin. In general the exchange of couriers between Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburgh, is extremely frequent.

We are assured that, in the course of the ensuing month, there will be an extraordinary levy of recruits to complete the army.

Saltzburg, July 8. The regiments of Stein Spork, the archduke, Rudol Kerpen, and Ligne, are marching to the Tyrol, where there are already five regiments of the line. Some regiments of cavalry have likewise received orders to march thither. Considerable transports of oxen are on their way from Hungary.

Vienna, July 10. On the evening of the 7th inst. some alarming disturbances took place in the suburbs of this city, on account of the dearness of bread. The populace attacked the house of a baker, sold the bread they found in it at the price they thought proper, and would probably have murdered the baker, had he not made his escape with his family. They then proceeded to pull down the house, when a division of the garrison, both infantry and cavalry, was called out against them, whom the mob attacked with stones, and obliged them to fire upon them, by which several persons were killed and wounded. At length tranquillity was for that time restored. On the next day the populace attacked the house of another baker, but were again dispersed by the soldiers. These riots still continued during the night of the 8th and 9th, in different parts of the suburbs; but on the 10th, by the activity of the military and the exertions of the magistrates, they were completely quelled. The soldiers still continue at their posts.

July 13. Prince Dolgorucky is arrived here. Baron de Wintzingerode is still here.

The camp at Simmering is raised. The regiment of curassiers of duke Albert, and the regiment of Charles Schroder, have entered Vienna. The regiment of infantry of Colloredo, which was at Cracow, has also arrived in that city; some persons pretend to know that it will set out in a few days for Teschen.

A commission has been appointed for the trial of the persons concerned in the late riots in this city.

They write from Italy, that a report prevails there, that letters between

persons in a high station have been intercepted, which appear to have been written with intention to excite commotions in the country.

Lintz, July 13. The hope of preserving peace becomes weaker every day, for every thing in our vicinity continually assumes a more warlike appearance, and we are in constant expectation of seeing hostilities commence. The troops are in motion on every side, and their marches appear to be rapid, and at a short notice.

Banks of the Maine, July 16. The Frankfort journals say, that a new alliance is negotiating between Russia and Sweden.

According to an article from St. Petersburgh, in a German gazette, all absentees on furlough, from the Russian army, have received orders to join their respective corps without delay.

According to letters from Cologn, the French, which have been for some time collected on the Lower Rhine, have received orders to march for the western coast. They were at first intended, as is well known, for the Upper Rhine. Several regiments from the interior will immediately arrive in the departments of the Upper Rhine, to reinforce the garrisons of some places which are at present but feeble.

Frontiers of Russia, July 16. The artillery has received orders to hold itself in readiness to march.

The Russian general Folstoy passed through Warsaw on the 15th, on his way to Lemberg, on a mission from his sovereign.

Vienna, July 17. On the 15th inst. a recruiting was commenced here for the completing of the regiments, and the augmentation of the corps of pontoneers.

Yesterday prince Dolgorucky and general Wintzingerode were presented to his imperial majesty. The latter sets out to-day on his return to St. Petersburgh.

During the late disturbances in the suburbs of this city the French ambassador, whose country-house is in the vicinity of the scene of riot, received a guard for his security.

The archduke Charles is still here.

The regiment of Nassau dragoons entered this city the day before yesterday. The camp at Simmering is not broken up, as was reported.

Berlin, July. 20. M. de Novosiltsoff set out the day before yesterday, in the evening, on his return to St. Petersburgh.

The secretary of the French legation has set out as courier for Neundorf, where he will remain, and expedite to Paris another courier with the note of M. Novosiltsoff.

Haerlem, July 22. The note transmitted by baron Novosiltsoff to baron Hardenberg was in consequence of the arrival of a courier from St. Petersburgh, who had made the whole way to Berlin in seven days, with unprecedented speed. On the 5th, a courier arrived at Berlin, from London; and on the 13th another courier, coming from Berlin, passed through Hamburgh, to proceed to England by the way of Husum. Besides the Batavian squadron in the Texel, another expedition is fitting out on the Maese, where the greatest activity prevails to accomplish the preparations. The *Chatham*, of 84, and the *Pieter Paulus*, of 64 guns, are expected to be ready in a few days to join the two Batavian frigates, and two French brigs, which are already in the roads. This squadron will immediately be joined by the necessary transports for about 4000 French troops, which are already on their march to Helvoetsluys, where every thing is preparing for their reception. The victualling of this squadron for eight months seems to indicate that it is destined either for a long or a distant expedition, and at any rate it is certain, from the excessive hurry to get every thing ready, that much importance is attached to this expedition.

Hague, July 23. It has been suddenly determined to fit out an expedition at Helvoetsluys. The two ships of the line there, the *Chatham*, of 84 guns, and the *Pieter Paulus*, of 64, are accordingly to be got ready for sea as speedily as possible; for which purpose 600 ship-carpenters are ordered to go from Amsterdam and Rotterdam to Helvoetsluys, where they will work

night and day. Transports are also to be fitted out at the same time in the other parts of the Maese, to take on board the troops which will be embarked for this expedition, and which are estimated to amount to about 6000 men. The expedition will take out provisions for six months, from which circumstance it is supposed to be destined for the East Indies. The French commissary of the marine, M. Gohier, is arrived here, on account of these preparations. The naval preparations in the Texel likewise still continue; and it is believed that the squadron there will act in conjunction with the flotilla from Boulogne. The greater part of the troops, however, that were intended for the expedition from the Texel, will now go to Helvoetsluys. Even on the approaching prayer-day the workmen at Helvoetsluys will work from eight in the morning till six in the evening, to expedite the fitting out of the ships. The number of English ships of war cruising at the entrance of the Texel, and before Helvoetsluys, has lately been considerably increased. The pensionary has returned from the journey he made to the camp at Zeist. Two Batavian frigates and two French brigs have been got in readiness to sail at Helvoetsluys. Many military equipages and artillery horses from Hanover have passed through Brussels, on their way to Lisle."

St. Petersburgh, July 24. We are positively assured that our troops in Poland are assembling on the frontiers. Among the generals employed, general Von Sochtlen is commander of a corps of artillery.

M. de Novosiltsoff has not yet arrived in the capital.

Hamburgh, July 26. It seems to be confirmed, that Sweden has sold Swedish Pomerania to Russia for the sum of 26,500,000 rix-dollars banco; this was effected during the king of Sweden's stay in Schonen, and in the presence of the Russian and English ministers. Count Urplas has, it is said, left Stockholm to proceed to St. Petersburgh, in order to put the finishing hand to this business; in the mean time several more Swedish troops have received orders to march into Stralsund.

From Stockholm we learn, that by a special order all the artillery from the king's garden was a few days since removed into the artillery park, to be in a state of readiness.

Report says that the archduke Charles, and generals Fassbender and Mack, will speedily set out for Italy.

Berlin, July 27. They write from the frontiers of Russia, that considerable movements are observed both in the Russian armies and marine.

Paris, July 28. The official journal contains some news from Genoa, which appears calculated to tranquillise the public mind respecting the conduct of the police at Venice, relative to two Italian officers, and the French commercial commissary, M. Rostagny. It is stated, that M. Mattignoli, the Austrian consul-general at Genoa, who had quitted that city, as well as the Austrian minister baron Giusti, on the union of the Genoese republic with France, has returned thither, being ordered by the court of Vienna to discharge those functions with the French government which he had exercised with the Genoese. He was in consequence introduced to the arch-treasurer Le Brun, as representative of the Austrian emperor. Nevertheless, all uneasiness is not yet entirely done away, since it is asserted that three persons of distinction, subjects of the emperor of Austria, and now residing at Paris, have been put under confinement in their lodgings, by way of retaliation for the arrest of the two Italian officers at Venice.

It is not yet known when the emperor will go to Boulogne, although a numerous column of grenadiers and chasseurs belonging to his guard went thither fourteen days ago.

Hamburgh, Aug. 2. The advices from Vienna have a very hostile appearance: all the troops are ready to march. The Hungarians have offered in case of war 100,000 men for the field, and to support a standing army of 80,000 in the country, provided the archduke palatine will be at their head.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, July 19.

MR. Vansittart's servants, horses, and baggage, arrived here yesterday; notwithstanding considerable doubts are entertained whether that gentleman will come over to execute the office of state secretary here. The whole island is peaceable throughout, for which it is indebted to the mild yet vigilant government of a lord lieutenant who is so universally and deservedly beloved.

Our army is in the highest state of discipline: the Scots brigade, and other regiments of infantry under embarkation orders, amounting to 8000 effective men, remain still at Cork, under the command of sir Eyre Coote: the abrupt flight of the enemy's squadrons from the West-Indies has probably superseded the necessity of their sailing for that quarter, for which they were destined.—Two large encampments are now forming; the one on the Curragh, to consist of 18,000 horse and foot; the other contiguous to the garrison of Cork, to be composed of 10,000 infantry. The former is to be completed by the 27th inst.

The weather is set in remarkably fine: the corn, in all the provinces, is very forward, and looks well, promising us an abundant harvest.

London, July 25. An unlucky accident happened yesterday, which might have been productive of great calamity, but happily no lives were lost. The cut from Blackwall to Limehouse, intended to carry vessels directly through, without going round by Greenwich, had been nearly finished, and was to have been opened with great pomp on the 12th of August next. Yesterday forenoon, about twelve o'clock, being near high tide, while a number of people were at work at the extremity next the river, they were suddenly alarmed by a hissing noise, and the appearance of water entering from below. Scarcely had they time to make a precipitate retreat, when the outward dam burst with astonishing violence, and what a minute before was dry land was instantly covered with twelve feet of water: the second dam, about 50 yards further on, composed of logs of wood, 12 inches thick, besides a strong diagonal log, by way of bar, was in like manner forced by the current; and this amazing strong bar snapped in two, as if it had been a piece of lath. The canal was immediately filled, as far as the second flood-gate next to Limehouse, which, being shut, happily resisted the force of the current. Considerable injury has been done to the banking and mason work at the extremity, as well as the first lock; great part of the abutments on each side having been carried away.

Brighton, July 27. Thursday a singular and unexpected *fracas* took place here, which threatened to extinguish all hopes of seeing any race this season. The person who rents the race-ground waited on the Jockey Club (then sitting at the Castle inn), and complained that he had not received, last year, the quarter of a pipe of wine to which he was entitled each season for permitting the races. He insisted, as they had failed in the per-

formance of this *essential* condition, he was no longer bound to tolerate racing on his ground, and peremptorily told the club, that unless they immediately paid him 100 guineas he should begin another sort of race—with his ploughs. The club returned an ambiguous answer.

On Friday morning, at ten o'clock, he repeated his demand, and again not receiving what he deemed a satisfactory answer, his plough was immediately set to work; but, before a few ridges were finished, a press-gang made its appearance, when the ploughmen thought proper to abandon their charge, and make a precipitate retreat. The plebeian has some doubt, it seems, whether this is exactly the law of England; and has expressed his intention of running a sweepstakes with the club at Westminster-hall.

Durham, July 27. A battalion of the Derby militia passing through Durham on Thursday last, some of the privates, by their conduct, rendered it necessary to make application for committing two of them to the house of correction, to which place they were conducted by a guard of twelve men; but before these orders were executed, it appears that the mob of this city, several of whom were drunk, effected a rescue of the prisoners. Some of this militia are not free from taint, one having received 300 lashes yesterday on Gilligate-moor, as being concerned in the affair. The two men have made their escape. The party of the Derby regiment consisted of between 3 and 400 men; they began their march southward yesterday morning at one o'clock. At Ferryhill, about six miles from this city, they were overtaken by a large detachment of dragoons from Newcastle, and brought into Durham market-place; where I saw them at seven o'clock yesterday morning: some of them were pinioned.

London, July 31. This afternoon the park and tower guns were fired in consequence of accounts received from sir Robert Calder, off Ferrol, of a victory gained by him on the 22d of July over the combined French and Spanish fleets, with the capture of two Spanish ships of the line, the *San Raphael* of 84 guns, and the *Firme* of 74. The enemy had every advantage of wind and weather, and a thick fog prevented the victory from proving so decisive as might otherwise have been expected. An extraordinary gazette was published at night.

Plymouth, Aug. 2. The two Spanish ships, *El Firme* and *San Raphael*, came up the harbour last evening, and were safely moored in the Hamoaze, amidst the loud plaudits and cheers of a vast concourse of spectators, who assembled on the shores of the Hoe, Mount Wise, and the Stonehouse Hills, to witness this pleasing scene: the weather was extremely fine, which enhanced the beauty of the sight.

Another ship of the line (supposed to be the *Pluto*, of 80 guns) struck to the *Windsor Castle* and *Malta*, but was immediately afterwards towed off by a frigate, and escaped.

The *Windsor Castle* remains in Cawsand bay, and the *Sirius* frigate in the Sound, performing quarantine. The *Egyptienne* frigate sailed this afternoon for Portsmouth; the mizen top-mast of the latter was carried away by a shot from one of the enemy's line of battle ships which she engaged.

London, August 5. Dispatches were received this morning from sir Robert Calder, brought by the *Malta*, which arrived on Saturday at Plymouth. She was one of our ships which suffered most, next to the *Windsor Castle*, in the action of the 22d. The dispatches from sir Robert are dated off Ferrol, on Wednesday last, the 31st. He had returned to the blockade of that port, where he found the French squadron as he left it, having made no movements to come out, and in all probability ignorant of any battle having been fought.

Aug. 9. A singular occurrence is said to have happened at Bury, in Suffolk, a few days since. A strange noise was heard during divine service in an old chapel, which became so loud as to prevent the service from continuing. Immediate search was made, but to no effect, until last Wednesday, when a labourer, employed to repair the place, by chance struck a piece of iron, and immediately a door in the

pannel of the wainscot sprung open, and discovered a human body and an Æolian harp, which, from there being a hole in the roof of the house, occasioned this singular noise.

Aug. 10. A few days since a footman in the service of lady Latham, in Grosvenor-square, while attending her ladyship and family at dinner, became insane, and began to throw the dishes, plate, &c. about the room: her ladyship and children ran down stairs to call for assistance, the footman following and striking them as they went down; they ran into the square, and, by the assistance of persons passing by, the man was secured, and carried to Mount-street workhouse.

A most melancholy circumstance happened on Thursday afternoon at Weymouth. The servant girl of Mr. Davis, surgeon and apothecary in St. Thomas's-street, between five and six o'clock in the evening, took the infant daughter of her master out for a walk. She remaining out much longer than was expected, several persons went in search of her; when, shocking to relate! they were both found drowned in some very shallow water. In the girl's pocket was found a note, written by herself, requesting that the child might be interred in the same grave with her. The coroner's jury sat on the bodies on Saturday, when there appeared a number of bruises on the body of the child, supposed to have been received by it when struggling for life. The jury brought in a verdict of *felo de se.*

Yesterday the son of one of his majesty's pages went into a barber's shop, in a passage leading from Jermyn-street to Piccadilly, and said he would be shaved; and having procured a razor, he cut his throat, but did not penetrate the windpipe. He was taken to St. George's hospital; but though the wound was not mortal, he died in the course of the day, in consequence of his having taken a dose of poison before he cut his throat. The coroner's inquest is to sit this day on the body.

Margate, Aug. 11. A letter from the secretary at war, ordering the men who had leave to assist in saving the arvest to return immediately, and the whole to be in readiness at a moment's warning, was read last Friday evening on parade to the Renfrew (Upper Glasgow) regiment, doing duty here. Many of our visitors have since felt strongly inclined to take their departure, in consequence of the apprehended attack of the enemy. The motive, however, is laudable, because it arises from a wish to be at those posts in which, if danger should arise, they might render the most essensial service, both by their presence and example.

A distant and heavy firing was heard here this morning, in the direction of the enemy's coast; but the cause is yet unknown to us.

London, Aug. 12. At half past one o'clock this morning a most alarming fire broke out at the Royal Circus, in St. George's Fields. Since the burning of the Opera-house, in 1789, we have not witnessed so sudden and furious a conflagration.—In two minutes after it was first perceivable it had attained the height of its fury. The whole neighbourhood of St. George's Fields was visible from the Strand, through the vistas of the streets leading to the Thames, and all the river between the bridges, as at mid-day. In one hour the theatre, the coffee-house, the tap, the stables, and other offices adjoining, were entirely enveloped with the flames. The want of water prevented the engines from yielding effectual service.

The appearance of the neighbourhood was frightful; the women and children flying in all directions, with scarcely any covering. The fire is supposed to have been occasioned by the communication of a spark from a candle with the oil used in preparing the scenery for a new pantomime. The drums beat to arms and the volunteer corps of the neighbourhood attended with great promptitude, and in great numbers.

Aug. 16. The following bulletin was sent from the admiralty to Lloyd's this day at noon:—

"Admiralty-Office, Aug. 16.

"The combined squadrons of the enemy are stated to have arrived at Ferrol."

BIRTHS.

July 26. Mrs. Groom, of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, of a daughter.

August 1. At Loftus-hill, the right hon. lady Emily Henry, of a daughter.

2. At Hinton-house, the lady of Thomas Kingscote, esq. of a daughter.

3. The lady of Charles Hutton, esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square, of a daughter.

4. At his lordship's seat, on Gogmagog hills, the lady of the right hon. lord Francis Godolphus Osborne, of a daughter.

At H. Hope's, esq. Ealing, the lady of vice-admiral sir Charles Pole, of a daughter.

5. The lady of Richard Fuller, of the Rookery, near Dorking, of a daughter.

6. At Ampart-house, in the county of Southampton, the marchioness of Winchester, of a daughter.

At Woodcote house, near Alresford, Hants, the lady of col. Cunynghame, of a daughter.

Mrs. Harper, of Great Portland-street, of a daughter.

7. At Dulwich, Mrs. Palmer, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 19. At St. David's church, Exeter, ——— Macbride, esq. son of the late admiral Macbride, to Mrs. Starkey.

22. By special licence, at Loftus-hill, near Dublin, sir Edward B. Littlehales, bart. to the right hon. lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter to his grace the late duke of Leinster.

At Danevale park, Scotland, major-general Islay Ferrier, to Mrs. Laurie Cutlar, of Oroland.

At Edinburgh, col. Robert Bruce, to miss Charlotte Elizabeth Segar.

At Walcot church, Bath, the right rev. lord bishop of Killala, to Mrs. Obins.

25. At St. James's church, R. Adair, esq. M. P. to madame G. A. de l'Escuver d'Hagnicourt.

26. At Clapham, Peter Blackburne, esq. banker, at Ramsgate, to miss Bewicke, only daughter of the late Calverly Bewicke, esq.

27. Lieutenant-general Floyd, col. of the 8th dragoons, and second in command of the forces in Ireland, to lady Denny, widow of the late sir Harry Denny, of Tralee castle, in the county of Kerry, several years representative in parliament for that county.

At Castlecoote, the seat of the earl of Belmore, near Enniskillen, Charles Watson, esq. eldest son of the bishop of Llandaff, and major of the 3d regiment of dragoons, to miss Maria Lowry Corry.

John Braddon, esq. of Newcott, Cornwall, to miss Kingdon, eldest daughter of Richard Kingdon, esq. of Holsworthy, Devonshire.

28. At Queen-square chapel, Bath, T. Panton, esq. of Newmarket, to Miss Gubbins, daughter of the late Joseph Gubbins, esq. of Ireland.

29. At Walthamstow, John Francis Menet, esq. of Old Broad-street, to Miss Cazenove, daughter of James Cazenove, esq. of Walthamstow.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, William Elliott, esq. of Little Ryder-street, to miss S. Nelson, of Pall-Mall.

At St. James's, Mr. E. Lardner, of Piccadilly, to miss Gill, of Brighton.

At Mordon, Surry, the rev. Edmund Turner Batley, A. M. fellow of Magdalen college, Cambridge, to miss Beynon, daughter and heiress of the late Edward Beynon, esq. of Carshalton.

August 1. At Bidden, in Hampshire, William Welfit, esq. of Manby, near Louth, to miss Leech, daughter of Thomas Leech, esq. of the former place.

The rev. George Metcalfe, son of the rev. G. Metcalfe, canon-residentiary of the cathedral church of Chichester, to miss Quantock, daughter of John Quantock, esq. of that city.

At Bramham, the rev. Richard Cautley, of Moulsoe, in the county of Buckingham, A. M. to miss Octavia Oldfield, youngest daughter of the late Joshua Oldfield, esq. of York.

3. Colonel James M'Cleod, of

Rasay (uncle to the countess of London and Moira), to miss Flora Ann Maclean, second daughter of lieutenant-colonel Maclean, of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

5. The rev. Frederick Hervey Neve, to miss Elizabeth Stone, daughter of the late Richard Stone, esq. of Chislehurst, Kent.

8. At Windsor, George Augustus Fenwick, esq. of the royal horse guards (blue), to miss Pulton, only daughter of the rev. Thomas Pulton, of Park-street.

I. J. Gay, esq. of Saxthorpe hall, in the county of Norfolk, to miss Covert, only surviving daughter of the late John Covert, esq. of Chicester, Sussex.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Ashburnham Bulley, esq. of the exchequer, to miss Beloe, of the British Museum.

10. At Lewisham, John Smith, esq. of the royal artillery, to miss Spuring, of Blackheath.

DEATHS.

July 23. At his house, Croom's-hill, Greenwich, Christopher Pritchard, esq. aged 72.

23. At Hampstead-heath, after a long illness, Mrs. Murdoch, wife of James Murdoch, esq. of the island of Madeira.

At Exmouth, after a lingering illness, aged 19, Mr. Aubrey Wynne, eldest son of Gabriel Wynne, esq. of Lissplace, Hants.

On his return to join the Chatham division of royal marines at Taunton, Somerset, colonel Trolloppe, of that corps.

Mrs. Henry Wollaston, at the rev. Francis Wollaston's, at Chislehurst, in Kent.

25. At Clapham common, Mrs. Barclay, relict of John Barclay, late of Cambridge heath, esq.

At Pendleton, the rev. Nicholas Mosley Cheek, nephew to the late sir John Mosley, bart.

28. At her house in York-street, Westminster, Mrs. Mary Lawson, widow of the late rev. Robert Lawson, many years minister of the Scotch church, London-wall.

29. At his house in Bolton-row, in the 73d year of his age, the right hon. Walter, lord Aston, of Forfar county.

31. At his house in Wimpole-street, Charles Merrey, esq.

At Park-house, Boxley, in his 93d year, Henry Godwin, esq. of Fring, Norfolk.

In the 18th year of his age, Mr. Paul Webster, eldest son of Paul Webster, esq. of Derby.

August 2. In his apartments at the new barracks, Lewes, after a few days, illness, capt. Gibson, of the 4th, or queen's own, regiment of dragoons.

At his house in Oxford, the rev. W. Fothergill, D. D. rector of Charlton-upon-Olmore, vicar of Steventon, Berkshire, and formerly fellow of Queen's college, Oxford.

3. At Henry Bosanquet's, esq. Hamish house, Wilts, in the 81st year of his age, Christopher Anstey, esq. of Bath, author of the New Bath Guide.

4. At her house, in Sloane-square, Chelsea, Mrs. Eleanor Reed, widow of the late lieutenant-colonel Reed, of the 34th regiment of foot, aged 75 years.

7. At Kensington terrace, Dr. John Snipe, one of the physicians of the royal naval hospital at Plymouth, and late physician to the fleet under the command of lord viscount Nelson, in the Mediterranean.

8. At his residence in Percy-street, colonel Alexander Macdonald, of the royal marines.

At High Wycome, the eldest daughter of captain Bourke.

At his seat at Appledurcombe, in the Isle of Wight, the right hon. sir Richard Worsley, bart.

At his country house at Hallowall Down, Essex, John Antony, esq.

11. Suddenly, at Walmer castle, major Sabine, of the first guards, aide-de-camp to general Wynyard.

14. At the Leasowes, the infant son of Charles Hamilton, esq. aged seven months.

22. In Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, Mrs. Neile, the wife of Philip Neile, esq. barrister at law.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Directions for forming an Autumnal or Winter Garden, 461
2 Account of the Town of Haarlem, in Holland, 466
3 Romance of the Pyrenées, 467
4 Account of the Character and Manners of the Inhabitants of Batavia, 473
5 Extraordinary Instance of Poetic Genius, 477
6 London and Parisian Fashions, 481
7 The Toilet, 481
8 The Country Town, 482
9 On the French Theatres, and Theatrical Management, 489
10 Vicentio and Juliana, 490
11 POETICAL ESSAYS—An elegiac Epistle—Lines on the Illness and Recovery of a beautiful young Lady—The British Roscius—To Miss J***** B******—The Tear—Lines to the Memory of Mrs. Payne 492—496
12 Foreign News, 497
13 Home News, 500
14 Births, 503
15 Marriages—Deaths, 504

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 VIEW near HAARLEM, in HOLLAND.
2 LONDON FASHIONABLE MOURNING DRESSES.
3 VINCENTIO and JULIANA.
4 Newest PATTERN for a SLEEVE.—The BORDER also for the DRESS.
5 Music—'WHEN I AM DOOM'D TO DEATH.'—A CANZONET. Translated from CAMOENS by Lord STRANGFORD. Set to Music by W. BARRE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. Y.'s *Serious Reflections addressed to Unmarried Women* are intended for our next.

Serena's proposed communications will be very acceptable.

Miranda is not forgotten.

N.B. Many of our Correspondents seem to have forgotten that it has always been customary for them to pay the postage of their contributions.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For SEPTEMBER, 1805.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I SEND you a description of a garden, formed upon a plan not mentioned, I believe, in any book upon gardening, if you think it worthy of being inserted in your Magazine; and am,

Sir,
Your humble servant,
RICHARD WESTON,
or
BOTANICO-HORTENSIS.

Leicester, Jan. 20, 1805.

AUTUMNAL or WINTER GARDEN.

Directions for forming an Autumnal or Winter Garden, describing the Trees, Shrubs, herbaceous and bulbous-rooted Plants, proper for one; the Month in which they flower; and the Time at which they were introduced into the English Gardens, from foreign Countries.

'A Garden indeed is the purest of human pleasures: it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handy works.' BACON'S ESSAYS.

OF all the various plans for forming and laying out gardens, very little attention, if any, has ever been given to select the trees, shrubs, and plants, which flower in the autumn and winter, or early in the spring, and evergreen trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants, and bring them together in one point of view.

For those ladies and gentlemen, therefore, who reside in the country in winter, such a plan cannot but be acceptable; especially as there is not any extraordinary trouble or expence in it, more than in selecting the trees and shrubs which have those particular properties of naturally flowering from September to February and March, autumnal-flowering bulbous roots, and evergreen trees, shrubs, and plants, remarkable for the elegance and beauty of their foliage.

This method is peculiarly adapted for those houses which have courts before them, or where the windows open into the garden.

In the old method, how gloomy a garden appears with scarcely any evergreen plants in it during the winter months! On the contrary, how differently pleasing would it appear if planted with evergreens and flowers! As a proof of this, let any one view the garden in Grosvenor-square, and compare it with the elegant and judicious planting of that in Portman-square with evergreens.

DIRECTIONS.

In forming a garden on this plan,

the first object must be of its being well defended, by walls or trees, from the east, north, and west, and to be open only to the south, for no other situation will suit it properly.

The walls may be planted with silver-striped ivy, pyracantha, evergreen roses and laurels, alternately with one of each, as the roses will soon reach the top of the wall before the other trees.

The edgings around the borders and clumps should be of dwarf box, on account of the liveliness of the colour, and the walks gravel, as grass is not agreeable to walk on in the winter; and they should be higher in the middle than common, and rolled every opportunity that the weather will permit, which will cause them to remain hard.

The garden may be planted either in October and November, or in March, with any of the following sorts, according to the taste and fancy of the owner, or an opportunity of procuring the shrubs, plants, and flowers.

As almost every one now arranges plants by their Latin botanic names, that method is here followed, but with the explanation of the classes and orders in English, to make them more intelligible.

More shrubs, plants, and flowers, of each division could have been selected; but those inserted are remarkable for the elegance of their foliage, the liveliness of the colour of the leaves, and the beauty of their flowers.

The country is mentioned where each plant is a native, the month in which it flowers, and the time at which it was brought into England, as far as can be ascertained from botanical authors; which shews how much we are indebted to foreign countries for the many elegant plants which now adorn our gardens.

The time of flowering is calculated for the neighbourhood of London; but in very severe winters many will be a month later at spring.

In mild autumns, several also will continue a month longer, unless stopped by frost, than here mentioned.

A CATALOGUE OF TREES, SHRUBS, HERBACEOUS AND BULBOUS-ROOTED FLOWERS.

	Gen.	Var.
1. Autumnal and Winter-flowering Evergreen Trees and Shrubs	7	14
2. Evergreen flowering Shrubs	20	78
3. Autumnal-flowering Deciduous Shrubs	12	32
4. Early Spring-flowering Deciduous Shrubs	4	9
5. Autumnal-flowering Bulbous-rooted Flowers	7	15
6. Early Spring-flowering Bulbous-rooted Flowers	6	15
7. Autumnal-flowering Perennial Herbaceous Plants	10	29
8. Autumnal-flowering Annuals	10	20
9. Early Spring-flowering Herbaceous Plants	11	22
10. Evergreen Herbaceous Plants	13	20
	100	254

I.

Autumnal and Winter-flowering Evergreen Trees and Shrubs.

I. Arbutus, or Strawberry tree. Arbutus.

BOTANICAL DESCRIPTION.

Linnæus's Genera of Plants:—No. 552. Class 10. ten males. Order 1. one female.

1. Strawberry-tree - - - - - 1. Unedo
2. Scarlet-flowered - - - - - 2. Coccineus
3. Double-flowered - - - - - 3. Duplex
4. Yellow-berried Strawberry-tree - 4. Bacciflavus

Flowers from September to December. Fruit ripens the second year. Native.

II. Laurustinus. Viburnum.

No. 370. Class 5. five males. Order 3. three females.

1. Narrow-leaved - - - - - - - 1. Tinus angustifolia
2. Hairy-leaved - - - - - - - 2. Hirsuta
3. Shining-leaved Laurustinus - - 3. Lucida

September to February. South of Europe. 1596.

III. Pyracantha, or Evergreen Thorn. Mespilus.

No. 625. Class 12. twenty males. Order 4. five females.

1. Pyracantha, or Evergreen Thorn - Pyracantha.

May to August. In fruit all winter. Germany. 1629.

IV. Rose-tree. Rosa.

No. 631. Class 12. twenty males. Order 5. many females.

1. Evergreen White Rose - - - Sempervirens

June to September. Germany. 1629.

2. Pale Red Chinese Rose - - - Chinensis

March to November. China. 1789.

V. Sea Ragwort. Cineraria.

No. 957. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. frustraneous polygamy.

1. Yellow-flowered Sea Ragwort . . Maritima

July to September. South of Europe. 1633.

VI. Southernwood. Artemisia.

No. 945. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.

1. Southernwood - - - - - - - Abrotanum

August to October. South of Europe. 1596.

VII. Tea-tree. Thea.

No. 668. Class 13. many males. Order 1. one female.

1. Green Tea-tree - - - - - - - Viridis
2. Bohea Tea-tree - - - - - - - Bohea

August to October. China. 1768.

2.

Evergreen Flowering Shrubs.

I. Alaternus, or Evergreen Privet. Rhamnus.

No. 265. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.

1. Alaternus - - - - - - - - 1. Communis
2. Gold-striped - - - - - - - 2. Aureo-variegatus
3. Silver-striped - - - - - - - 3. Argenteo-varieg.
4. Gold-blotched - - - - - - - 4. Aureo-maculatus

5. Jagged-leaved - - - - - - - 1. Laciniatus
6. Silver-striped - - - - - - - 2. Argenteo-varieg.
7. Gold-striped - - - - - - - 3. Aureo-varieg.

April to June. South of Europe. 1629.

II. Arbor Vitæ. Thuia.

No. 1078. Class 21. one house. Order 9. one brotherhood.

1. American - - - - - - - - - Arbor Vitæ
2. Chinese Arbor Vitæ - - - - - Chinensis

May. America. 1596.

III. Bay-tree. Laurus.

No. 503. Class 9. nine males. Order 1. one female.

1. Bay-tree - - - - - - - - - 1. Nobilis
2. Broad-leaved - - - - - - - - 2. Latifolia
3. Narrow-leaved Bay-tree - - - - 3. Angustifolia

April to May. Italy. 1561.

IV. Box-tree. Buxus.

No. 1053. Class 21. one house. Order 4. four males.

1. Box-tree - - - - - - - - - 1. Arborescens
2. Gold-striped - - - - - - - - 2. Aureo-variegata
3. Gold-edged - - - - - - - - 3. Aureo-notata
4. Silver-striped - - - - - - - 4. Argenteo-varieg.
5. Myrtle-leaved - - - - - - - 5. Myrtifolia
6. Dwarf Box-tree - - - - - - - 6. Suffruticosa

April. Native.

V. Broom. Spartium.

No. 858. Class 17. two brotherhoods. Order 4. ten males.

1. Yellow Spanish - - - - - - - - 1. Junceum
2. Double-flowered - - - - - - - - 2. Plenum
3. Single-seeded - - - - - - - - 1. Monospermum

July to September. South of Europe. 1562.

4. White single-seeded - - - - - - 2. Album

June to July. South of Europe. 1690.

5. Starry - - - - - - - - - - - Radiatum

June to August. Italy. 1758.

6. English Broom - - - - - - - - Scoparium

Native. April to June.

VI. Broom. Genista. No. 859.

1. Montpelier or Cytisus - - - - - - Candicans

April to June. South of Europe. 1748.

2. Dyer's Broom - - - - - - - - Tinctoria

June to August. Native.

VII. Butcher's Broom. Ruscus.

No. 1139. Class 14. two houses. Order 4. confederate males.

1. Butcher's Broom - - - - - - - - Aculeatus

January to June. Native.

VIII. Heath. Erica.

No. 484. Class 8. eight males. Order 1. one female.

1. Cross-leaved English - - - - - - 1. Tetralix
2. White cross-leaved - - - - - - - 2. Alba

June to August. Natives.

3. Fine-leaved English - - - - - - Cinerea

June to August. Native.

4. Mediterranean - - - - - - - - - 1. Mediterranea

March to May. South of Europe. 1765.

5. Upright Mediterranean - - - - 2. Erecta

IX. Holly-tree. Ilex.

No. 172. Class 4. four males. Order 3. four females.

1. Green-leaved - - - - - - - - - 1. Aquifolium viride
2. Smooth-leaved - - - - - - - - - 2. Glabrum
3. Saw-leaved - - - - - - - - - 3. Serratum
4. White-berried - - - - - - - - - 4. Bacciálbum
5. Yellow-berried - - - - - - - - 5. Bacciflavum
6. Blotch-leaved - - - - - - - - - 6. Bacciflavum varieg.

May to June. Natives.

7. Green Hedgehog - - - - - - - - 1. Echinatum
8. Silver-edged - - - - - - - - - 2. Argenteum
9. Gold-edged - - - - - - - - - 3. Aureum
10. Gold-blotched Hedgehog - - - - 4. Aureum variegatum

Above twenty more varieties with striped leaves.

X. Ivy. Hedera.

No. 283. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.

1. Ivy - - - - - - - - - - - - - 1. Helix
2. Silver-striped - - - - - - - - - 2. Argenteo-varieg.
3. Gold-striped Ivy - - - - - - - 3. Aureo-varieg.

September. Natives.

XI. Kalmia. Kalmia.

No. 545. Class 10. ten males. Order 1. one female.

1. Narrow-leaved - - - - 1736 - - Angustifolia
2. Broad-leaved - - - - 1734 - - Latifolia

June to July. North America.

3. Polium-leaved - - - - - - - - - Polifolia

XII. Laurel-tree. Prunus, Lauro-Cerasus.

No. 620. Class 12. twenty males. Order 1. one female.

1. Laurel - - - - - - - - - - - 1. Lauro-Cerasus.
2. Silver-striped - - - - - - - - 2. Argenteo-varieg.
3. Gold-striped Laurel - - - - - 3. Aureo-varieg.

April. Levant. 1529.

4. Portugal Laurel - - - - - - - - Lusitanica

June. South of Europe. 1722.

XIII. Lavender. Lavendula.

No. 711. Class 14. two powers. Order 1. seed naked.

1. Lavender - - - - - - - - - - 1. Spica.
2. White-flowered - - - - - - - - 2. Spica alba

July to September. South of Europe. 1568.

3. French Lavender - - - - - - - - Stœchas
May to June. South of Europe. 1568.

XIV. Magnolia, or Laurel-leaved Tulip-tree. Magnolia.
No. 690. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.
1. Evergreen Magnolia - - - - - - Grandiflora
June to August. North America. 1737.

XV. Phillyrea, or Mock Privet. Phillyrea.
No. 19. Class 2. two males. Order 1. one female.
1. Broad-leaved - - - - - - - - - Latifolia
2. Prickly-leaved - - - - - - - - - Ilicifolia
3. Slightly saw-leaved - - - - - - - Media
May to June. South of Europe. 1597.
4. Privet-leaved - - - - - - - - - - 1. Ligustrifolia
5. Dark-green - - - - - - - - - - 2. Atro-viridis
6. Olive-leaved - - - - - - - - - - Oleæfolia
7. Narrow-leaved - - - - - - - - - Angustifolia
8. Rosemary-leaved - - - - - - - - Rosmarinifolia

XVI. Periwinkle. Vinca.
No. 295. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.
1. Small Periwinkle - - - - - - - - - 1. Minor
2. Gold-striped - - - - - - - - - - 2. Aureo-varieg.
3. Silver-striped - - - - - - - - - - 3. Argenteo-varieg.
4. Large blue-flowered - - - - - - - - Major
March to July. Natives.

(To be continued.)

Account of the Town of Haarlem, in Holland.

(With a View near it, elegantly engraved.)

THE town of Haarlem is situate near a lake of the same name, about fourteen miles long, and nearly the same in breadth. The church, which is the largest in Holland, is said to have the finest organ in Europe. It contains eight thousand pipes, the largest of which is thirty-eight feet long, and has sixty-eight stops, among which the *vox humana* is most exquisitely fine. To the south of the town is a wood, in which are many delightful walks and vistas.

Haarlem is memorable for the siege it sustained against the Spaniards in 1573, for ten months; the townsmen, before they capitulated, being reduced to eat the vilest animals, and even leather and grass.

The annexed engraving is recommended to the attention of our readers, not less on account of its correctness from nature, than for the spirited manner in which it is executed.

On the coast of Holland, to a considerable extent, thatched huts of this description are seen by the traveller, which are usually occupied by smugglers and fishermen, many of whom carry on an extensive business in that way.

Our readers will, no doubt, be gratified with this embellishment, as it gives at once an accurate idea of the mode of living adopted by that 'amphibious' race of people—the Hollanders.

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 412.)

CHAP. XXXV.

SOME moments elapsed before Victoria's sense and respiration returned; when throwing her arms around Roselia's neck, she gave some relief to her bursting heart by a flood of tears; and soon after, disconsolate and full of sorrow, she retired to the apartments allotted for her, where, the misery of her mind operating upon her harassed frame, the next morning found her with every symptom of approaching illness. Father Pierre was summoned; but medicine could not reach the source of her disease, although it helped to strengthen her frame in sustaining it. Every tender attention was paid to her by the Benedictine sisters, and the almost distracted Roselia's affection evinced itself more and more each passing moment; and our suffering heroine, ever grateful for the kindness she received, exerted herself to the utmost to repel the virulence of that mental anguish which threatened destruction to her health, and for the sake of poor Roselia to appear serene. Incessantly Victoria prayed for fortitude and resignation: but Heaven, for the first time, disregarded the pious supplications of our heroine; for, notwithstanding every exertion, her heart still writhed in anguish at the idea of giving up Urbino for ever: yet still she was resolute, since rectitude told her it must be so; and, though torturing was the task that rigid guide assigned her, she determined to perform it, even should her heart break in the execution.

Father Pierre brought Victoria the information of Urbino, with the good Anselmo, and attended by Thomas, having set out, in a pitiable state of agitation and melancholy, for Rome in two hours after his return from St. Marguerite's; that the duchessa and her two vile associates, Bianca and Maratti, had absconded from the château immediately after our persecuted heroine had left it, but that no one knew whither they were gone; and that comte de Montfort, in a state of the most imbecile despondence, was preparing to set out for England, where he purposed passing the remainder of his life.

Seignora Farinelli was at her brother's house in Florence when Roselia's letter arrived there; and as soon as the utmost expedition in travelling, and the most impatient anxiety to reach it, could convey her, she was at St. Marguerite's. The abbess prepared her for the languid state and mental illness she would find her adored pupil in: but when Victoria's chamber-door was opened to admit her, and she beheld the attenuated form and wan cheeks of the darling of her heart, so much did she find her altered more than even apprehension had pourtrayed that she could not command her feelings. In all the agony of high-wrought grief she clasped the shadow of her once-blooming Victoria in her arms, and wept over her in all the trembling anguish of a fond and doting mother, who has just found a long-lost child only to undergo the torturing pang of closing its eyes for ever.

The presence of her Ursuline, her second mother, was a source of genuine delight and comfort to Victoria; it seemed a renovating cordial to her languid spirits; but it

could not heal the rankling wound that appeared to the anxious observer to be mining fast her excellent constitution. However, it proved a considerable relief to our drooping invalid to pour out every secret of her guileless heart into the bosom of her beloved friend, and to talk to her of Urbino and Matilda; for to Roselia, well as she loved her, she had never mentioned the latter; since only to a being sacred as she held her Ursuline to be would she breathe a sound that could depreciate the merit of Urbino.

Seignora Farinelli was perplexed and distressed beyond conception; for, not knowing the history of Matilda, or the motives which might have actuated the conduct of Urbino, she could not vindicate, neither could she condemn him. She would not therefore raise a hope in her darling's breast that might prove a delusion; nor were there, she thought, sufficient grounds for consigning her to despair. The conduct of Urbino to Victoria argued, she was convinced, no prior attachment, but spoke in every trait of it, and in the most decided language, an ardent, pure, and unconquerable one for her; and so amiable did he appear to Ursuline in every point of view, where the clouds of mystery that hung over him would permit her to see him as the free agent of his own actions, that she would scarcely give herself leave to doubt but that Victoria must, in her alarm and agitation, have misconceived the import of Matilda's words.

'I have no doubt,' said Victoria in reply to her venerable friend, 'I have no doubt of the sincerity of Urbino's attachment to me. Can I doubt it, after the incontestable proofs he has given me of it? But is that a reason that I should be the means of tarnishing his fair fame, or inducing him to continue unjust and cruel? I have reason to believe he loved Matilda long ere he saw me, and was in possession of her tenderest affections; and shall I, shall your Victoria, whom you ever taught to contemn the insidious and deceitful, shall she smile upon the man, and vow to honour him, who entrapped an innocent and ingenuous female's heart, subtilely stole into her very soul, then forsook her, and left her a prey for life to misery and anguish? No: the man who has my vows shall have my estimation also: in despite of all, Urbino has still my truant heart, and can only lose it when existence is no more; but he has not now my esteem. Oh! but for this dark, this dreadful shade, he would possess my veneration, my adoration, as a being far, far above the frailties of erring mortals: and so exalted was he in my esteem, that nothing upon earth but the evidence of my own senses could have poured the agonising conviction of his perfidy into my heart. But the words of poor Matilda were proofs strong as Heaven could send: they fell in heavy and indelible characters upon my tablet of happiness; they sound like the knell of blasted hope for ever in my ears; they rob my heart of peace, my frame of health, and in the grave only shall I lose the recollection of their dreadful impression.'

From this period Farinelli was truly wretched about our heroine, fearing the inroads such a profound grief might make upon a frame already sadly faded by recent illness, fatigue, terror, and sorrow. But Victoria's disease was entirely mental, and had yet communicated no serious shock to her constitution—although her pale cheeks, heavy eyes, loss of appetite and rest, with her languid air and plaintive voice, all hung out the ensign of decline; and

the good Ursuline felt almost as impatient as Victoria's self for a letter from Urbino, and for the arrival of father Alberti, whom she now hourly expected, and whom she resolved to dispatch instantly to Rome, to learn from Urbino every particular relative to Matilda, to take from her darling's heart at least the tortures of uncertainty. But day after day passed on without intelligence of Urbino, the good Alberti, or count Ariosto; and seignora Farinelli at length resolved to send Diego, who was fast recovering his mental and bodily health at the Carthusian convent, to Rome, in quest of Urbino and Anselmo, for the safety of whom the most serious apprehensions were beginning to be entertained.

On the evening prior to Diego's intended departure upon this anxious embassy, as Ursuline and Roselia were with Victoria in her apartment, the former striving to beguile her beloved child of her sadness by reading an interesting publication to her, a lay sister entered, to request seignora Farinelli would favour the superior for a few moments with her company.

Ursuline instantly complied; but staid away so long, that our now easily alarmed heroine dispatched Roselia to learn if any thing particular had occurred to detain her venerable friend. Roselia returned not;—and Victoria, ever apprehensive of hearing some dreadful intelligence of Urbino, could not long brook the misery of anticipating fear; and with a bounding heart and trembling frame hastily descended to the abbess's parlour, and, softly opening the door, beheld her Ursuline extended on the sopha, pale as death, with the most heartfelt woe and horror in the extreme forcibly depicted on her countenance; while by her side sat the abbess and Roselia, both sobbing in convulsive anguish. But ere she had power to inquire into the cause of such alarming agitations, she anticipated all on beholding, through the grate, poor faithful Thomas striding up and down the room, wringing his hands and smiting his breast, whilst sorrow's large tears chased one another down his sun-burnt cheeks.

Every pang calamity could give now struck upon Victoria's bleeding heart; but from the wreck of her happiness fortitude sprung up, and, as if some supernatural influence instantly pervaded her frame and mind, she stood firm and collected, prepared to meet the fullest shock that information now could give her.

'Speak, Thomas!' she exclaimed in a tone of intrepid fortitude. 'Tell me instantly the dreadful intelligence that has brought you here. Urbino is dead; or, worse, has fallen into the hands of his enemies? Speak, tell me, tell me at once that fate has snapped the thread of my existence!'

On the first sound of Victoria's voice Thomas hastily strode up to the grate, grasped the bars with all his might, and looking most piteously upon her, he, as well as the dreadful agitation of his mind would permit, at length articulated: 'Ah, poor precious dear! what a broadside of sorrow am I come to sink your shattered little bark with!—for, oh! my dear, my brave, my good, my noble captain has fallen in with the infernal renegadoes! The devil's marines surrounded him and the venerable Sebastian, and towed them, with the poor old monk Anselmo, into the whirlpool of their vengeance!'

This was, indeed, a broadside that tore away every shadow of hope, and, but for the most animated exertions of fortitude, must have driven her at once into the gulf of de-

spair; and clasping now the bars of the grate to save her from falling, she hastily cried in a tone of misery and firmness touchingly blended—

'Oh! tell me all! tell me quickly every dreadful particular! Is he alive? Oh! tell me he is, and that there still exists a possibility that our exertions yet may save him!'

The benevolent and considerate abbess gently approached our heroine, and placed herself close behind her, ready to afford her every necessary assistance; but forbore to interrupt her with assiduities, believing that to recall her ideas to other objects might enervate the magnanimity which Heaven itself seemed to have inspired her with for some great purpose; while with much difficulty Victoria collected from the unconnected account and strange jumbled jargon of poor Thomas the subsequent particulars.

'Urbino, Anselmo, and Thomas, had embarked at Nice, and landed at Pisa, on their way to Rome; and were waiting for a carriage to convey them on, when they saw Francisco and Sebastian, in the most visible agitation, step out of a carriage in the inn-yard at Pisa. Urbino in much amazement flew to them, who, in their turn, were equally astonished at beholding him, and as much overjoyed as their evident dejection would permit them to be. Together they all three entered the parlour where Anselmo was; and soon after Thomas saw Francisco and Urbino go out, visibly oppressed by some serious affliction, and bend their course to the quay, where they engaged a vessel to sail immediately; and, in a short time after, they all, Urbino, Sebastian, Anselmo, Francisco, and Thomas, embarked with a fair wind for Cadaques.

'Whilst on board, Thomas learned from what was said, that they were going to rescue, if possible, some young woman, whom they called Matilda, from the power of don Manuel, into whose hands she had fallen during Francisco's absence from Spain; and by means of the Inquisition, whom Anselmo advised their laying the matter before, they hoped to effect their purpose, should the schemes of Francisco fail, who had some secret reasons for thinking he could rescue her without applying to such violent measures. That conte Urbino seemed particularly miserable during the voyage, perpetually accusing himself as the primary cause of Matilda's misfortunes, until he would almost wind himself into a state of distraction; when nothing seemed to give him comfort, or recall his agitated mind to comparative serenity, but the handkerchief Victoria had bound round Thomas's wound the night of Alonzo's daring enterprise, and which Urbino had, while in the dungeon with Thomas, taken from him, and since kept constantly in his bosom: and in those moments of despair he would draw it forth, press it with fervour to his lips, and look upon it until he became so sadly calm, that all who beheld him felt interested in his grief, and lamented to see him a prey to such deep sorrow.

'At length they safely reached Cadaques, where Francisco left them, and, according to his directions, all, in the habit of monks, set out at midnight to join him in his cell, near don Manuel's castle.

'The part of the forest that led to Francisco's dwelling was known only to Urbino; and by some unfortunate mistake, probably in a moment of his now almost perpetual fits of melancholy absence, he took a wrong path, and involved

himself and his companions so much in the mazes of the wood, that vain was his every effort to extricate them from it.

'Weary, chagrined, and distressed, the night found them; and it was agreed to by all, that could they find any shelter from the prowling wolves, which would soon begin to roam, they would cease to wander further in search of Francisco's cave until light returned to guide them. At length they discovered a goatherd's cot, where they were hospitably received; and Thomas, being the only one of the party inclined to sleep, retired to a loft, whither his host conducted him, and where, on a truss of straw, he soon lost, in a profound slumber, all recollection of the world, its toils and woes; but from which he was dreadfully awakened by his host, who entered the loft in terrible consternation, and roused poor Thomas just time enough to hear the sound of horses' feet rapidly lessening on the ear. His dismayed host instantly informed him, that as he and the three monks were sitting discoursing before a blazing faggot on the hearth, the door of the hut suddenly burst open, and a band of armed ruffians rushed in, and, seizing the monks, notwithstanding the desperate valour of the young one (for numbers prevailed over courage), carried them off without his being able to afford them any assistance.

'Thomas's first impulse was immediately to follow them, even into the jaws of destruction—don Manuel's castle, where he doubted not they were taken; but his more prudent host displaying to him the madness and folly of such an attempt, soon convinced him he could more essentially serve them by retaining his liberty. He then thought of applying to the Inquisition; but, upon reflection, believed it better to leave fishing in that troubled water to wiser heads than his own: and conceiving no one could or ought to be so interested in the fate of Urbino as his wife, he thought it his duty instantly to repair to her; and therefore at dawn of day his kind host put him into the road to Cadaques, from whence in a few hours he embarked for Nice, and from thence had come with the utmost expedition to St. Marguerite's: and with many bitter and ludicrous invectives against Matilda, as a syren who had enticed another woman's husband from the post of constancy to wreck him upon the shoals of destruction,' poor Thomas concluded his afflicting narrative.

Victoria was dreadfully agitated during this recital; yet fortitude still preserved its empire unsubdued. That such deep interest for the fate of Matilda had drawn Urbino into the vortex of destruction, in spite of the precepts of rectitude, added a pang to her bleeding heart, but did not diminish her ardent solicitude to save him. She felt with the most feminine sensibility, but bore with manly firmness; and turning to the weeping abbess, in a soft tone of saddest sympathy she said—

'Alas! my dearest madam, you are a participator in my misery. Your brother is lost, unless Urbino is saved. Oh! hasten then to interest the monks of St. Lewis in our cause: they have power, and, influenced by you, will have inclination ably to assist us.'

'Most certainly,' replied the truly afflicted abbess, 'I will hasten to apply to the prior, who will exert his power, which is great indeed, to extricate us from this heart-rending calamity, and——'

'But instantly, madam, must you make your application,' eagerly interrupted Victoria; 'the smallest

interval of delay may prove of the utmost importance. Even now and our beloved friends may be doomed to a noisome dungeon, suffering every torture that insatiate vengeance and diabolical cruelty can inflict. Delay, then, is barbarity, is criminal in us; and, protected or not by the monks of St. Lewis, I will this very night, attended by Diego and poor faithful Thomas, set out for Spain.'

'You, my child,' exclaimed Farinelli, starting from the bench in dreadful alarm: 'you! so weak, so ill! It cannot, shall not be.'

'Nay, but, my dear, my second mother,' said Victoria, and determinately she spoke, 'not even the pleadings of friendship, nor the influence of your unerring and superior judgment, can alter now my resolution. Urbino is my husband; and while I am his wife I will perform my duty, which now tells me I ought to aim at saving him from destruction; and fixed as fate is my determination to attempt it. Under the protection of the holy Inquisition we will enter the castle of don Manuel; and guided by Thomas and Diego we shall be empowered to explore many secret places, and perchance, permitted by Heaven, to deliver from misery and bondage the friends we seek. My health cannot, shall not, prove a barrier to the performance of my duty; and fully am I convinced, that life must fall a sacrifice did I neglect to follow implicitly the dictates of my heart upon this calamitous occasion. By hope I shall be sustained through the arduous enterprise, and shall gain both health and happiness, should Providence lead me to success.'

Ursuline saw, in the enthusiasm of Victoria, much cause of alarm for her delicate state of health; yet also saw that contradiction might prove of the most fatal consequences: and, keenly grieved, she tacitly acquiesced, resolving to accompany her upon the hazardous expedition, should father Pierre not be able to prevail upon her to abandon the rash project.

The poor exhausted Thomas was committed to the special care of the domestics. The nuns were summoned by the devout and sorrowful abbess into the choir, to unite in prayers for the safety and deliverance of father Anselmo and his companions from the hands of their enemies; while a messenger was dispatched to St. Lewis, to entreat the immediate attendance of all those whom the abbess and Victoria wished to consult.

CHAP. XXXVI.

As soon as it was possible, the prior of St. Lewis, with father Pierre, two other monks, and Diego, arrived at St. Marguerite's, when great was their dismay and consternation on hearing the dreadful and afflicting intelligence. A long and interesting consultation ensued, in which the advice of Diego was much attended to; and at length a plan was determined upon and pursued the following morning at dawn of day, when Victoria, signora Farinelli, Roselia, fathers Pierre, Leonard, and St. Romaine, Diego, and Thomas, disguised as a company of pilgrims, set out for Nice; where engaging a vessel bound for Cadaques, they sailed with an auspicious wind, and disembarked at that port after a providentially expeditious passage; and immediately upon their arrival there the monks gave intimation at the holy office of their important business in Spain.

It was well for the cause Victoria had so deeply at heart that Anselmo was high in the estimation of the prior of St. Lewis, who was the beloved friend and kinsman of the then

reigning pontiff; and was also, from the piety and austerity of his house, which he was the founder of, as well as from the immense wealth of his convent, one of the most powerful men of the church. His voice bore with it an authority almost unequalled, since all were aware that, if his wishes were not instantly complied with, they would be arbitrarily enforced by a mandate from the papal chair. His word was, therefore, seldom disputed; and even the dreadful and tyrannical synod of the Inquisition, even from Rome to Madrid and Lisbon, bowed submissively to his decrees: and well acquainted with all the links and mysteries of that horrid chain of machinery, he took care to use every means in his power to make the credentials with which he entrusted his brothers, Pierre and St. Romaine, decisive; and to these, ignorant of the mysteries of this dreadful institution, appeared almost incredible the celerity with which intelligence was conveyed to and from the higher and far distant powers, or the promptitude with which secret meetings were convened to annihilate that horde of villains, who for years had successfully eluded the vigilance of the ecclesiastic and civil power, or dextrously thrown gold-dust into the eyes of the Dominicans: and, by means apparently almost supernatural, a large force was collected and all arranged, unknown to every mortal but those interested or engaged in the enterprise, in a very short period after Pierre and his brothers had presented their memorial to that terror-inspiring synod.

It was determined that the three females should remain at Cadaques, under the protection of the ecclesiastic power; while the monks of St. Lewis, with Diego and Thomas, should attend the formidable forces of the Inquisition to the castle of don Manuel; and at the appointed hour, which was in the dead of night, this dreadful troop, alike the scourge of vice and the persecution of innocence, set forward under the auspices of Diego; who, before he would undertake to guide the party to the castle, had obtained a solemn but secret promise from father Pierre, to favour the escape of don Manuel, should he be found at home. And, totally unknown to, or suspected by, any of her own adherents, except poor Thomas, Victoria contrived to accompany this formidable phalanx, habited as an official monk—a disguise which she and Thomas had with infinite risk and difficulty bribed and persuaded one of the familiars of the holy office to provide her with. Ursuline and Roselia she left buried in a profound sleep; and with a perturbation of spirits painfully violent, and with a heart torn by ten thousand hopes and dreadful fears, she entered the forest in the awful procession. The energy of her mind gave strength to her frame; and, assisted by the friendly arm of Thomas, inconceivable was the fatigue she endured, making way through brambles and underwood, and climbing over large masses of rock which they met with continually in the forest; but the soothing hope of liberating Urbino sustained her still, and beguiled the way of half its toil.

At length Diego led them to a huge pile of rocks, up which they with much difficulty clambered; and, entering the hollow of a monstrous tree upon the summit, they quickly descended into an immense labyrinth of caverns, where without a guide they might have wandered unsuccessfully, and at length have only found famine and destruction. But long initiated in the mysteries of this intricate place, Diego conducted them in safety; and leading them through

an iron grating (of such ingenious, yet terrible, mechanism, that a complete knowledge only of its formation could conduct you through it without the absolute certainty of being crushed to atoms by its innumerable barbed wheels), they entered a long cavern, from which they passed into a defile that wound upwards through immense rocks; and when they reached the summit of this winding and steep acclivity they found themselves hanging over a tremendous precipice, in an apparently illimitable cavern, over the vale of which a torrent of water rushed impetuously along, forming into innumerable foaming cataracts in its course, every moment spouting up its phrensied surges with frightful violence to a considerable height, or turning with dreadful velocity in angry whirlpools.

The first of the formidable troop who reached this horrid precipice, shuddering at the scene before them, were about to retire, believing Diego had mistaken the way, as no possible method of further progress appeared to them, except into the fangs of destruction. But their faithful guide, desiring them not to doubt his being equal to the task he had undertaken, pulled an iron ring concealed among the rocks, and immediately a dreadful reverberated clang was heard, astounding to the ears, and making even inquisitors tremble; and all were rushing back, in horrid dismay, when the entreaties and assurances of Diego induced them to exert sufficient courage to wait the event of their alarmed expectations. At length slowly and awfully an iron draw-bridge descended from its concealment in the roof, and fixed itself stedfastly upon the rock where they stood, and they soon found the chains of this and the ponderous iron-work, rattling in the descent, had caused these horrid sounds, by the magic of echo re-iterating them with loud and hollow din from rock to rock.

All now passing this bridge, and descending a short but steep declivity on the opposite side, they soon found themselves in the vaults of that castle so long the dread and scourge of Catalonia, and so justly deemed inaccessible even to the Inquisition. From the vaults easy was their progress; and after mounting a few stairs that wound round the western tower, and passing through two or three small apartments and long passages, all separated from each other by secret ways Diego and Thomas only could have led them through, this tremendous body at last safely arrived in the great hall, in solemn procession, steady, resolved, and silent as the grave, in the moment that the clock in the dome above them struck the fifth hour. It sounded majestically slow; but loud, sweet, and awfully impressive was its tone. It seemed to toll the knell of the innocent beings who had been murdered in that place—the signal for the extirpation of vice, and the triumph of justice and virtue. Something of religious awe struck on the hearts of all; the whole troop on the same instant ceased to move; and all covered their faces in solemn reverence; influenced by the same idea—a belief that the eye of the Omnipresent was fixed upon them.

The monks of St. Lewis and our heroine had from the same impulse meekly sunk upon their knees: and after offering up their devout petitions for success, they all arose about the same time; Victoria, stedfast in her belief of divine interposition; and father Pierre, firm in faith, to break the awful pause, and lead his forces on to action.

The torches which had lit them through the caverns were now all carefully extinguished, and dark lanterns substituted, as corresponding

more with secrecy and caution; and the whole troop were instantly and silently divided into three detachments. One was to remain stationary in the hall, to guard the passes around them; while the second, guided by Thomas, proceeded to the chamber of Garcias; and the third, led on by Diego and father Pierre, hastened to the apartments of don Manuel. And during this interval it would be utterly impossible for the feeble pen of the present historian to pourtray the agitation of our poor heroine; left without support, save her own firmness and reliance upon Heaven, with a multitude of armed and terror-inspiring men, in the hall of that castle where her sufferings had been so dreadful, and where the dæmoniac appearance of those who now surrounded her recalled every past horror to her remembrance. But those were only corporeal apprehensions, striking with tremulous hand on the chords of personal courage, and faded into nothing when compared to her mental feelings. On the success of those who had in the terrible array of death and destruction just stolen off, like the midnight thief or secret assassin, to assail vice in her own habitation, depended the fate of Urbino: on their victory hung the thread of her existence. Well was she aware of the power and number of don Manuel's myrmidons, even formidable to her as the host of the Inquisition; and though her firm reliance upon the goodness of Heaven inspired the most flattering thrills of hope, the frailty of mortality still industriously presented to her sickening fancy every fear that could agonise her tortured heart.

To pourtray the feelings of Diego's susceptible heart from the moment he became the guide of the Inquisition into the castle, but more immediately during the moments of his passage from the hall to the chamber of don Manuel, would be a task of greater difficulty still. The pious Carthusians had presented to him every argument that could be deduced from religion and morality, to reconcile him to the act of betraying don Manuel, and convince him that vice had no claims on virtue; and that the latter must break all bonds with the former before it could become pure and perfect. Diego's reason readily subscribed to their doctrines. He was convinced they were just. He received in due form absolution for his breaking his oath of fealty to his master, and undertook all that was required of him. But still his heart rebelled: it was torn by contending passions; it was at war with its own feelings: for the arguments of the monks had not subdued his affection for and gratitude to don Manuel, whose crimes he had ever detested, even while he participated in them. But that subtile man had won his love before his judgment had ripened to maturity; and he then believed the fund of gratitude ought to be unceasing for rescuing him from misery and bondage: and gratitude had interwoven itself into the very stamina of Diego's heart before he was aware that the obligation don Manuel had conferred upon him was merely changing the nature of his captivity, and saving his body from cruel treatment to plunge his soul into eternal misery. The predilections imbibed in early life are not easily eradicated; and the path of duty, when not entered with every feeling of inclination, is deprived of half its sweets. That not-to-be-extinguished partiality for don Manuel now flashed its fiery rays of upbraiding upon the susceptible soul of Diego; and he would have refused to proceed, and have braved all the tortures of the offended Inquisition, had not the purer unalloy-

ed flame of gratitude and attachment to the family of Ariosto led him on. But, as he approached don Manuel's chamber, he felt the trepidation of his heart pervading his whole frame: yes, the brave Diego trembled; for he was compelled by duty to betray a man whom he loved, to all the horrors of the Inquisition. But still he hoped to save him; for, with all his crimes, Diego fondly believed there was some genial soil for penitence about him yet: and with tremulous hand, and unseen by all but Pierre, he touched a kind of silent alarum which communicated with don Manuel's bed, and was intended to apprise him of the immediate approach of danger, and give him time to escape by one of those secret passages with which the castle abounded.

Diego now pointed to don Manuel's door. The officials instantly burst in. Diego followed with faultering steps, and with a countenance pale as the shade of death. But casting his anxious fearing eyes around, and knowing by the appearance of the apartment that don Manuel had not occupied it that night, and was consequently absent from the castle, the fugitive blood returned to his cheeks,—the fire of animation flashed from his before haggard eyes—his step became firm —his mien erect; Diego beamed a sweet smile of heartfelt satisfaction, and was himself again.

Don Manuel's chamber having undergone the most minute inspection, Diego led the officials into every chamber usually inhabited in that district of the castle, as well as into those which were not: but not a being could be found; while many of the rooms bore the appearance of having been occupied that very night, and, by the scattered garments, gave evident reason to suppose they had been precipitately abandoned by the inhabitants; which introduced suspicion of the faith of the Inquisition into the mind of the pious though not bigoted Pierre. But prudence suffered not his thoughts to wander from the confines of his own breast: while Diego, in painful amazement, doubted not their having been betrayed; and that don Manuel's forces were then encompassing the castle, possessed of every pass; in which case the host of the Inquisition were doomed to inevitable destruction. His dreadful apprehensions Diego hesitated not to communicate to those with him; who all subscribing to the reasonableness of his fears, instantly participated in them; and, in dismay and consternation, precipitately returned to the hall, to consult with their associates upon those strokes of generalship that could possibly be attempted to extricate them from the destruction that probably awaited them, just as Thomas and his troop returned, after a search equally unsuccessful as their own.

By this time Aurora had raised the thin veil of morn so high, that the golden beams of the great orb of day were beginning to emanate their glowing rays from beneath it; and, dispersing the grey gloom of twilight, enabled Diego and a reconnoitring party to make observations from the battlements and ramparts, where not a sentinel of don Manuel's was now visible: when Diego, finding every reason to believe his presaging fears were groundless, returned to the hall with the glad tidings of safety; and it was then agreed to proceed immediately to the dungeons, to liberate the hapless captives.

Gonzalvo's apartments too were abandoned, and in great disorder; his trunks and cupboards all open, and stripped of every valuable: whilst on the floor and tables lay clothes, books, and papers scattered;

and among which the keys of the dungeons were found. Torches were again lit; and a large detachment attended Diego to strike off the fetters of cruelty; to give light, life, liberty, and joy, to the children of misery and bondage.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Every nerve and artery in Thomas's frame now throbbed with the remembrance that he was a Briton; and on the impetuous wings of national feeling he was flying to give what he deemed the first of blessings, liberty, to his fellow-creatures, when affection to Urbino arrested his flight, and placed him by the side of Victoria to guard her from harm, whom he believed his lamented captain prized beyond existence—for our heroine was among those hastening to the dungeons. But the poignancy of her feelings, now she believed her fate approaching its crisis, so agitated her trembling frame, that vain would have been every effort to proceed had not the friendly arm of Thomas been ready to sustain her. And now, when descended into the passage leading to these dreadful cells, where horror and cruelty had long kept vigil, it would be impossible to pourtray her sensations. Each cell that was opened, each plaintive voice that murmured out for mercy, racked her panting heart to direst torture. Hope flattering her with the belief of finding Urbino in the newly-opened cell; that hope each moment sadly disappointed; the frantic joy or mournful apathy displayed by the emancipated captives, many of whom had for years been consigned to misery and despair—all struck too powerfully upon her sensibility for long endurance; and, quite subdued, she entreated Thomas to lead her back to the hall, lest her feelings would betray her: and at the moment Thomas was about to obey her, a door was opened, which discovered a female captive kneeling on a truss of straw; when Victoria rushing forward, almost deprived of reason by joy and amazement, clasped to her agitated breast seignora Octavia, who, dreadfully alarmed by the commotions in the dungeons, was supplicating Heaven for protection; when roused by astonishment from her invocation, and pushing back the monkish cowl to see who clasped her so fervently to a palpitating heart, discovered to the wondering beholders the beautiful head of our heroine.

Father Pierre and Diego were now in the utmost consternation. What a scene for the gentle spirits and delicate frame of lady Victoria to be engaged in! Severely they condemned her temerity, and trembled for its effects; and whilst pausing to consider what plan they ought to pursue, one of the inquisitors, whose face was entirely shaded by the cowl appropriate to the habit, glided by Diego, saying as he passed in a low and hollow voice—

'Convey lady Victoria to the apartments of Sebastian, where you will find Teresa.'

Diego's powers of action were for a moment suspended by astonishment; while the inquisitor, mingling with the crowd, soon was lost to Diego's scrutinising eye. Conjecture at length giving way to certainty, Diego hastened to do as he was directed; and, taking Victoria in his arms, requested father Pierre to conduct signora Bernini; and desiring Thomas to stay with the officials to guide them to the secret cells, and to bring immediate intelligence to them in Sebastian's apartments, if any of those whom they so anxiously sought for were found, he proceeded to the hall.

A flood of tears coming to Vic-

toria's relief, she was soon sufficiently recovered to walk with the support of Diego's arm; and drawing the cowl over her face to save her from the further gaze of the men, they passed into the hall: where Diego, fearing some treachery might lurk beneath the mysterious inquisitor's habit, ordered a detachment of the troops to attend him in exploring the apartments of Sebastian before he would suffer Victoria to enter them: and, upon examination, finding all safe, he led our heroine, Octavia, and father Pierre, into a spacious room, which had been the study and eating-parlour of Sebastian. Adjoining it were two good chambers, which had been occupied by himself and his beloved Theodore. Here they found the poor agitated Teresa in pitiable dismay; although the sight of Diego, and the succinct account he had given her of her captivity being ended, had restored in some degree the powers of her mind, which were before almost lost in wild affright. And here the prudent Diego thought Victoria and Octavia might remain secluded from those heterogeneous beings now in such numbers in the castle; and as of the conduct of the captives in particular they could possibly form no judgment, they being of all nations and of all descriptions of people, and were to remain in the castle until the Inquisition thought proper to dismiss them, he wished Victoria to continue in a detached apartment, secured from interruption or annoyance in any shape, as long as she should choose to remain in the castle, where he fervently wished her rashness had not led her.

The poor appalled Teresa allowed Victoria to enter the room unheeded by her, as her face was covered; but the moment she beheld Octavia she wildly shrieked, and, tottering towards the good monk and Victoria, earnestly implored them to exorcise the spirit of the poor murdered donna. With difficulty was she convinced of Bernini's being substance; and her joy and astonishment could only be equalled by her former terror, when Victoria, raising her cowl, discovered herself to the affectionate old woman, and entreated to know if she could give them any account of Sebastian or his companions?

'I have not seen seignior Sebastian, or any one belonging to him, since last I beheld you, dear donna,' replied the still trembling Teresa. 'I was imprisoned by that fiend Garcias to torment you, sweet lady! and not till after your escape was I liberated. One captive only has been brought hither since your escape; but that was a lady, poor thing! young, and almost as beautiful as you are.'

'Matilda!' exclaimed Victoria in pitiable agitation: 'Matilda! was it not? Oh! speak, dearest Teresa! and tell us where to find her.'

'Alas! I know not: for don Manuel in a fit of rage at her wayward humour (for she was not like you in temper) dragged her from the library three days ago, and I never beheld her, never heard of her, since.'

Victoria in silent sorrow dropped the fast-flowing tears of pity, grief, and disappointment, upon the bosom of the sympathising Octavia; whilst Diego eagerly demanded, if don Manuel had disappeared at the same time?

'Oh, no:' she replied. 'He supped here but last night; and about twelve we were all dismayed and astounded by that subterraneous thunder, ever of horrid omen. But last night it sounded, I thought, more dreadful than I had ever heard it; and, almost frantic with fear, I rushed after Juan into the great hall

at the moment a tall spectre, clad in black flowing robes, enveloped in blue flames, glided into the parlour to my master. I beheld no more: for overcome by terror I fell into a swoon, and on my recovery from it found myself in this room, from whence I have not dared to move.'

Further inquiries were now prevented by the sound of loud huzzas re-echoing through the dome of the hall. The tide of new-raised hope rushing through Victoria's heart was almost too powerful for her to bear; and she sickened with joyful expectation as the noise, approaching, issued from the library, when she perfectly recognised the voice of Thomas shouting above the rest, in all the ecstasy of enthusiastic joy. Assured now, beyond all doubt, that Urbino was found, and that in one moment more she should behold him, a thrill of modest shame trembled through her agitated bosom, blushing for the unequivocal proofs of affection her conduct had evinced for a man she believed now for ever devoted to another. She drew her cowl over her face to hide her burning blushes; she wished herself at St. Marguerite's, or even with Ursuline and Roselia, until an idea suggested itself which she eagerly cherished. 'May not all I have done be attributed to gratitude? Oh! it surely may; for Urbino did more for me.' Then starting from Octavia's arms, and throwing back the cowl, she darted forward to welcome Urbino to liberty and life, as Thomas entered the room bellowing with joyful triumph, and dancing in the most grotesque manner some steps of a hornpipe he had learned in England when a boy, to the great risk and alarm of the venerable Anselmo, whom he bore on his shoulders, which he now heaved up and down like the undulating billows of his own element.

'Hoist every flag, for joy has boarded us,' cried he vociferously. 'Part of our precious convoy retaken.—Found the poor shattered hulk in the gulf of limbo! D—n my eyes if ever I was so afloat with glee! So I heaved the old vessel up, and bore away as fast as the wind and tide of joy could drift me, to cast all the cares on board the lady Victoria to the devil who made them. So now let the dear, kind, little fluttering heart of her stand off for the harbour of peace and rest; for the remainder of our glorious fleet cannot be much abaft. So, do you see, I'll be getting under weigh to cruise for them, now I know their course.' And away Thomas strode, singing, or rather roaring, an old English sea ballad, leaving Victoria ashamed of her inhumanity. She could not rejoice as she felt she ought to rejoice on beholding the good Anselmo, who had been kind to her in the hour of distress, rescued from misery and bondage. But the dearest hope of her life his appearance had disappointed; and she felt almost angry, almost envious of the favour of Heaven thus partially shown to him; for a moment conceiving that his good fortune was injuring Urbino. But these ideas were only momentary: she blushed for human nature, and, shuddering at her own presumption, invoked the forgiveness of unerring Heaven; and, bursting into tears of penitence, pressed the old man's cold and trembling hand to her lips, and with all the cordiality of genuine satisfaction welcomed his restoration to liberty and happiness.

The immediate realising of Victoria's new-raised hope was disappointed by the appearance of Anselmo; but yet the flattering soother still whispered to her throbbing heart firm faith in the predictions of Thomas. But too soon this hope was

taught to glow with less confidence, since the pious Anselmo could give no intelligence of his hapless companions. They had been together dragged from the goatherd's cot; but when they entered the subterraneous passages of the castle he was separated from conte Urbino and Sebastian, and conveyed to that noisome dungeon, from whence the Inquisition had, through the mercy of Heaven, liberated him; nor during his miserable captivity had he been able to obtain any tidings of these his lamented friends.

The wreath of hope that had twined itself round Victoria's heart, and had each hour been putting forth new blossoms since she entered Catalonia, now was blighted, bud by bud, as new moments passed away; and at length withered in the ungenial soil of disappointment and despair, when, towards the close of day, every known spot of the castle, its grounds, ramparts, and the shipping belonging to it, had undergone the most minute scrutiny, and, although many wretched victims were found in the most secret prisons, neither Urbino, Sebastian, nor Matilda, could be traced. Victoria had herself, to the amazement of Thomas and Diego, led the officials into the church, every part of which was examined with as much eagerness and care as if the lives of all depended upon finding those they sought; so much had the youth, beauty, and sweetness of manners, with the courage and affection our heroine had evinced in the pursuit of her husband, interested every beholder. But no one could they find, or any communication between the church and any other place could they discover, except those Victoria was acquainted with. The great folding doors which she had hoped to escape by were with much labour and difficulty forced open; but through them they could not penetrate into the forest, time having raised barriers of trees and brambles, which, after the most determined exertions, were found impassable.

This investigation of the church deeply probed by tender remembrance every bleeding wound in the bosom of Victoria to direst torture, and she returned to Sebastian's study the wan and woeful child of anguish. But though she found it was the universal opinion that those they sought were massacred, or removed from the castle, a strong and invincible persuasion arose in her mind that they were still concealed in some undiscovered prison, perishing for want of sustenance. And the more her friends wished to argue her out of this belief, the more bigoted she became to it; and vain was every effort to dispel a thought that stood firm as her reliance upon Heaven; and fruitless also was every attempt to induce her to quit the castle, and to rejoin seignora Ursuline at Cadaques.

The inquisitors having much business to transact relative to the captives and property found there before they could depart, our heroine determined to remain as long as they did, and continue her agonising search; and father Anselmo, having in some degree imbibed her opinions and presentiment, prevailed upon the officials and her friends to offer no opposition but advice to her desire of staying. But as father Pierre and Octavia much wished her to quit a scene so torturing to her sensibility, and destructive to her peace, they failed not to avail themselves of the privilege of advising; and while they were strongly urging her departure, the same inquisitor who had so surprised Diego glided by her, softly saying, unheard by all but her ——

'Quit not the castle until the fate of your husband is ascertained.'

The arguments Victoria had be-

fore listened to without conviction now no longer arrested her attention; they talked unheard by her; for the inquisitor's words had given fresh tortures to her soul, since she doubted not but this mysterious man had some potent reason for his solemn mandate to her. And now every horror that cruelty could encompass Urbino with arose in dreadful array to her terrified imagination. But, while her heart sickened with a load of anticipated ills, it, like Pandora's box, still contained hope lurking at the bottom; and eagerly she sought for and obtained an opportunity of speaking to this man of mystery unobserved.

'Tell me, I conjure you, tell me,' she said, "have you reason to suppose Urbino is really in the castle?'

Cautiously he looked around before he answered, 'I have.'

'Oh! where? where?' she cried. 'If the sweet beams of humanity e'er warmed your breast, delay not to tell me where.'

'I have reason to believe that he is in some secret prison of this infernal castle; but where, alas! I know not; yet am as anxious as yourself to find him.'

Victoria's head sunk, overwhelmed by disappointment, on her bosom, which heaved convulsively with the pangs of sorrow. The inquisitor paused: at length he spoke—

'Have you sufficient love for Urbino, your gallant preserver, your suffering husband, to venture with me alone, and in the dead of night, unknown to any other mortal, to explore secret and dangerous places in search of him?'

'I have,' said Victoria firmly; although shaken to the very vitals of sensibility.

'Then in the dead of night expect me:—but remember, if you reveal a syllable of what has passed between us, or impart to any one our meditated nocturnal search, your life and Urbino's shall be the forfeit of your imprudence.' Then vanishing among the officials, Victoria beheld him no more that evening.

Supper was served for Victoria and her immediate friends in the study of Sebastian; and influenced by the hopes her meditated nocturnal search inspired, she forced herself to take nourishment, with a view to sustain her through any toil she might have to encounter: and still assuring her friends she would not, for some days at least, depart from the castle, it was determined that Diego, with an escort, should the following morning proceed to Cadaques, to relieve the anxiety of seignora Ursuline and Roselia relative to Victoria, and conduct them to her if they would venture to the castle.

It was while sitting after supper this evening that Victoria, wishing to preserve the firmness of her mind by diverting it from some doubts relative to the inquisitor, which, in despite of every effort to subdue, were fast arising, requested Octavia to relate all that had occurred to her after her mysterious disappearance; and how she had been restored to life after wearing so dreadfully the semblance of death.

Octavia Bernini was a woman of strong understanding, and was gifted with a fluency of language seldom equalled; but if her conversation had a fault, it was that of describing too minutely every event, and decking in all the flowers of rhetoric even the most trivial circumstances. Her narrative, consequently, was long and tedious, though eloquently delivered: therefore, for the sake of brevity, we will

present it to our readers in our own simple unadorned language, as we have still to relate matters which we trust they will find more interesting; and also from the omniscious power which authorship possesses, we can relate both causes and effects, whilst the inferior knowledge of Octavia only allowed her to speak of the latter.

'Overpowered by a strong soporific, which had been mingled by Juan in her food, and of which both Victoria and Hero had partaken, Octavia did not awake until late in the morning, after her bed had been conveyed, by means of a sinking floor ingeniously contrived for such a purpose, from the apartment where Victoria slept into a small lumber-room beneath it. Her consternation and dismay were great, as may well be imagined, when she perceived what had been effected during her heavy sleep.

'Fears for her own immediate safety were soon dispelled on perceiving her baggage had been removed along with her; but the circumstance of her removal, and the mystery attending it, she instantly conceived portentous of impending evil to Victoria.

'In this melancholy prison, without employment and without society, she passed day after day, attended by a savage fear-inspiring ruffian, who in impenetrable silence regularly supplied her with food. At length, one day Garcias entered her prison, with a cup containing a liquid, which, notwithstanding her piteous entreaties and vehement struggles, he, aided by her jailor, forced her to drink. Believing that she had swallowed a deadly poison, she recommended her soul to Heaven, and threw herself upon her bed, where almost immediately she felt insensiblity stealing over her faculties.

'The diabolical practices of Garcias had led him to an acquaintance with a drug which gave to the human frame the appearance of death for some hours after it was taken; and to weak constitutions he had often found it prove fatal: but to him that was no impediment to the use of it whenever he required its assistance.

'In as short a time as he expected, the respiration of Octavia became imperceptible; her joints stiffened, her complexion assumed a cadaverous hue, and the chill of death sat on the surface of her body: and in this state, clad in a shroud, and disfigured with gore in representation of ghastly wounds, she was conveyed to the bed where our affrighted heroine discovered her. In her struggles against swallowing the nauseous potion, some of it was lost: its power did not continue so long, therefore, as Garcias expected, and its dreadful influence began to recede from her heart at the moment her deadly groans appalled Victoria.

'Severe were the sufferings of Octavia whilst the power of the noxious drug was evaporating; but her moans disturbing conte Vicenza, who lay ill of his wound in the other bed, she was conveyed back to her prison; and many days elapsed before she could leave her bed, and many more before she was perfectly recovered from the effect of the somniferous draught. At length, when her feelings were quite restored to their natural energy, she was removed by the hand of wanton cruelty to that noisome dungeon from whence the power of the Inquisition had set her free.'

(To be continued.)

Account *of the* Character *and* Manners *of the* Inhabitants *of* Batavia.

[*Extracted from the Letter of a German Officer residing there.*]

PEOPLE in Europe entertain in general very strange and very erroneous notions of the East Indies. They seem to think that money may be picked up in the highways, and that all the shores are strewed with pearls and diamonds. But they are greatly mistaken; for, alas! a man must earn his bread here by the sweat of his brow, according to the original curse, as well as in Europe. The East Indies have long ceased to be to adventurers what they formerly were. As we are told by divines that every thing in the moral world grows continually worse, I can assure them that it does so in the mercantile world, at least in this part of it. There are but two ways of making a fortune here—either by a very lucrative office or by commerce, or by both together;—and each is attended with numerous difficulties. Among a thousand who come hither, scarcely fifty live; and of these fifty not more than five or six make their fortunes.

But what is the case, it may, perhaps, be asked, with military persons? The state of the military here in Asia is very different from what it is in Europe. In Europe a military man does not serve merely for the sake of pay; he hopes in time to be advanced: whereas, here, the principal thing attended to is money; and it is indifferent whether it he gained under the title of an ensign or a colonel. He that has money, let him be whom or what he may, is sure to be treated with respect. In this part of the world things are entirely otherwise from what they are with you. Many an ensign who has only the command of a single post would not change his station with any captain in Batavia. A captain's pay is here about four thousand florins (four hundred pounds sterling) a year; but this bears no proportion to the expence he must be at on account of his rank. He must unavoidably keep a carriage, which will not cost him less than fifteen hundred florins; besides which he must have a numerous retinue of slaves, and every other part of his establishment must be in a suitable style. An ensign is already ashamed of walking on foot, notwithstanding all kinds of conveyance are in this place most extravagantly dear. The hire of a chariot for half a day is five, and for a whole day ten, florins. This expence, indeed, may be avoided by him who has good friends and patrons who keep equipages. An ensign here receives about forty-two rix-dollars per month: on which, however, a person cannot subsist at Batavia, if he is desirous to take care of his health, which requires that he should every day drink a bottle of wine and some beer; for to drink water alone is extremely unwholesome, though one may do with wine and water mixed. As beer is not brewed and the vine does not grow here, the price of both is very high. The quart of wine costs at least sixteen stivers, and the quart of beer the same. A bad uniform, without either scarf or gorget, such as the officers wear upon guard, costs at least a hundred and fifty rix-dollars. An officer, except when on duty, is ashamed to appear in a simple uniform: on other occasions nothing but silk clothes are worn, and these embroidered all over with gold or silver. In Germany an officer may live frugally in retirement, and with-

out attracting notice: but he cannot do so here; for if he attempts it he must submit to be accounted a man devoid of either ambition or spirit, and one who is supported by insignificant patronage; in which case he may remain in the place he has obtained, but must never expect to make his fortune.

In what manner, then, must an officer act, in order to make a becoming figure; and how can a foreigner, like me, without adequate means, contrive to maintain himself? I will tell you. People here are not so simple but that they know that nobody who has money in plenty goes to the East Indies. Who would undertake a voyage so long and dangerous in order to live in such a scorching and unwholsome place as Batavia is—of which I shall presently give you a further account—unless impelled by necessity? Yet such as conduct themselves well, and are well recommended, find themselves here very much at their ease. When a young man has been once introduced, he is soon invited to the tables of all the principal persons in Batavia. So great is their hospitality, that it is almost impossible to decline any invitation. Though I have only been here a very short time, I am already at home in several houses. I sit down every day to a plentiful table noon and evening, drink a cheerful glass of wine and beer, and thus am entertained in a manner which the preservation of my health requires without any expence. It is always at my own choice with whom I will dine or sup; and have nothing further to do than to send word in the morning that they may send the carriage for me, which will likewise bring me home. Were I to remain in Batavia, therefore, I could subsist extremely well; but then I should lay by nothing, and could not obtain any permanent advantage. My first endeavour will then be to get some kind of a situation in which I may wait an opportunity of procuring another more profitable.

The climate of Batavia, however, is so unwholesome, that I fear I must seek a situation elsewhere, though it will be at no great distance from it; for in most parts of the vicinity, and in several of the other islands of Java, the air is very healthy. In the town itself it is not uncommon, after having dined with a friend and left him cheerful and hearty, on calling at his house three days afterwards, to learn that he was buried that morning. Such events happen here continually. It even makes a considerable difference in what quarter of the town a person resides. That in which I lodge is esteemed one of the most healthy. Scarcely one of a thousand who comes hither escapes for any length of time some mortal disease; and whoever does not take freely his wine every day, must die, though his constitution were strong as iron. Of the officers who are here from one end of the year to the other at least the half are sick; and it cannot be accounted extraordinary should thirty die within the twelvemonth, so that promotion is very rapid. At Batavia a man must follow the same diet when he is well, that he does in Europe when he is sick, or he will not last long. He must be careful that the sun does not shine upon him by day nor the moon by night. My landlord, who has now been seven years in Batavia, and in these seven years has scarcely been six months in perfect health, assures me that he becomes immediately faint if the moon does but shine on him, however little. Nobody, therefore, stirs out by moonlight, without taking a slave with him to carry a *paralunc* over his

head. It is the same with the heats of the sun from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon. These must be carefully shunned, the sun-beams being extremely fierce and penetrating. There are many other things which must be cautiously observed, in order to maintain health.

For several days I have not been able to write a line, on account of the number of visits I have had to pay, which consume both morning and evening. The mode of life here is very different from what it is in Europe. I will briefly describe it. People rise at break of day; and since the day and night are here equal, or nearly so, the difference is not much. It is commonly near six o'clock before it is quite day, but by five they are already up; at which time they commonly dress, drink coffee, and smoke a pipe of tobacco. Whoever has business to do enters upon it about six, and whoever has visits to make begins them about the same time; and this is the best time of speaking with any one, even the governor-general. About nine nobody is any longer seen in the streets, unless his business is very urgent; as then the heat is become very violent. Until noon every person retires to that part of the house, or before the door, where it is coolest. Precisely at twelve o'clock dinner is served up; at which they do not sit longer than an hour, or at most an hour and a half. After dinner they take another pipe of tobacco, and a glass or two of wine or beer; after which every one wishes the rest a good nap, and each retires to rest as regularly as at night. This lasts till after four or five, and during this time no person in all Batavia is to be spoken with. From five to six is passed in drinking tea; after which they proceed again to business, or go into company till nine. At nine they sit down to supper, which is always as substantial a meal as that at noon. Thus they pass day after day throughout the year, and in this manner every person who wishes to preserve his health must live. To indulge in the excesses too usual in Europe would soon make an end of life.

Would to Heaven it were not so dreadfully hot! Day nor night I have not a dry thread about me, though I sleep with nothing on but my shirt, and have no bed-clothes over me. I often anxiously exclaim —Oh! when will winter come! without reflecting that there is here no winter. What is called winter is only a continual rain for three or four months; notwithstanding which it is still very warm, and when the sun shines after the rain it is hotter than in summer. The greatest number of deaths happen in what is called the winter season, the rainy weather being particularly noxious and unhealthy.

What a decided superiority does the greater part, at least, of Europe enjoy above the other three parts of the world with respect to climate and health! Hence is it that scarcely any person comes from Europe to take up his residence here, except for the purpose of making a fortune, which he means to return with and enjoy. Had Heaven prospered my endeavours in this way to my wish, I would cheerfully again commit myself for some months to the rage of the merciless seas. The accumulation of a competent fortune is not, however, so speedily effected as is imagined in Europe. Beginnings are always difficult everywhere, and so they are here, especially in the military stations, except it be war-time, or, as I observed before, a man has a post lone as commandant, and this he

must obtain, as opportunity may present itself, by means of a patron: for so many are recommended from the Hague to the governor-general, that it is impossible for him to encourage all alike.

The method of proceeding by those who go as commanders from Holland to India, is as follows. About thirty ships go out annually from Holland to India, each of which has on board a commander. Such of these commanders as have recommendations—of whom I was one—are placed as officers, first in Batavia, or on the isle of Ceylon, or on Java, or on some other island where there happens to be a vacancy. Till then he remains exempt from service. When an out-post becomes vacant, and a person has the interest which I have, he may easily obtain it. It is not long since one of these out-posts was given to a person who had not been here above a year. It is by no means improbable that I might have obtained it, if I had come out somewhat sooner. I have a patron of very considerable influence in mynheer Sabaudar Reyest; for he is in great favour with his high-nobleness, which is the title given to the governor-general, Vander Parra. The members of the council of India are styled noble lords. Every one else is only called mynheer: which extends even to the officers. It is not the custom to say mynheer hauptman (captain); mynheer lieutenant; but simply mynheer. The title of the governor-general's lady is *meffrouw generalife;* of a counsellor's lady, *meffrouw;* and all other ladies are called *juffrouws*, whether they be married or not. The epithets *gracious, your grace*, &c. are unknown both in Holland and in India; and the governor-general, as well as his lady, would be not a little offended, and esteem it as a gross flattery, to be addressed by the titles of *grace* and *gracious;* but those which correspond to goodness and kindness are readily admitted.

You perceive that I vary my subjects, and write of them as they happen to occur to me. You will pardon any want of method; for the weather is so intolerably hot, that nothing like labour can be endured. I must write perfectly at my ease, or not at all. Batavia is a very grand town, and strongly fortified. I doubt whether there is a town in Europe composed of such magnificent houses, arranged with equal regularity. Yet the splendor of their external appearance is not to be compared to that displayed within them. The rich and costly furniture which in Europe is only to be seen in royal and princely mansions is here found in the houses of all persons of rank. Every thing glitters with gold and silver.

An ensign, who, about a week ago, married an Indian girl, assured me that the expences of the wedding amounted at the least to five thousand rix-dollars; and the furniture, slaves, and other appendages, without reckoning the house, stood him in upwards of twenty thousand rix-dollars: yet he is only an ensign. It indeed requires some degree of courage to marry an Indian girl: for, in the first place, you must be contented to fix your abode in this country; secondly, these ladies have not the slightest tincture of education or any kind of learning, so that you are not to expect any thing like a companion in them; thirdly, they are addicted to a custom which I cannot at any rate endure—they are constantly chewing, from morning to night, a kind of root called here *pinang*, which yields a red juice, that is continually flow-

ing down from the corners of their mouths; and this to an European is extremely disgusting. From this habit it is as impossible to wean them, as it is to prevail upon me to lay aside the use of tobacco. They speak but little Dutch, and scarcely any other language than Malayan. They are strange creatures, and their dress and behaviour are stranger still.

The place, indeed, abounds with human curiosities. Here are a great variety of natives of different nations, especially Chinese. I have even a Chinese for my barber. He shaves extremely well, and makes a thousand grimaces, and throws himself into numberless fantastic attitudes while he is performing the operation; but I do not understand a word he says. It is the same with all the slaves who wait on me. I am obliged to make myself understood as well as I can by gestures and signs, or get my landlord to act as interpreter for me.

Yesterday evening I partook of a kind of amusement which I have never known any-where practised in so complete a manner as at Batavia. I was invited to supper by Mr. G———, a native of Z——, who has married the daughter of the late brigadier Faber, to whom, as I mentioned to you before, I was strongly recommended by mynheer Van Preke. About eleven o'clock, when we were on the point of separating, Mr. G——— proposed to the company, which consisted of about fifty persons, to make a little excursion. This was immediately assented to by all present, and in less than half an hour there were not fewer than thirty chariots before the door; for coaches are not used here, being found inconvenient. Each chariot was attended by two slaves carrying lighted torches, rendering the street as light as if it had been broad day. Three bands of music—the performers likewise all slaves, one band going before, another in the middle, and the third behind—serenaded us as we proceeded. Two slaves likewise accompanied each chariot, to present wine and various kinds of refreshments to the persons in it. In this manner we proceeded, at a slow pace, to the town, between rows of trees on either side. This expedition lasted two hours, at the end of which the carriages conveyed us all to our respective homes. This little after-piece cost our landlord at least a hundred and fifty dollars; but this sum is thought nothing of at Batavia, by persons who, like this gentleman, enjoy lucrative posts. Upon those who are rich money flows in on every side; but beginners must encounter many difficulties, and work hard.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'
GRAY.

SIR,

AMONG the various phenomena of the human mind, there are not any that more excite our interest than the developement of uncommon powers of intellect by its own native energy: and if it happen that the moral has kept equal pace with the mental progress, our esteem is engaged at the same time that our admiration is excited. An extraordinary instance of this kind having lately fallen under my observation, I beg leave, through the channel of your widely-circulated Magazine, to communicate a few of

the particulars to your readers; being persuaded that there are many whom the story will interest, some whose mistaken ideas of the vast superiority of wealth and station it may help to correct, and a few, perhaps, to whom it may open new sources of consolation in the day of sorrow and distress.

A few weeks ago, a copy of verses was put into my hands by a young woman, a friend of the writer's; who said she had called upon poor Charlotte Richardson, and finding her weeping, and writing about the death of her husband, had taken the verses away, for she thought that studying and writing made her worse: adding, 'but I have brought them to shew you, they are such pretty lines' Upon reading them, I was entirely of this young woman's opinion, that they were indeed pretty lines—that they evinced great sensibility of heart, a mind softened and refined by the benign influence of genuine piety, and enlarged and elevated by the hopes and promises of the Gospel: and I was the more astonished, having known Charlotte Richardson from her infancy, and being perfectly convinced that neither the education she had received nor the subsequent situations in which she had been placed could possibly have supplied any of the ordinary means of mental cultivation. I enquired if she had written any thing more: and a small manuscript book of poems was put into my hands, many of which had so much merit—not, indeed, as faultless pieces of poetry, but as the simple effusions of a very feeling and a pious mind—that I determined to make a selection from them to publish by subscription, for the author's benefit.

At first it was merely my intention to obtain subscriptions from a few friends; but it being suggested to me, that, by means of your Magazine, a wider range might perhaps be taken, I shall first trouble you with an outline of the author's history, and afterwards subjoin a specimen of her poetry.

Charlotte Richardson was born in the city of York, in March, 1775, and was early distinguished for her quickness and docility by the conductors of a Sunday school; and, three years afterwards, a vacancy happening in what is denominated the grey-coat school (from the uniform worn by the children), she was admitted into it. In this school the girls, being intended for working servants, are kept very close to the worsted wheel, the line wheel, and to every branch of domestic education; and are merely taught to read their Bible, and so much writing and arithmetic as shall enable them to keep an ordinary account. She left the school in July, 1790—having attained her sixteenth year; was placed in service; and soon afterwards lost her mother, the only parent she had ever known. In her first three services she was not well treated, and encountered many difficulties; but at length the writer of this article was instrumental in recommending her to a cook-maid's place in the small family of a widow lady, where she received four pounds yearly wages, and where her good qualities were more duly appreciated. She continued in this place some years, during which time she lost her only brother. This unfortunate youth had been rendered a cripple by a blow received in childhood: he was afterwards bound apprentice to a shoemaker, was very cruelly treated by his master, and at length found an asylum in the city poor-house, where he died. Here, in the poor-house, he was visited, as often as

she could obtain leave of her mistress, by his affectionate sister and only friend; who unceasingly endeavoured to pour the balm of consolation on his afflicted spirit, who procured for him every little comfort she could afford, and who cheered him and supported herself by the assured hope of a joyful immortality: and when he was dead she borrowed two guineas of her mistress (which were afterwards faithfully repaid), in order that he might be buried decently. During this period several of the little pieces were written which will form a part of the intended selection.—Her library consisted of a Bible, a Common-prayer Book, the Whole Duty of Man, the Pilgrim's Progress, and one or two other books of like description; but having money sometimes given her to go to the theatre, she saved it from time to time, and bought herself Gray's poems, Goldsmith's poems, and the Death of Abel—and in addition to these she accidentally met with the Vicar of Wakefield, and one volume of Lady Julia Mandeville.

She married, in October, 1802, a young man of the name of Richardson, to whom she had long been attached: he was a shoemaker; and having some little property of his own, which enabled him to open a shop, and it being on both sides an union of affection, a gleam of prosperity shone for a while upon their humble dwelling; but at length the husband was attacked by a consumption, and, after lingering many months, she was left a widow early in the year 1804, with an infant at the breast, two months old:—their little property had been consumed during his long illness, and she found herself once more without a relative in the world, save the helpless babe, who in vain was cast upon its afflicted mother (herself worn down by fatigue and sorrow) for its future support! For some time the infant appeared healthy, and was in every respect a most lovely babe, lively and intelligent beyond his age; but for the last six months he has been in a most deplorable state of suffering, requiring the attendance of his mother night and day; and at this time he is nearly blind, owing to a complaint in the head. She has begun a little school; and if the proposed subscription should prove successful, so as to defray the expence of printing, and to leave a residue that shall enable her to get assistance in nursing the sick child, there is little doubt of her being able to procure a decent maintenance.*

I am sir,
Your obedient servant,
CATHARINE CAPPE.

York, August 12, 1805.

THE ENQUIRY.

WRITTEN IN 1800.

Addressed to a Friend of the Author.

WHEN late you ask'd—'Where do your parents dwell?'
Unconscious of the pain your question gave—
For still this heart with agony will swell
When memory whispers—'They are in the grave!'—

'I have no parents,' sadly I replied,
(Whilst down my cheek th' unbidden tear would flow);
'Nor am I by the ties of blood allied
'To one kind being in this world below.'

A tender father's care I never knew:
One only parent blest my early years;

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* We understand that this interesting selection will make its appearance as soon as a sufficient number of subscriptions are received, at a crown each, to defray the expence of printing; and that they will be received by Mr. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard; Mr. Mawman, in the Poultry; and Mr. Hatchard, in Piccadilly.

Beneath a mother's fost'ring care I grew
From infancy to youth—devoid of fears.

Unknown to me was ev'ry cause of grief;
No anxious thoughts my happy mind distrest:
Health and content still bloom'd upon my cheek,
And cheerfulness dwelt ever in my breast.

To youthful minds each object brings delight:
The world presents unnumber'd charms to view;
And fancied pleasures eagerly invite;
Yet oft in vain the phantom we pursue.

Scarce had I enter'd on the world's wide stage,
Elate with youth's gay hopes of promis'd bliss,
When soon a diff'rent scene my thoughts engage,
And into sorrow turn'd my happiness.

For, ah! disease had fix'd his fatal dart
Within that breast, far dearer than my own;
And vain, alas! were all th'attempts of art
To save the destin'd victim from the tomb!

Though many a year has run its circling round
Since my lov'd parent was to dust consign'd,
Yet in my heart her image still is found—
Still lives the mother in her daughter's mind.

One tender tie remain'd—a brother dear—
But he, alas! misfortune's victim prov'd:
And oft have I conceal'd the falling tear,
Lest it should wound the bosom which I lov'd!

Chill penury and sickness were his lot:
Yet was he to his Maker's will resign'd;
And all his wants and suff'rings were forgot
Whene'er he thought upon his Saviour kind.

He view'd th' approach of death with joyful eyes,
And often strove my heavy heart to cheer:
'Soon,' said th' expiring saint, 'I reach the skies;
'And, O my sister! let me meet thee there!

'Forgive these tears, my Charlotte! you have known
'Those agonising pangs that pierce the heart:
'You, too, have wept o'er a lov'd parent's tomb,
'And felt what 'tis from those we love to part.'

Now on the world's bleak waste I stand alone;
An unprotected orphan I am left:
To me the names of kindred are unknown;
Of each endearing comfort I'm bereft.

Yet, though a tender sorrow fills my breast,
I sorrow not as those who have no hope:
For still that God who gives the weary rest
With humble confidence I dare invoke.

I know my heav'nly Father, good and kind,
Will not without a cause his children grieve:
His promises support and cheer my mind;
And countless mercies I from him receive.

TO MY INFANT ASLEEP. 1804.

Sleep on, sweet babe! for thou canst sleep—
No sorrows rend thy peaceful breast:
Thy pensive mother wakes to weep,
Depriv'd by grief of balmy rest!

May angels watch around thy bed,
Thee safe from ev'ry ill defend!
May Heav'n unnumber'd blessings shed,
And be thy never-failing friend!

Sleep on, sleep on, my baby dear!
Thy little heart, from sorrow free,
Knows not the anxious pangs that tear
Thy mother's breast, sweet babe! for thee.

Soft be thy slumbers, sorrow's child!
Serene and tranquil be thy rest!
Oft have thy smiles my tears beguil'd,
And sooth'd my agitated breast.

Thine infant tongue has never known
A father's name; nor can thine eyes
Recal to mind the graceful form
That low in Death's embraces lies.

But I in thee delight to trace
That form, so tenderly belov'd;
To picture in thy smiling face
His image, far from earth remov'd!

His pious cares thou canst not share;
Nor can he guide thy tender youth,
Or guard thee from each hurtful snare,
Or lead thee in the paths of truth.

The sad, yet pleasing, task be mine,
To virtue's ways thy mind to form,
To point thee to those truths divine
Which in the Gospel are made known.

With reason's dawn thou shalt be taught
Thy father's God betimes to know;
The wonders he for us hath wrought
Shall be thy mother's task to show.

Each rising and each setting sun
Thy little hands in pray'r shall raise;
And early shall thine infant tongue
Be taught to lisp thy Maker's praise.

LONDON WALKING AND FULL DRESSES.

1. PLAIN chemise dress of Italian gauze; full front, fastened in the centre with a jet broach, over a black sarcenet slip; sleeves and front trimmed with black net trimming, fastened with bugles. Leather gloves, and black jean shoes.

2. Dress of imperial lustre; short sleeves. Gloves and shoes the same as first figure.

PARISION FASHIONS.

HATS of taffeta, and white rose chamoy, are still fashionable, embellished with straw plaits. Flowers are less worn than usual. When an *elegante* does not require full dress, she wears her hair *à-la-Titus*, middling long, and in buckles; sometimes a bandeau, transverse and plaited, with a comb placed across before, composes her head-dress. The comb, if not of the flasket or quiver shape, ought to have, above the teeth, a row of detached pearls, each of them appearing fastened by a golden nail.

The sleeves of gowns are still much *puffed*, but are worn short, and decorated with ribbons: the bodies and skirts are ornamented with ribbons, thrown into various devices, to imitate the ancient embroidered tapestry; the designs are skilfully done, and are so well ingrafted upon the muslins and linens, that they look uniform, and of a piece.

A kind of Turkish undress, called the *costume de Seraglio*, is much in fashion: it is very plain, loose, and short, but the sleeves come down low, and button without lace or edging of any kind; it covers the breast and neck, and is compassed by a girdle.

The *Diana* buskin was the fashion in spring; but now the slipper of *Thetis*, the silver-footed goddess of Homer, bears the palm.

The dress of the gentlemen is as usual; but they have almost discharged the waistcoat, and cut the coat to nothing. The gentlemen, instead of wearing a gold or diamond pin on the bossom, have the shirt without a frill, and closed by a row of small white buttons.

THE TOILETTE.

A WOMAN may admit a lover to her toilette when she is sure of the effect of her charms. It is like the artful confidence of a secret one is certain will do one honour. When a woman suffers herself to be surprised at her toilette, it is as much as to say—'I have, as to my beauty, a clear conscience: it is all honestly my own, and I am the more sure of doing execution with it for its not having the air of murder prepense.'

But when it comes to that dismal time when it is necessary to make a

face, the dressing-room door is carefully bolted till the operation is over. 'There is no secret better kept by the women,' says a French writer, 'than that of the toilette: it is even better kept than that of their intrigues.'

THE

COUNTRY TOWN,

A COMEDY.

(Concluded from p. 429.)

ACT IV.

Scene, a Square: at the bottom the house of Madame Senneville; on the side the house of M. Riflard. It is night.

Scene I.

Madame Senneville, Riflard.

Riflard. What am I to think of this, madam? I have made signs to you for this hour past, and you have pretended not to understand me.

Madame Senneville. Indeed, sir, you are a little too authoritative in your manner. Could I leave miss Remival, who was telling me of the illness of the little dog Carlia, which I lately made her a present of? Would you wish me to leave my company and throw up my cards at your nod? Madame Guibert and miss Vernon will make themselves merry at our absence.

Riflard. I must tell you that I am very dissatisfied. Why should you invite those two gentlemen from Paris to lodge in your house?

Madame Senneville. You will remember that it is to yourself that I am indebted for their acquaintance.

Riflard. I could never have expected that such a little insignificant fellow as Desroches would have presumed to take the place of a person like myself; and still less could I have expected that madame Senneville, a woman whom I esteem, whom I love, whom I have always particularly distinguished, would condescend to listen to the prate and insipid nonsense of a stranger.

Madame Senneville. But why, sir, do you assume so much? What right have you to talk to me in this manner?

Riflard. In the situation in which we stand, when I wait only for the vintage to be over, and have the consent both of your uncle and yourself, I think I have a right to talk to you like a husband. I also wish to talk to you like a friend. You are ruining your reputation. Have you not observed the smiles, the sneers, the double-meanings, the contemptuous glances, directed to you by the whole company? For my part, I have the misfortune to be too hasty. I did not wish to hold you up to observation, but I could not but act in a determined manner; and in such a manner I will act—Mr. Desroches shall hear from me this evening.

Madame Senneville. O Heavens! You make me tremble.

Riflard. Be not alarmed, madam. It is nothing; only a little necessary precaution that I have taken. But to return to what I was talking of: if you have any regard to your honour, any wish to conduct yourself as becomes us both, it is absolutely necessary that those two young gentlemen should not lodge in your house this evening.

Madame Senneville. What a request!—But my uncle——

Riflard. Your uncle was very much displeased when he saw them arrive. Mr. Vernon, who does what he pleases with your uncle,

by letting him win at piquet, has already spoken to him on the subject; and madame Guibert, whom your uncle would be loth to disoblige, because she is his cousin in the sixth degree, has told him of all the extravagant conduct of this madbrained fellow, whose friend is not much better than himself. He is a sneering fool, who takes upon himself to act the man of wit. I am not very well pleased with the airs he has given himself towards me.

Madame Senneville. Well! I think you are all in league against me. What has this poor young gentleman done, that you wish me to act with incivility, with rudeness? Let me tell you, this gives me no very good idea of your character.

Riflard. Oh! believe me, dear lady, it is the regard I entertain for you—the affection!—You will not refuse me a sacrifice so absolutely necessary; and in every thing else, you know, you may lead me like an infant.—But this I must require of you, in the name of the tenderest love.—*(He kisses her hand.)*

Madame Senneville. Take care—Here is Mr. Vernon.

Scene II.

Madame Senneville, Riflard, Vernon.

Vernon. Yes; here you are. I was certain I should find you together. Be under no alarm; I do not mean to cause you any uneasiness. Let us be divided, or, as I may say, enemies among ourselves; but let us unite against strangers, interlopers as I may call them, who come to intermeddle in our affairs—with what does not concern them. We were all very well satisfied among ourselves, when, to be sure, here comes this little impertinent gentleman from Paris!—I just wish to give you notice of a trifling incident which will presently take place: there will be no noise, no bustle—but when every body has retired, your uncle, madam, is determined to dismiss from his house, as politely as possible, the two travellers who have found means to introduce themselves, but who, to say the truth, are not fit to be admitted into polished and delicate society.

Madame Senneville. What can these two young gentlemen have done to you?

Vernon. Done, madam! Have they not been admitted, received, treated in the most flattering manner, by madame Guibert? who, no doubt, is a very ridiculous lady; but that is not the question at present. They have taken upon them to hold her up to ridicule, and talk about her playing off her daughter at them.

Madame Senneville. Well, and what could be more ridiculous? Madame Guibert certainly well deserves——

Riflard. It may be so; but am I too to be made their butt, in my turn? Our town has always been respected for decency of manners, and we ought to be careful to maintain its reputation.

Vernon. The other gentleman, too, the companion—who acts the wit, and sneers at every thing and every body—he, I find, has at the post-house a handsome lady, who carefully conceals herself; but they see one another privately.

Madame Senneville. Indeed!

Vernon. Yes, madam; it is quite notorious, the whole town knows it. Depend upon it, they are men of bad character; two profligate rakes. I say nothing of their behaviour to my sister and myself.

Madame Senneville. Ah! that is intolerable. Miss Vernon is so good

a creature! I should be delighted to see her advantageously settled and happy.

Vernon. My sister is a fool: but with respect to this matter, you may make yourself quite easy; I have not been asleep. I have taken my measures coolly, and with effect; and this evening they will hear something.

Riflard. Surely, madam, you do not hesitate!—You must determine. If they lodge in your house this evening, you must not expect to see me again.

Madame Senneville. Dear despot! —I must make the sacrifice you demand, I perceive.—Since I must determine—It costs me a struggle, and that I cannot dissemble.

Riflard. Dearest madam, how good you are!

Vernon. Silence! Here comes the companion.

Scene III.

Madame Senneville, Riflard, Vernon, Delille.

Delille. In reality, madam, nothing can be more agreeable and polite than the company to which you have introduced us. I cannot but congratulate you, gentlemen, on that fashionable air, the true *ton* of good company, so visible in all your parties. It is only in your town that we find that amenity, that sociability, that reciprocal indulgence, and, above all, that hospitality so much boasted among the ancients.

Vernon. We consider it as a duty, sir, to receive strangers well, when they deserve it.

Riflard. Certainly we do; and we likewise know how to treat them when they come only to sneer at and ridicule us.

Delille. You are to be commended. *(Aside)* There is some mischief contriving against us.

Vernon. But it grows late: it is time, I think, to retire.

Riflard. Yes; the rest of the company, you see, are coming away.

Scene IV.

Delille, Desroches, *Madame* Senneville, *Madame* Guibert, *Miss* Vernon, Vernon, Francis, *a Maid Servant carrying a lanthorn.*

Madame Guibert. (Coming first, preceded by Francis, who carries a lanthorn—speaking to miss Vernon) I do assure you, miss, I gave you two fish; I remember it perfectly.

Miss Vernon. Indeed, madam, I do assure you, you forgot to give me them. It was the only fortunate chance I had all the evening, and I derived no advantage from it.

Vernon. What is the matter now? Some new dispute?

Miss Vernon. We were only speaking of something that happened in the course of our play, brother.

Vernon. I thought so.

Madame Senneville. What! ladies, will you retire so soon?

Madame Guibert. So soon? Why it is almost ten o'clock.

Madame Senneville. I would not wish to be importunate. You will permit me to return to my uncle.

Riflard. (To Madame Senneville) Adieu, dear madam! Believe me when I declare to you ——

Madame Senneville. (in a whisper) Beware; we are watched. *(Aloud)* Your very humble servant, ladies.—To-morrow, at three precisely; I beg you will not forget. *(She goes in.)*

Desroches. (To Madame Guibert) Will you accept of my arm, madam, on your way home?

Madame Guibert. I thank you, sir; we do not live two steps off, and I have no occasion for any person's arm. Go first, Francis; and you, miss Flora, take care how you walk, I beg of you.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. Your most humble servant, miss Vernon: believe me, I positively gave you the two fish.

Vernon. Since madame Guibert says so, it certainly must be so.

Miss Vernon. Nobody could ever have worse luck than I have had: I have lost above fifty fish. But I always find card-playing very expensive at madame Senneville's.

Vernon. Why do you play then?

Madame Guibert. *(To Desroches and Delille)* Adieu, gentlemen; I am very glad you have been made so good amends for my unavoidable disappointment, and that no obstacle has prevented madame Senneville from receiving you into her house, and shewing you that attention which unfortunately it has not been in my power to do.

Vernon. Good night, gentlemen: you are now, I believe, at last, permanently provided with a lodging.

Riflard. Good evening, gentlemen. We shall see one another again, I doubt not.

Scene V.

Desroches, Delille.

Desroches. They seem to sneer at us.

Delille. Perhaps they may; where is the wonder? Mr. Vernon detests you; madame Guibert ridicules you, Mr. Riflard threatens you. How do you find yourself in this little delightful country town?

Desroches. Why, not very well satisfied; hitherto I have been obliged to listen during the whole evening to all the old stories of madame Senneville's uncle; and after three insipid games at back-gammon I was seized on by three old women, who, when they completely tired me with their nonsense, set me to amuse a pack of noisy children by playing with them.

Delille. Did you not observe how they whispered one to another, and how they eyed us from time to time?

Desroches. Yes, they seem to consider us as two extraordinary personages.

Delille. Well, well, it is certainly a very agreeable town; we have a pure air, delightful walks, excellent company.

Desroches. You may jeer me as much as you please; I am not yet sorry that I stopped here. Miss Vernon and miss Guibert, it is true, reside here; but so likewise does madame Senneville, and we shall have the pleasure to lodge with her. We walked together in the garden, before it was dark.

Delille. Yes, and you staid so long that all the company enquired where you were.

Desroches. As we returned to the house, she recommended to me to entertain her uncle at his favourite game.

Delille. A sure proof that you are beloved by the niece.

Desroches. And you must allow that she has charms and amiable qualities sufficient to make amends for all the disappointments—

Delille. And all the rivals, Mr. Riflard, Mr. Vernon—?

Desroches. She never had any thoughts of Mr. Riflard, Mr. Vernon, or any other person: she has sworn it.

Delille. Oh! if she has sworn it—I do not believe a word of it.

Desroches. I know you are always ready to contradict me.

Delille. No, no: since you wish it—the uncle is very amusing,

and the niece immaculately virtuous.

Desroches. We are not talking about virtue.

Delille. Do not lose moments so precious.

Desroches. Will you not go home with me?

Delille. No, I shall not sup yet; besides, I have a visit to make.

Desroches. What! in a town where you have no acquaintance?—Your conquests are rapid, and with reason engage your attention. I shall return. So, wishing you all success in your amours, I remain your most humble———

Delille. The same success to you in your amours, Mr. Desroches.

Scene VI.

Desroches, Delille, Dubois *(with the portmanteau and trunks).*

Desroches. How now! Where are you going with all that luggage? What is the matter?

Dubois. The matter is, that we must once more look for another lodging.

Delille. Very good! I expected it.

Desroches. What do you say?

Dubois. The chamber-maid politely requested me to take away all our baggage; and here is a letter from madame Senneville will explain every thing to you.

Desroches. A letter! let me see it instantly.—*(Reads)*—'It would 'have been extremely agreeable 'to my uncle and myself to have 'been able to furnish you with the 'same accommodations as we re'ceived from your relatives, at 'Paris; but this is absolutely im'possible. A due regard for my 'reputation will not suffer me to 'permit you to make a longer stay 'in my house. You will, I hope, 'accept my apology, and the ex'pression of my sincerest regret.'—A due regard for her reputation! That is pleasant!

Dubois. Here is another letter, sir, given me to deliver to you by an affected fribbling kind of a gentlemen.

Desroches. Another letter to me! From whom?

Delille. Read it. Let us hear.

Desroches. (Opens the letter, and reads.) 'I have observed your be'haviour to madame Senneville; 'your tender glances and amorous 'advances. I have given several 'lessons to strangers like yourself, 'who in passing through our town 'have taken the liberty to poach 'on my manor; and, notwithstand'ing the good opinion I had at first 'conceived of you, I must do the 'same by you. I shall expect you 'to-morrow at sun-rising, behind the 'little rampart. I have my sword 'and pistols. I hope you will do 'me the honour to meet me.—Fran'cis Riflard.'———Impertinent coxcomb! Yes, I will meet him, certainly; and I think I shall give him a lesson which he will not soon forget.—But you must confess it is a curious act of gallantry to risk having my throat cut for a woman who has just turned me out of her house.

Dubois. (Taking another paper out of his pocket, and presenting it to Desroches) This too, sir, is for you.

Desroches. Another! What can that be?

Dubois. It was brought by a man in black.

Desroches. Let us see. *(Reads)*—'The ninth year of the French 'republic. I Christopher Hyacinte 'de Bon-Aloi, undersigned register, 'at the request of Augustine Catha'rine, usually called Nina Vernon, a 'maiden, of age, and marriageable—'

Delille. It is a summons from Mr. Vernon.

Desroches. Why, this country town is a little hell.

Delille. It is the asylum of happiness and virtue.

Desroches. *(to Dubois)* You have nothing more to give me, have you?

Dubois. I think I have given you enough.

Desroches. Yes, yes; quite enough.

Delille. Why would you leave Paris?

Desroches. Ah! madame Belmont! Why were you faithless? *(He sits down on a step, and appears plunged into melancholy.)*

Delille. *(Aside)* Excellent! He may be restored to us.

Dubois. *(To Delille)* Sir, here is Champagny, your cousin's servant.

Delille. Engage the attention of your master for a while, that I may have time to speak to him. *(Dubois approaches Desroches, and prevents him from seeing Champagne.)*

Scene VII.

Desroches, Delille, Dubois, Champagne.

Champagne. *(To Dubois)* My mistress is in the utmost agitation. She is acquainted with all Mr. Desroche's adventures, and is determined to leave the town this night. I have had the greatest difficulty to prevail on her to take her leave of you. You must go to her immediately.

Delille. No.——I have another scheme.—Let us take advantage of the present circumstances. Employ all your address to bring her this way.

Champagne. It will not be very easy, but I will endeavour. [*Exit.*

Scene VIII.

Desroches, Delille, Dubois.

Desroches. And to add to my vexation I cannot leave the town, because I have received a challenge from Mr. Riflard.—*(To Dubois)* But what are you doing? You must go and find an inn for us.

Dubois. Yes, sir, immediately. [*Exit.*

Scene IX.

Desroches, Delille.

Desroches. To-morrow morning I shall give a lesson in fencing to Riflard, and a lesson in law to Vernon, and then make my escape from duellers, lawyers, coquettes, and the devil, who has pursued me into this cursed country, by setting out instantly for Paris.

Delille. To-morrow morning you go, do you? Well, I wish you a good journey.

Desroches. A good journey! Why, will you not go with me?

Delille. I am much pleased with this little town, and wish to remain here some time longer.

Desroches. You was continually ridiculing and vilifying it, and yet you will stay!

Delille. And you was always admiring and extolling it, and yet you will go!

Desroches. But what can detain you?

Delille. May I not change my mind as well as you?

Desroches. Perhaps it is on account of the mysterious fair-one?

Delille. Perhaps so.

Desroches. Ah! friend, she will deceive you.

Delille. She was not born in this town.

Desroches. What signifies where she was born, or where she dwells? women are every-where the same.

Delille. Believe me, there is more than one.—

Desroches. Oh! I can anticipate your fine eulogium. My own adventures have taught me what to think

of it. I once thought like you; but madame Belmont undeceived me.—Ah! her infidelity is a thousand times more painful to my heart than any thing else I have suffered.

SCENE X.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, CHAMPAGNE.

Champagne. (To Delille) She is here, sir.

Delille. I will be with you in an instant. My dear Desroches! I must be gone for a few moments. Tell Dubois to wait for me at this place. [*Exit.*

Desroches. Do not be long.—He is very fortunate: the mysterious lady is really a fine figure, and reminds me——

SCENE XI.

DESROCHES, *Madame* BELMONT.

Desroches. But, surely, I think I see a woman, in the dark.

Madame Belmont. Is that you, Delille?

Desroches. (Aside) She takes me for Delille. Perhaps this is the mysterious beauty: let us see.

Madame Belmont. Do you think it still possible to excuse your unworthy friend?

Desroches. Heavens! what voice is that?

Madame Belmont. I have had the weakness to follow your advice, and to follow yourself and Desroches: To what purpose? To witness fresh proofs of the extravagance and absurdity of his conduct.

Desroches. (Aside) What is this? Madame Belmont has followed me. She loves me still. Wretch that I am! what have I done?

Madame Belmont. And what had he to accuse me with? I have told you how he was deceived by appearances. You know that the young officer, the stranger who excited in him such violent jealousy, was my brother, who had arrived the preceding evening from the army.

Desroches. Your brother! What do I hear?

Madame Belmont. Whom am I speaking to? Desroches!

Delille. (advancing) Himself, madam, who acknowledges his faults. He is completely reformed. Pardon him, and let us set out for Paris.

Desroches. But Riflard's challenge must first be disposed of.

Delille. Oh, that is an affair which may be soon finished. *(He knocks at Riflard's door)* Mr. Riflard! Mr. Riflard! a word with you, if you please.—He cannot yet be gone to bed.

Madame Belmont. What do you mean? I shudder.

SCENE XII.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, *Madame* BELMONT, RIFLARD *at his window.*

Riflard. Who knocks there?—Gentlemen, what may you want?

Delille. You wish to fight Mr. Desroches. Come down, if you please; he is waiting for you.

Riflard. What do you mean? I never fight after the sun is down; one might be lamed for ever. Read the challenge; it is for to-morrow.

Delille. That cannot be. Mr. Desroches will return instantly to Paris, to marry this lady. The horses are in the carriage; we must be gone this moment.

Riflard. You must be gone this moment; and he is to marry that lady!—This matter may be amicably arranged. I will come down.

Delille. I was sure of it.

SCENE XIII.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, *Madame* BELMONT, DUBOIS.

Dubois. We must absolutely pass the night in the open air. All the inns are full, not a corner vacant; the fair that is held here beginning to-morrow.

Delille. So much the better; we shall set out the sooner.

SCENE XIV.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, *Madame* BELMONT, DUBOIS, RIFLARD *in his night-gown.*

Riflard. Permit me to say, gentlemen, that fighting is become absolutely unnecessary: you are to leave this town immediately, and this gentleman is to marry that lady. Let us all part in friendship.

Delille. Mr. Riflard, you are the first person to whom we spoke in this town; be likewise the last, and convey our farewell compliments to all. Be happy with madame Senneville. Tell madame Guibert that her daughter possesses talents too extraordinary not to find a husband soon. Advise miss Vernon to become a devotee, or a wit; and continually preserve, both towards strangers and among yourselves, that urbanity, that gallant and sociable spirit, which distinguishes your town.

Riflard. Gentlemen, I am your very humble servant; and I think you must carry with you to Paris a very favourable idea both of our town and of the manners of its inhabitants.

THE END.

On the FRENCH THEATRES *and* THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT.

THE number of theatres in France amounts to one hundred and sixty-six, in one hundred and twenty-nine cities of the French empire.

Paris alone contains - -	18
Bourdeaux - - - - -	4
Lyons - - - - - - -	2
Marseilles - - - - -	3
Brussels - - - - -	3
Ghent - - - - - - -	2
Rouen - - - - - -	2
Turin - - - - - - -	3

The number of performers attached to the opera in

Paris amounts to - -	366
Theatre François - -	174
Comic Opera - - -	188
Empress's Theatre - -	174
Vaudeville - - - -	82

These with the other theatres of Paris amount to 1388; and, supposing that the 166 theatres have 20 persons each, they amount to the trifling number of 3968 theatrical artists.

From the above list we may form some idea whence proceeds the gay and lively disposition of the French nation. There is no doubt but the stage has a very material effect in the improvement of all ranks in their address and manner; there is no place where better lessons could be received than from a moral pure stage. The stage is a school, where we often see what has been represented in real life, and what is daily going on—particularly as to intrigue and deception, and where very good lessons are given to avoid or execute.

The amusements of the stage seem to be the rage of all ranks of people, not alone in the British empire, but also in the different parts of Europe.

For some time the public mind in England has been engaged by theatrical prodigies; but it would be as well if the younger buskin geniuses were to have a theatre of their

own, and to be launched out by degrees on the great theatre. But this would require the sanction of a patent.—In our opinion, it would be as well if there were not so many forms of expence, that only enrich a few; and if freedom were allowed in this instance, we should have more places of amusement at a less expence, and all ranks would reap an amusing benefit.

We certainly coincide with the general opinion as to some of the performers of the present time. But we think there ought to be a little more attention paid by managers, in only permitting persons to fill up characters which they are adequate to, and not to be so fond of bringing forward new pieces which have not real *sterling merit*. By some attention to those points the public will be more amused, and critics have less employment.

There are many great characters lost to society, not alone on the theatrical stage, but also on the stage of life, for want of introduction, encouragement, or an opportunity of being known.—A manager of a great theatre ought to be on the alert to find out where talent can be discovered; it is no matter in what family, or in what country, so they answer the purpose of pleasing the public. And it ought also to be the business of the principal manager to go everywhere for the purpose of finding such, and not leave it to persons who may employ a great performer —who was found to have nothing to recommend him but his SIZE— (This we know has been done). No, the greater part of commissioners sent out know no more about performance than what they hear from others:—yet they pretend to a great share of skill in these matters. We hope the managers will take this hint; it is intended for their benefit, and for the amusement of the public for the ensuing winter.

VINCENTIO *and* JULIANA.

A TALE.

(With an elegant engraving.)

SOME centuries past, when the delightful country of Italy was in many parts a prey to warlike banditti and lawless chiefs, a youth of generous extraction and competent fortune resided near Modena. He was named Vincentio, and united to a well-proportioned and manly figure all the most liberal accomplishments of the times. His person and manners had won the heart of the lovely Juliana, the most beauteous maiden in Modena. He had won her affections in preference to numerous rivals, and became united to her by the sacred bonds of marriage. She bore him two children; and their days passed in a state of happiness, of which those who have not experienced the same delightful felicity can form but a very inadequate idea.

But it chanced that the count de Montefiero, a ferocious chief, who headed a numerous banditti, and acknowledged no law but his own will, saw, and fiercely desired, the beauteous Juliana. That she was married was what he had never considered as an impediment, where either stratagem or force could be employed. He therefore ordered his bravos to watch her steps; and they, when they found her alone, bore her off to his castle.

The count had in his service an old man, named Roderigo, who found his account in making his master a dupe to his pretensions to extraordinary skill in astrology, and even in magic. This man, when he

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Vincentio and Juliana.

saw Juliana brought into the castle, was so struck with her youth, her beauty, her innocence, and her most distressful situation, that he conceived the idea of saving her; to which he was still more induced because he well knew who she was, and entertained a respect for Vincentio on account of his father, with whom in his youth he had had connections of the most friendly kind. To effect his benevolent purpose he knew that the great object was to gain time, as the impetuous Montefiero would otherwise soon proceed to gratify by force his brutal appetite. To obtain this delay he approached and addressed his haughty and ferocious master, asking him whether he did not admit that it would be much more desirable to obtain the ardent love of the beautiful object for whom he had conceived a passion than to triumph over aversion by force. He at the same time told him, that if he would wait twenty-four hours he should be able, without employing violence, except, perhaps, to make her swallow a certain magical philtre which he should prepare, to transfer all her affection from her husband to himself.

The count, who was as stupidly credulous as he was fierce and brutal, listened to the proposal, and ordered Roderigo immediately to prepare the wondrous potion. The latter accordingly mixed up a strongly soporific draught, which he gave to the count, who carried it to the unhappy Juliana, and, with a drawn dagger in his hand, compelled her, after many struggles, to drink it. She soon after sank into a deep sleep, and was conveyed to the count's chamber, into which Roderigo had enjoined him, under pain of entirely frustrating the effect of the charm, not to enter till the expiration of twenty-four hours; after which time he assured him she would awake, and the first person on whom she should open her eyes, which would certainly be himself—if he repaired to the chamber at the time he directed—would possess her most ardent affection as long as she should continue to live.

There was in the castle another servant entirely devoted to Roderigo. Him the latter contrived secretly to dispatch to Vincentio, the moment he found an opportunity, with intelligence of the danger Juliana was in, and advice to apply immediately to the duke of Modena for a strong body of troops to force the castle of the barbarous chieftain, and rescue if possible the innocent sufferer. This advice was followed with so much promptness, that nearly a thousand men were presently called together under arms, who in the middle of the night attacked, and carried at the first assault, the castle of Montefiero, making the ferocious chief himself their prisoner. Roderigo led Vincentio into the chamber where Juliana lay, who, not having been informed of all that had occurred, imagined her dead, and burst out into the most violent agony of grief. But soon he was undeceived; for the potion having spent its force, the lovely Juliana awoke, and with equal astonishment and delight opened her eyes on her beloved Vincentio, clasping her in his arms: so far rendering true the expression of Roderigo, that the person whom she first saw at awaking should possess her most ardent affection as long as she should continue to live.

Roderigo was munificently rewarded by the duke of Modena for his ingenuity and humanity; and the count de Montefiero expiated his crimes in a dungeon, in which he died some years afterwards.

A. F.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

AN ELEGIAC EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND *.

Written from Maker Heights, in 1805.

FROM Maker Heights these lines, my friend, I write,
Where we together various scenes have view'd:—
The tented field, the martial youth's delight;
And honour's dictates eagerly pursued.

In EIGHTY-ONE, again in EIGHTY-TWO,
'Twas here, by GREY, we arts of war were taught:
Here, led by thee:—what moments to renew!
FAIR DAYS† of bliss with fancy's frolics fraught.

Now more than twenty years have roll'd away
Since on these hills I trod the verdant sod;
And still the sun appears as fresh and gay,
As when created by th' Almighty nod.

Not so with those, alas! who formed thy corps;—
How very few now breathe the vital air!
The young grow old;—Time youth will not restore;
And Death inexorable none will spare.

Each step I take recalls past scenes of mirth,
Of duty, friendship, and of sorrow too:
In mem'ry live departed sons of earth;
The bosom sighs as we their loss review.

Here stood our camp:—there ORCHARD's canvass dome;—
ORCHARD, North Devon's pride, the steady friend;
Form'd to command respect abroad, at home,
And orders firm with true politeness blend.

In evolutions quick, correct, and clear;
Extensive mind—discriminating eye;
For ever lib'ral, open, and sincere:—
On such what satisfaction to rely!

Here, on the right, was BASSETT's long marquee;—
BASSETT, now number'd with the many dead:
Of gen'rous hearts like thine how few we see!
But thou, alas! to happier climes art fled.

Yet in our bosoms thy remembrance stays;
Thy polish'd manners and engaging air;
A handsome manly person:—born to please,
And prove the admiration of the fair.

Next, on the left, was friendly HEDGES seen,
(He breathes, alas! this nether orb no more),
Who, ever-smiling, show'd a soul serene,
And poverty in grief ne'er left his door.

When Envy and her train, o'er evening tea,
Would characters maliciously dissect,
HEDGES to praise would ever ready be,
And search out virtues, fiends would fain neglect.

Here PARTRIDGE, friendly, pleasant, mild, and kind,
In canvass dwelt; but soon Death's piercing dart,
To shades of night thy easy soul consign'd:
Ah! first or last, from hence we all must part.

Around thy truly faithful grenadiers
In trouble and distress thy loss deplor'd;

* Supposed to be Paul Orchard, esq. M. P. late colonel of the North Devon militia.

† *Beaux jours.*

Their manly cheeks were bath'd with tender tears,
And throbbing bosoms show'd whom they ador'd.

Now, LEY, with placid, unaffected mien,
And honest heart, thy tented spot we spy:
To friendship true, and to the Paphian queen;
What favour could thy bosom e'er deny?

Look where we may, search as we will around,
How few like thee—a lion and a dove!
Good humour in thy breast was ever found:
Thy social soul is gone to realms above!

Here MEDDON sat, to view life's manners pass,
And laugh and shake his sides at Folly's cap;
With wit assail each coxcomb, fop, or ass,
And rouse ev'n dulness by a lively rap.

His solid worth, good sense, and ways to please,
Now seek retirement on his native soil:
There may he long enjoy health, wealth, and ease;
There plant and cultivate with useful toil!

This turf by SOUTHCOTE's canvass once was fac'd,
Long fam'd for brilliant wit and repartee;
The song, the toast, the laugh, were to his taste:
With him the table in a roar must be.

Dum vivimus vivamus was his text:—
While life remained he kept it full in view:
Thought only for the day—nought for the next;
And to the last still pleasure would pursue.

Here dwelt a light-bob captain *, young and gay,
By some a compound thought of good and ill;
Books, music, balls, the bottle and the play,
Of each by turns, 'tis said, he took his fill.

To years mature now grown, we'll fondly hope
His love of letters o'er the rest prevails:
And, while to feelings he may give a scope,
In measur'd numbers friendly facts details.

There joyous BUCK his canvass cov'ring plac'd,
Young, brisk, and bless'd with beauty in a wife.
Her charms and virtues long his home had grac'd,
But Fate too early cut *his* thread of life.

Here BAILEY, fond of jokes and tales from far,
Would oft amuse and raise the laugh around;
Quote merry JOE, or talk of German war,
And *convalescents* HEAVY BAGGAGE † found.

To mirth a friend, dull gravity a foe,
He'd join the bottle, freely fill his glass,
Then drink to church and king, or belle, or beau,
The conqu'ring hero, or the pretty lass.

There BOUND; here honest PROWSE, NIBBS, ROBINS, GRANT,
Their waving mansions pitch'd upon the sward;

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* Supposed to be the author.

† The story here alluded to, and which captain B. used to relate with great humour, was this:

In the year 1758, the commanding officer of a regiment of militia received orders from the War-office for the regiment to march from its quarters to P. and 'to leave their *convalescents* behind them.' This word not being clearly understood, the usual application, in such knotty cases, was made to the adjutant, who was uncertain what it meant, but 'he believed it to be the HEAVY BAGGAGE.' However, to make the matter clear, he would consult with an old quarter-master of dragoons. Accordingly he called on his friend: 'We have just received a route,' says he, 'to march for P. and to leave our *convalescents*, that is the HEAVY BAGGAGE, behind us.' The quarter-master replied, that he did not imagine it could mean the HEAVY BAGGAGE, although he could not recollect what it implied. Upon the return of the adjutant to the commanding officer with this report, a consultation was held, when it was unanimously determined, notwithstanding the doubts of the veteran, that it must allude to the HEAVY BAGGAGE, which was accordingly left behind; and the *convalescents*, but ill qualified for such a march, were taken with the regiment.

Now turn'd to dust, no more their bosoms pant
For fame or pleasure, honours or reward.

Here VEALE, with shrugs and smart laconic phrase,
Would draw attention, tickle, and surprise;
There PRYCE, quite young, would oft with wit amaze,
And pow'rs display that might immortalize.

Though born to shine, cut off in early dawn;
Superior talents, genius, he possess'd—
A gen'rous, lib'ral mind:—but he is flown,
We trust, to blissful regions, 'mong the bless'd.

This spot was SPENCER'S; that belonged to BLAIR;
Here RUSSELL fix'd his tent; there roving ROOKE;
True sons of mirth,—sworn enemies to care;
Through Pleasure's mead the flow'ry path they took.

His canvass roof had BURGESS on this ground—
BURGESS, with understanding strong and clear;
For ever indefatigable found:—
His heart as honest as his soul sincere!

There MORTIMORE and DARE, GEORGE WALKER too,
And worthy NED his brother, all no more:
With unrelenting rage does Death pursue,
And, once transfix'd, none ever will restore.

Be far remov'd that day, the fatal hour,
That calls thee hence to dwell in blissful realms;
And, while on earth thou breath'st, may ev'ry pow'r
Protect and bless—till darkness overwhelms!

LINES

On the Illness and Recovery of a beautiful young Lady.

YES, through the vale of pale disease,
Those charms have still the pow'r to please;
Charms which the purest lilies show,
Or snow-drops op'ning into blow;
Charms which the fairest form pourtrays,
Or budding jessamine displays;
Whose hectic blushes not in vain
Reflected loveliness on pain.

Thus, when hoar winter's frozen hand
Spreads o'er Helvetius' dreary land,
Alps' tow'ring head with gloom invests,
And swells with snow its mountain breasts,
The sick'ning sun with languid ray
Gleams through the misty cloud of day;
But when from off the face of heav'n
The fresh'ning northern breeze has driv'n
Dank fogs, whence noxious vapours rise
To taint the lustre of the skies,
The golden orb refulgent breaks,
With radiance new the mountain streaks;
Where sparkling gems, reflecting light,
Unnumber'd dance upon the sight;
While, as returns the vernal gale,
Waving fresh beauties o'er the vale,
Nature, in livelier colours drest,
Smiles o'er the earth supremely blest.

Of thee the winds enamour'd grew,
And kiss'd the blossom as it blew;
Then, sipping off the dew of health,
Strove to destroy its beauteous wealth;
Thus rudely daring to invade
A form they vainly sought to fade:
'Twas then I saw thee, as a flow'r
Which drooping still retains its pow'r.

When o'er her frame Hygeia's breath
Its balm diffus'd, the dart of death,
Doubly envenom'd, she defied;
Though wounded, still no beauty died:
As glowing tints the thorn disclose,
So the new Helen blushing rose;
Or flow'rs, which shed increas'd perfume
When dew-drops glisten on their bloom.

Welcome the gale Hygeia blew,
Which brought returning charms to view!
Ah! far more welcome than the breeze
Which drives yon vessel o'er the seas;
Or wafting thousands to the shore,
Who never thought to reach it more.

Then, oh! how well did she conceal
The pain less beauties would reveal!
How well the contest she sustain'd!
How great the victory obtain'd!
While from the radiance of her eyes
New lightnings flash, new dangers rise;
Beware, for oh! their potent charm!
Where'er they glance they must disarm.

But when, alas! life's spirits die,
And souls to realms ethereal fly,
From the unfathomable deep,
And awful death's sepulchral sleep,

Thou too, on heav'nly wings, from earth
Shall mount to renovated birth,
And bloom again in youthful pride
Where angels live who mortals died.

R. CORT.

Judd-place, East,
Somers Town.

THE BRITISH ROSCIUS.

Non sine diis animosus infans.

HOR.

LO! from the mount prophetic genius cries—
'Arise, young Roscius, mimic hero, rise!'
And as the Muse her vot'ry thus address'd,
She stamp'd with wisdom what her lips express'd.

'Resplendent meteor of the tragic sphere,
'Blaze through the world thy radiant lustre here;
'And widely spread those warm refulgent rays,
'Tipt with the lustre of immortal praise.
'Enthron'd with Thespis, let the infant rule,
'Waving his laurels o'er the scenic school,
'Whilst myriads own what all the age adore,
'His wond'rous knowledge in theatric lore.—
'His graceful mien and youthful looks pourtray
'The glowing dawn of Nature's brightest day:
'His just conception, energetic fire,
'What pen describe, what heart can not admire?
'Whose ev'ry sense, whose ev'ry thought's a mine,
'Rich with pathetic emphasis divine.
'The purest streams which flow from Reason's fount
'Rush through his mind, where chaste ideas mount;
'And floods of pleasing elocution roll,
'That gush with rapture on the ravish'd soul.
'His varied life displays a checker'd scene;—
'A tempest now, and then a calm serene:
'Like an advent'rous ship to Fancy's eye,
'That strikes on sands her pilot can't descry;
'For thus 'tis oft unskilful actors split
'On jutting dangers from the rocky pit!
'But youthful Betty, flow'r of Albion's stage,
'May bid defiance to the critic's rage.—
'Mourning the fate of Denmark's murder'd chief,
'My eyes bore witness to thy filial grief;
'Pourtraying horrors which the spectre caus'd,
'When as it stalk'd thy harrow'd feelings paus'd!
'I heard thee bravely to the vision speak,
'While awful vengeance flush'd thy pallid cheek;
'Looks so descriptive of a frenzied brain,
'Who could conceive they but *dissembled* pain:
'Or who refuse the sympathetic tear
'That view'd thy anguish o'er Ophelia's bier?
'Then, too, in Gloster I acknowledg'd you
'The base original which Shakspeare drew,
'Whether in Norval's or in Achmet's guise,
'In each I saw their noble spirits rise.
'Poor Fred'ric's woe, empassion'd Romeo's fire,
'In thee were present all that thoughts admire.
'Transcendent boy! let not the wand'ring race
'View the sad blight of such celestial grace;
'Pluck'd in its blossom by that gen'rous zeal,
'When they but just its fragrant influence feel:
'Fresh as the bud's expanded beauties new,
'Impearl'd with drops of admiration's dew,
'Dispensing odours, where it rears its head
'The air's perfum'd with stores of incense shed.
'Rear'd by the genial rays of tender care,
'Let the young flow'ret still continue fair:
'Then shall the brilliant page of hist'ry crown
'Eternal records of thy just renown;
'And, while emblazon'd with thy tragic fame,
'Shall through the world immortalise thy *name.*'

R. CORT.

Judd-place, East,
Somers Town.

TO MISS J***** B******.

Written in a Meadow near Hertford, August, 1804.

HAIL, blest retreat! when silence reigns around,
And Nature's harass'd * sons withdraw to rest,
Here will I lull the *anguish* of my breast;
To this lone spot †, where no intrusive sound
Breaks the soft harmony of solitude,
At night's approach, I'll frequently retire,
Nurture my griefs, and o'er my sorrows brood.
Yon solitary star ‡, that cheers the night,
And sheds a radiant glance of twinkling light,
Shall hear the accents of my plaintive lyre!—
Whilst list'ning zephyrs, from the neighb'ring grove,
Shall to my J****a, as they wanton by,
Waft on their balmy wings each *heart-fetch'd sigh*,
And tell the *faithless* maid to what *excess* I love.

S. Y.

THE TEAR.

I TALK'D of the woes of the days that are past—
Of afflictions and trials severe;
How the May-morn of life was with storms overcast,
How the blossoms of Hope were all nipt by the blast;
And Beauty sat list'ning to hear:

Of hardships and dangers, and many a wrong,
And of toils that beset me so near;
Of Treachery's snare, and Ingratitude's tongue;
I told:—and 'twas pleasant the tale to prolong—
For Beauty repaid with a tear.

Ah! soft form of Beauty, that gladdens the soul!
Is aught as thy sympathy dear—
When thy bright-beaming eyes with benignity roll,
When heaves thy full bosom at Pity's controul,
And thy roses are wash'd with a tear?

When dark roll the clouds that o'ershadow our doom,
When toils and when dangers appear;—
When the storm-threat'ning waves all their terrors assume;
Then the sun-beam of Hope that can break through the gloom,
O Beauty! must shine through a tear.

Yes, Beauty—thy tear, that from sympathy flows,
To manhood shall ever be dear;
'Tis the balm of all ill, and the cure of all woes;
And the heart-rankling wounds of remembrance shall close,
That Beauty has wash'd with a tear.

* In allusion to harvest.
† Where love appeared reciprocal.
‡ Venus, the evening star.

LINES

To the Memory of Mrs. Payne, who died after a lingering Illness, July 6, 1804.

By J. M. L.

FAREWELL, respected and lamented friend!
By pale consumption hasten'd to thy end.
Long have thy virtues been by me rever'd,
More by thy friendship to my soul endear'd:
Oft has thy feeling mind and friendly heart
Sigh'd for their fate who wept with sorrow's smart;
Oft, when some friend with illness bow'd his head,
Thy pitying soul pour'd comfort round his bed;
And did some child of misery appear,
Thine was the hand his chilling wants to cheer.
Each tender feeling in thy breast did blend
To form the wife, the mother, and the friend:
In all, your equal conduct was the same—
Spotless as snow, unknown to wrong or blame:
Yet unavailing was each virtuous deed
To snatch thee from the fate that was decreed.
Death, unrelenting, aim'd his awful blow;
Consuming illness came, and laid thee low.
Yet sweet Religion pour'd a constant balm,
And meek-eyed Patience gave a lenient charm;
Blest Resignation reign'd within thy breast,
And cheering Hope could lull thy soul to rest—
Could point the thought, by mild Devotion's ray,
To realms of happiness, and endless day.
These inmates of the mind gave ease to death,
And sooth'd thy soul when fled the flutt'ring breath;
For scarce a sigh escap'd thy placid mien,
Nor were convulsion's racking terrors seen.
Just as an infant sinks to gentle sleep
Thy spirit fled, and left your friends to weep!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, July 30.

THE Russian envoy, count Italinsky, has notified to the Porte, that some thousands of Russian troops were again assembled on the shores of the Black Sea, to embark for Corfu, on board of transports in several divisions; he hoped, therefore, that those ships would meet with protection and assistance, if necessitated to put into any port in the Turkish empire. He further notified to the Porte, that the Russian troops in the Ionian Islands were already become so numerous, that there was not room sufficient for them, and the reinforcements now sending thither; therefore he requested, in the name of his government, that a part of them might be placed in a Turkish province in that vicinity, and it is positively asserted that the Porte has fully consented to it.

Meanwhile the Turkish government has received intelligence, that the number of Russian troops ready for embarkation consists of 12 or 14,000 men; and provision is already made for their maintenance, considerable sums having been remitted from St. Petersburgh to several merchants at Constantinople for that purpose.

So many conferences having been held by the Reis Effendi with the Russian and English envoys, it is confidently thought that the triple alliance between these three powers is renewed, and actually confirmed.

St. Petersburgh, July 31. M. Novosiltzoff is not yet arrived in this city. Our troops are every day more and more in motion. We are even assured that the government has endeavoured to procure transports, but has not been able to find them, because in general so many foreign ships have not arrived this year as usual.

Aug. 14. Since baron Novosiltzoff's return to this place, they speak of nothing but a war with France; and the preparations and marches of troops through this capital and the neighbourhood give much occasion thereto.

Several battalions have already marched out, and the others will follow as soon as the Finland divisions arrive. The regiments of these and the neighbouring province are replaced by the divisions coming from Courland and Livonia. The Horse Guards and the Noble Guards are even said to have received orders for marching. It is not yet known who will have the command in chief. These preparations do not seem to have any influence on the public industry and the grand undertakings, which are continued without interruption.

Riga, Aug. 3. Several regiments of our army are on their march, and some ships of war are fitting out at Cronstadt. There is a talk of some armies, the commanders of which are not however as yet appointed.

The Russian fleet at Cronstadt and Revel, consisting of 18 ships of the line and some frigates, is now cruising in the Baltic.

Genoa, Aug. 15. We learn that the Tyrol is rapidly filling with Austrian troops; and it is considered as rather an extraordinary precaution, that all vessels under the Austrian flag at Leghorn have warped into the road, with the intention of putting to sea, if it should be found necessary.

A letter from Rome states, that up-

wards of seventeen hundred and fifty persons perished in the kingdom of Naples in the late earthquake.—Eleven villages are said to have been entirely destroyed, one of which was transformed into a lake, and another into a volcano. Four thousand houses were more or less damaged in the city of Naples.

Augsburgh, Aug. 17. The last letters from Venice state the amount of the garrison there at 10,000 men. The greatest activity is using in fortifying the Isle of St. George. Orders have been issued to repair as speedily as possible all the forts and places in the Venetian tertitories, as well as those which cover the Venetian passes in the Tyrol and Carniola. The troops in Austrian Italy, as well as the line of posts along the Adige, have been reinforced. At the same time, we hear that the Austrians in the Burgaw have been ordered to march to the Voralberg.

August 27. Accounts received from the Tyrol, of the 24th instant, state, that the districts of Trente, Roveredo, &c. are provided with strong intrenchments, and that the narrow passes of Finsternuntz, Winschgau, &c. are placing in the best state of defence.

Frankfort, August 20. The reports that the republic of Ragusa has again applied to the emperor of Austria, desiring to be incorporated with his states, are revived; but it is generally believed, that the emperor will not comply with that request.

The letters from Vienna of the 8th inst. agree in the following intelligence:—.

'Within the last week six couriers have arrived here from different courts, and several others are dispatched to Paris, St. Petersburgh, and London. The dispatches brought by the former, have occasioned several consultations between the emperor and his ministers, as well as between the count Cobentzel and the ministers of three courts, M. Larochefoucault, count Rasumousky, together with prince Dolgorowsky, and sir A. Paget. The activity of our cabinet induces us to believe, that this is a very critical moment, and that business of the utmost importance is transacting, though it is yet thought that peace will be preserved. Count Stahremberg, Austrian envoy at London, who had requested to be recalled, and whose lady is already arrived at Vienna, has received positive orders to remain at London, where his presence is indispensable.'

We are informed that the elector of Hesse, at the desire of the French envoy, has given notice to the English minister Taylor, that he must quit his dominions.

Sept. 1. Things are assuming a more warlike appearance every day. The camps assembled at Minkensdorf and in Bohemia have now also received orders to break up, and to join the camp at Lintz nearer to the frontier, which will be exceedingly strong; they talk of 80 or 100,000 men. From another quarter we learn that the Russian troops assembled in Poland are marching for Austrian Silesia, Moravia, and Bohemia, where, it is said, they will, in certain cases, go into winter quarters, and cover the Austrian frontier on the side of the Prussian states.

Vienna, August 7. We are assured that the troops distributed in the different provinces will this autumn be collected in several camps. The troops of Bohemia will form a camp near Budureis; those of Upper Austria will encamp on the Weser Heath; and those of Lower Austria occupy a camp near Zorickenderf, to which several corps will repair from Moravia.

There is a general movement among all our regiments. All these military preparations are considered as measures necessary for the maintenance of our neutrality, and necessarily occasion a removal and marching of the troops, and considerable transports.

Frontiers of Turkey, August 8. It is said that a plot was formed against the life of the grand signior, which was to have been executed at Constantinople, but which was discovered by the Russian ambassador Italinsky. It is added, that all the conspirators have been punished with death. Yet there are persons who think that these reports are designedly propagated by the Russians, who are the most anxious to

spread them, and to lessen thereby the distrust entertained of them by the Turks.

Vienna, August 20. Our sovereign has received a letter written with the French emperor's own hand, which has occasioned very important deliberations.

August 21. Lately an Austrian and two French couriers arrived here from Paris, and two couriers from St. Petersburgh.

We learn by letters and travellers from Poland, that the Russian troops on the frontiers of Gallicia continue to increase considerably in number.

Throughout Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia, the harvest turns out most plentiful, and it is computed to produce treble of last year's crops.

The minister of state, count Cobentzel, has communicated the note for resuming the negotiations which were broken off by baron Novosiltzoff, and that which the Imperial envoy at Berlin delivered to the Prussian cabinet on the 5th inst. to all the foreign ministers.

The whole Austrian army is to be on the war establishment by the 1st of September, and a war appears inevitable.

The reports circulated respecting the arrival of 80 or 90,000 Russians on the frontiers of Gallicia are at least premature; since the last letters received at Vienna from Lembrentz make no mention of it, although they have for some weeks announced military preparations in Russian Poland.

It appears that the elector of Bavaria is about to leave Munich for Franconia. His family go along with him, and will take up their residence for some time at Wurtsburgh. It is also said that a change will take place in the Bavarian ministry. Artillery, ammunition, &c. are fast transporting from Munich to Wurtzburgh, where they will be lodged in the citadel of Marienburgh. Nothing is known respecting the cause of this proceeding.

August 24. Our court has received another courier from Paris; and as the preparations for war are continued with redoubled activity since his arrival, it is concluded that the plan of mediation proposed by our court is not accepted by the French emperor.

The preparations become, indeed, more serious every day. Yesterday several officers were sent off to the generals commanding in the different provinces.

The two regiments of archduke Charles and prince Auersberg, which are in our garrison, have received orders to march for Italy on the 26th and 28th of this month; and the officers of the former regiment have, previous to their departure, dined with their commander, the archduke Charles, who will also set off, within ten days, to inspect the various positions of the army. The two regiments will be relieved by Hungarian troops, which are already on their march.

A great number of Russian troops, with a numerous artillery, have already marched through the Buckowina, to the southern frontier of Poland. On the other hand, the French troops in Upper Italy have more concentrated themselves, and are forming three camps, at Bologna, Brescia, and Rivoli.

Stutgard, August 21. The following notice has been published in all the territories of the emperor in Upper Suabia: 'Among the number of camps which have been formed to a greater extent this year than is customary, on account of the introduction of a new mode of excercise in the Austrian and Imperial armies, there shall be one formed in the neighbourhood of Bregentz. In consequence of this order, the sixty-fourth regiment of Tyrolian chasseurs is gone to Bregentz, and a battalion of the regiment of Bender has been detached to Feldkirch.

Some persons affect to say, this camp, as well as most of the others, will break up about the middle of September; while others maintain that the formation of such a number of small camps in the Austrian territories is only a pretext for collecting a large army together, and preparing for hostilities.

August 25. Private letters from Vienna announce, that the camp at Minkendorff will be very extensive.

HOME NEWS.

Whitehall, August 25.

THIS evening, about half past eight o'clock, departed this life at Gloucester-House, after a long illness, his Royal Highness William Henry Duke of Gloucester, to the great grief of their Majesties and all the Royal Family.

The Duke of Gloucester's complaint was a gradual decay in the intestines, which latterly had affected his lungs so materially that he could not speak without extreme pain and difficulty. His illness lasted exactly seven weeks. It was on Friday and Saturday that he felt the most acute pains. For several hours before he died he appeared perfectly composed and resigned, so much so that it was thought several times he was dead. His Highness at length expired without a single groan, nature being completely exhausted. About noon, on Sunday, the Duke, finding his end approaching, beckoned to one of his medical attendants (we believe Mr. Charlton), who immediately leaned on the bed.—His Highness still continued the motion with his fingers. Mr. Charlton inclined his head, when his Highness spoke in a very low tone (the powers of articulation being nearly exhausted). He desired Mr. Charlton to make known that it was his dying request that his body might not be embalmed; and this wish he immediately afterwards repeated to Prince William, who promised it should be complied with.

The melancholy intelligence reached Weymouth at two o'clock on Monday afternoon. The King was in his apartments when Mr. Vincent was introduced. On receiving the account, His Majesty was so very much affected, that he could not ask a single question for a considerable time. The Queen, the Princesses, and the Royal Dukes, were equally affected.

September 4. The funeral of the late Duke of Gloucester took place this day. His Royal Highness's remains were, according to a wish he had expressed; conveyed to Windsor, though it had been at first ordered that he should be buried at Westminster, and the fitting up of the Abbey had actually been begun.

About half past nine o'clock in the morning, the hearse, drawn by eight black horses, without any equipment whatever drove in to the Court-yard of Gloucester-House. On enquiry we learnt, that, owing to the shortness of the notice, it was found impossible to get the painted escutcheons ready. This circumstance was intimated to the Lord Chamberlain on Tuesday last; when Mr. France, the undertaker, was ordered to proceed without them.—About 10 o'clock, 9 mourning coaches and 6 horses arrived in the same state of equipment as the hearse, namely, without escutcheons. The late Duke's state coach, and three private carriages belonging to the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Kent, followed. The procession began to move at a quarter before eleven o'clock, when colonel White, who commanded the 2d battalion of the Guards, gave the word for the drums and fifes to play the 104th Psalm.

The bands were divided; one half played in the Court-yard, whilst the other was stationed at the upper end

of Grosvenor-street, in Park-lane. The military music had a very grand and sublime effect. It produced that solemnity and respectful awe in the assembled multitude which it was so well calculated to inspire. The procession was detained about ten minutes, owing to two of the horses next the wheel ones becoming restive. It was found necessary to unharness them, to suffer the hearse to proceed with six horses only. The order was as follow:

1. Mr. France the Undertaker, and five Mutes on horseback.
2. The party of the 4th Light Dragoons, two and two.
3. Mourning Coach, with six Footmen in State Liveries.
4. Do. four Officers of the Household.
5. Do. four Pages.
6. Do. four Grooms.
7. Do. four Gentlemen Porters.
8. Do. Do.
9. Do. four Chaplains.
10. Do. the Duke's Aide-de-camp, and the Herald at Arms.
11. Do. Four Physicians.
12. Party of Light Horse.
13. Mutes.
14. Hearse, with the Body, drawn by six horses, and attended by a Party of Light Horse, two and two.
15. State Coach, with Mr. Vincent, his Secretary, with the Ducal Crown and Cushion; three Footmen in State Liveries behind.
16. Duke of York's Carriage, with six greys; three Servants in rich State Liveries behind.
17. Duke of Clarence's Coach, drawn by six bay horses; two Footmen in State Liveries.
18 and 19. The Duke of Kent and present Duke of Gloucester's Carriages, with two Footmen, each in State Liveries.
20. Duke of Gloucester's Volunteers, drums muffled, beating the dead march, followed by the whole Corps, two and two, with arms reversed.
21. Prince William of Gloucester's Volunteers, in close order.

The band of the Coldstream Regiment of Guards was placed at the corner of Grosvenor-street, and played a part of the 119th Psalm. The regiment presented arms until the whole had passed. The two regiments that composed the funeral guard also presented arms as the procession passed, while their bands played a solemn march. After the procession had passed by them, they formed in small sections, and with their arms reversed followed the procession (their bands playing all the way a dead march) until they passed through Kensington, when they took their leave.

The procession passed through Hammersmith, with no other ceremony than the bell tolling.

On their arrival at Brentford, the Volunteers of that town, Egham, and Acton, were assembled at its entrance, opposite Kew-bridge, and received the procession with presented arms, drums beating a dead march, &c. After it had passed, they formed sections, reversed their arms, and followed in the rear to the other side of the town.

As they passed through Hounslow, the village bell tolled, as did the bell at Bedfont, and all the bells of the other small villages, until they arrived at Windsor.

The procession entered the town of Windsor at half past five in the evening (which was an hour sooner than it was expected), by the entrance from Egham. It was preceded and escorted by a considerable body of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), who had left Windsor about an hour before, to meet the procession on the Egham road. In all respects, the arrangements was the same as at leaving Gloucester-House, excepting the substitution of the Horse Guards for the Foot Guards and Dragoons, and the two corps of Volunteers. It immediately proceeded to the Upper Castle-yard, where the attendants alighted; and the body was received, with due form, at the grand entrance of the state apartments, carried up the great staircase, and placed in the Queen's Audience-Chamber. In this apartment, the coffin, with the pall, coronet, and cushion, &c. were exhibited to a number of spectators, previous to the funeral, much in the same manner as at Gloucester-House on Tuesday last. The apartment behind the grand staircase, and which is used by His Majesty

as a dining-parlour, was decorated with escutcheons and wax-lights, and was occupied by the servants, who, as well as the other servants of the Royal Family, appeared in their state liveries. Soon after eight o'clock all strangers were excluded from the Castle, and the preparations for the procession from the castle to St. George's Chapel commenced. His Highness Prince William Frederick, now Duke of Gloucester, had arrived some time before, in his private post-chariot and four. The funeral procession set out at nearly half-past nine o'clock, from the Queen's Audience-Chamber down the grand staircase, and from thence down the Lower Castle Yard, to the south entrance of St. George's Chapel. The staircase and the side aisles of the new hall, and the whole of the route to the Chapel through the Courts were lined by the Horse Guards (Blues) dismounted. The procession commenced by the Pages, Physicians, Chaplains, Secretary, Comptroller of the Household, Treasurer of the Household, &c. of his late Royal Highness, all in deep mourning. After them, preceded by a Herald at Arms, came the Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, in mourning, wearing the order of the Garter. Then followed a Herald at Arms, representing *Clarencieux*, King at Arms, and carrying the royal Ducal Coronet of the deceased Prince on a black velvet cushion, with his Royal Highness's escutcheons. The Body was next carried by soldiers of the Foot Guards, covered with the velvet pall, ornamented with achievements. The state, or canopy of black velvet, supported by eight pillars, was carried by eight General Officers, in their full dress court uniforms, with their crapes in their hats and on their arms; some Gentlemen of the Duke of Gloucester's household, and soldiers of the Foot Guards, walked on each side. Garter King at Arms, represented by his deputy, Norroy King at Arms, walked immediately after the Body, attended by two Gentlemen Ushers. After Garter, came his Highness Prince William Frederick, in his character of chief mourner. His Highness was dressed in deep mourning, with a very long black cloak: his train was supported by a gentleman of his Household. The Prince was followed by Lord Walsingham, and several General Officers; a Gentlemen Usher, and the Grooms of the late Duke's Bed-chamber, closing the whole. The procession moved very slowly, and with great solemnity, so that half an hour elapsed before it entered the Chapel of St. George. It was accompanied by solemn and mournful music, the trumpets and kettle-drums of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) being all muffled with crape. Each of the soldiers who lined the path held in his hand a large torch, which sufficiently lighted the way.—On entering the chapel, the procession was preceded down the south and up the centre aisle, to the choir, by the Poor Knights of Windsor, the whole of the clergy, with the dean of Windsor, and the choir, which was very numerous. The body being placed in the centre of the choir, under the canopy, his Highness, the chief mourner, took his seat on a chair opposite the head of the coffin; and when the body was about to be interred he came to the head of the grave, and stood on the left hand of the dean (the Rev. Dr. Legge), who read the service, the anthems being chaunted by the choir. On the conclusion of the ceremony, his Highness and the dean bowed twice to each other, and the Prince retired. During the whole of the service he was most visibly affected, and his appearance excited general sympathy, and a profound respect for his character, in the bright example he afforded of attention to filial duties. A numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen (especially military officers) were in the choir. The service concluded at eleven.

The Duke was buried in the grave which contains the remains of his daughter: her Highness's coffin was shown in the morning, in the tomb, in very good preservation. After the interment, the domestic servants of the Duke of Gloucester assembled round the grave, and remained there till the

choir was emptied, taking the last farewell of their respected Royal Master, with strong emotions of attachment to his memory.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 30. The lady of C. Walmesley, esq. of the Royal Crescent, Bath, of a son.

31. In Hill-street, the lady of Wm. Baker, esq. M.P. of a still-born child.

At Bellevue, the lady of G. Ward, esq. of a son.

September 1. At Cowes, Isle of Wight, the lady of John Ward, esq. collector of his majesty's customs, of a son.

3. At Richmond, the wife of T. Cadell, esq. of a daughter.

5. At Morvill-house, the lady of Cuthbert Johnson, esq. of a daughter.

In Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the lady of H. Hulton, esq. of a son.

At Langham-hall, in the county of Suffolk, the right hon. lady Charlotte Goold, of a son.

7. At Clare-house, in Kent, the lady of John Larking, esq. of a son.

17. At Repton, in Derbyshire, Mrs. Kahrs, of Judd-place East, Somers-Town, of a daughter.

18. The lady of William Fortescue, esq. of Writtle, Essex, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

August 25. At Abbey-church, near Clonmell, by the rev. the dean of Clogher, lieutenant-general sir Eyre Coote, K.B. and M. P. Queen's county, to miss Bagwell, daughter to colonel Bagwell, of Marlfield, M. P. for the county of Tipperary.

26. At Whitchurch, Oxon, the rev. Edward Vansittart, second son of Geo. Vansittart, esq. M. P. for Berks, to miss Gardiner, daughter of Samuel Gardiner, esq. Combe Lodge.

27. Wm. Payne, esq. of Kensington-square, to miss Verrall, only daughter of Henry Verrall, esq. of Potton, Bedfordshire.

At Swaffham, Norfolk, W. H. C. Benejet, esq. of the royal artillery, to miss Nelson, daughter of the late rev. William Nelson, of Fransham, same county.

At Tracton church, county Cork, Wm. Baker, jun. esq. of Lismacue, county Tipperary, to miss Roberts, youngest daughter of sir T. Roberts, of Britfieldstown, county Cork, bart.

28. At Buckingham, John Joseph Stockdale, son of John Stockdale, esq. of Piccadilly, to miss Sophia Milligan, of Buckingham.

T. Tylee, esq. son of J. Tylee, esq. banker, of Devizes, to Mrs. Cohan, daughter of William Salmon, esq. of that place.

At Wraxhall, Wm. Wroughton Salmon, esq. only son of William Salmon, esq. of Devizes, to miss Clutterbuck, daughter of D. Clutterbuck, esq. of Bradford-Leigh.

At Ufford, Suffolk, William Talbot Morton, esq. third royal Lancashire, to miss Catherine Manning, late of Haughley, Suffolk.

30. Mr. J. Marquet, of Tufton-street, Westminster, to miss Sale, daughter of J. Sale, esq. of Arundel-street, Strand.

At Sculcoates, Yorkshire, lieutenant Lennon, of the 15th foot, and son of the late major Lennon, of the 6th carbineers, to miss Varley.

September 1. At Tunstall, in Kent, Henry Dickinson, esq. of the East-India buildings, London, to miss Bradley, daughter of Andrew Hawes Bradley, esq. of Gore-court, Sittingbourne.

At King's Norton, in the county of Worcester, Mr. George Palmer, of St. James's-street, to miss Mary-Ann Gill, of Balsall Heath, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Gill, esq. of Birmingham.

At Doncaster, Nath. Bryan Hodgson, of Brafferton-hall, in the north-riding of Yorkshire, to miss Jemima Eleonora Sowerby, youngest daughter of major-general Sowerby, of Doncaster.

4. At the Quaker's meeting, in Poole, Joseph Pike, esq. of Bridport, aged 72, to miss Mary Manning, late of Exeter, aged 42 years.

5. At St. Cuthbert's, T. R. Peacock, esq. of Thorp Arch, to miss E. Hotham, of York.

At the old church, Halifax, W. Elwell, esq. of Shelf iron-works, near Bradford, to miss Sutcliffe, daughter of Richard Sutcliffe, esq. of Washer-lane, near Halifax.

7. At Knaresborough, in Yorkhsire, the rev. H. Coles, of Horrington, near Grantham, Lincolnshire, to miss Oliver, of Wigmore-street, London.

9. At Lambeth, G. Roots, esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, to miss Sarah Price, youngest daughter of the late captain Thomas Price, of the hon. East-India Company's service.

17. At Lainshaw, the right hon. lord Ashburton, to miss Ann Cuninghame, daughter of the late W. Cuninghame, esq. of Lainshaw.

18. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Ross Mahon, esq. of Castlebar, in the county of Galway, Ireland, to miss Diana Baber, daughter of Edward Baber, esq. in Park-street, Grosvenor-square.

At St. George the Martyr, Queen-square, Amos Strettell, esq. of Baglan-house, Glamorgan, to miss Harriet Utterson, of Marwell-hall, in the county of Southampton.

DEATHS.

August 24. At Hull, aged 37, lieut. Thomas Lane, of the royal navy, and late of the Charles armed ship.

Suddenly, in Luke-street, Dublin, Mr. John Galbraith, bookseller.

At Pensthorpe, near Fakenham, in Norfolk, in the 63d year of his age, Mr. Hamond Gwyn.

At his house at Finchley, after a lingering illness, Robert Jennings, esq. chief clerk to lord Grenville, auditor of his majesty's exchequer.

25. At the Manse of Inveresk, the rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, minister of that parish, in the 84th year of his age, and the 58th of his ministry.

28. At Friern-Court Farm, Peckham-Rye, Surrey, Henry Thomas Jones, esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square.

At his residence in the Hay-market, Mr. Bichi Lolli, an eminent professor of music.

29. After a very short illness, at his apartments, South-street, South Audley-street, Hugh Frazer, esq.

September 1. At Dulwich, Thomas Skottowe, esq. eldest son of the late Augustin Skottowe, of Great Ayton, in Yorkshire.

At his house at Islington, George Roadley, esq. in the 79th year of his age.

At his lodgings in Great Portland-street, Edward Fitzgerald, of New-Park, in the county of Wexford, esq.

The lady of Dr. Taylor, of Reading.

3. At his seat, at Hoveton St. John, in the 80th year of his age, John Blofield, esq. a deputy lieutenant and more than 46 years an acting magistrate for the county of Norfolk.

In the North Main-street, Cork, Mr. Ephraim White, aged 81 years, many years a respectable grocer in that city.

At Southill, Somersetshire, Mrs. Strode, wife of colonel Strode, of the loyal Bath volunteers, and daughter of the late sir Henry Parker, of Warwickshire, bart.

At house in London-street, Fitzroy-square, captain John Stukely Somerset, of the royal navy.

8. At her mother's house, in Paternoster-row, Cheapside, Mrs. Moore, wife of Mr. Francis Moore, of Apothecaries-hall.

9. Joseph Robley, esq. late of the island of Tobago, at the house of John Robley, esq. Russell-square.

At Bodmin, lieutenant Wills, of the royal navy.

At Poole, at an advanced age, Thomas Street, esq. merchant, and alderman of that corporation.

10. Captain Francis Martin, barrack-master, at Deal.

At Derby, Mrs. Archdall, wife of Richard Archdall, esq. M. P.

At Southgate, aged 18, after a severe illness, miss Maria H. Smith, daughter of Mr. George Smith, of Finsbury-Terrace.

At her father's house, Mrs. Winter, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Miller, of Ilford, in Essex.

12. At Coventry, after a few days illness, Robert Reynolds, jun. esq. of Wood-street, Cheapside.

13. At Greenwich, after a tedious illness, in the 24th year of his age, Mr. Henry Martyr, fourth son of Mr. Richard Martyr, builder, of that place.

18. Miss Elizabeth Rymell, the only sister of Mrs. Sampson, of Harley-street.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Account of the Monument erected to the Memory of the late Lord Dacre, 507
2 Account of the new grand Melodrame, called Rugantino, or the Bravo of Venice, 509
3 The Moral Zoologist, 510
4 Romance of the Pyrenées, 513
5 Serious Reflections, addressed to unmarried Women, 529
6 Directions for forming a Winter Garden, 531
7 London and Parisian Fashions, 536
8 How to shorten a Story, 536
9 Dalidor and Mulce—A Moral Tale, 541
10 The Angler, 548
11 Anecdote of the King and Queen of Prussia, 548
12 Poetical Essays.—Song; to Maria—On Content—The Farewell—To Belinda—Modesty—The Forsaken Swain—Lines addressed to Mr. Coote—Address to the Heart's-ease—Epitaph—The Cottage—The Kiss 549—552
13 Foreign News, 553
14 Home News, 556
15 Births, 559
16 Marriages, 559
17 Deaths, 560

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 Mausoleum of the late Lord Dacre, in Lee Church-yard, Kent.
2 London Walking and full Dress.
3 Matilda defying the violence of Don Manuel.
4 New and elegant Patterns for a Habit Shirt Collar, and a Joining.
5 A new and elegant Pattern for a Handkerchief.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

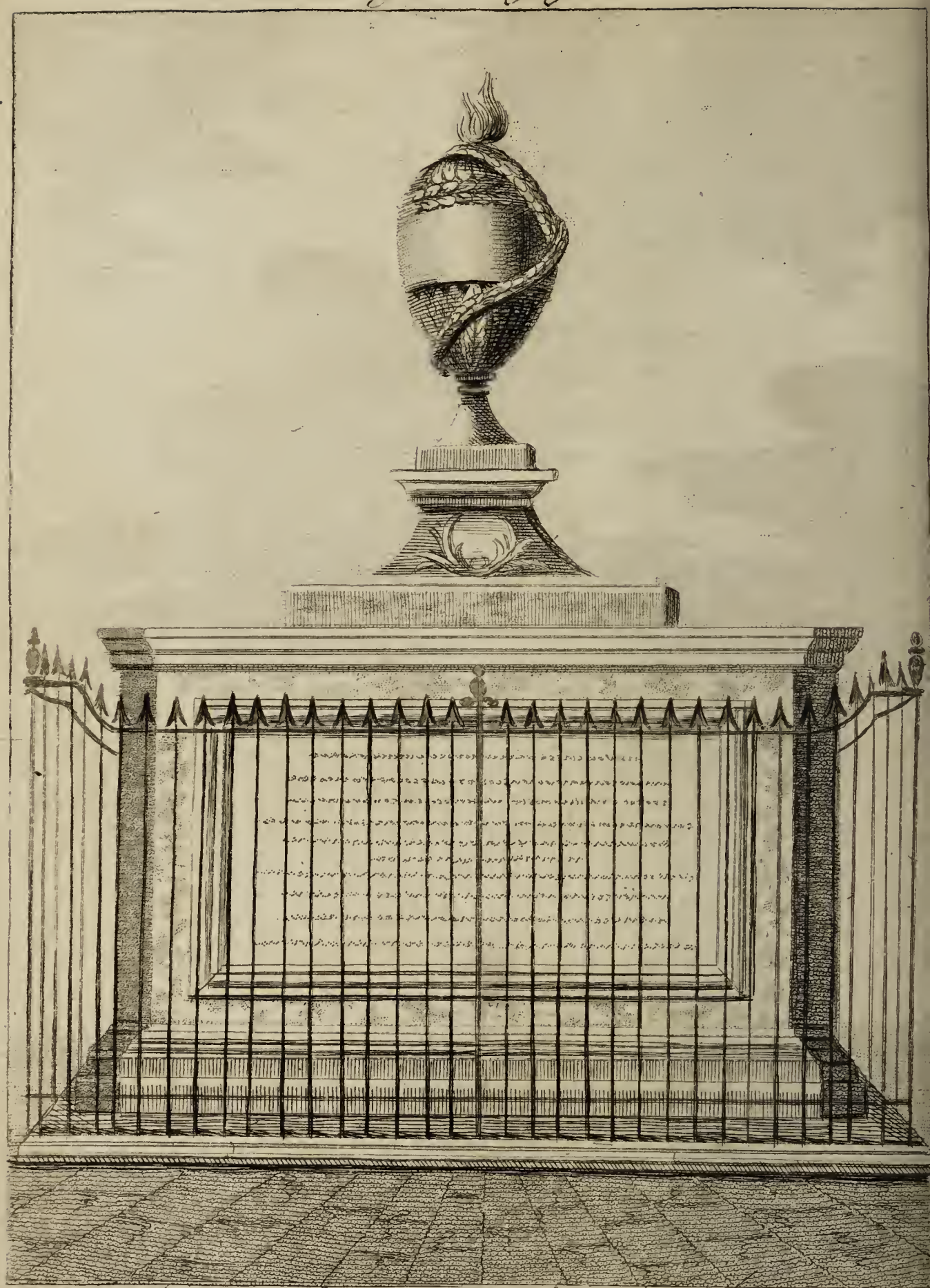
In compliance with the wishes of several of our Fair Readers, we have this month omitted giving a *Song;* and in its stead presented them with *an additional Patern,* which, from its novelty and taste, we presume will be more acceptable.

S. F. is respectfully informed that her request, that we would give a pattern for a fire-screen, shall be complied with; either next month or the following.

We are of opinion with G. N. that his intended piece *(The Mameluke)*, will be begun with most propriety in January, when we hope that we shall hear from him. We shall attend to his address.

Clementina's Essay is intended for insertion.

The contributions of Leander, H. C. and J. K—n, require revision.



Prattent delet

Mausoleum of the late Lord Dacre.
in Lee Church Yard Kent.

Publish'd by G. Robinson.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For OCTOBER, 1805.

ACCOUNT *of the* MONUMENT *erected to the* MEMORY *of the late Lord* DACRE, *at* LEE, *in* KENT.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IN the church-yard of the village of Lee, in Kent, are deposited the remains of the right hon. Charles Roper baron Dacre, who is presented to the memory by more powerful ties upon it than his wealth or titles, or the common tradition of his having been born on one day, and having died on another.—'Suffer me to lead you,' says Mr. Pratt, 'with consecrating steps to what better separates him from the surrounding and oblivious mass of mortality. You will, I trust, read the whole of the inscription engraven on his tomb; meanwhile I shall offer you a partial extract.

'His afflicted widow, as a testi-'mony of their distinguished and 'unclouded union for upwards of 'twenty years, their unexampled 'happiness, and of the unbounded 'confidence in which they lived, and 'as a sincere token of her real gra-'titude for his uniform endearing 'affection and particular generosity, 'her deep-felt sorrow and tenderest 'remembrance, has erected this un-'adorned monument, and herself 'inscribed those well-known truths 'to his beloved memory, accounting 'them more consonant to the purity 'of his life, his mild disposition, his 'miable temper, and genuine cha-'racter.'—This conjugal tribute then proceeds in the same strain, and closes with the mourner's assurance that she submits with pious faith to the will of her God, and trusts in the same intercession to his mercy, with the brightest hopes of lasting re-union in eternal bliss.

'In the spirit of this attachment she has acted ever since the æra of her loss to the present hour, and will probably continue so to deport herself to the latest of her life, at least while the power is given her to walk, or to be conveyed to the sacred spot where she has enshrined her heart.

'Lady Dacre has been in the practice of visiting the grave of her husband since the time of his burial; in truth, almost daily. As she chiefly resides at her villa in this parish, the precincts of the tomb are kept sacred from every profanity both of ill accident or malicious design, indeed, from the elements of heaven, which she will literally not suffer to visit the grave too roughly.—While I was

making these remarks with my pencil, I observed the lady who had called them forth coming towards the church-yard with hasty and anxious steps, which, on perceiving I was seated on the stile, she directed to a small gate and found it locked, and seemed much disappointed. Unwilling to interrupt her pious purpose, I quitted the stile; when, bending in acknowledgment, she passed into the church-yard, but was again diverted from her purpose. A party of people, it being Sunday, were hasting to the tomb in order to read, as I had done, its inscription. The throng increasing by the entrance of some additional company, her ladyship went back into the road, where she remained walking backwards and forwards in view of the church-yard till the intruders had left it, when returning to the spot from which she had been so long withheld she redoubled her attention, and I saw her while I stood aloof (myself unseen) kneel in reverence at the foot of the grave. After remaining some time, I presume in prayer, she went back to the villa, where in his life-time she had so long been blessed in the society of him whose loss she now bewails.

'Hallowed be the tender and generous fortitude, and sacred be the pious griefs that are superior to and that resist all the ribald jests and insults that a reverence for natural impression induces!—And as to the MOURNER who gave occasion to those remarks, if there should be any person disposed to scoff at or disbelieve the faithful sentiment that has long conducted HER to the place where most things are forgotten—the maosins of the dead—let them condescend to imitate her bounty to the living; let their characters emulate HERS; and if, by the kinder allotment of Providence (if we dare to call it kinder), they have no relative or friend in the grave to lament, if they have none of her misery, let them be animated by the spirit of her benevolence. In this there can be no mockery: it is an active spirit, that literally goes about to do good; of which as it is no less difficult to make the doubters of sorrow, and of the affection on which it is founded, believe that it can continue its duties after its object has been long mingled with the dust, in the manner in which they are cherished by lady Dacre, than to credit that benevolence may be powerful as love, even in a bosom where sorrow has established a throne, let the whole neighbourhood of *Lee* lend vigour to their faith, even if it cannot animate their virtue.'

A character of this lady appeared in the third volume of Evidences to the Pretensions of Vortigern and Rowena*, a poetic mock trial, in which, pleasantly assuming the quaintness so frequently exhibited in the language and spirit of Shakespeare, and with so much grace and beauty, that we are half in doubt whether to pronounce them happy imitations, or to believe the author had discovered those treasures so long pretended to have been found by Mr. Ireland.

---

* 'LADY DACRE.

'No morne or eve, when twilight calmlie rules,
'But Elda, mantled in her sable stole,
'Walkes forthe to seek deathes consecrated shade:
'There on the monumental buste she leanes;
'And, mid her onlie luxurie in woe,
'Reades virtues appertaining to her lorde,
'Which the colde hand of sculpture could not trace,
'So left for purer recorde on her mind.'

GENUINE.

They were first given gradually in one of our daily prints call The Morning Herald.

The care of this tomb was undertaken by the valet of the deceased, upon the principles of unbought attachment to the memory of his noble master; under the sanction of his lady, who had the heart-felt satisfaction to perceive her wishes—that the sacred structure should be kept unsullied——accomplished by this faithful domestic, who has continued uniformly attentive, defying all seasons and circumstances; and even when the whole village appeared to be lost in snow this interesting object of his own care was never suffered to feel the weight of more than must inevitably collect in the few hours that suspended his visits.

Some time since our daily papers contained an account of some miscreant stopping and robbing lady Dacre, in her pious visit to the mausoleum of her deceased lord.

ACCOUNT *of the new grand* MELODRAME *called* RUGANTINO; OR, THE BRAVO OF VENICE: *first performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Friday, Oct.* 18.

THIS piece is from the pen of Mr. Lewis, the author of the novel entitled The Monk; the music is by Dr. Busby.

The outline of the plot is as follows:—*Sperozi*, the lover of *Rosabella*, the *Duke of Venice*'s daughter, having been rejected by her, he resolves to have her murdered; and with that view hires the bravo *Rugantino* to assassinate her at the shrine of St. Rosa. The princess, attended by priests, enters the chapel, and while she is at her meditations the *bravo* appears disguised as a poor beggar: he draws his dagger, and *Sperozi* urging him to complete the crime, he stabs him, and saves the princess. She is alarmed when she hears that he is *Rugantino*, at whose name all Venice trembles. The *Duke* offers a reward for his head. In the mean time he enters the *Duke*'s chamber by a secret door, dares his power, and boldly demands his daughter. The *Duke* calls his guards; but the *bravo* extinguishes the light, and escapes unperceived. *Rugantino* has, previous to this, been elected chief of a band of conspirators, whose object was to murder the *Duke* and overthrow the government. The attempt of the *bravo* induces the *Duke* to hasten his daughter's marriage with the *Prince of Milan*. She, however, is secretly in love with a youth of the name of *Floriardo*, with whom she has an interview, previous to which the *Prince of Milan* has also been assassinated by the *bravo*. The *Duke* discovers *Rosabella* and *Floriardo* together, and consents to their union, upon condition that he brings him *Rugantino* alive or dead. There are various other assassinations supposed to have been committed, but what we have mentioned are the principal. A masque is prepared in honour of the princess's birth-day, and the conspirators agree to carry their design into execution in the midst of the festivals. The splendour of this part of the entertainment is beyond description. On the scenery, dresses, &c. immense sums must have been bestowed. The masques successively enter, in the characters of the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology. When they have all made their appearance, *Floriardo* comes forward, having engaged to produce the *bravo* within an hour. He retires, and, changing his dress, discovers himself to be the identical *Rugantino*. The *Duke* orders him to the scaffold, but he claims the fulfilment of his oath to give him his daughter. The *Duke* declares such an oath not binding, and orders him

to be seized:—the princess *Rosabella* falls at her father's feet, and begs his life, declaring she still loves him. *Rugantino* immediately throws off his disguise, and is found to be no other than the *Prince of Milan.* He states that he had assumed his different characters to prove the love of the princess. He points out the conspirators to the *Duke*, and the piece concludes with the union of the *Prince* and *Rosabella.*

The chief recommendations of the piece are the splendour of its scenery, the pomp of its processions, and the richness of its decorations, than which we have rarely witnessed any thing more splendid and effective. The views of Venice and its environs are exceedingly fine; and nothing can be more beautiful than that of the duke's bed-chamber at the close of the first act, the rich crimson satin drapery of which is executed in a most masterly style. The religious pomp, both Christian and Pagan, is very finely and characteristically displayed; and the processions, in one of which all the heathen deities are represented, are managed with the utmost propriety and effect. The acting, in general, was very good Mr. H. Johnston, as the hero of the piece, played extremely well, and was most favourably received on his return to the stage; and Mrs. Gibbs, as the heroine (in the absence of Mrs. H. Johnston), acquitted herself with considerable effect. In ascending the clouds, in the concluding scene, the car was so unsteady as greatly to frighten her; and, to say the truth, her situation appeared for some time most fearful. H. Johnston on this occasion paid a commendable attention to her, and frequently encouraged her by shaking her hand.

The Overture, consisting of three movements, the first of which is finely broken and diversified by a soft oboe strain, most tenderly executed by Parke, exhibits a bold and florid fancy; and by not resorting to intricate modulation, or the deeper recesses of science, produces the very effect evidently intended by the composer —that of variety, simplicity, and grandeur. In the music illustrative of the drama, Dr. Busby has acquitted himself with particular felicity. Nothing could be more characteristic than the movement accompanying the gondola, or more solemn and interesting than that of the chapel scene. The *pastorale* with which the second act commences is as sweet as analogous and original; and the marine music in the masque, as well as that of the dances, is happily imagined and judiciously variegated.—The piece, on the whole, was extremely well received, and announced for repetition amidst the reiterated plaudits of a crowded and elegant audience. The expence attending the getting up of this drama must have been very great; but we have no doubt of the liberality of the manager being amply rewarded by the attraction of the piece.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

LETTER XVI.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady L——.

I SHALL now proceed, following very nearly the Linnæan arrangement, from a bird of which many fabulous accounts have been given, to another whose history has been almost as much the subject of extravagant invention; I mean

THE CUCKOO.

THE note of this bird is sufficiently known to every one, but its history and habits are in many respects involved in obscurity. The fables which once were currently believed respecting this bird—such as that it devours its parent, that it changes its nature with the season, and becomes a sparrow-hawk —are now sufficiently exploded. But where it resides in winter, or how it provides for its supply during that season, still continues undiscovered.

This singular bird, which is somewhat less than a pigeon, shaped like a magpie, and of a greyish colour, is distinguished from all other birds by its round prominent nostrils. After having disappeared during the whole winter, it discovers itself in this country in the spring by its well-known call. Its note is heard earlier or later as the season appears to be more or less forward, and the weather more or less inviting. From the cheerful note of this bird the farmer may be instructed in the real advancement of the year. The fallibility of human calendars is but too well known; but from this bird's note the husbandman may be taught when to sow his most useful seeds, and to do such work as depends on a certain temperature of the air.

The cuckoo is silent for some time after its first appearance, and begins at first feebly, and at very distant intervals, to give its call, which as the summer advances increases both in frequency and loudness. This is an invitation to courtship, and used only by the male, who generally sits perched upon some dead tree or bare bough, and continually repeats his song, if such it may be called, but loses it when the genial season is over. His note is pleasant, though uniform, and, from an association of ideas, seldom occurs to the memory without reminding us of the pleasantness of summer. Custom has also affixed a ludicrous association to this note, which seems to arise from this bird's making use of the nest of another to deposit its own brood in.

However this may be, nothing is more certain than that the female makes no nest of her own. For that purpose she repairs to the nest of some other bird, generally the water-wagtail or hedge-sparrow, and having devoured the eggs of the owner, lays her own in their place. She usually lays but one, which is speckled, and of the size of that of a blackbird. This the fond foolish bird hatches with great assiduity, and when the young one is excluded finds no difference in the great ill-looking changeling from her own. To supply this voracious creature, the credulous nurse toils with unusual labour, not in the least sensible that she is nursing and feeding an enemy to her race, and one of the most destructive robbers of her future progeny.

The young cuckoo is of a brownish colour, mixed with black; and when fledged and capable of flight it follows its supposed parent only for a little time, as, its appetite for insect-food increasing, it finds no great chance of a supply in following its little instructor. It therefore parts, but in good friendship; the step-child seldom offering any violence to the nurse. All the little birds of the neighbourhood, however, seem to consider the young cuckoo as an enemy, and revenge the cause of their race by repeated insults. They pursue it wherever it flies, and oblige it to take shelter in the thickest branches of the first tree it can find. All the smaller birds

are active in this pursuit; but the wryneck, in particular, is found the most active in the chace, and from that circumstance it has, oddly enough, been called by many the cuckoo's attendant and provider. But it is very far from following as a friend; it only pursues as an enemy, or at least an insulter.

The lower part of the body of the cuckoo is of a yellowish colour, with black transverse lines under the throat. The top of the breast, the head, the upper part of the body, and the wings, are beautifully marked with tawny and black transparent stripes, and on the top of the head are a few white spots. The nostrils on the surface of the bill, as has been before observed, are round and prominent, and alone distinguish it from all other birds. The legs are feathered down to the very feet.

The plumage of the cuckoo is, however, very subject to vary in different individuals. With respect to the distinction between the male and female, Dr. Derham says, that in the latter the neck is variegated with rusty, and the upper side of the body is of a darker cast; that the wings also are of a rusty hue, and the eyes not so yellow. According to other observers, the plumage of the male is always darker than that of the female; but the variation is so great that no certain discrimination can be drawn.

This bird at the approach of winter entirely disappears, and its passage can be traced to no other country. Some suppose that it lies hid in hollow trees, and others that it passes into warmer climates. Which of these opinions is true is very uncertain, as there are no facts related on either side that can be totally relied on. To support the opinion that they remain torpid during the winter at home, Willughby introduces the following story, which he delivers upon the credit of another.—'The servants of a gentleman in the country having stocked up in one of their meadows some old dry rotten willows, thought proper, on a certain occasion, to carry them home. In heating a stove, two logs of this timber were put into the furnace beneath, and fire applied as usual: but soon, to the great surprise of the family, was heard the voice of the cuckoo, singing three times from under the stove. Wondering at so extraordinary a cry in winter-time, the servants ran and drew the willow logs from the furnace, and in the midst of one of them saw something move; wherefore, taking an ax, they opened the hole, and, thrusting in their hands, first they plucked out nothing but feathers: afterwards they got hold of a living animal; and this was the cuckoo, that had waked so very opportunely for its own safety.'——'It was, indeed,' continues our naturalist, 'brisk and lively, but wholly naked and bare of feathers, and without any winter provision in its hole. This cuckoo the boys kept two years afterwards alive in the stove; but whether it repaid them with a second song the author of the story has not thought fit to inform us.'

The most probable opinion on this subject is, that as quails and woodcocks shift their habitation in winter, so also does the cuckoo; but to what country it retires, or whether it has ever been seen on its journey, are questions that we are totally incapable of resolving.

(To be continued.)

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 472.)

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE prolixity of Octavia's narrative retarded its termination to a late hour; and as her auditors had undergone much bodily and mental fatigue during the last twenty-four hours, they, soon after she concluded, retired to their different apartments; —our heroine and Octavia occupying the chamber of Sebastian; Teresa and a female captive that of Theodore; while Diego and Thomas made beds for themselves in the library, close to the door of Sebastian's study, that they might protect through the night her whom they both considered themselves bound to guard from every danger, even at the hazard of their lives.

Seignora Octavia's disposition was of that firm cast that would not suffer itself to be agitated by excess of sensibility: her passions were, unless violently attacked by grief, ever in strict discipline, and in obedience to the regularity of her mental arrangements: she felt not with acuteness, destructive to repose, the sudden transition from despair to happiness. Her mind now calm in the sweet sunshine of restored tranquillity, she, after a pious thanksgiving to Heaven for its late mercy vouchsafed to her, sunk into a profound sleep, full of pure but serene joy, in the soothing hope of soon beholding her beloved husband and children; while our agitated heroine, a prey to agonising uncertainty and apprehension for the fate of him dearer to her than her own existence, sought not her pillow, where she knew sleep, however wooed, would not 'weigh her eyelids down,' or 'steep her senses in forgetfulness.' But in all her sorrows and perplexities, her thoughts flew up to Heaven for counsel and protection. Now, therefore, unseen by mortal eye, she supplicated for the aid of her Creator in her present anxious undertaking, and fervently implored his divine protection for Urbino and Sebastian. Time flew unheeded in this her serious employment, until the castle clock tolling the hour of one roused her from her knees, with the recollection of her promise to the mysterious inquisitor.

It was now the dead of night, but he had appointed no place or hour for meeting. Urbino might fall a victim to this unpardonable neglect. Victoria's soul sickened with torturing apprehension, and she instantly resolved to explore the library, where she knew not Diego and Thomas were keeping vigil, with a hope of meeting the inquisitor.

'And should you meet him, will you dare to venture alone with him, all mystery as he is?' whispered trembling fear.

'Whilst the shadow of a hope exists of my finding Urbino, I would dare to venture in quest of him, even with villany confessed,' answered her throbbing heart, glowing with animated gratitude and affection: but her frame shivered with the nervous chill of apprehension and fatigue; which, with the extreme cold of the night, induced her to wrap herself up closely in the sacerdotal habit she wore: and, taking a light, she softly opened the door into Sebastian's study, and beheld the inquisitor seated at a table there, with a lantern and basket lying by him. On seeing Victoria, he arose and approached her.

'I almost despaired of your coming,' said he in a cautious whisper.

'You appointed no hour or place for meeting,' Victoria faltering replied; dismayed at the time, the place, the mystery of this meeting; with the inquisitor wearing his hood, overshadowing his face so much as to preclude all possibility of catching the smallest glimpse of his countenance.

'Your coming at all,' said the incognito, 'discovers that intrepidity in you which I hoped to find. But dare you, lady Victoria, at this hour, and unknown to you as I am, dare you venture alone with me, upon an enterprise that must expose you to many horrors, and possibly dangers? although I am, as you see, well armed to defend us both (here, throwing open his robe, he showed pistols fixed in his belt). This scheme is my last hope for the discovery and preservation of Urbino; and without your aid I cannot effect it. My hope is justly founded; yet it may fail: when, alas, alas! the most amiable, the most glorious youth that ever ornamented the world will too surely fall a victim to diabolical relentless vengeance.'

Every fibre of Victoria's soul was tortured now by direst anguish at this dreadful alternative. The stranger's voice discovered such tones of tenderness and sympathy in his last sentence, that, accepting the sounds as bonds of faith, suspicion vanished; while the horrors that hung round Urbino inspired her with augmenting courage, which urged her on to attempt his rescue at the hazard of every evil that might befal herself, and firmly she said—

'I dare venture with you. Affection and gratitude will lead me, undauntedly, through every horror and every danger that can assail me; since the shadow of a hope exists, that through these perils and terrors we may be led to rescue Urbino from destruction.'

'Will gratitude and affection,' the inquisitor asked, 'teach you submission to my now placing a bandage over your eyes; since by the most solemn oaths am I bound never to discover some secret passages through which we must pass before we can reach our place of destination? But short will be this deprivation of sight, as these secret places are near at hand.'

'Urbino has done more for me,' said Victoria in the energetic tone of enthusiastic gratitude, throwing back her cowl for the accommodation of the bandage, which the inquisitor hastily placed over her eyes: then taking her hand, she felt his cold as death, and horribly convulsed by dreadful agitation instantly she caught alarm: but it was too late to recede; and rallying her courage, she suffered him to lead her on. For several paces he conducted her over level ground, stopping only twice, as if to open doors or places of entrance. At length, making a full pause, he stamped with his feet, and instantly the place on which they stood sunk rapidly about two fathoms. He then lifted her off the platform on which they had descended; and which, by the noise that immediately ensued, Victoria concluded arose to its original station.

Her heart now palpitated high with alarm of treachery; and the incognito taking the bandage from her eyes, she found herself at the entrance of a low winding arcade formed by nature through a long chain of rocks. And now she saw her mysterious guide approach a cavity in the rock, where she was surprised to behold a number of torches deposited; two of which he took; and lighting them by his lantern

(which he then fastened to his belt) he gave one to Victoria to bear; and carrying the other himself, proceeded through the arcade; the winding path of which was in many places extremely slippery, owing to the tide reaching it at high water.

At length they passed through the arcade; and our agitated heroine found herself in an immense black cavern; along the rugged bed of which an inlet of the sea foamed impetuously, sounding with horrid din as it rapidly dashed itself from rock to rock. The torches emitted their glaring beams not half way through this enormous place; but, casting their light in liquid brightness upon the black torrent beneath, officiously reminded Victoria of her dreadful entrance into don Manuel's castle.

Appalled by her situation, and all the past horrors busy memory huddled together in terrible array, as hideous sprites to blast her courage, her trembling limbs refused to bear her further—she stopped—she panted for breath—a cold dew overspread her forehead—a murmur of supplication for mercy from the inquisitor was faultering on her lips, when the fate of Urbino arrested every selfish thought, replenished the dying lamp of courage in her heart, thrilled energy through her veins, gave confidence to her soul, and to her feet a firm undaunted step.

In a moment more, the inquisitor, exhorting her to summon every particle of resolution she could command to aid her through their anxious enterprise, led the way up a steep acclivity, that wound along the side of the cavern in a variety of directions. At length they reached the summit; where nature, in some capricious moment, had thrown out hugh masses of rock, forming a bridge across the cavern nearly two hundred feet above the surface of the water: and of such extraordinary formation, it seemed to have no base; but appeared as if large fragments of rock hung in one large consolidated body, suspended in the air by the power of gravitation.

It required every effort of our heroine's renovated courage to impel her following her guide upon this apparently baseless fabric; from whence, as she looked upon the gulf beneath, her head became giddy, and her senses sickened with direst apprehension.

They, however, safely reached the termination of the bridge, and, cautiously stepping across the chasm which separated it from the path they were to take, began a winding descent on the other side of the cavern; when soon, in suddenly turning a very pointed projection of a rock, a horrid sound struck upon Victoria's ears, partaking of a hideous yell and soul-harrowing moan. Her heart was appalled, and her knees trembled; yet she forbore to express her surprise or fears, still hoping her conductor would relieve both. But he was silent. As they proceeded, the dreadful sounds of the howling of a wild beast and the groans of a human being, direfully mingled, increased most rapidly; and with these appalling sounds the noise of rattling chains assailed her ears: this was the severest blow her heart had yet received; she gasped for breath, her frame was convulsed, and, frantically grasping the inquisitor's arm, in the sharp tone of reason chasing despair she exclaimed:

'Oh, fellest agent of cruelty! is it to seek Urbino's mangled corse you bring me thus to the den of his ferocious devourers?'

'Lady Victoria,' said the inquisitor mildly but impressively, 'believe me not such a monster.'

This short sentence at once dissipated her alarm, and stilled her dreadful agitation; for from his voice she distilled the balm of security and comfort, for its tones were those of pity: and eagerly she now entreated pardon for her frantic conduct and injurious suspicions.

'The random arrows of terror and sorrow can never be felt as shafts of offence: I therefore have nothing to pardon,' said he coldly, walking on.

Descending now but slowly, owing to the extreme ruggedness of the path, it was some time before Victoria could discern any thing to account for these dismaying sounds, that still made her tremble. At length she distinctly beheld at the same side of the cavern, but at some distance below them, a creature of a most singular appearance moving with astonishing rapidity up and down a rugged space of about a dozen feet; sending forth in its movements fierce yells and groans of anguish, as if enraged and in despair at its unsuccessful efforts to break the ponderous chain which bound it to the rock. At length the winding path brought Victoria and her guide as near this furiously agitated creature as safety would permit any one to approach, when every feeling of humanity was tortured by dreadful amazed commiseration at the horrid spectacle she saw—a creature, partaking in resemblance both of the human species and a quadruped, infuriated to the direst pitch of phrensy that malady and hunger could excite. Its head was like that of a man, covered with long black matted hair; but it moved on all its limbs like a quadruped; and its body was enveloped in fur.

The inquisitor stopped, and for a moment looked in horrid silence upon the dreadful object; and then loudly, though in a tone of pity, exclaimed—

'Sanguinario! Poor Sanguinario!'

The wretched creature instantly ceased its rapid motion; and, erecting its body, Victoria shuddering, beheld clad in fur a human being before her, who was suffering under all the direful horrors of lycanthropy. He howled no more; but his moans, so woe-fraught, were insupportable to humanity. Victoria's heart bled with anguish at the sound. He raised his burning hands, in supplication for food, in a manner so expressive of his misery, that Victoria burst into tears: and the inquisitor, taking from the basket he carried a large piece of meat, flung it to the wretched sufferer; whose shrieks of joy so much subdued Victoria, she was forced to catch the inquisitor's arm, and cling to it, to support her almost convulsed frame. But though she had not power to articulate her wishes, the inquisitor seemed perfectly to comprehend them; for instantly taking her hand, he quickly turned into a cavity or kind of labyrinthian grotto in the rock; from whence, as they were proceeding up a short but remarkably steep acclivity, Victoria suddenly heard a loud clash of the wretched maniac's chain, succeeded by a dreadful yell, and sounds of both were quickly repeated nearer and still nearer: and little doubting that this miserable and terrifying being had broken from confinement, and was then pursuing them, she uttered an involuntary shriek; which was instantly reiterated, in several different-toned voices, as if in derision of her.

Trembling with horror and dismay, Victoria grasped the hand of her conductor; who turning to see the cause of her alarm, not appearing to have heard it, her torch gleamed upon the lower part of his

face, his situation above her giving a full view of that. His hood still concealed his eyes and forehead from sight; but she beheld sufficient to awaken every dormant fear, and to tell her anticipating heart that destruction awaited her; since a more darkly, diabolical, treacherous, and vindictive expression of countenance she had never before seen—no, not even in Garcias or Maratti.

Dreadful were now our heroine's sensations; but escape was impossible, and resistance vain.

'Fear not!' said her conductor as he led her up another step.

'Fear not!' was gently repeated by a voice close behind her. In amazement she turned around, but no one could she see.

'Remember Urbino, and be firm!' said the inquisitor, still moving onward.

'Remember Urbino, and be firm!' was repeated in a voice like thunder from above, and reiterated in lessening tones until it died away in a cadance most soft and piteous.

Victoria, dismayed, had not power to combat with superstitious fears; and, still believing her conductor was leading her to destruction, devoutly recommended her soul to Heaven, as she with tremulous steps moved on.

This man of mystery at length conducted our terror-struck heroine through a small cavern to a low black door, at which they stopped; and no sooner did their torches gleam upon it, than Victoria distinctly beheld written upon it in strange-formed characters of variegated colours and flaming brightness,

'THE CHAMBER OF DEATH!'

The incognito struck forcibly against the door: a deep groan was heard. The inquisitor paused—then knocked again: a groan more deep and hollow than the former assailed their ears. Again her guide paused—again he struck the door, and slowly it receded as a passing-bell struck up, tolling most heavily for a few moments; when ceasing, the swelling notes of an organ were distinctly heard, accompanying a fine toned tenor voice, chanting, in solo, part of a requiem for a departed sinner, and at a distance which prevented not every word from being clearly distinguished.

Awed and dismayed beyond conception, our trembling heroine followed the inquisitor into this dreadful chamber, which was formed of rocks black as jet, and where the most impenetrable darkness was broken only by the torches which they bore—Victoria's shaking in her hand, which had scarcely power to grasp it. The music at length ceased; and a sound was heard like a ponderous iron chain falling gradually; and in one moment more the rock at the east end of the chamber burst open with a horrid din, and discovered an immense shrine most dazzlingly illuminated, emitting rays like the rising luminary of day, on the sarcophagus of which appeared recumbent the almost colossal figure of a Spanish knight, armed cap-a-pee, in black armour; and ere Victoria's distracted faculties allowed her to take a complete survey of the scene before her, an awful trumpet sounded, and the knight, who seemed to her only a monumental figure, slowly arose from his resting-place. In his casque nodded an immense plume of black feathers: in one hand he bore an enormous sword; in the other a shield emblazoned with the emblems of death. Majestically he descended from the shrine, and advanced a few paces towards the inquisitor and our amazed and terror-struck heroine; when raising his sword arm, a stream of blood gushed from it, and instantly the arm fell as if suddenly deprived of motion; and immedi-

ately his armour dropped off with a crash, and discovered the figure of Death bearing an uplifted dart; and at the same moment the inquisitor fell motionless to the ground, and our dismayed heroine with increased amazement beheld in the same instant the hideous phantom sink from her view.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Victoria's faculties were now in wildest tumult: she knew not what to believe, except the certainty of divine omnipresence; or what to doubt, but the stability of her own mind, which she now found so dreadfully shaken that she feared its final overthrow; and her first effort was to save that upon which all depended, by invoking the protection of the power that now only could avail her. Instantly she dropped upon her knees, and fervently prayed to Heaven for succour, and for a restoration of her mental strength, which the influence of delusion was mining fast. Pure was her piety, and her petitions were not offered in vain. The divine influence she implored pervaded her whole soul; the terrors of superstition vanished; she arose from her knees undaunted; and in the moment when her situation called for all the powers of her mind she found them in fullest force collected.

Doubtful now if her mysterious guide were really dead, or only in a fit, all that might occur in either case passed rapidly through her imagination; and in either case destruction to her seemed equally inevitable. Could she retrace the dreadful and intricate path the inquisitor had led her thither by, it could avail her nothing, unacquainted as she was with the secrets of the way that precipitated them into these horrid caverns; and should she remain where she was, she should alike expose herself to the perils attendant upon the inquisitor's possible recovery, and to the power of those by whose means she doubted not all the horrors she had witnessed were effected. To penetrate further on seemed now her only resource; she had no other means of escape: and through unexplored ways, although she had every thing to fear, conviction had not arisen to tell her she had nothing to hope. It was to seek Urbino she had entered the caverns; and now, with only Heaven for her guide, might she not, in seeking for escape, be conducted to his prison? This idea no sooner entered her mind than it took total possession of it, and with all the energy of enthusiastic hope she prepared for the bold and arduous enterprise.

Around Victoria now looked with an eagerly-inquiring eye: the shrine seemed to have lost half its brilliancy; but to her infinite joy she beheld a door opposite to that they had entered by, and through it she immediately determined upon attempting to go, but first wished to possess herself of the inquisitor's torch, which had been extinguished in his fall, and also of his pistols, to save herself, in case of his recovery and pursuit of her, from that fate she had for some time thought he meant them to inflict: yet as she was hastily taking possession of his torch, she found that vital warmth glowed in the hand which held it; and as she might be mistaken in the opinion she had formed of him,—and, even if she were not, still considering him a fellow-creature,——she would not deprive him of the only means of saving himself, but left him his lantern to guide him. Having with a fearful hand placed his pistols in her belt, she devoutly consigned herself to the protection of Heaven, and, hastening to the door, found it open-

ed upon a short flight of steps, at the foot of which was another door, which she found no difficulty in opening, and through it she entered into a narrow and not very long passage: but no sooner did she do so than a most dreadful fetid smell struck her loathing senses, and she would have retreated even to the black chamber, only she found it impossible to open the last door she had passed through, which had closed after her by a spring, the secret of which she could by no means discover. To proceed was therefore inevitable; and she was led on by a hope of soon escaping from the horrid stench: but in that she was deceived; for no sooner did she unclose another door, which terminated the passage, than she found herself almost stifled by an increase of the pestiferous effluvia.

To a pitiable dilemma Victoria now found herself reduced: to remain in the passage was impossible, and to proceed threatened destruction: yet, should she escape suffocation, her wanderings might soon lead her into a less noxious atmosphere. She thought of lighting the other torch, but was compelled to give up the idea from the impossibility of carrying it lighted, wanting as she should one hand at liberty to open and shut the doors she might meet with. Praying fervently as she advanced, she summoned sufficient resolution to pass through this door, and encounter in fullest force the noisome air which seemed every moment about to stop her breath. From this door was a short descent into an immense vault; where Victoria no sooner found herself than horror in its most horrible shape almost annihilated her tortured faculties, since she was, as she rightly conjectured, in the dreadful repository of the mangled corses of her murdered fellow-creatures. Frantically she retreated into the passage, and there for a few moments stood clinging to the door-case in breathless dismay.

At length an idea most horrible presented itself to her terror-struck mind. Perhaps Heaven had conducted her thither to find the mangled corse of Urbino, to breathe by his side her last sigh in prayer for the repose of his soul. Instantly she precipitated herself into this dreadful sepulchre. This was the most soul-harrowing moment of Victoria's life; but, horrible as the idea was which now monopolised every tortured faculty, it spared her humanity the heart-rending anguish which reflexion else would have inflicted, as she passed by heaps of the human species mouldering there, deprived of life and the rites of burial by the sanguinary assassin's hand; and while wading through a slimy soil which coward fancy else would have pourtrayed to her as moistened by human blood, happily the thoughts of how many widows and orphans, of how many parents of child bereft, had deplored the corses there, struck not once her susceptible heart. But whenever a newly-butchered body, clad in the smallest degree like Urbino or Sebastian, struck her wild inquiring eye, in all the phrensy of apprehensive horror she gleamed her torch upon the pallid countenance; and convulsive was the bound of her agitated heart when freed from the fell grasp of anticipating horror, on each time beholding features perfectly unknown to her.

At length this direful examination was finished—not according to Victoria's expectations, but to her wishes; and reaching the termination of this soul-harrowing repository, she rushed up three or four broad steps, pushed open a folding door, and ran, nay almost flew, along a narrow winding passage;

from which she was just emerging into a sort of cavern, when she stumbled over the breathless body of a man cold as marble, and in her fall her torch was extinguished.

CHAP. XL.

It is impossible for the feeble historian now to delineate the feelings of Victoria. But firmly persuaded this body was Urbino's, she raised her eyes to pray Heaven instantly to receive her last sighs, when—oh! gentle sympathising reader! if Victoria has yet interested you, will you not rejoice?—she beheld a gleam of light emanating through some chinks in the rocks a little distance above her. With the speed of a doe she scrambled to the place, and to her inexpressible rapture she discovered it contained a door; which without hesitation she pushed in, and entered a small and singular kind of apartment, of a pyramidical form, in the centre of which a lamp was burning upon a stone table. Wildly Victoria snatched up the lamp; and in turning to go out, first perceived that in one corner of this chamber, on a matted couch, lay extended a human figure wrapped in a sacerdotal robe. —Could this be Urbino?—Her heart dilated with new-raised hope. She bounded to the couch; and to her utter amazement beheld, in an uneasy slumber, the identical being whose apparently supernatural appearance in the library had relieved her from the grasp of Garcias the third morning of her captivity.

Cruel disappointment to her hopes struck heavily upon her heart; but, her soul on the wing to learn if her dreadful fears were just, she flew back to the corse, and found it was that of a person unknown to her. Grateful to Heaven for this great mercy, she took up her extinguished torch, and returned to the place where she had seen the sleeping man, resolving to disclose her situation to him, and to implore his pity and protection.

On re-entering his chamber, she found the venerable man raised a little on his elbow, the approach of death strongly pourtrayed in his emaciated and woe-worn countenance. The vanishing of the light had dissipated his slumber; and on Victoria's returning with it, by some sudden effort of expiring nature he was enabled to sit up erect; and devoutly clasping a crucifix which he held in his feeble hands—

'Heaven, I thank thee!' he exclaimed in a faltering and hollow tone—'I thank thee for directing the footsteps of this holy man to the death-bed of thy true penitent! Reverend father, you behold in me the most consummate sinner that ever offended against Heaven. I have insulted my Creator by the commission of crimes that even fiends might shrink from! Yet in this my last hour no death-bed horrors encompass me; since, firm in faith, I trust that years spent in the most sincere contrition that ever agonised the heart of man have expunged from the records of Heaven the fell catalogue of my black crimes. But ere you proceed to give your benediction, or strengthen my fleeting soul in hope, let me make all the atonement now in my power to those whom I have most injured.' He here drew a packet from his bosom, and, presenting it to our awed and amazed heroine, proceeded.

'As you consider your holy vow sacred, and as your soul hopes to taste the pure joys of Paradise in the presence of your beneficent Creator, of your blessed Redeemer, conceal this packet from every individual in the world, until Heaven permits you to deliver it as directed! If you love justice, if you estimate virtue, immediately seek out the injured youth to whom it is addressed! As

you hope to prosper here and be blessed hereafter, be faithful to the sacred trust confided to you! and believe that Almighty Providence itself consigns to your chosen hands the fate of my injured friend and benefactor's child, of him the world now call conte di Urbino.'

'Urbino!' half shrieking cried Victoria, catching the death-clad hand of the agitated man—'do you then know the fate of conte Urbino?'

Her voice seemed to have a powerful effect upon the dying man; for, shrinking from her grasp, he sunk back on the couch in a swoon. Victoria strove to recall his fleeting senses by the aid of some salts she had in her pocket; and he had just opened his wistful eyes once more upon the world, when, to Victoria's utter dismay, the inquisitor entered the chamber, guided by the lantern she had left with him.

'You have anticipated me in coming hither,' said he haughtily to her.

The moment the inquisitor spoke, the dying man, with a universal convulsive shiver, eagerly exclaimed, 'From him, above all the world, I conjure thee, conceal what I have entrusted to thee!'

'What say you?' said the inquisitor in a tone of fierce alarm and imperious interrogation.

'From the imbecility of sickness, and from my being clad in a sacerdotal habit,' replied Victoria, 'he mistakes me, I suppose, for his confessor.'

The dying man pressed Victoria's hand in gratitude and approbation; while the inquisitor, hastily advancing, with the wild gestures of phrensied menace exclaimed:—

'Wretch! infernal miscreant! what have you dared to confess? Diabolical villain! accursed fiend! you who plunged me into the gulf of iniquity, and gave to me all of misery my life has known, have you basely deserted me? Have you sacrificed me in your pusillanimous confessions? Whom have you been glossing over your own black crimes to, by implicating others? Speak, miscreant! or I will crush you to atoms in my just vengeance!'

Victoria, shocked and alarmed for the safety of the feeble penitent, started from her support of him, and, pointing to the pistols in her belt, undauntedly addressed the infuriated inquisitor.

'We have you in our power, you see. Advance no further, intemperate man. Disturb not with phrensied threats the last sacred moments of the dying. Question with calmness, and you will be answered by sincerity.'

The inquisitor retreated a few paces, and, raising his hood a little, seemed to regard her for some moments with attentive amazement before he articulated—

'Extraordinary young creature! you almost impel me to forgive your being the destroyer of Urbino.'

'Me the destroyer of Urbino!' exclaimed Victoria, half shrieking with horror ineffable.

'Had he never beheld thy fatal, fatal charms—had he never witnessed thy accursed fascinations, he had now been safe at the château of conte Vicenza! Was it not to rescue you from destruction the gallant and ill-fated youth came after you to this infernal castle, and persuaded me to enter into his romantic, his dangerous schemes? For you he brought the vengeance of conte Vicenza and his diabolical confederates on him; and for you he is now probably suffering all the calamities, all the tortures that dæmoniac cruelty can inflict.'

Victoria burst into a convulsive passion of tears, which saved her from fainting.

'Say, what horrors do you allude to?' exclaimed the dying penitent in dreadful agitation. 'What calamity has befallen the precious boy? Speak! I entreat, I implore you! Bury animosities in this awful moment, I conjure you, and tell me, tell me all you know of him, Francisco!'

'Francisco!' said Victoria in amaze and joy. 'Suspicion is then no more. You protected Urbino—you befriended me. You will not, I am persuaded, however agitated by tumultuous passions, harm this dying man, or injure me: and your arms, therefore, I should blush at retaining longer in my possession.' And now advancing towards the inquisitor, she gracefully restored his pistols to him.

'You have conquered, lady Victoria! and were concealment longer in my power, I should consider it unjust to generosity like yours,' said this man of mystery, throwing back his cowl, and discovering to our astonished heroine the features of the identical old man who had entered her chamber through the secret passage from the church, to rescue the lovely Matilda. And no sooner was his entire countenance displayed, than suspicion received a considerable check; since the villany his overshadowed visage indicated was now firmly contradicted by the ingenuousness that sat conspicuous on his brow, and by the mild expression which now beamed from his quick and penetrating eyes. But in the subsequent part of this interview Victoria beheld, in his varying countenance, such unequivocal expression of almost every passion which could disgrace or ornament the human mind, that she doubted not but his heart was the repository of the extremes of virtue and of vice.

'I am Francisco,' he continued, 'and you now know, lady Victoria, that my life is at your mercy; but I dare confide in your prudence and generosity. Hurried on by the phrensy of despair for the unknown fate of Urbino, I allured you hither, though I knew not but destruction awaited us from some of Don Manuel's people. I trusted that the resistless charms of your youth, your beauty, your fascination of voice and manner, added to the singular proofs you have given of gratitude and attachment to my dear boy, would melt the hitherto impenetrable heart of this man, whom I once called friend, and win him into breaking an oath rashly given to Don Manuel of concealing from me some secret places in this castle: and had your influence failed, much I fear my desperation would have led me on to sacrifice you both to my vengeance; and as you have disarmed my heart of its phrensy, so I trust you have subdued the contumacy of conte Elfridii; and that he will no longer scruple to make all the atonement now in his power for his past offences, by imparting instantly to us every secret which can yield a hope of leading us to Urbino, who is, I am firmly persuaded, now confined in some infernal den, where even the power of the inquisition cannot penetrate.'

'Oh, dear suffering child of her I murdered, what sad tidings do I hear!' exclaimed the penitent conte in all the anguish of deep-wrought despair. 'Yes, Francisco, I have lived to feel convinced that Heaven will not enrol in the pages of guilt the breach of oaths which bind us to the vicious.—Lead me—lead me then on, Francisco, as far as my stiffening limbs and fleeting breath can carry me.'

With that appearance of renovated strength which energy from zeal supplied, the agitated penitent arose from his couch, supported by Fran-

cisco and Victoria, taught them to open a secret sliding pannel in his chamber, and entered with them through it into a narrow passage. But it was the last flash of the expiring lamp of life. His supporters soon saw, with grief unutterable, the folly of the attempt; they bore him back to his couch, where in a few moments after he expired,—and with him every clue by which they hoped to have been led to the prison of Urbino.

The despair of Francisco exceeded all bounds of reason and piety: he breathed forth the most dreadful anathemas against the pale corse before him; imprecated his own existence and his crimes; flung himself upon the ground with the fury of a maniac; tore out handfuls of his hoary hair; and writhed about in all the wild phrensy of ungoverned despair.

Victoria's anguish was not less poignant; but hers was the sorrow of a Christian. It struck every fibre of sensibility with the fellest blows of soul-harrowing affliction: but with sadly silent uncomplaining grief she bore her misery; for, remembering whose hand had plucked the sweet floweret of happiness from her heart, she bowed in reverential meek submission; and so beautifully touching appeared the light and shade of pious resignation and heart-rending sorrow that diffused themselves over every line of her interesting countenance, that Francisco, struck by its fascinating eloquence, blushed at his own conduct; and, rallying all the good properties of his mind, soon, from the power of such a pure example, felt the influence of Christian fortitude, stealing from misery its fellest pangs, and breathing its mellifluent balm upon his sorrows.

Heaven too beheld Victoria, approved and pitied. The wanderer Hope was remanded back to its soothing station in her breast; suddenly her senses awakened upon new projects; hastily she snatched up her torch, and lighting it, said firmly to Francisco—

'By the deceased conte's having discovered yon passage to us, in compliance with your wish of participating with him in all the secrets of this castle, we must naturally conclude that through it you would have been conducted to the spot probably of the most importance. Let us then pursue the path of Hope which Providence seems to have opened to us; and, guided by all-pitying Heaven, our attempt may be crowned with the blessing of success.'

Francisco started from the ground, animated by a cheering ray of that hope which now thrilled through every fibre of her frame; and with all the zeal of ardent fond solicitude they re-entered the passage, exploring every spot of it with the wistful scrutiny their painful solicitude forcibly prompted. This passage led them several hundred feet from the chamber of the deceased penitent, to a narrow cylindrical staircase, which they hastily ascended; and, after mounting innumerable steps, at length reached a door, which without difficulty Francisco opened, being well acquainted with the nature of the lock which fastened it; and on passing through the door, they found themselves in a room ornamented with a number of statues; in fact, the very apartment Juan had informed Victoria and her terrified companions was the anatomy chamber.

Francisco was dreadfully disappointed and chagrined on finding their search terminate in a room which had the preceding morning undergone the most minute scrutiny, from Diego's having informed the officials of its being a chamber where many unfortunate captives had been conveyed to, and never been heard of more.

'And from that very mysterious circumstance,' said Victoria, 'as well as from this room being evidently the first place thought of by the poor deceased penitent, have we not just reason to conjecture some undeveloped secret attached to it?'

Francisco considered her suggestions conclusive, and they were about to renew the scrutiny, when the castle clock struck five.

'We must instantly separate,' said Francisco; 'and you must now only appear to know me as an inquisitor: you can easily conceive the fatal consequences that must ensue to me were it discovered that I had any knowledge of this castle, and concealed it from the august synod of which I am a member.'

'You may place implicit confidence in my faith and prudence,' replied Victoria; 'but when, when shall we renew our anxious search?'

'By the time my brothers assemble,' said Francisco, 'I shall have framed some plea for having this apartment more minutely scrutinised; and should our anxious wishes not be gratified during this day, we will meet again at night to investigate the passage once again, and to examine conte Elfridii's chamber for papers that may yield the discovery we pant for.'

The packet confided to Victoria's care, as it was only to be delivered to Urbino, could afford no clue to his present fate; and as from Francisco she was particularly to conceal the solemn deposit, she mentioned it not of course.

Francisco continued—'Should no attempt of ours succeed, the castle shall be rased; but much time must necessarily elapse before that laborious undertaking can be accomplished; and to save Urbino we can only hope from immediate effects. But I must now hasten to conduct you, by a private way, to your chamber, since Diego and Thomas have stationed themselves in the library to guard you; and from their knowledge particularly I wish to conceal myself: after what they have done, I cannot but fear their perfidy, and wish them to believe that I absconded with the rest of the castle community.'

Francisco now led our sad and agitated heroine through the castle vaults into some winding passages; from whence he safely conducted her into his own apartments, contiguous to Sebastian's; into whose study he hastily admitted her, and giving her his parting benediction, cautiously closed the entrance after him.

CHAP. XLI.

On returning to her chamber, Victoria found, to her infinite satisfaction, Octavia still buried in a profound sleep; and so completely subdued by fatigue was her own frame, and so dreadfully agitated was her mind from all the shocks it had so recently sustained, that she sunk into the first seat she came to; and, giving free indulgence to a friendly shower of tears, found her agonised heart so much relieved by them, that she at length determined upon going to bed: where, about seven o'clock, from downright fatigue of mind and frame, 'tired Nature's sweet restorer' for once lit on lids sullied by many tears. From her deep slumber Octavia took care not to disturb her; and keeping all around her in perfect stillness, the poor wearied Victoria slept until past eleven, when she heard that Diego was gone with fathers Anselmo, Pierre, Leonard, St. Romaine, and the principal officials, to attend a special meeting of the Inquisition at Cadaques, and that Thomas had therefore been deputed to go in Diego's stead, to convey intelligence to signora Farinelli and

Roselia, and to conduct them to the castle. And while our heroine was making a hasty toilet, previous to the renewal of her anxious search, it occurred to her, that from the accounts Teresa could possibly give of Matilda might be collected some information of importance: she therefore entreated the good old woman, while she was going through the mock ceremony of breakfasting, to give her every particle of intelligence she could recollect relative to the beautiful Matilda; and Teresa, ever eager to oblige Victoria, instantly complied.

'In a few evenings after I was released from my dungeon,' said Teresa, 'as I was setting the parlour in order for supper, my master hastily entered, bearing in his arms a lady in a religious habit, who was in a swoon. He laid her upon a couch with great tenderness, although he appeared dreadfully agitated. I instantly fetched water, and all the restoratives I could get, and my efforts for her recovery were at length crowned with success, and she opened a pair of eyes almost as beautiful as your own, donna; but their expression at that time was very wild. She sighed heavily, and, looking wistfully around her, beheld Don Manuel; when, uttering a piercing shriek, she relapsed into a swoon, out of which it was not in our power to recover her. My master now seemed almost distracted; and by what he then unguardedly said, I learned she was daughter to the very lady he had loved; and often he called upon her as the child of his adored but faithless some one—I forget the name.

'At length, seeming to recollect himself, he ordered me to summon Inigo, a surgeon, who was compelled to open a vein in one of her arms before she discovered any symptom of returning respiration. By order of Inigo she was instantly conveyed to bed; and I set up with her all night, during which I verily believe she never for one instant ceased weeping; and often I heard her call upbraidingly upon some one named Urbino, as if he had forsaken her, and left her a prey to villany.

'At the very first dawn of day she would get up and dress herself, not suffering me to assist her; so much she seemed to fear and hate me, as belonging to Don Manuel. At seven I left her to go about my household business; and when I summoned her to breakfast, she haughtily and peremptorily refused to attend. On repeating this to Don Manuel he seemed much hurt, and desired me to inform her, if she would not breakfast with him, he would with her; upon which she condescended to go down: but without speaking to or taking the least notice of him, she sullenly flung herself into the first seat she came to. On Don Manuel's politely offering her a cup of chocolate, she knocked it out of his hand upon the floor; and while I was employed in wiping it up, my master, in evident mortification, said to her, "This violence, Matilda, will avail you nothing, since you are now irrevocably in my power. Your adored Urbino, your invincible champion, has forsaken you, drawn from you by the resistless charms of the most fascinating, the most truly amiable and interesting woman that *now* adorns the world. One woman only ever equalled her, and she forsook me as Urbino has abandoned you. Yes, Matilda, you now know what it is to be scorned and rejected. Victoria soon, very soon, taught inconstancy to your loved Urbino; while I, although I beheld with admiration unparalleled, and acknowledged with reverence almost idolatrous, her matchless perfections, stood firm in my attachment to you—an attachment which your mother

sanctioned; for, in the fell moment of her fatal death, the angel gave you to my arms; a saint, a martyred saint bequeathed you to me; and though you have long been basely estranged from my protection, death only now shall tear you from me! Urbino has abandoned you; Francisco, the false usurper of my right, is now many leagues off, gone on important business to the see of Rome. You are, therefore, wholly in my power; and not all your violence, your disdain, your tears, or supplications, shall prevent my making you mine irrevocably, or hinder my fulfilling the will of your mother, or my endeavouring to inspire you with pity for the man whose fair prospects in life your mother blasted, whose happiness she wrested from him, and who, through her dereliction, was plunged into every error he has since committed!"

'Never shall I forget the sparkling fire which now flashed from her eyes; and starting from her seat, she seemed in soul and stature high as the castle towers; and in a tone of the most vehement indignation she exclaimed—

'"Dare not, vile traducer of innocence, to affirm that my mother ever beheld you with partiality, or bequeathed her child to such a fiend as you are! No, no; surely her pure soul recoiled from you and vice as I do now! But disappointed, ungoverned, and diabolical enmity leads you on, vindictive as you are, to wreak on me the vengeance you say you owe Francisco for protecting me. I know I am in your power; and, knowing you, know all I have to dread from villany unequalled. Put me to all the tortures which your barbarous heart can think of; tear me piece-meal; but you shall not subdue my contempt and indignation, or teach my heart to feel any thing for you but what my tongue will ever glory in avowing as long as the power of articulation is spared to me—scorn, hatred, disgust, abhorrence, the most deadly, the most implacable!"

'You must wonder, donna, how I can remember all their fine sayings so well; but never can I forget one word; for they spoke so impressively, that all they said seemed stamped at once upon the memory.

'Don Manuel, trembling with rage, now ordered me to quit the room; and I was so afraid lest she should, by her ill-timed violence, exasperate him to kill her, that I loitered about the door for some moments; when I heard my master talking a great deal to her, first angrily, then tenderly: but all would not do, for not one word could he get from her in return.

'Several days passed away without any particular incident to mark it; don Manuel striving to gain the donna's regard by treating her with the greatest respect and tenderness, but to no effect. More sullen and disdainful she became, if possible, every hour; and in his absence she would weep and lament so bitterly, and give herself up so totally to despair, that I trembled for the consequence; and used to be ever on the watch, lest the phrensy of her grief should precipitate her into her eternal destruction. Sometimes she would fervently pray to Heaven for protection: but in doing so, it seemed to me more from a conviction that it was right to do it, than from any confidence she had in prayers proving of much advantage, since she never arose from her knees with that sweet smile of Christian resignation that I have observed in you, donna. Either her sorrows were greater than yours, or her heart less compliant to the will of Heaven. Poor young creature! the only consolation she seemed to have was

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Matilda defying the violence of Don Manual.

Romance of the Pyrenees. Chap. XLI. p. 526.

from a gold chain which hung round her neck, which she would kiss and cry over for hours together: and when I became less hateful to her, she told me the picture of a very dear friend had hung to it, but which, by some strange mystery, she had lost from her pocket very shortly after he had sent it to her from Madrid. I think it was conte Urbino's picture; and the loss of it, she said, had greatly grieved her.'

Victoria blushed, and felt very much distressed that she had, though innocently, augmented the sorrows of the afflicted. Teresa continued—

'In her moments of anguish she would seem to upbraid this conte Urbino for having left her; although when don Manuel (and he appeared to take a malicious pleasure in doing it) would tauntingly remind her of Urbino's inconstancy, she would dart such looks of scorn and triumph at him, that I could not tell what to make out of them.

'At length that harbinger of mischief, Garcias, appeared, from whose long absence don Manuel had been made uneasy: but he and his vile crew, by some effort of Belzebub's, escaped from shipwreck, and returned swearing vengeance against Diego and Urbino, who I now found was that sweet-mannered black Hippolyto; for I heard don Manuel tell Garcias so, and that donna Matilda had made the discovery, in the anguish of her heart, on her first falling into my master's hands. But the news of yours and conte Urbino's escape from Garcias seemed to give her new life; and for a time she appeared to set at defiance the power of don Manuel, whom she would scoff, and say such things to him that I wonder she did not provoke him to kill her: but, by some infatuation, the worse she treated him the more his love increased. And yet his love was a strange kind too, since it led him on to cruelties against the object of it; while to afflict you, whom he was not in love with, as I heard him tell Alonzo, gave him the most sensible pain: and he added, "that he never conversed with you that he did not find an admiration for virtue arising in his breast; nor could he look on you without his heart's feeling humanised: and when, in compliance with his friend's request, he tortured you by his professions of love, he could have folded you in his arms with paternal affection, and shed tears for your persecutions—That had he a child like you he would give up his wicked courses, and in your sweet society learn to become a fit companion for such matchless purity."

'I now soon found that Garcias had brought some intelligence with him that sadly afflicted my master; and I, alas! too soon found out what it was: for, one day, not minding I was in the room, don Manuel said to Garcias, "I would give half my possessions to be assured of that shattered vessel's having escaped the fury of the tempest, and that lady Victoria was in a place of safety." Ah, how I grieved about you! But I did not mention it to donna Matilda, because I thought she had sorrows enough without being led to fear for the safety of conte Urbino, whom she so fondly loved.

'Soon after Garcias returned, don Manuel's conduct to the poor donna changed materially. He became stern and haughty, often threatening her with his vengeance, and saying cruel things to her which alarmed and afflicted her: so I ventured to recommend a change of manner to her, as being likely to effect one in my master; giving you, dear donna, for an example of patient mildness that won his heart to

pity. She would listen with apparent pleasure, for an hour together, to my histories about you; and make me show her where you used to sit, to walk, and sleep, and tell her how you employed yourself: and very anxious she was indeed to learn if I knew of your having any attachment of the tender kind; and was always asking if you ever held any conversations with Hippolyto, and if he seemed to be in your favour. And when I would tell her all the notice I had ever seen you bestow upon Hippolyto, and that I believed you were tenderly attached to some gentleman named Alphonso, she would colour up like vermilion, and, her eyes dancing with pleasure, she would seem all joy, and forget for the moment her own misfortunes. Then, again, I must describe your face and figure repeatedly, until she would grow quite sad; and say, "how happy you were in being beloved by a man who merited your tenderest affections; whilst she, a poor deserted wretched being, was doomed to sigh her life away in hopelessness, her affections fixed where now she must ever despair of meeting a return!" Then would she break from me, and shut herself up in her chamber to weep.

'At last, four days since, I was summoned to her by my master, who seemed in great alarm and agitation. She was in strong hysterics; and on her coming a little to herself, I learned from her that don Manuel had just imparted some dreadful news to her; and had given her only twenty-four hours to determine upon becoming his wife, or to witness the execution of her dearest friends: and never shall I forget the agony of her mind during that day and night.

'At the appointed time next morning don Manuel demanded her determination; when, from some unaccountable fit of caprice, she suddenly appeared to disbelieve the news he had told her, and peremptorily refused to be his wife: upon which don Manuel, and that vile Garcias, in despite of her shrieks and her vehement resistance, bore her off, poor hapless creature! to that dreadful chamber where Theodore's mother was disposed of, and I saw the poor donna no more—but think they did not kill her; for on the next day I saw Juan put a flask of wine, a jar of water, a chicken, and some bread, into a basket, which he took into the parlour. My anxiety led me to watch; and in a very little time after I saw my master go up the grand staircase with that very basket and a lantern in his hand. I followed unobserved, and saw him enter that very chamber.'

'Merciful Heaven!' exclaimed Victoria, starting from her seat; for, on hearing of a lantern, the recollection of the ruffian she had seen enter that apartment the morning she went to summon aid for Hero suddenly recurred, with the circumstance of his mysterious vanishing in the embrace of a colossal figure; all of which incidents, improbable as it may seem, had lain dormant in her memory until that moment: for so many and extraordinary had been the events she had encountered since her exile from conte di Vicenza's château, that many not immediately appertaining to her own fate she had forgotten; while many others she had looked upon as the visions of a disturbed mind, and had therefore strove to banish them from her memory. But now hope and conviction arose with remembrance in her mind; and eagerly desiring seignora Octavia and Teresa to follow her, she ran, or rather flew, borne on the pinions of hope, to the mysterious apartment. Octavia closely pursued her; and

Teresa, although dismayed, was led on by affection to follow our poor agitated heroine, who in a colossal statue of Proserpine recognised the figure she had long believed a phantom presented by terror to her appalled imagination.

Minutely now Victoria examined the statue: and, to the increased surprise of her wondering companions, pressed her hands against every spot of it within her reach, in hopes of finding the secret spring which actuated the movements of this automaton—but without effect. At length, exhausted by disappointment, that tortured every fibre of her bleeding heart, and irritated her shattered nerves almost to phrensy, she stamped her foot against the ground in hopeless impatience; and the statue, immediately advancing, expanded its arms, and, receiving Victoria within its body, closed upon her, while in retrograde motion it regained its original station.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN reference to the 'Serious Reflections—addressed to unmarried Men' (page 399), the following may, perhaps, not be found unworthy the perusal of your female admirers, and to the world at large may in some degree prove that the ladies are *not infallible*.

Yet say, what mortal is exempt from crimes?
——Ev'n the *fair* have failings, too, *sometimes!*

The insertion in your next, will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

Sept. 1805.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS: *addressed to* UNMARRIED WOMEN.

I SHALL lay this down as a criterion by which the coquette may be generally known, *viz.* that every young woman who is past twenty-one years of age, and has rejected three offers, *is one.* This may by the fair readers of this miscellany be thought a hard case, that their sex may not have the liberty of refusing disagreeable offers without being stigmatised with such a character: be that as it will, I think it is certain it has such an effect; and that, without exception, not even those of the best judgments and superlative accomplishments are proof against it.

Ambition, and the pleasure and pride their sex naturally take in being courted and admired, greatly facilitate their being coquettes: and what makes their case the worse is, it grows insensibly upon them, and when they are furthest advanced in it they hate the name, and think they are quite exempt from such a character.

When once a train of admirers and frequent conquests have made them *vain* and *conscious* of their beauty, they strive by the most engaging behaviour to win the hearts of young men, prompted to it chiefly by the love of conquest; for they will refuse very advantageous offers when they are in the prime of youth and beauty, rather than quit the pleasure they take in still making new conquests. Thus the happiness of a tyrant is to conquer new countries, but the wise monarch makes himself happy by ruling well in one.

The coquettes behave to our sex in general with the utmost affability, freedom, and good-nature: and when a girl of this sort finds a young man has a *particular respect for her* (though she may have none at all

for him), she will indulge his freedom with the greatest kindness, and seem pleased with the liberties he takes. Thus, he thinks, he has secured her heart, and at length makes his addresses to her; but is convinced, *too* late, that she only seemed to make a conquest of him, and then cast him off—*she meant nothing!*

It is the opinion of the philosophers, that the force of ambition is stronger in women after they are past one or two and twenty than love, and it is very much increased by a number of suitors and admirers. Therefore I would advise every young man that values his peace, not to make an offer to a coquette, except his settlement is grand, and his fortune vastly superior to hers: and even then if she is under thirty years of age, it is uncertain whether he shall succeed or not. But for a man of small fortune, though he be wise and virtuous, to think of having a woman of this character—

'He might as well court the pale trembling vestal
'When she beholds the holy flame expiring.'

What still heightens the ambition of the girl is, her being sought unto so much and admired makes her friends a sort of coquettes too, and they imagine the *pretty* goose is a swan, and therefore must have something extraordinary to match her. Thus whoever makes an offer is still rejected, and the last *fool* is as welcome as the former, and refused on the same account—that is, in expectation of something greater; for ambition is now become the ruling passion, and has so far perverted her judgment, that she has no relish for the sober satisfactions of common life, and her notions of marriage are refined beyond what the nature of things will admit of: however, as she imagines happiness to consist chiefly in riches and grandeur, she resolves not to enter into the married state unless she can meet with a man of *great* fortune. For, as Pope observes,

'In spite of love and nature, seize thy hold,
'And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all—
but gold.'

But it often happens, that these ladies by being too difficult overstand their market—(blush not, inconstant I-m-a); their lovers wearied by being long denied, their charms fade with advancing years, and they obliged, as a *just reward* for having spent their youth in *tyranny* and *conquest*, to pass the remainder of their days in peevish celibacy.—Oh! ye fair meaners of *nothing!*

There is no man has a *greater esteem* and more *honourable* regard for the female sex than I have, and I wish there were fewer of them deserved what I have said, for many of them before they were coquettes were

'The fairest of creation, last and best
'Of all God's works! but oh, how fallen!'

May you, who are young, beautiful, and fortunate, be preserved from falling on that rock on which so many of your sex have split; and give me leave to advise you, before ambition has taken possession of your heart, *not* to refuse a worthy man of sense and virtue, whom you *can love* (if such a one should make an offer to you), though his fortune should be a little less than yours.

S. Y.

DIRECTIONS *for forming an* AUTUMNAL *or* WINTER GARDEN.

(Continued from p. 466.)

Evergreen Flowering Shrubs, continued.

XVII. Privet. Ligustrum.

No. 18. Class 2. two females. Order 1. one female.

1. Evergreen Italian Privet - - - - - - italicum

XVIII. Rhododendron, or Dwarf Rose-Bay. Rhododendron.

No. 548. Class 10. ten males. Order 1. one female.

1. Large American - - - - - - - - - maximum
   June to July. North America. 1736.
2. Alpine - - - - - - - - - - - - ferrugineum
   May to June. Switzerland. 1739.
3. Hairy shining-leaved - - - - - - hirsutum
   May to June. Switzerland. 1739.
4. Pontic violet-coloured Rhododendron - - - - - - ponticum
   June to July. Spain. 1736.

XIX. Rue. Ruta.

No. 523. Class 10. ten males. Order 1. one female.

1. Rue - - - - - - - - - - - - 1. graveolens
2. Small-leaved - - - - - - - - - 2. grav. tenuifolia
3. Striped-leaved Rue - - - - - - 3. grav. variegata
   June to September. South of Europe. 1562.
4. Mountain Rue - - - - - - - - montana
   August to September. South of Europe. 1739.

XX. Sweetbriar. Rosa.

No. 631. Class 12. twenty males. Order 5. many females.

1. Evergreen Maiden's-blush Sweet-briar - - Eglanteria, sempervirens

3.

Autumnal-flowering Deciduous Shrubs.

I. Althæa, or Syrian Mallow. Hibiscus.

No. 846. Class 16. one brotherhood. Order 8. many males.

1. Red-flowering - - - - - - - - - 1. syriacus ruber
2. White - - - - - - - - - - - - 2. —— albus
3. Red and White - - - - - - - - 3. —— bicolor
4. Purple - - - - - - - - - - - - 4. —— purpureus
5. Silver-striped - - - - - - - - - 5. —— argenteo-var.
6. Gold-blotched - - - - - - - - 6. —— aureo-var.
7. Double purple-flowered - - - - - 7. —— purpureus plenus
   August to September. Syria. 1629.

II. Bramble. Rubus.

No. 632. Class 12. twenty males. Order 5. many females.

1. Double-flowered Bramble - - - fruticosus plenus
   June to September. Native.

III. Chaste-tree. Vitex.
No. 470. Class 14. two powers. Order 2. seed covered.
1. Narrow-leaved - - - - - - - Agnus Castus
2. Broad-leaved - - - - - - - latifolia
September. Sicily. 1570.

IV. Climber, or Virgin's Bower. Clematis.
No. 696. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.
1. Purple - - - - - - - - - - 1. Viticella
2. Red - - - - - - - - - - - 2. —— rubra
3. Double purple - - - - - - - 3. —— plena
June to September. Spain. 1569.

V. Glastonbury Hawthorn. Cratægus.
No. 622. Class 12. twenty males. Order 2. many females.
1. Glastonbury Hawthorn - - - - - Oxyacantha biflora
December. Palestine.

VI. Honeysuckle. Lonicera, Periclymenum.
No. 233. Class 5. five females. Order 1. one female.
1. Late red Italian - - - - - - - - italicum serotinum
September to December. Italy.
2. Late-flowering Dutch - - - - - - germanicum serot.
September to December. Germany.

VII. Jasmine-tree. Jasminum.
No. 17. Class 2. two males. Order 1. one female.
1. White-flowered - - - - - - - 1. officinale
2. Gold-striped-leaved - - - - - - 2. —— aureo-variegat.
3. Silver-striped Jasmine - - - - 3. —— argenteo-var.
June to October. China. 1597.

VIII. Mezereon. Daphne.
No. 485. Class 8. eight males. Order 1. one female.
1. Autumnal purple-flowered Mezereum - autumnale
September to October. Native.

IX. Passion-flower. Passiflora.
No. 1021. Class 20. feminine males. Order 5. five females.
1. Blue-flowered Passion-flower - - cærulea.
June to October. Brazil. 1699.

X. Raspberry. Rubus.
No. 632. Class 12. twenty males. Order 5. five females.
June to September. Virginia. 1739.
1. Sweet-flowered Virginian Raspberry - - odoratus.
June to September. Virginia. 1739.

XI. Rose-tree. Rosa.
No. 631. Class 12. twenty males. Order 5. many females.
1. Pale red Chinese - - - - - - - - chinensis
July to October. Barbary. 1596.

2. White-flowered Musk - - - - - 1. moschata
3. Double Musk - - - - - - - - 2. —— plena

June to December.

4. Red-flowered monthly - - - - - 1. menstrua
5. White-flowered - - - - - - - 2. —— alba
6. Crimson Portland - - - - - - 3. —— portlandica

Raised by seed at the duchess of Portland's.

7. Striped-flowered - - - - - - - 4. —— variegata
8. Red-clustered - - - - - - - - 5. —— corymbosa

June to November, or December. Provence.

9. Red-flowered Provence - - - - provincialis serotina

March to November. China. 1789.

XII. Spiræa. Spiræa.

No. 630. Class 12. twenty males. Order 4. five females.

1. Downy-leaved Red Spiræa - - - - tomentosa

August to September. North America. 1736.

4.

Early Spring-flowering Deciduous Shrubs.

I. Almond-tree. Amydalus.

No. 619. Class 12. twenty males. Order 1. one female.

1. Sweet-fruited - - - - - - - - 1. dulcis
2. White-flowered - - - - - - - 2. —— alba

March to May. Barbary. 1570.

3. Dwarf - - - - - - - - - - - 1. nana
4. Double-flowered Dwarf - - - - 2. nana plena

March to April. Tartary. 1683.

II. Cornelian Cherry. Cornus.

No. 149. Class 4. four females. Order 1. one female.

1. Cornelian Cherry - - - - - - - 1. mascula

February to March. Austria. 1596.

III. Mezereon. Daphne.

No. 485. Class 8. eight males. Order 1. one female.

1. Purple-flowered - - - - - - - 1. Mezereum
2. Red-flowered - - - - - - - - 2. —— rubrum
3. White-flowered - - - - - - - 3. —— album

February to April. Native.

IV. Peach-tree. Amygdalus.

No. 619. Class 12. twenty males. Order 1. one female.

1. Double-flowered Peach-tree - - 1. Persica, plena

April to May. Persia. 1562.

5.

Autumnal-flowering Bulbous-rooted Flowers.

I. Amaryllis. Amaryllis.

No. 406. Class 6. six males. Order 1. one female.

1. Yellow-flowered Amaryllis - - - - lutea
September. South of Europe. 1596.

II. Crocus. Crocus.
No. 55. Class 3. three males. Order 1. one female.
1. Purple Autumnal Crocus - - - - - nudiflorus
September to October. Native.

III. Colchicum, or Meadow Saffron. Colchicum.
No. 457. Class 6. six males. Order 3. three females.
1. Purple - - - - - - - - - 1. autumnale
2. White - - - - - - - - - 2. —— album
3. Striped - - - - - - - - - 3. —— variegatum
4. Double purple - - - - - - 4. —— purpureum plenum
5. Double white - - - - - - 5. —— album plenum
6. Double striped - - - - - - 6. —— variegat. plenum
September. Native.
7. Spotted Levant Colchicum - - - maculatum
September. Levant. 1629.

IV. Cyclamen, or Sow-bread. Cyclamen.
No. 201. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.
1. Red Autumnal - - - - - - - - 1. europæum
2. White Autumnal Cyclamen - - - 2. —— album
April to October. Austria.

V. Lily. Amaryllis.
No. 406. Class 6. six females. Order 1. one female.
1. Guernsey, or Japan - - - - - - - sarniensis
September to October. Japan. 1659.
2. Belladonna Lily - - - - - - - Belladonna
July to September. West Indies. 1712.

VI. Saffron. Crocus.
No. 55. Class 3. three females. Order 1. one female.
1. Blue-flowered Saffron - - - - - officinalis
September to October. Native.

VII. Squill. Scilla.
No. 419. Class 6. six males. Order 1. one female
1. Autumnal Squill, or Star Hyacinth - autumnalis
August to September. Native.

6.

Early Spring-flowering Bulbous-rooted Flowers.

I. Aconite. Helleborus.
No. 682. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.
1. Yellow Winter Aconite - - - - - hyemalis
February to March. Austria. 1596.

II. Anemone. Anemone.
No. 694. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.

1. Single-flowered Anemone - - - hortensis
Of these, many varieties of colours.
April. Italy. 1597.

III. Crocus. Crocus.
No. 55. Class 3. three males. Order 1. one female.
1. Purple-flowered - - - - - - - 1. vernalis
March. Native. In the meadows near Nottingham.
2. White - - - - - - - - - - 2. —— albus
3. Yellow - - - - - - - - - - 3. —— luteus
4. Blue - - - - - - - - - - - 4. —— cæruleus
5. Purple-striped Scotch - - - - - 5. —— striatus
6. Cloth of Gold, or purple and yellow - - —— susianus
With several more varieties.
March to April. Europe. 1629.

IV. Cyclamen, or Sow-bread. Cyclamen.
No. 201. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female
1. Round-leaved - - - - - - - coum
February to March. South of Europe. 1731.
2. European - - - - - - - - - europeum
April to October. Austria.
3. Persian - - - - - - - - - - persicum
February to April. Cyprus Isle. 1596.

V. Iris, or Flower-de-luce. Iris.
No. 69. Class 3. three males. Order 1. one female.
1. Persian Iris - - - - - - - - persica
March. Persia. 1629.
2. Snake's-head Iris - - - - - - - tuberosa
March to April. Arabia. 1597.

VI. Snowdrop. Galanthus.
No. 401. Class 6. six males. Order 1. one female.
2. Single and double Snowdrop - - nivalis
January to March. Native.

(To be continued.)

ERRATA IN THE WINTER GARDEN.

(Last Month, p. 461 to 466).

The Botanic Reader is desired to observe, that all the *Latin specific names* are printed with capital letters; whereas, only the eleven following should have been so printed, being *old rejected generic names*. Not being on the spot, I had not an opportunity of correcting them.

Unedo, Tinus, Bohea, Pyracantha, Scoparium, Tetralix, Aquifolium, Helix, Lauro-Cerasus, Spica, Stæchas.

Page 465. *For* lavender, lavendula, *read*, lavander, lavandula.

Leicester. R. W.

LONDON WALKING AND FULL DRESSES.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

1. CAP of worked muslin, with lace border, turned up in front, ornamented with flowers.—Dress of coloured muslin made very long, trimmed down the front and sleeves with velvet: white gloves.

2. Walking-dress of cambric muslin, made high in the neck with a collar, and long sleeves; the waist confined with a band of coloured velvet, and clasps: straw-hat, and yellow gloves.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

ALMOST all the robes now worn are white, if we except some linings of rose and black crape. Even in full dress as many round robes are worn as robes with trains. The ranunculus is the flower preferred for the embroidery of robes, which are trimmed always with satin ribband.

Aprons are still worn, and especially such trimmings of robes as imitate aprons. A robe with a false apron has also usually a train; the trimming is commonly three or four fingers in breadth. The pockets are usually only figured, but sometimes they are real.

Some *elegantes* wear hats of white straw, with a broad border, *à la Pamela*, ornamented with a white ribband tied in a knot behind, and without flowers. The rose and white are the prevailing colours for taffety hats and ribbands.

Mittens of flesh-coloured silk with elastic bracelets are worn in rich undress; as also mittens of fine muslin ornamented with a small lace.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BY admitting the following whimsical dialogue into your entertaining Miscellany you will oblige several constant readers, who have particular reasons for desiring its insertion.

Yours, &c. A. Z.

Chichester, Sept. 27.

HOW TO SHORTEN A STORY.

A Dialogue.

The SPEAKERS *are several, but it is not necessary to name them.*

'FOR my part, I know of nothing so disagreeable in company as a man who engrosses their attention for an hour with a story that might have been told in five minutes.'

'O, 'tis abominable! I should never have patience with such a one.'

'Egad, I don't know what you mean by patience, but I should take the liberty to cut the thread of his discourse.'

'Either end of the thread would be enough for you, Jack.'

'Why, so it would. There is our old friend at —— you know him too well to require a description—that fellow will give you a story that shall last till midnight.'

'Nay, what is worse, I remember his leaving off a story at midnight because all the company had left him, and recommencing it again the first time he met them.'

'Well, that is abominable to be sure!—But now you talk of telling stories, I'll tell you a very short one about an affair that has happened to our friend Tom Crotchet, whose skill on the violin you have all so often admired.'

'Ay, ay, go on—let us have it.'

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Walking & full Dress.

'Tom, you know, has a country box at a very pleasant village—'

'Yes, about ten miles from town.'

'Ten! and how many more?'

'I don't think it is an inch more.'

'Well, no matter, gentlemen: Tom was going—'

'Stop: now I recollect, the ten-mile-stone stands about three yards—'

'The twelve-mile-stone you mean.'

'Why, how the deuce should you know what I mean before you have heard what I have to say?'

'Nay, but it is so absurd to talk about the ten-mile-stone.'

'Why, zounds! is there no such thing as a ten-mile-stone on that road?'

'To be sure there is; but Tom Crotchet's house is not near that.'

'Who said it was? You are in such a plaguy hurry you will not give one leave to finish a sentence.—I was going to tell you, that about three yards further stands alderman Guzzlepate's house.'

'Why he has left it this half-year, and gone to Epsom.'

'What does it signify whether he has left it or not; you know the house, don't you?'

'Yes; but it is not alderman Guzzlepate's for all that.'

'There now—did ever mortal hear the like! Well, it *was* his; and there the road branches off to the king's head—'

'The crown, if you please.'

'I say the king's head! I have been at it a hundred times.'

'And *I* have been at it a hundred times: there is not a house with that sign within five miles of the place.'

'Nay, there is *one*, to my knowledge, about four and a half.'

'Come, come, gentlemen, one at a time if you please.'

'Well, let us have the story.'

'Nay, how can I tell the story at this rate?'

'Go on, go on—no interruptions.'

'Well, then—Tom, as I was saying, or going to say, took a lease of this house—'

'He told me he had bought it.'

'No, no, only a lease—he took a lease of it from squire Plum, the left-off grocer.'

'Squire Plum, to my knowledge, never had a house there. I believe you mean Mr. Closefist, lord Squander's steward.'

'If I do I must be wonderfully mistaken, for Tom shewed me the lease: and I think I ought to know something of the matter besides, for I advanced him some money upon the occasion to pay for it, as it was inconvenient to sell out. So, Tom having got possession—'

'Pray, what might stocks be at that time?'

'I don't exactly remember; somewhere about fifty-two or three.—But, be that as it may, Tom had no sooner got possession—'

'Fifty-two was low enough, but they have been lower than that: I bought at forty-nine and a quarter myself.'

'And I did a trifle at forty-eight: but it was but a trifle indeed; for I prefer laying out upon houses where I can.'

'Houses are, no doubt, good property, when a man has leisure to attend to them.'

'Gentlemen, I wish you would have leisure to attend to the story.—Please to go on, sir.'

'Tom, then, having got possession, sent for Mr. Varnish the painter—'

'What, Jack Varnish of Oxford-street? I know him well.'

'And so do I: Jack's a very honest fellow—got a great deal of money with his wife. Did you ever see his roan mare?'

'What, the one he used to ride to Putney with? Ay, a hundred times.'

'The fastest trotter I ever met with.'

'Nay, my good friend, you seem to have forgot my *Nimble-heels*.'

'Nimble-heels is a good trotter, but I think Varnish's mare would beat him.'

'That he won't, for a hundred. Why, I'll tell you what he did the other day: He trotted on the Whitechapel road fifteen miles three-quarters in—What time do you think?'

'An hour and a half, I suppose.'

'An hour and a half!—pooh! he did it in an hour and ten minutes.'

'Well, but, gentlemen, we shall never hear out the story.'

'Oh! ay, ay—the story, the story!'

'Upon my word, I scarcely know where I was.'

'You may begin again, without taking up much time.'

'Oh! I have it—Tom sent for Mr. Varnish. "Mr. Varnish," says he, "I have bought the remainder of the lease of this house—"'

'Had it long to run?'

'About six years:—"and," says Tom—'

'Six years! why, what a fool a man must be to do any thing to a house upon such a lease as that. No sooner has a man laid out money in repairing, painting, and so forth, and sits down to be snug and comfortable, than he is turned out of the premises.'

'Well, be that as it may, says Tom—"This house will require some repairs, and can you recommend me—"'

'Another bottle of wine, waiter; and, do you hear, let it be better than the last.'

'Yes, sir.'

'There is something in this wine I don't like. What say you, Mr. Nicely?'

'It has a twang of something, that is certain.'

'It is not so good as I drank at your house last time I dined with you.—'

'Ay, that was a memorable day!'

'Rather say a memorable night. I thought we should have been all killed in the storm—I hardly know how we got home.'

'Why, the wine you drank that day was good.'

'And so it ought. It has been five years and a half in bottle: but there is not much left.'

'I humbly presume, gentlemen, there is much of the story yet left, if you would be so obliging as to listen.'

'Ay, to be sure: please to proceed, sir.'

'"Mr. Varnish," says Tom, after he had shewn him the whole premises, "what think you of my bargain?"—'

'A-propos! Did you hear of the bargain Will Cautious made the other day?'

'No; what was it?'

'I'll tell you—It was a grand stroke, i'faith!'

'Well, what was it?'

'You remember the house and grounds at Bromley that belonged to Mr.— Mr.— Mr.— I can't think of his name: he served sheriff some years ago.'

'You mean Lutestring the mercer.'

'Probably it was; but I don't recollect.'

'Then you are exactly like me—I cannot remember people's names; and if it were not for my friends calling on me so often, and sending letters, I believe I should forget my own.'

'There is a knack in these things: I know a man that never forgets any thing.'

'Don't you think if he had been here, that he would have been apt to forget the story about our friend Tom Crotchet?'

'Yes; but, as I was saying of Will Cautious—I beg pardon for interrupting your story, sir, but your

mentioning a bargain put me in mind of it; I'll be done in a moment—the house and grounds Will bought were in fine order—'

'What number of acres might he have?'

'Only a garden and pleasure-ground; about, perhaps—let me see—one–two–three–and a—'

'I can't think why people are such fools as to lay out their money upon pleasure-grounds. Where is the pleasure of them after a person has walked over them two or three times?'

'Where? why the pleasure then is to let other persons walk over them as often. You have no more taste, Bob, than a Hottentot.'

'I don't pretend to taste: but I know land that will produce, and land that will not; and I always prefer the former.'

'Why, look there now, gentlemen, that fellow has nothing in his head but money. I verily believe, if he had a country-house, he would turn his drawing-room into a wheat-field, plant oats in the parlour, and have no more spare beds in his house than in his kitchen-garden.'

'Well, I see we shall never get through any of our bargains to-night.'

'For my part, I cannot help thinking it rather unmannerly to interrupt the gentleman who first began his story; and I move, that whoever interrupts him again shall be fined.'

All. 'Agreed, agreed.—Now, sir, please to go on.'

'As I was saying, sir, Mr. Crotchet asked the painter what he thought of his bargain; and if he would recommend him—'

'I believe you did not say, sir, what the bargain was.'

'A fine! a fine!'

'By no means, gentlemen; why fine *me*? You have interrupted the gentleman so often, that I am sure he will agree with me that you have put out of his head the principal part of the story.'

'By no means, sir; my story is a very short one it is true, but I have not yet got to the principal part of it.'

'That is what I like a short story for; one always gets to the end of it so soon.'

'You may get to the end of a story soon enough, but you seem determined that nobody else shall.'

'I am dumb—I am dumb.'

'When Tom took Mr. Varnish into the library—'

'Library! what is Tom of a bookish disposition? I never knew that before.'

'Yes, he has a tolerably good collection of books.'

'Of music-books, I suppose.'

'And printed books, too. You don't seem to know Tom; I'll tell you his history. He was at Magdalen college—'

'All-Souls, I believe.'

'Neither; it was at Wadham—I was there myself at the time. Tom and I had nearly been expelled for a riot.'

'Ay, you was always in one scrape or other. I wonder there is not more strict discipline at our colleges.'

'In some of them they manage matters pretty well.—But, as you was saying, sir, about Tom—'

'He was educated there, and made very considerable proficiency, until his father's death rendered him independent.—'

'He died about seven years ago, I think.'

'More, more—it is upwards of twelve.'

'It can't be: it was about the time we went to Bath. He was hale and hearty when we took leave of him.'

'Gentlemen, I must again remind you that the story stands still.'

'True, true—pray proceed.'

'Coming out of the library, Tom asked Mr. Varnish his opinion of the painted staircase—'

'I remember it well; there was a parcel of gods and goddesses, and sea-nymphs and tritons, grinning at one.'

'Be quiet: hear out the story.'

'And whether these paintings could be preserved and cleaned—'

'Nay, what nonsense to ask such a question of Mr. Varnish! Varnish is a very good kind of fellow—and my friend, too; and gives a good dinner, and a good bottle of wine. Do you remember, Jack, when he gave a turtle at Putney to a set of us last September?'

'Perfectly well; it was a jovial day: but the quarrel in the garden was rather unfortunate.'

'What, between the two gentlemen from the Temple?—Yes, that was rather unfortunate—I saw but little of it, however. Did not one of them strike the other?'

'No, not positively strike him, for we interposed; and before the company broke up they shook hands.'

'I wonder whether it be possible, before the company breaks up, to hear out the story of Tom Crotchet!'

'Mr. Varnish then said, that the paintings might certainly be cleaned, and he would undertake to get it done in a workman-like manner.—'

'There, that is precisely what I was coming to when I was interrupted. I repeat it, that Varnish is a very honest fellow, but as to painting such a job as that—'

'I only said cleaning.'

'Painting or cleaning it is all one: none but a good painter can do either. Poor Varnish!—ha, ha!—he do it in a workman-like manner!'

'Yes, I believe he would do it like many workmen—set about it as if he was daubing a barber's sign, and spoil it at last.'

'Upon my word you are too hard upon Varnish. He has much more taste than house-painters in general possess. He painted a ceiling for lord Whimsical in the square yonder, which is highly spoken of.'

'It is very *highly* finished, indeed—if you measure the distance from the ground: but, as to any other merit, I believe Varnish considered it was a good job, and he was well paid for it.'

'There were two reasons for that: my lord is a very honest man, and has no more taste than his footman.'

'Well, sir, pray let me go on.—Tom then took him to look at the ceiling in the hall—'

'Ay, now we are come to another ceiling; and we shall, by and by, come to the scaffold.'

'That is no more than you deserve, for having so repeatedly interrupted the story.'

'I interrupt it! that's a good joke. I only said—that is, I meant to say—that Varnish could not paint a ceiling; and that, if he could, a painted ceiling is a monstrous bastard species of painting, in which every figure is so distorted, that it is impossible to see any group to advantage unless one lie upon one's back on the ground. I suppose, painted ceilings were introduced before people had learned to stand upright.'

'There is some truth in what you say; but you must allow that some of the most eminent artists have been employed on such works.—But, I beg pardon, sir; please to go on with your story.'

'Tom then consulted him about some other improvements in his way, which he wished to be made—'

'In what way?'

'In the painting.'

'Oh, the painting!—ay, true, the painting. I believe we were saying something about painting

'Well, Tom and Varnish agreed

upon terms; when, just as the latter was about to step into the coach—'

'Coach! What, does Varnish keep a coach? No, that he don't I am certain—he had a buggy for a year or two—although he might be able to afford it—'

'A coach is a most expensive article now-a-days. For my part, if I could afford one, I would not have it.'

'And why not, pray?'

'Because I hate to be plagued with a parcel of servants: and then one is so anxious about one's horses, if they are fine and expensive; and if not, you are always buying others.'

'True, the tricks played upon us private gentlemen in the purchase of horses, amount to almost a prohibition of the article. A man that would know what he is about in the article of horses, ought to serve seven years in a stable-yard.'

'Well, gentlemen, I will not dispute how far it is wise or prudent to keep a coach, nor how much skill it requires to purchase horses without being imposed upon, but if—'

'It requires a great deal of skill: there is not one man in fifty who knows how to buy a horse.'

'No, nor in a hundred neither; and yet who does not pretend to it?'

'Ay, pretensions, indeed, are mighty fine things—But come, to the story.'

'Gentlemen, I am going to inform you that you might have saved yourselves the trouble of expatiating on the wisdom or folly of keeping a coach, for the coach Varnish stepped into was the stage-coach, and just at that moment——'

'That's odd too! I should have thought he knew better than to ride in a stage-coach after the accident his brother met with.'

'What was that? I don't remember.'

'Don't you.—Sure you can't have forgot. Last summer he was going to Liverpool—'

'Not so far, I believe.'

'No matter—on that road.—Just as the coach was turning a sharp corner, out went the linch-pin, and—'

'He was killed, I suppose.'

'No, he was not. How you interrupt one!—I don't mean to talk all night.'

'Talk all night! I don't know what you call talking, but it is time you let that gentleman go on with his story.'

'Certainly, certainly, it is not proper to interrupt a story, unless it went to an intolerable length.'

All. 'Certainly, certainly.'

'Now pray, sir, go on.'

'Why, gentlemen, I have no other objection to go on than this:—My story is to be sure a very short one; but, including the interruptions I *may* meet with, and supposing them to be of the same nature with those I *have* met, I do compute, on an exact calculation, that my story would not be finished before the conclusion of the present year; and so—I am your humble servant.'

DALIDOR AND MULCE.

A MORAL TALE.

(From the French of Madame de Genlis.)

DALIDOR and Mulce, two young men of the same age, and first-cousins, were brought up at the same college, but received from their parents very different ideas. The most judicious and solid instruction inculcated in a school or a college will be of little advantage if, during the vacations, parents destroy

the effect by their example and conversation. In vain was young Dalidor told by his masters that we can succeed in nothing, unless we accustom ourselves from our infancy to application, and to overcome the natural dislike which youth at first have to study. At his father's, Dalidor heard nothing praised but the talents necessary to render a person graceful and agreeable. His tutor, however, had no grace; his masters were only acquainted with Latin, Greek, and geometry: and he not only conceived an aversion for his instructors, but he despised them with all the sincerity of ignorance and vanity, which, united together, are always malignant, impertinent, and presumptuous, especially at the early age of sixteen, before experience and an acquaintance with the world have in some measure repressed this ridiculous pride.

Mulce, an orphan from his cradle, had a guardian of strong intellects, and who, intent on business and agriculture, never suffered his pupil to leave his studies, except when he took him into the country and instructed him in useful rustic labours. He said to him—'It is necessary, my friend, to become a man, and to employ yourself only in what is truly useful. Study is necessary: be diligent with your masters; and learn at the same time with me domestic economy and the management of a farm, and you will one day become wise and happy.'

The two cousins left college at the age of seventeen. Mulce set out for Strasburg, where, by the recommendation of his tutor, he was to study law. Dalidor went home to his father, who procured him a dancing-master and a drawing-master. At the expiration of a year he was introduced into the world, and made his appearance at court. He was allowed to possess grace and talents of the most pleasing kind: he had a good heart, an amiable disposition, wit, and made his way in society with considerable success. He entered into the army, and was obliged to pass months in garrison-duty in a small town fifty leagues from Paris. Dalidor was not a little disgusted with his situation; he, however, was guilty of no follies: he detested play, and his manners were irreproachable; but he was indolent, and he had the mania of the arts. It appeared to him intolerable to be obliged to rise at six in the morning to exercise his men, and to be deprived of visiting public exhibitions, and mixing in agreeable society. He was continually put under arrest; and when the time for which he was to do duty was expired, he returned to Paris, totally disgusted with a military life. The year following he obtained a furlough, and passed all the pleasant season of the year in a manner conformable to his taste in magnificent and delightful country-seats, with his relations and princes. He had a taste for, and a knowledge of, music; acted parts in plays; shone in balls and fêtes; and acquired a perfect gracefulness of manner, entirely forgetting all that he had learned at college. Yet, far from being supposed ignorant, as he possessed wit, loved literature, and made some sprightly verses, he was considered in the world as a young man particularly distinguished by his education. He was greatly addicted to indolence, that is to say, he could not apply himself to any thing dry and serious; yet he was never in one sense idle: he had even a great deal of activity, but he was incapable of employing that activity to any useful purpose.

The winter passed away rapidly in pleasures and dissipation. Dalidor was obliged to set out for his re-

giment, which that year was in garrison at Strasburg. He there found his cousin Mulce, who, wishing to be called to the bar, continued his study of the law with the utmost ardour, and most constant application. Mulce was no resource for Dalidor: these two young men were so different in their tastes and character that it was impossible they should agree; and, during four months, they saw each other only three or four times. Dalidor, as in the first year of his military service, rendered himself generally esteemed by his manners, and gained the friendship of his comrades, but was frequently put under arrest by his colonel; till at length he saw with joy the happy moment arrive when he was to return to Paris.

On the day before his departure from Strasburg, while returning on foot, at seven o'clock in the morning, to his lodgings after exercise, he passed through the market, and bought a bunch of roses of a woman who sold flowers. While he was purchasing them, he saw a young female of about thirteen or fourteen years of age at the distance of a few paces from him, with whose beauty he was charmed. She gave her arm to a woman who appeared to be her governess, while a domestic, carrying fish, walked behind her. As she marketted, and bought fruits and vegetables, which she placed in a tolerably large basket suspended on her arm, Dalidor had time to examine her at his leisure, and he thought her charming. After some minutes he advanced softly behind her, and slid into her basket the bouquet of roses that he had just bought. At that moment the governess and the servant had their backs turned, and their attention engaged by something else. The young stranger, however, turned round—saw Dalidor—took the roses out of her basket, laid them on the counter of the green-grocer, and went on, without honouring Dalidor with a second glance. She did this with the most perfect simplicity, without shewing surprise or affecting severity; but nothing so effectually represses a first emotion as this calm indifference. Theatrical airs, parade, and ostentatious severity, have much less true dignity in them; some little emotion is continually mixed with them, and men are more gratified by confusion than indifference, as they can always interpret the former in their favour. Disdain and anger, whatever may be their motives, always disfigure innocence, and seem to render a young countenance old; and, at every age, seriousness and coldness are the only expressions of disapprobation which women should permit themselves to use. Dalidor was so impressed with this adventure, that he felt that the image of this charming maiden could never be effaced from his memory. He lamented within himself that a girl so amiable, and who appeared not to be of vulgar condition, should receive such an education. 'They send her to market!' said he; 'they wish only to make her a good manager! she will neither possess talents nor acquire celebrity. What a pity!'

Dalidor returned to Paris, and two months afterwards a very advantageous marriage was proposed to him. But the family, which in consequence of his good character was willing to accept him as a son-in-law, was not in the opinion of Dalidor *amusing*, that is, was little acquainted with taste and polite accomplishments. He could not, therefore, endure the disgusting gloom of such a family: he gave some offence to the father and mother, and the match was broken off.

One morning in the beginning of

spring, as he was walking on the Boulevard, he saw a few paces before him a young lady most exquisitely shaped, whose back was turned towards him: she was accompanied by an old woman. An old blind man was sitting on the ground, and as she passed him, she stopped, and gave him some pieces of money. Dalidor, coming up at that instant, heard her say, in a tone of voice inexpressibly soft—'That is all I have —Oh, my good mother! give me six livres for this poor blind man.'—'How, miss! you have already given him six-and-thirty sous!'—'But, recollect, my dear papa is blind, and is as old as this poor man.'—'Well, miss, and what does that signify?'—'My good mother, if you refuse me my request, I will give him my gold heart out of my bosom.'—'What nonsense!' replied the old woman.

Dalidor, who had stopped to listen to this conversation, now came forward, and, extending his arm, threw a six-livre piece into the blind man's hat:—'There, good old man,' said he, 'that is for this young lady; and this is for myself,' throwing in another crown. At these words the young lady turned round, and thanked him with the most delicate simplicity; and making a low curtsey went on, leaving Dalidor full of surprise and emotion. He had just time to recognise in her the charming young stranger whom he had seen in the market of Strasburg six months before. He remained for some moments motionless; and then resolved to follow her. She was already at a considerable distance, but he hastened after her, and had nearly overtaken her when he saw her stop and get into a carriage. The coachman and the servant who opened the door were dressed in grey. The carriage drove away, and Dalidor soon lost sight of it. The image of the lovely stranger continually recurred to his mind, and rendered him thoughtful, disturbed, and absent. During a fortnight, he returned every day to the same Boulevard, constantly giving alms to the old blind man. But he saw no more the charming stranger: and he endeavoured to console himself by saying—'What advantage could I derive from an acquaintance with her? I can never form a real attachment but with a person who has received a brilliant education. A young woman who goes to buy vegetables in a market, and who displays in her manners the most rustic simplicity, cannot certainly be a wife suitable for me.'

Notwithstanding this reflection, Dalidor was a long time preserved from love by the remembrance of the charming stranger; for he could find in no other woman such impressive beauty, or such ingenuous grace.

Dalidor, not being able to resolve to return to his garrison, yet desiring to distinguish himself, went to serve in Corsica, where he continued two years. He overcame his natural indolence in his eagerness to obtain glory, and behaved in a manner that acquired him much reputation. It is very pleasing, at three-and-twenty, to return to Paris after such success; the adventurer is so well received by the ladies. Dalidor found the society of the capital more delightful than ever; and soon afterwards it was rendered still more interesting by a new sentiment. He became a lover; at least he believed himself to be in love, which produced nearly the same effects during some months.

He had been introduced to a young widow, named Ambroisine, greatly celebrated for her accomplishments and talents. This lady, though not regularly beautiful, was an elegant figure. She danced in a superior style; that is to say, almost as well

as a chorus-dancer at the opera. She had little voice, but she sang with taste. She played in a pleasing manner on the harp, the piano, the guitar, and the lyre. Dalidor attended her concerts: he heard her applauded with transports, and he secretly said to himself—'This is the woman I ought to love!'—and thus his choice was decided. A few days afterwards he resolved to make an open declaration: but this was not easily done. Ambroisine never conversed. At the ball she continually danced; and at home she was always at her music, and Dalidor more than once cursed the violin or flute which accompanied her. He had recourse to writing to her. Ambroisine did not answer his letter; but she blushed the next time she saw him, and addressed to him two very tender verses of a song which she sang. Ambroisine was the widow of a man of quality, and possessed a good fortune and a good reputation: Dalidor's father approved the sentiments of his son. Ambroisine gave her consent, and it was resolved that the two lovers should be united in the beginning of the spring: it was then the middle of winter.

One morning, Dalidor, going out in a cabriolet, passed through the *rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, where his carriage broke down, a few paces from the church. He ordered his servants to call a hackney-coach, and went into the church. Sitting down at a little distance from the confessional, towards which turning his eyes, he perceived a young female on her knees, whose figure struck him. Though she was wrapped up in a large black mantle, he could easily distinguish a slender shape and the most symmetrical proportion. Her robe, tucked up *à la Polonaise*, exhibited two charming little feet in the most artless manner; for her shoes were so large that on the slightest motion they almost left her feet: in fact, one fell off, and rolled to the foot of the confessional. The young penitent was so absorbed in her devotion, that this did not disturb her. Dalidor, after having admired her pretty little foot without a shoe, advanced softly and took up the shoe, to place it again on the first step.

At this moment the young lady arose, and turned round with that kind of slowness which accompanies a solemn and religious act, on which the mind is wholly intent. A veil covered her face—but it appeared charming to Dalidor in her carriage, her affecting grace, and the conciliating humility which adorned every motion. Her head was bowed down upon her breast: her pretty hands, without gloves, were joined together; it was manifest that she pressed them, and that she felt with a joy full of innocence and fervour the absolution she had just received. Dalidor, much affected, respectfully bowed as he placed the slipper under her foot; which she received without raising her head, and certainly without raising her eyes. She was at the further end of the church, near an old lady: she kneeled on a chair, and, in order to read in a book containing the service, she lifted up her veil. Dalidor, who followed her, then recognized the countenance of the young person he had seen at Strasburg, on the Boulevard. She was now sixteen, much more grown, and greatly improved. Dalidor experienced an inexpressible sensation. The violent palpitation of his heart obliged him to sit down. He fixed his eyes on this beauteous stranger, whom chance had thus more than once presented to him in such interesting situations. While he viewed her with emotion, she prayed with an attention that would not suffer her to see Dalidor. When half an

hour had elapsed, the old lady took her under her arm, and carried her away. Dalidor rose with an intention to follow her, but suddenly stopping—'To what purpose,' said he with a sigh, 'from what motive, should I follow her? I am in love with another. I have given my word.'—This thought pierced his heart. The stranger disappeared. Dalidor sank into his chair: he remained for some minutes in a kind of insensibility; then, collecting all his strength, he hastily left the church. For several days he was a prey to an invincible melancholy, which the accomplishments and refined talents of Ambroisine had not the power entirely to dissipate.

About this time his cousin Mulce, who had been absent some months, returned to Paris. Dalidor communicated to him his intended marriage, and emphatically extolled the talents of Ambroisine.—'How!' said Mulce, 'at twenty years of age can she sing and dance thus exquisitely, and play on four or five different instruments? This is indeed alarming, for she can never then have had time to think. What cultivation can her mind have received?'—'Do you then suppose,' said Dalidor, 'that a person possessing these talents may not likewise possess sense?'—'I do mean absolutely to say, that with such numerous acquirements at such an age a person cannot have had time for much useful reading, nor for reflection: and then, unless such persons be born with a very extraordinary mind, they must for ever be deprived of every thing that can supply the place of natural superiority.'—'You do not love the arts.'—'I think them agreeable, but not necessary; and they even appear to me to be frequently hurtful.'

This conversation did not tend to raise the spirits of Dalidor, though he repeated to himself that his cousin wanted taste.

In the mean time the winter glided on; and Dalidor saw the approach of spring without transport, but with some degree of pleasure. Love appears to revive with the reproduction of verdure and flowers, and the month of May seems to bestow new embellishments on youth. Ambroisine appeared to Dalidor more amiable and resplendent than ever, and he recovered all his enthusiasm for music. On the evening of the day appointed for his marriage, Dalidor was desired by Ambroisine to go and bring from the house of a painter who had suddenly absconded her portrait at full length, in oil colours, which she had caused to be painted without his knowledge, in order to present him with it. An unforeseen event had obliged the painter to quit the place without delay. Dalidor, furnished with a note from Ambroisine, went to the painter's house early in the morning, in order to claim this portrait which he knew not of, and which he had so much desire to see. He was informed that the painter's wife alone could deliver this portrait to him; that she was gone out, but that she would soon return; and Dalidor, who resolved to wait for her, was conducted into the painter's room, where, after having pointed out the portrait of Ambroisine, the servant left him. Ambroisine, a perfect likeness, was represented in a dazzling dress, crowned with pearls and laurel, surrounded with instruments of music, and playing on the harp. A group of bronze, consisting of the Muses and the Arts, supported the desk on which her music was laid, which she seemed to be looking at. Behind her, on an elevated stand, were the statues of the three Graces, holding a crown, which they seemed

to be desirous of placing on her head. Dalidor had but one glance at all this composition. By the side of this picture was another, which caused in him the strongest emotion. 'Oh, Heaven!' exclaimed he, 'wilt thou always pursue me?' This picture presented to his view his unknown fair-one, simply attired in a white robe, and standing in a court-yard feeding chickens. It was evident that the action represented was not agreeable to the painter's taste. The unknown beauty was neither habited in the dress of a shepherdess nor in that of a peasant: she was dressed as a young woman living in the country; and all that Dalidor knew of her convinced him that she who was sent to buy vegetables in the market must, in reality, be entrusted with almost the whole management of the household affairs.—'Yes,' said he, with tenderness, 'these are the features of that charming countenance: there is that forehead, in which candour and innocence are so manifestly displayed; there that smile, beaming with simplicity and ingenuousness! There is that artless grace, which flattery has never extolled. Ah! doubtless, praise, however just, must profane and degrade it: this delicate charm evaporates with the consciousness of possessing it.—She is here less beautiful, less interesting, than she appeared to me in the market of Strasburg, on the Boulevard, and in the church; but the figure is hers, and resembles her. By what magic is it that this picture diminishes the beauty of all around it?'—As he uttered these words he looked on the brilliant portrait of Ambroisine, and the figure of the latter appeared to him almost ridiculous. He found her attitude extravagant, her expression forced; affectation and pretension spoiled even the disposition of the picture. The dazzling drapery, the magnificently gilded harp, the sumptuous desk, and the figures of the Muses, formed a singular contrast to the simplicity of the young housekeeper, surrounded by her little chickens, and smiling at the eagerness with which they seized the corn, which she distributed to them by handfuls. Dalidor, in comparing these two figures, felt in the most lively manner that there is a charm a thousand times more powerful than talents and celebrity; and casting a disdainful eye on the groupe of Graces who seemed to wish to crown Ambroisine—'No,' said he, 'these are not the Graces; no, they are all assembled and united here'—turning to the portrait of his unknown fair-one. He sank into a profound reverie; he admired that strange kind of fatality which forced him, as it were, continually to meet with this stranger or her image, and in such a manner as clearly to exhibit to him her character, her manners, and her way of life.—'I know not,' said he, 'whether I am to meet her again; but I am certain the remembrance of her will remain with me all my life. Yet have I not even been observed by her; that glance, so timid and so mild, has never been fixed on me for a single instant. Should she see me again she would not know me. Well, of what consequence is it? We were not born for each other; her rusticity could not accord with my taste. I have made the choice which can alone suit me, and render me happy. But I could wish that this young person were my sister.—'

At this moment the wife of the painter entered. Dalidor could not refrain asking her some questions relative to the picture of the fair stranger: but he learned nothing: the painter's wife could give him no information either with respect to the picture or the original. Dalidor, disappointed and sad, asked

for the picture of Ambroisine: it was taken down, and he carried it away.

The marriage ceremony was performed on the following day, and the beautiful portrait was placed in the parlour of the new-married couple. Dalidor never looked upon it without sighing: it reminded him at the same moment of the portrait so different with which he had compared it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The ANGLER.

IN a warm summer's evening, look at the patient angler; his eye intently fixed upon a floating quill. A little gust of wind deceives his sight; or his hand shakes the line, and causes an undulating motion of the cork: his heart bounds with transitory joy; but all is still again, and expectation gives a joy more calm. Many minutes now elapse in silent watchfulness. At length his patience is no longer kept in suspense—the float, with frequent jerks, is snatched slanting below the surface of the flood. He feels the tremulous motion in his hand, and pleasure thrills through all his frame: anxiety and hope, though not unmixed with fear, engross his whole attention, and cautiously he drags the struggling victim to the light. Here, when he views the unexpected magnitude of his glittering prize, his joy is at its utmost reach. What object could at this moment tempt him to quit his station? Intent upon his sport, he one moment pulls, then seems to yield, then gently draws the exhausted victim, till at length, exulting, he takes the scaly prisoner in his hand. But, alas! with his victory his pleasure ceases; for having disengaged the poor creature from the hook, he throws it down with indifference, and proceeds to fish again, that he may again enjoy the pleasure of anxious expectation.

Thus is it in all pursuits: the pleasure of expectation appears to be the great compensation for the frivolity of enjoyment; but an evil which is dreaded when it arrives usually is found as much more severe than it was expected to prove, as pleasure eagerly desired when possessed is found to fall short of what it had appeared to the imagination.

ANECDOTE *of the* KING *and* QUEEN *of* PRUSSIA.

THE marriage of their Prussian majesties was brought about in a manner rather unusual among sovereigns. The circumstance which led to their union is thus described by an intelligent traveller, who lately visited Berlin. At a grand review, which took place at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, M. Boathman, one of the richest bankers upon the continent, appeared at the parade, with a superb equipage.—Struck with his appearance, the king enquired his name, and M. B. was introduced, who invited his majesty to a grand fête he intended giving that day at his château; which invitation the king accepted, and there met the lovely princess of Mecklenburgh Strelitz. To look upon and to love her were the same. About eighteen months after their marriage, they paid a visit to M. B. and as they entered the room where their first interview occurred the king caught his royal bride in his arms, kissed her, and with tears of sensibility exclaimed—'It was in this very room, my dear Boathman, that I found the treasure of all my happiness!'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

SONG.

TO MARIA.

(Tune, "*Thou soft-flowing Avon.*")

1.

AGAINST love and beauty let Stoïcs declaim,
And coldly endeavour to quench the soft flame:
Their maxims I scorn, and their lessons despise:
Better lessons I read in Maria's bright eyes.

2.

While beauteous Maria enraptur'd I view,
I'm taught to love virtue, and practise it too:
For virtue's abode is Maria's pure breast;
And virtue how lovely, in beauty when drest!

3.

By thy bright example, my bosom is fir'd
To aim at those virtues in thee so admir'd.
While thy accents I hear, while thy heart I explore,
I strive to resemble the nymph I adore.

4.

On thee while I gaze, with devotion I glow,
And bless nature's Lord, who to mortals below
In such lively colours a picture has giv'n
Of those charms which adorn the immortals in heav'n.

FLORIO.

MAUD, THE MARKET MAID.

OF all the fair-ones I have known,
Of all the conquests I have made,
Beauty in none so brightly shone
As in fair Maud, the Market Maid.

Each market-day she constant came:
To vend her poultry was her trade.
The blush of health, and not of shame,
Illum'd the charming Market Maid.

I strove to win her guileless heart:
Alas! it had already stray'd:
And though I feel so keen a smart,
I ne'er can wed the Market Maid.

But I can wish her ev'ry joy.—
May sorrow ne'er her breast invade!
May peaceful bliss, without alloy,
Attend on Maud, the Market Maid!

Sept. 5, 1805. J. M. L.

ON CONTENT.

THE greatest blessing that on earth
A mortal can enjoy
Is sweet Content, the harbinger
Of pure and endless joy.

Without this gem, though e'er so rich,
None e'er can happy be:
'Tis this alone which can secure
Them true felicity.

The miser, who of wealth's possess'd;
The fair, the vain, the gay;
'Tis rarely those are blessed with
Content's sweet smiling ray.

Not gold can purchase beauty rare,
This treasure to their breasts:
It only on the good attends;
With them it only rests.
Holbeach Marsh. JANE C—K—G.

THE FAREWELL.

ADDRESSED TO BELINDA.

FAREWELL, my native land; and oh! farewell,
Ye sweet delightful scenes that England boasts;
I now, tho' not insensate to your charms,
Must quit them all, and seek a foreign shore.
Adieu, ye lovely songstess! that now fill
With melody enchanting ev'ry bush:
The blackbird, linnet, and the lark so gay,
In sweet mellifluous notes, their voices raise,
Each other only striving to outvie.—
Sweet innocents! that with the rosy morn
Awake, renew your songs; that with a joy,
Arupturous joy, inspires each tender heart.
Can I, without regret, without a tear,
Leave such enchanting melody as yours?
But, oh! ye groves, ye hills, ye woods, ye streams!
Long shall your beauties animate my heart:
Yes, long your sweets shall memory retain.
Oft, when I walk to amuse the lonely hour,
My fancy'll to me picture all those scenes
I wont to visit when on Britain's isle:
Remembrance then will force the tear to flow,
When in my fancy I behold each spot,
Each fav'rite spot, I formerly admir'd.
But what are these? mean trifles, when compar'd
With leaving friends, friends much esteem'd, behind:
Whene'er I think on that, it casts a damp—
A cheerless damp throughout my frame I feel.
Yes, Mary, when I think I never more
Must see that form, where ev'ry virtue dwells;
Where Wisdom all her pleasing charms displays,
And where the Muses fix their sweet abode;
I then regret that I so soon must go,
And leave so dear a friend as thee behind.
But now regret is vain: the Fates decree
That I must go, and brave th'Atlantic deep;
And then, if Neptune send a prosperous gale,
And waft me safe unto Columbia's shore,
Seek new companions, to supply the place
Of those I leave on Albion's happy isle.
But, oh, my friend! may health, with ev'ry joy,
Attend thy happy steps! may sweet contentment—
The greatest gift that Heaven can bestow—
Pre-eminent in thy warm bosom dwell!
And when that time arrives when Hymen's fires
Shall warm thy gentle breast with love sincere,
May each revolving year fresh pleasures bring!
Thus smoothly may thy youthful days pass on!
And when the evening of thy life appears,
Serenely sweet may recollection prove!
Yes, unembitter'd by the pangs those feel
Who have their days in vice and folly spent.
These, Mary, are the wishes of my heart;
But still, 'midst all your joys, I hope to hold
The place of friendship in your gentle breast:
And rest assured, 'twill ever be return'd
By me with equal warmth.
And so, farewell!
London, Aug. 22, 1805. JANE C—K—G.

TO BELINDA.

YE Muses, I pray, now embellish my lay;
Let my numbers flow lightsome and airy:
'Tis now my delight, from morning to night,
To pour forth the praises of Mary!

There the Muses do shine with lustre divine;
Over her they're e'er watchful and wary.
Oh, how sweet flows the strain! and what pleasure I gain
From perusing the verses of Mary!

But how shall I tell all the virtues that dwell
In this little enchanting fairy?
Too faint is my strain, far too faint, to explain
All the virtues that dwell in sweet Mary.

Though far distant I range, yet my heart ne'er will change,
However the climate may vary.
I'll still with the muse all my influence use,
To tune her to Friendship and Mary.
Holbeach Marsh, May 10. JANE C—K—G.

ACROSTIC ON

C onspicuous in your verse we view
L earning and refinement too.
E legance adorns each line;
M erit there does also shine.
E ver while you court the Muse,
N e'er may she her aid refuse!
T o such a gentle band may she

C ondescending ever be.
O h, may your days be calm and bright!
O h, may no troubles, day nor night,
T orment you! Ever be your breast
E asy, and happily at rest!

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

MODESTY.

ADDRESSED TO MR. W——LEY.

HAIL, Modesty! What can compare
With thy enchanting, graceful air?
There's no accomplishment we see
Adorns a youth like Modesty.
The handsome beau, with confidence—
Who much more beauty has than sense—
Thinks Modesty a trifling grace
To those which do adorn his face:
But Modesty does far excel—
Far more than's in my pow'r to tell—
A genteel shape or handsome face,
Or any one external grace.
Its worth I cannot here unfold:—
It's of more value far than gold.
It's a rich gem, that does adorn
The maid or youth by whom 'tis worn.
But where shall I this treasure view?
There's something tells me, 'tis with you.
If 'tis, then prize the treasure dear:
Its value's great, and it, ne'er fear,
Will gain you friends, and true ones too;
Which beauty's power will not do.
Fair faces may admirers gain;
But Modesty secures their reign.

Holbeach Marsh, May 31. JANE C--K--G.

THE FORSAKEN SWAIN.

ONCE what riches I possess'd!—
Once what raptures swell'd my breast!—
When my Celia did receive
All my vows, and did believe
That I unto her would prove
Ever constant in my love.
Sure I nothing then did need:
Then, I then was rich indeed!
For say, can you deem him poor
Who never wished to have more?
But the grief which I now feel
Words too faint are to reveal.
All my hopes are vanish'd quite,
All are lost in endless night;
For my Celia's prov'd unkind,
And inconstant as the wind.
Far away from me she's fled,
And is unto Strephon wed.
Now the grove no pleasure yields,
Nor the rivers, woods, nor fields:
None of these can charm my mind,
Since my Celia's prov'd unkind.
No cheering prospect can I see,
Nought but endless misery.
But since now it must be so,
Wish her well I fondly do:
May she with her Strephon's love
E'er be blest! and may he prove
As constant unto her, as she
Has been inconstant unto me!

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

LINES

Addressed to Mr. Coote, London.

I NOW intend, my gentle friend,
To tune my lays to thee;
To tell the fair the charms that are
Combin'd in Mr. C——.

But can I well attempt to tell
That worth which all may see?
That worth, so bright, must sure delight
The friends of Mr. C——.

Your shape and air, your genius rare,
Can ne'er be told by me;
My pen's too faint the worth to paint
Of charming Mr. C——.

To flatter now I will not bow;
Indeed I should not be
A sincere friend, could I descend
To flatter Mr. C——.

Long, gentle swain, that worth retain!
And, ah! ye fates, decree
That rosy health, combin'd with wealth,
May dwell with Mr. C——!

May manners kind your gen'rous mind
Adorn, where'er you be!
Contentment sweet bless the retreat
Of charming Mr. C——!

Where'er you tread may Pleasure spread
Her train of gaiety!
And be dull Care e'er banish'd far
From you, dear Mr. C——!

London, 1805. JANE C--K--G.

ADDRESS TO THE HEART'S-EASE.

Written at the request of a young Lady.

HAIL, little parti-colour'd flower!
To thee I tune these lays;
'Tis by request my humble Muse
This willing tribute pays.

Hail, hardy plant! When hoary frosts
  Fair Nature's face deform,
Closely thou cling'st to mother earth,
  Nor fear'st the freezing storm.

When Spring with beauty clothes the meads,
  And decks the gay parterre,
Quickly thou rear'st thy velvet head,
  Nor ask'st the florist's care.

But tho' thou dost not yield such sweets
  As violets disclose,
Or boast such aromatic balm
  As issues from the rose;

Yet not the splendid purple robe
  Which eastern monarchs wear
Can emulate thy beauteous gloss,
  Or with thy tints compare.

But still thy name has brighter charms;
  'Twill both the sexes please:—
There's none that sojourns through life's vale
  But wishes for heart's ease.

Heart's ease! how welcome to the maid
  If love's soft passion teize!
Oh, how she chides th'inconstant youth,
  And lingers for heart's ease!

May love's keen disappointments ne'er
  The mind of Susan seize!
But may she with her fav'rite youth
  Enjoy a long heart's ease!

Then, may kind Heaven, to bless you both,
  Its choicest bliss impart!
May conscience gild life's closing scene,
  And give you Ease of Heart!

Haverhill, Oct. 11, 1805. JOHN WEBB.

EPITAPH

On a young Lady, who, being at a theatre, in consequence of a false alarm of fire, was crushed to death in endeavouring to escape.

YE sons of pleasure, whom the mimic stage
With fascinating charm your hearts engage;
Ye who to crowded theatres repair
To banish thought, and dissipate dull care;
Muse o'er this humble tomb with mind sedate—
Heave the deep sigh, and weep the maiden's fate.

Like you, in bloom of health, in youth's bright prime,
She sought theatric scenes to *murder* time:
When, lo! a dread commotion intervenes,
And turns the comic to real tragic scenes:
And 'midst the tumult dire the hapless maid
Fell in the crowd—was crush'd to Death's cold shade!

Votaries of Mirth! whom scenic arts can charm,
Pause as ye read; let conscience take th' alarm:
And prove—should you from scenes like these refrain—
That ev'n a playhouse was not built in vain.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

THE COTTAGE.

AT the door of my straw-covered cot
  The rose and the jessamine blend:
Each tree that o'ershadows the spot
  Is dear to my heart as a friend:

Its course from the first noble donor,
  From father to son, can we trace;
For ages the seat of fair honour,
  Content, independence, and peace.

The traveller, at fast-falling night,
  The smoke of its chimney surveys;
And journeys with bosom more light,
  Secure of refreshment and ease:

For fortune permits to extend,
  Though she gives not superfluous store,
A jug and a crust to a friend;
  A morsel to gladden the poor.

THE KISS.

WHEN far from my love, from my LILLA, away,
  Each lingering hour I upbraid:
With the sigh of despair, to my fancy I say—
Could I see the dear angel but once in the day,
  No care should my bosom invade.

Why then when, at length, the dear angel is nigh,
  When I gaze on her beauties divine,
Why throbs in my breast the unsatisfied sigh?
Why trembles the tear of regret in my eye?
  Fond wishes! for what do ye pine?

Do ye pine that the moment has vanish'd so fast,
  Which seal'd the soft compact of bliss?
Pine not that the moment of rapture is past—
A rapture like ours was forbidden to last,
  Or life had expir'd in the KISS.

Aug. 22, 1805. H.

FOREIGN NEWS.

St. Petersburgh, Aug. 28.

THE preparations for war are continued without intermission. All the regiments and the guards from this capital and the vicinity are on their march for Lithuania, and there are only three battalions of guards to do duty at the imperial palaces. Ten thousand men have marched out of this capital since the 23d instant. General Wintzingerode and prince Pangration are gone to the army, whither the emperor is also going in a day or two. The head-quarters will be at Wilna.

Cologn, Sept. 8. The first division of the army of the coast, consisting of 30,000 men, passed through Mons on the 3d instant. The troops are principally conveyed in carriages. They march along the Upper Rhine by Luxemburg and Treves. The emperor Napoleon will command in person the army of the Rhine; but he will always have relays in readiness to pass with dispatches, should occasion require, into Italy.

Bavaria, Sept. 17. Between the 16th and 18th inst. the whole advanced guard of the Austrian army in Germany passed the Lech. The left column, which draws through Upper Bavaria towards Suabia, is commanded by general count Klenau; and the right by general Gottesheim. The amount of both columns is estimated at 36,000 men. These will be followed by the main army, under the command of the archduke Ferdinand, assisted by generals Mack, Granville, &c.

Ulm, Sept. 18. The Bavarian troops, under the command of general Wrede, in this city, left it the day before yesterday.

The states of Bohemia assembled at Prague on the 9th instant.

Banks of the Danube, Sept. 19. The Bavarian troops have halted on the left side of this river, where it is intended to establish, provisionally, a line of demarcation. The corps under the command of gen. Wrede, which was before stationed at Ulm, now occupies Ingolstadt and the environs. The elector has given the most positive orders to oppose the entrance of an Austrian force into that town.

A regiment of Austrian cavalry has taken possession of Ulm.

Wurtzburg, Sept. 19. We learn that Biberach, a place now belonging to the elector of Baden, was occupied by the Austrians on the 15th.

Vienna, Sept. 19. The day before yesterday his royal highness the archduke Charles, with his retinue, in seven carriages, set out from this city, to go by the way of Venice to Padua to the Italian army, over which he will hold a general inspection. During the absence of the archduke Charles, the ministry at war will be entrusted to field-marshal count Joseph Von Colleredo.

His majesty the emperor will, it is said, next week set off for the Tyrol; where, however, he will make but a short stay, as he will proceed to Hungary to the opening of the diet. The Hungarians will raise a new army of reserve. Troops from the Gallicias and Hungary are daily arriving and passing through this city, on their way to the German and Italian armies.

On the 17th a courier from Berlin arrived here, after which several conferences were held. The archduke Ferdinand has set out to join the army in Bavaria. It is asserted that the French ambassador has demanded his passports, and that he has obtained them not only for himself but for the whole of his embassy. He, however, had not quitted Vienna yesterday.

Ratisbon, Sept. 20. Though advices from various places still give some hopes of the continuance of peace, we doubt much of the possibility of it. The Austrian troops continue to advance, and a very considerable part of them are already in Suabia. By the 10th of next month a corps of Russians will enter the Bavarian frontiers: but with respect to these proceedings, nothing official as yet has been communicated to the diet. The new proposals for peace that have been transmitted to Vienna seem not to have been approved.

Frankfort, Sept. 24. The Austrian army in Germany, under the command of the archduke Ferdinand, has, by forced marches, entered Suabia. Its advanced posts have reached Stockach. It is even very generally reported, that the Austrian troops have entered Switzerland. It is stated from Augsburg, that the Austrians halted on the 20th in the environs of that city; but no motive is assigned. On the other hand, the French troops of the army of Hanover arrived the day before yesterday in the environs of this city. They will soon be followed by the French and Batavian army, the first division of whom passed the Rhine this day at Mentz, and have marched towards Weilbach and Stinglingen; they will be at Offenbach to-morrow.

Stutgard, Sept. 24. Letters from Munich, dated the 22d, bring information, that the emperor of Germany and Austria had arrived there the evening before at six. His majesty was to continue his route on the 22d, by Landsberg.

The archduke Ferdinand had also arrived at Munich, and was making dispositions to proceed to Suabia. The Austrian commandant at Munich has put the electoral chest in a state of sequestration; but it is thought that he cannot derive from it more than the sums that will be necessary for the payment of the civil officers.

It is confirmed, that all the Austrian regiments which are on their march have received orders to halt, wherever they shall be, when this order shall be made known to them. The motives for this unexpected measure are yet unknown; but people are disposed to augur from it a favourable omen, a more fortunate turn of the negociations for peace, which are known to be still carried on under the auspices of Prussia. A Bavarian officer had arrived at Munich with dispatches from the elector, and set out on his return some hours after. The Austrians have advanced, in several directions, upon Suabia. One of the columns has taken a position at Rothwell and its environs, and sent out patroles towards Knibis, and in the vale of Kniche. This is the corps of general Auffenburg, who, after having advanced on the banks of the Lake of Constance, has entered the landgraviate of Nellenberg, and provisionally established his head-quarters at Stockach.

Paris, Sept. 25. His majesty the emperor and king set off yesterday for the army.

Yesterday at half past three the council of state went to the tribunate.

Sept. 27. The empress set out with his majesty for the army.

28. In the public sitting of the tribunate, held yesterday, a report was made from the commission appointed to consider of the communication of the government relative to the invasion of Bavaria by the Austrians; by which it was proposed, that an address should be presented to the emperor, expressive of the devotion of the nation to its chief, and of its thanks for all the personal sacrifices which he had made to maintain peace. This proposition was unanimously adopted.

Strasburgh, Sept. 27. It was said that the passage of the Rhine would be effected at Neuf-Brisach; but we are informed that, in consequence of fresh orders, the troops destined for

that purpose are descending the Rhine to pass the river at Kehl. In the night of the 25th, a strong division of dragoons on foot passed it.

General Oudinot's division of grenadiers slept at Rastadt on the 25th: yesterday it continued its march.

Vienna, Sept. 28. The answer of France to the declaration of the court of Vienna not having arrived, has retarded the departure of the ambassador La Rochefoucault. It has, however, been communicated to him, that he shall receive his passports as soon as count Cobentzel, and all the Austrians at Paris, shall have received theirs.

The Russian troops will be in part conveyed in 3000 carriages from Brunn to Braunau, where they will arrive on the 10th of October.

The emperor Alexander is expected at Vienna, and a number of apartments in the imperial palace are fitted up for his reception. That monarch left St. Petersburgh on the 21st of September, and on the 26th arrived at Pulavi; which is very rapid travelling.

Last night a courier was sent off to the commandant of the first column of the Russian troops.

Ratisbon, Sept. 30. The first column of the Russians is expected to reach the Bavarian frontiers on the 6th or 8th of next month.

The Austrian general Kienmeyer, who with his corps is at Eichstadt, will there wait for the Russians to form their advanced guard.

Nuremberg, Oct. 1. On the 27th of September, the elector of Bavaria concluded a convention with France, by virtue of which his troops are to join the French army, and the fortress of Wurtzburg to be delivered up to the latter. This has already been carried into effect.

Wurtzburg, Oct. 1. On the 28th ult. marshal Bernadotte departed from hence. The march of the French proceeds without cessation; the headquarters were yesterday at Ebernach, three hours from Bamberg. The marshal was received here in a most distinguished manner by the electoral family. Before his departure general Marmont arrived here. Electoral commissaries are posted on all the roads, to provide necessaries for the army. This citadel has also been provisioned. An exchange of couriers has constantly taken place between this city and Berlin. It appears that the journey of our elector to Amberg had positively a military object; and there is reason to conjecture, that our army will shortly break up in the Upper Palatinate for Franconia; and that, in case of war, the elector will command it in person.

Hanover, Oct. 1. Transports, baggage waggons, &c. are daily going from hence to Hameln. To-morrow about 2000 peasants will begin to be employed daily in working on the fortifications and trenches. It is said that a house will be fitted up at Hameln for the general of division Barbon.

Orders have been given for the immediate delivery of 15,000 palisades, which has occasioned a scarcity of wood in the vicinity of Hameln. All the depots of the regiments which have marched away are removed to Hameln.

Offenburg, Oct. 2. We have just been informed, that a corps of Austrian troops has passed the Danube at Neuberg in Bavaria, to extend themselves upon the left banks of that river. The advanced guard of that corps is arrived at Donawerth. The garrison of Munich has also received orders to repair to the left bank of the Danube. It set off immediately for that destination. There are only a few hundred Austrians in garrison at Munich.

The advanced guard of the imperial army of Austria, under the orders of general Klenau, 14,000 strong, is in the rear of the Black Forest, where it has taken post between Stockach and Doneschingen.

The Prussian government of Anspach and Bareuth has published a proclamation relative to the neutrality of these two countries. It is formally forbidden to the magistrates and functionaries to suffer foreign troops to pass, of whatever nation they may be, through the Prussian territory, as well as to suffer horses or corn to be exported.

HOME NEWS.

London, Sept. 26.

ON Monday night last, Mr. Isaac Blight, a most respectable and opulent merchant, was murdered while he was sitting in his chair in his own house, at Greenland Dock, near Deptford.

Mr. Blight's house is the first below Greenland Dock, and fronts the river Thames: the back part is surrounded by a strong paling. On Thursday night last (at which time Mr. Blight, with his lady, were at Margate) a friend of theirs, a Mr. Patch, was sitting alone in a front parlour in Mr. Blight's house. About half past eight o'clock he was alarmed by a pistol or gun, loaded with ball, being fired through the window: the ball lodged in a part of the room not far from where he sat. Every search was immediately made, but no person that could be suspected was to be found. The next day (Friday) Mr. Patch wrote to Mr. Blight, to inform him of the circumstance, when the latter instantly came to town; but neither he nor Mr. Patch could attach suspicion upon any one.

On Monday night these gentlemen were sitting together in a back parlour in Mr. Blight's house; and about the same hour (half past eight o'clock) Mr. Patch, having occasion to go out for a few minutes, took a candle, and left his friend alone. He had not been gone more than two or three minutes when he heard the report of a gun, on which he immediately returned, and found Mr. Blight lying shot through the body. The ball had entered a little below his ribs, passed through his back, and lodged in the wainscoting behind where he sat. The only person in the house when the murder was committed was a female servant, who also heard the report of the piece, but was in a kitchen at some distance. Neither Mr. Patch, the servant, nor those who were called in, could find any traces whatever of the murderer: he got clear off. Neither gun nor pistol was left behind, nor any thing that could tend in the least to discover him.

The unfortunate gentleman was instantly put to bed, and the assistance of a surgeon immediately procured, who soon pronounced the wound to be mortal.

Mr. Blight, during the night and yesterday morning, was sufficiently collected to be able to answer every question relative to the horrid transaction. The whole account, however, that he could give, was extremely short. He stated, that after Mr. Patch left him he sat alone, and neither heard nor suspected any one; at last, however, he saw the door of the room open slowly (but this did not alarm him), and almost at the same instant he was shot: he neither saw nor heard the person who fired at him.

The above particulars Mr. Blight repeated distinctly several times before he died; and declared that he was not conscious of having an enemy in the world. He expired at three o'clock yesterday afternoon.

[The above-mentioned Mr. Patch has since been apprehended, on strong

suspicion of having been himself the murderer of Mr. Blight; and, after several examinations before that active magistrate Mr. Graham, has been fully committed to take his trial at the next assizes.]

Kinross, Oct. 2. On Saturday last a gentleman from the neighbourhood of Dunfermline, acting as a guide to a friend, to view that wonderful display of nature exhibited at the Cauldron Lins, on the Devon Water, a few miles from Kinross, in attempting to pass over the large stones that hang over the first chasm unfortunately slipped his foot, and fell headlong down the first precipitous descent, wherein the constant dashing of the water from above, for a long series of years, has excavated the solid rock, forming large collateral basins, through the whole of which he was rapidly hurled down to the first lin or cauldron of immeasurable depth of water: here the constant horrific roar forms a perpetual agitating frothy surface, which universally, from every beholder who has the courage to look into it, obtains the appropriate name of Boiler. From this last awful situation he was instantly washed down to the second great lin or cauldron; near the bottom of which the water has forced a circuitous narrow passage, forming the great cascade that projects with such horror through the solid rock, and falls with a tremendous noise to an immense depth in the river below. Most providentially for the gentleman, the descending waters whirled and pitched him on his feet upon a detached piece of the rock, where, upon some recollection of his impending perilous state, and consequent exertion, he balanced himself for near an hour, though up to the chin in water, and until his terrified companion, chilled with fear for the fate of his friend, obtained assistance from the peasantry in the neighbourhood, who immediately collected near the precipice; and, with much difficulty, from the weakness of the endangered sufferer below, who of necessity was obliged to pass the ropes that were thrown down to him around his own body, he was happily drawn up from the depth he had fallen into, not less than 50 feet.

Dublin, Oct. 3. Thursday evening the bishop of Bristol very narrowly escaped being shot, by a ball from a pistol, fired off in Lower College-green, Dublin, by a boy who was amusing himself therewith. The ball entered the dining-room window of the palace, and took such a direction as would, most probably, have terminated his lordship's existence, had he not providentially risen from his seat a few minutes before.

London, Oct. 5. The body of John Archer, late a seaman on board one of his majesty's frigates, was, on Saturday last, taken up at Chatham, after it had been buried, in consequence of suspicion having arisen that he died through excess of punishment. The jury have since met, have been adjourned several times, and have examined a number of witnesses, whose evidence appears contradictory. A serjeant of marines has gone so far as to state, that the man was very severely and repeatedly punished, and that, at the time punishment was inflicted on him the man could not walk, but was brought up from below by several men, and laid down across a gun, not being able to stand upright, and he was flogged in that situation.—The surgeon of the ship, on the contrary, states, that the man has not been severely treated, and that when he was called to see him his case appeared so lenient, that his attendance was not required. The jury again met on Thursday evening, at six o'clock, to examine the remaining witnesses, and, about nine, not being able to form an immediate opinion, they withdrew into a separate apartment, and were locked in nearly three hours, when they requested the presence of the coroner, and delivered the solemn verdict of—*Wilful Murder.*

In the forenoon of yesterday, between ten and eleven o'clock, a well-looking middle-aged woman was exposed to sale in Smithfield market by her husband, with a rope round her waist. The purchase money demanded for this fair bargain was 5*of.* This being considered rather exorbi-

tant, notwithstanding the novelty of the article, there were few bidders for some time, until a very considerable concourse of people were assembled, when the lady became very impatient for a bidder at any price, declaring her unnatural husband had used her cruelly, and she was willing to be knocked down at a trifle. Two guineas were bid for her by some gallant swain; and, without waiting for any further bidding, the husband declared him to be the purchaser, and the property was regularly transferred in the books of the clerk of the market. The old husband departed, contented with the produce of this sale; and the new one retired with his bargain to a neighbouring public-house.

Oct. 8. The officers at Union-Hall were on Thursday morning very much surprised at seeing a young woman drive up to the door in a very elegant one-horse chaise, who came to ask relief of the magistrates for herself and a child, which she had in her arms. It appeared that she had that morning applied to a parish officer of Lambeth for relief, without effect; and as she was coming out of the officer's house she observed a chaise standing at the door, empty: supposing it belonged to the officer, she determined to borrow it, and immediately got in and drove to Union-Hall, where the magistrates, totally ignorant of the equipage standing at the door, granted her an order for relief, with which she was returning to the officer's house, when she was met by Mr. Astley, jun. of the Amphitheatre, who, seizing the bridle, requested the fair damsel to alight and resign the whip to him. The fact was, Mr. Astley had been with the parish officer on business, and had left his carriage at the door, when the lady, perceiving it empty and the horse standing idle, had taken the liberty of borrowing it for her excursion into the borough.

On Thursday last an inquest was held by Mr. E. Brook, coroner, and a respectable jury, on the body of John Stables, of Horsforth, gent. who was on Tuesday evening found hanging in a barn near his own house. The jury, after examining several witnesses as to the state of mind of the deceased, found a verdict of *Lunacy*. This gentleman was brother and heir to Mr. Wm. Stables, who was cruelly murdered in bed in his house, in the night of the 26th of July last; since which dreadful event the mind of the deceased has appeared in a very perturbed and dejected state. On the morning of his death Mr. Stables breakfasted with his sister, Mrs. Clark, of Low-hall, Horsforth, with whom he had for some weeks resided, and whose house he left on horseback, with the professed intention of riding to Leeds; but, as appears from the sequel, he rode only to his own house, which was unoccupied, put up his horse in an out-house, and is supposed to have soon after committed the fatal act, as his body, when discovered in the evening, was perfectly cold; from which circumstance it is conjectured, that he must have been suspended for several hours. He died possessed of freehold property to the amount of upwards of 170*l.* a year.

Oct. 9. On Sunday morning the son of a wholesale linen-draper, near Watling-street, eloped with the daughter of a wealthy merchant, near East-square, in the Kent-road. On their way to Guildford they were overtaken by the lady's father and some of his friends, who had set off in pursuit of the fugitives. The rencontre had like to have proved a very serious one, as the enraged parent attacked the young gentleman with such determined violence, as not only to drag him from the post-chaise, but to inflict upon him a severe drubbing with a cudgel. The young *enamorata* was not more astonished at the pursuit than he was at the many convincing proofs he received of the old gentleman's aversion to the match, and was preparing to submit to his fate, and take a long farewell of his mistress, when the young lady called her father aside, reminding him that she had left home for more than twelve hours; that a *night* had passed in the interval since she had determined to become a *wife;* and that it would neither contribute to his happiness nor her

honour to prevent the match, since things had gone so far. The parent took the hint, and was, after a moment's recollection, as desirous to see the nuptial ceremony performed as he was before resolute to prevent it. The parties all returned to town, and yesterday the happy pair were joined in holy wedlock, when the lady confessed that the hint she had thrown out was nothing more than an innocent stratagem to gain her parent's consent, and that her own honour and his reputation were unsullied.

Oct. 12. The whole of the lunatics being removed from Bethlehem-hospital to St. Luke's and Hoxton, the first day's sale of that vast pile of buildings commenced on Monday, the ground being purchased by the city of London for the purpose of building a most magnificent fabric, to be divided into Lecture Theatres, appropriated for History, Chemistry, Navigation, Mathematics, Philosophy, Genealogy, Chronology, and Trade; to which will be added a library, suited to the above, that will surpass any of its kind in Europe. It is said, that upwards of 250,000*l.* are already subscribed towards this commercial and great undertaking.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 20. At Barningham-hall, Norfolk, the lady of H. N. Jarret, esq. of a daughter.

29. At Sanson-house, Berwickshire, the lady of general Francis Dundas, of a son.

30. At Hagbury-place, in Surrey, the right hon. lady Margaret Walpole, of a son.

Oct. 2. At his house, in New-street, Spring-gardens, the lady of the hon. James Abercrombie, of a daughter.

7. At the house of William Wingfield, esq. in Montague-street, Russel-square, the right hon. lady Charlotte Wingfield, of a son.

8. At his house near Deal, the lady of captain sir John Johnstone, of Westerhall, bart. of a daughter.

10. At Gormanstown-castle, Ireland, the lady of the right hon. lord viscount Gormanstown, of a daughter.

14. At his house in Upper Charlotte-street, Mrs. Lucena, the lady of the Portuguese consul-general, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 21. At St. George the Martyr, Queen-square, Amos Stettrell, esq. of Baglan-house, Glamorgan, to miss Harriet Utterson, second daughter of the late John Utterson, esq. of Marwell-hall, in the county of Southampton.

22. At St. Olave's, Old Jewry, Thomas Symonds, of the Inner Temple, esq. barrister, to miss Frances Barlow, eldest daughter of Joseph Barlow, esq. of Frederick's-place.

25. At Mary-la-bonne church, major Daniell, of the 99th regiment, to miss Mary East, daughter of the late Edward East, of the island of Jamaica.

John Walcot, esq. to lady Douglas, of Great Cumberland-street.

Mr. Robert Jenkins, of Portland-square, Bristol, merchant, to miss Prior, daughter of —— Prior, esq. of the same place.

Oct. 1. At Handsworth, Mr. Thomas Rhodes, of London, to miss Hodges, daughter of John Hodges, esq. Soho, Staffordshire.

At Mary-la-bonne church, James Agar, esq. of the Inner Temple, barrister at law, to miss Fletcher, of Welbeck-street.

At Horsley, in Gloucestershire, Henry Moor, esq. of Greenwich, in Kent, to miss Remmington, daughter of John Remmington, esq. of Bartonend.

At Lisbon, James St. Aubyn, esq. of Plymouth-dock, to miss Louisa Michell, daughter of Samson Michell, esq. of the royal navy, Lisbon.

At Eastry, William Bridger, esq. of Lymne-castle, to miss Tournay Bargrave, eldest daughter of Robert Tournay Bargrave, esq. of Eastry-court, in Kent.

2. At Queen-square chapel, Bath, Thomas Roberts, esq. of Bristol, to miss Lee, daughter of the late Benj. Lee, esq. of Merrion, county of Dublin.

At Camberwell church, Thomas Bush, esq. of Wandsworth, to miss Harriet Brown, daughter of Timothy Brown, esq. of Peckham-lodge, Surrey.

At Walcot church, Bath, John Haley, esq. of Lansdown-place, to Mrs. Richardes, youngest daughter of the late James Rivett, esq. M. P. for Derby.

3. At Walton, John Groome Smythe, esq. of Worfield, Shropshire, to miss Ann Park, daughter of Thomas Park, esq. of Highfield-house, near Liverpool.

Wm. Coxhead Marsh, esq. of Parkhall, Essex, nephew of sir Thomas Coxhead, to miss Sophia Swaine, of Castle-Headingham, in the same county.

7. S. C. Brandram, esq. of Size-lane, to miss Styan, daughter of Thomas Styan, esq. of Clapham, in Surrey.

At Hempriggs, Caithness, Garden Duff, esq. of Hatton, to miss Louisa Dunbar, eldest daughter of sir Benjamin Dunbar, bart.

At Curzon-street chapel, Walter Jones, esq. M. P. for Coleraine, in Ireland, to miss Catharine Iremonger, daughter of the rev. Lascelles Iremonger, prebendary of Winchester.

8. At St. James's church, the rev. Wm. Ward, rector of Mile-end, near Colchester, to miss Hammersley, eldest daughter of Thomas Hammersley, esq. of Pall-Mall.

Benjamin Wood, esq. of Finsbury-square, to miss Wood, of Layton.

At Cheltenham, Francis Hamilton, esq. of Belvidera, county of Antrim, to miss Elizabeth Lucy Reilly, youngest daughter of the late John Reilly, esq. of Scarvar-house, county of Down, Ireland.

9. At St. Mary-la-bone, Henry Jadis, esq. to miss Adderley.

12. At St. Pancras, Richard Price, esq. third son of sir Charles Price, bart. M. P. to miss Elizabeth Heyman, second daughter of Henry Heyman, esq. of Queen-square.

At Queen-square chapel, Bath, George Lowther Thompson, esq. of Trinity college, Cambridge, to miss Waldron, eldest daughter of the rev. Edward Waldron, of Hartlebury, Worcestershire.

14. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the rev. Edward Williams, of Stepney, Isaac Heyward, esq. captain in the royal South Gloucester regiment, to Mrs. Wiltens Andree, late of Surinam.

15. Lieutenant-colonel Cumming, of the 11th light dragoons, to miss Amelia Lautour.

At Douglas, in the Isle of Man, by special licence, Wm. H. Boys, esq. to miss Sarah Meredith, third daughter of B. C. Meredith, esq. of Broadstone-house, near Dublin.

17. At Woodham Mortimer, near Maldon, Essex, Mr. John Wyatt Lee, of Maldon, to miss Ann Dunkin, daughter of John Dunkin, esq. of Woodham Mortimer.

DEATHS.

Sept. 20. John Talbot, esq. of Stone-castle, Kent.

After a lingering illness, Mr. Richard Adams, late partner in the house of Messrs. Harding, Shorland and Co. in Pall-Mall.

Oct. 2. At Brompton, in the 72d year of her age, lady Temple, widow of the late sir Richard Temple, bart. of Kemsey, Worcestershire.

At Cheltenham, David Scott, esq. of Duninald, representative in parliament for Perth, &c.

7. At his brother's house, in Billiter-square, George Desborough, esq. agent-victualler to his majesty's fleets on the Leeward Island station.

8. At Upton-house, near Romsey, in the 70th year of her age, Mrs. Anne Lessly, widow of the late Thomas Lessly, esq. and eldest daughter of Stephen Blizard, esq. deceased, late chief justice of the island of Antigua.

14. At the house of Robert Holt Leigh, esq. M. P. in Duke-street, Westminster, in the 52d year of his age, Wm. Clarke, esq. banker, of Liverpool.

At his partner's house, at Walworth, John Smith, esq. of Southwark, hop-merchant, fourth son of Mr. Alderman Smith, of York.

17. At South Lambeth, Mrs. Hook, wife of the eminent composer.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Widow and Daughter, 563
2 Sketch of the Character of Lord Nelson, 566
3 The Moral Zoologist, 567
4 Romance of the Pyrenées, 569
5 Directions for forming a Winter Garden, 584
6 Account of the new Comedy—'A Prior Claim'— 590
7 Dalidor and Mulce—A Moral Tale, 592
8 A Noontide Walk in October, 598
9 Tittletattle, 599
10 London and Parisian Fashions, 601
11 Biographical Sketches of the Right Hon. Lord Nelson, K. B. 601
12 Poetical Essays.—Lines on the late Victory and Death of Lord Nelson—Address to a Rose—Miranda's Grave—Fair Kitty—Epilogue to the new Comedy of 'A Prior Claim'—Hope—Lines to Miss J. B. 605—608
13 Foreign News, 609
14 Home News, 612
15 Births, 615
16 Marriages, 615
17 Deaths, 616

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 The Widow and Daughter.
2 The Bullfinch and Greenfinch.
3 London Walking and full Dress.
4 A new and elegant Pattern for a Diagonal Stripe, &c.
5 A new and elegant Pattern for a Trimming, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Yeames's communication is received, and intended for insertion either next month or in the Supplement.

Matilda Spencer's contribution is received, and shall appear.

We are sorry to have incurred inadvertently the heavy displeasure of Mr. Snart. His piece had for some time been mislaid. It is now returned, as requested, and we hope his anger has subsided. Our objection to it was, that the subject—(on the ladies wearing drawers and pantaloons)—and especially the manner of treating it, though not perhaps absolutely or broadly indelicate, bordered too nearly on indelicacy, or, at least, had a tendency to excite indelicate ideas.

With respect to the enquiry of several of our Correspondents—when the continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* will be resumed; we can only say, that we wish the lady who is the author of that piece would answer that question.

We are under the necessity of rejecting the poem by *Juvenio*, though many of the lines are good.

*** In our next will be continued *Botany for Ladies*, by Dr. THORNTON, with Two illustrative PLATES.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Widow and Daughter.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For NOVEMBER, 1805.

THE WIDOW AND DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

MADAME de St. Amand had been deprived, by the alarming stroke of sudden death, of a husband to whom she was most affectionately devoted, and who returned her love with equal ardour. Her daughter Adelaide shared in her grief, and mourned inconsolably the best of fathers. For a considerable time they repaired together every day to the grave in which the remains of all they had held dear were deposited; and would there mingle their tears, and find a kind of melancholy relief in the indulgence of unavailing sorrow.

This repeated expression of their grief attracted the notice of M. de Serville, a young gentleman who had likewise lately lost his father, and by his death came into the uncontrolled possession of a considerable estate. As the house in which he resided was not far from the church-yard that contained the grave of M. de St. Amand, he had frequently observed the widow and her daughter as they knelt and wept; and his feelings were the more strongly excited from the recollection of his late father, whom he equally revered and loved, and whose death he did not the less mourn because it had put him in full possession of the property to which he was heir.

M. de Serville soon found an opportunity to introduce himself to madame de St. Amand and her daughter; and the charms of the latter made immediately a great impression on his heart. In her the utmost beauty of person was combined with an indescribable simplicity of manners and delicacy of sentiment; and her tender sorrow for the death of her father added to these an attraction irresistible by the susceptible heart of M. de Serville. He, however, could not prevail on himself to speak to her on the subject of love in what he esteemed the sacred moment of her grief, but confined himself, in his conversation both with her and her mother, to offering such consolation as his good sense dictated, and endeavouring gradually to divert and

dispel that sorrow which they appeared to have suffered so much as to overwhelm their minds.

The French revolution had commenced a short time before, and on a sudden M. de Serville was denounced as an aristocrat. The warning he received of his danger convinced him it was so urgent that not a moment was to be lost in making his escape. He accordingly set out instantly for England, that happy country of freedom; which then became the asylum of all who were persecuted by popular fury and tyranny; under the name of liberty. So hastily was he obliged to fly, that he had not even time to take leave of madame de St. Amand and the charming Adelaide, whom he now felt more than ever that he really and tenderly loved.

Adelaide, likewise, on her part, after his departure, found a new species of melancholy arise in her mind; which gradually, by diverting her attention, superseded her grief for the loss of her father. Memory retraced to her imagination the strong sense, manly qualities, and, as she at least secretly flattered herself, apparent partiality towards her of M. de Serville But she told nothing of what passed in her heart to her mother, till the marquis de Forlaix, a gentleman possessing a large estate, though he had renounced his title, in compliance with the taste of the times, becoming violently enamoured of her, made her an offer of himself and his fortune. She received him, however, with a coolness approaching to an expression of absolute aversion; which not a little surprised madame de St. Amand, who considered the marquis as a very advantageous match for Adelaide. In his character she saw nothing to object to, except a somewhat too great profusion in his expenditure, which she attributed to the inconsiderate generosity of youth, and a connection with the upstarts in power, whom she secretly abhorred; but this she attributed to policy, and a wish to preserve his property, and indeed his life. She questioned her daughter on the subject of her behaviour to the marquis; and though Adelaide was not very explicit in her answers, she discovered enough to inform her that she felt her heart too strongly attached to M. de Serville to admit of the addresses of any other person till she had heard again from him, or concerning him. Madame de St. Amand endeavoured to reason her daughter out of this romantic attachment to a person who had never made any declaration to her, but in vain; and the marquis de Forlaix, finding that he could make no impression, discontinued his visits.

A short time after madame de St. Amand received intimation from a confidential friend that she and her daughter were suspected of what was called incivism, or disaffection to the government; and advised them to provide for their safety by flight. They accordingly realised what property they could, and, collecting it together, hastily emigrated into England. Why an inoffensive widow and her daughter, possessing no great wealth, should be thus marked out for persecution by the rulers of the day seemed not easily to be accounted for; but it was suspected that these proceedings were to be attributed to the marquis de Forlaix, who had secretly promoted them, in revenge for the treatment he had received from Adelaide.

The vessel which brought madame de St. Amand and her daughter to England landed them at Plymouth, where they took a place

in the stage for the capital. They travelled by night as well as by day; and when it was dark another passenger, muffled up in a large great-coat, entered the coach. Madame de St. Amand soon discovered that he was a Frenchman, and began a conversation with him in her own language; which the stranger supported with much politeness, though extremely hoarse from a violent cold. Madame de St. Amand, in the course of her conversation, spoke on various topics; and among others, as might, indeed, be expected from a Frenchwoman, on love and marriage. She observed, that the tender passion inspired some minds with extremely romantic ideas, and hinted that she believed such ideas had been ultimately the cause of her banishment from her country. The stranger listened with great attention, and, by remarks and questions properly timed, induced madame de St. Amand to give the outlines of her whole history. Her daughter, she said, had conceived a violent predilection for a gentleman, who, though a very accomplished and truly deserving man, had never made any positive declaration of love to her; and who, besides, having been obliged to leave his country in the same manner that she herself had since been, had either not been able or not desirous to maintain any correspondence with her. A gentleman possessing a very ample estate, and who, while titles were in vogue, bore the title of marquis, had solicited her hand; but she had most pertinaciously remained constant to her imaginary lover, and peremptorily rejected him; in consequence of which he had exerted his influence with the government, and compelled them to fly to a foreign country for the preservation of their lives.

Adelaide, during the progress of this narrative, discovered the greatest uneasiness, and endeavoured to interpose some check to this communicativeness of her mother, but without effect, till the coach stopped at an inn, to give the travellers an opportunity to take some refreshment. The mother and daughter, and the French gentleman, being all the inside passengers, were shown into a room together; and no sooner was the door closed than the latter, opening his great-coat, and throwing off his travelling cap and a handkerchief which half covered his face, discovered himself to be the identical M. de Serville, who had been, in fact, the subject of their conversation. At the same moment he threw himself at the feet of Adelaide, and, pressing her delicate hand to his lips, declared his passion for her in the strongest terms, solemnly calling Heaven to witness that nothing could have made him consent to bear with life, after he had the unhappiness to be separated from her, but the hope he had continually cherished that he should one day enjoy the felicity of seeing her again.

The surprise of madame de St. Amand and the lovely Adelaide can as little be described as the extatic emotions which filled the heart of M. de Serville. He was shortly after united to the object of his affections in the happiest bonds; for, notwithstanding the loss of his estates in France, he had saved sufficient property to enable them to live, if not in luxury and ostentation, at least in ease and comfort.

The marquis de Forlaix, in consequence of the reins of government having been seized by another party, who were desirous of sharing among them his large estate, was some months afterwards thrown into prison, and all his property confiscated, himself narrowly escaping the guillotine.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following sketch of lord Nelson's character is so forcibly expressed, that I am persuaded your readers will not be displeased at its introduction. It is extracted from a dedication prefixed to Lipscomb's Journey into South Wales: and your insertion of it will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

'WHEN I contemplate your lordship's character, I am at a loss for words to convey the various sensations which arise in my mind, at courage the most intrepid, calmness the most prudent, wisdom the most consummate, and humanity the most benignant.

'Whether I view you, my lord, leading the hardy sons of Britain to conquest and to glory—animating them by the firmness of your conduct, without rashness——defying danger—and serene, amidst the din of battle; or see you triumphantly returning at the head of a victorious band—not vain with successes even the most brilliant—not proud of schemes the best concerted, and entirely your own—but, with an aspect glowing with benignity, and exhibiting at once the bravery of Alexander, and the humility of Scipio!—

'Whether I observe you surrounded by admiring countrymen, who greet with honest and unaffected joy the return of their great deliverer; see you receiving at the hands of kings the highest honours and distinctions which grateful monarchs can bestow; or view the mild benevolence, the soft humanity, with which the man before whose presence even heroes have trembled protects the weak, and assists the distressed;—I am lost in astonishment, delight, and extacy; and grieve that the powers of language are so inadequate to such a theme.—

'A few of these excellent qualities, in the same degree in which your lordship possesses them, for the happiness of civilised society, the peculiar honour of your country, and your own glory—even one of them—would be sufficient to immortalise any name: their union forms a chaplet around your brow, which dazzles all men by its sublime refulgence, and sets competition at defiance!

'It challenges the history of the world to produce its equal, through the ages which are past; and shines like a brilliant constellation, to illumine the generations to come.

'When we recall the characters of illustrious heroes long numbered with the mighty dead, we form a juster estimation of their bravery and their worth by the criterion of your lordship's great example.

'When the savage achievements of animal warriors are depicted, how happily is opposed to their barbarous ferocity the calm, intrepid, manly, generous conduct of the hero of the Nile!

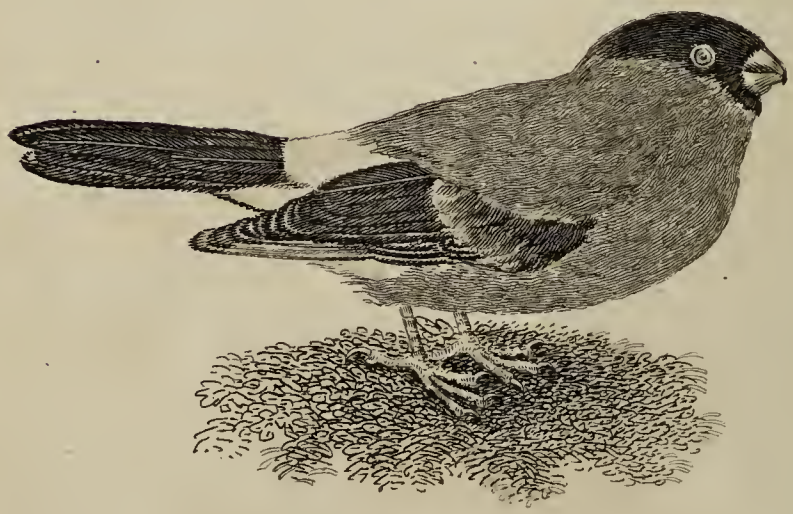
'When we read the names of Hampden and of Sidney, we recognise in your lordship the friend of freedom, the defender of rational liberty, and the enemy of oppression.

'When our feelings agonise in the cause of suffering humanity, we gratefully revere that patriot whose wisdom and energy contributed to restore to us the invaluable blessings of tranquillity and peace.

'And when we admire the commercial importance, the agricultural improvements, the juridical advantages, the domestic security of our native land—we rightly appreciate the benefits which have been derived

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Green Bird.



Bullfinch.

to it from the exertions of a gallant commander, whose life has been one constant scene of laborious activity in the defence, the service, and the protection of his country !'

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

LETTER XVII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady L——.

I SHALL in this letter, agreeably to your request, and to gratify the wishes of your amiable young relative, lady Louisa, leave the course of systematical order to describe two well-known little birds—the *bulfinch* and the *greenfinch*.

THE BULFINCH.

This beautiful bird (the *loxia pyrrhula* of Linnæus) is of the size of the house-sparrow, and weighs about one ounce. The upper part of the head, the ring round the bill, and the origin of the neck, are of a fine glossy black, which extends more or less forwards or backwards, and resembling a kind of hood, has acquired it the name of *monk* or *pope*, which it has in several of the modern languages of Europe; and also that of *coally-hood*, by which it is called in Scotland. The fore-part of the neck, the breast, and the top of the belly, are of a beautiful red; the lower part of the belly is white, and the upper part of the neck, back, and shoulders, of an ash-colour. In the female the sides of the head, the fore-part of the neck, the top of the belly, and, in a word, all that is red in the male, are of a vinous ash-colour; nor has she the fine glossy changing black that occurs on the head and other parts of the male.

Nature has been very liberal to this bird; for she has not only bestowed on it a beautiful plumage, but a fine voice. Though in its natural state it has only two or three very harsh notes, it may be instructed by the art of man, and accustomed to finer, mellower, and more lengthened strains. The docile bird will listen with attention to any tune whistled or played to it, will imitate it exactly, and sometimes surpass its master; for the author of the *Ædonologie* tells us, that he knew a curious person who having whistled some airs quite plain to a bulfinch was agreeably surprised to hear the bird add such graceful turns, that the master could hardly recognise his own music, and acknowledged that the scholar excelled. It must however be confessed, that if the bulfinch have ill examples, its strains will be in like manner harsh. Hebert observes, that he saw one who had never heard any person whistle but carters, and which whistled like them, with the same strength and coarseness. This docility of the bulfinch is not confined to the male: the female will learn and whistle in the same manner; and it is even affirmed that her voice is softer and sweeter than that of the male. The hen bulfinch, it is said, is the only female among the singing birds which will learn to whistle as well as the male. The bulfinch may likewise be taught to articulate words and phrases; and utters them, says Buffon, with so tender an acccent, that we might almost suppose that it understood their meaning. It has been observed, that those bulfinches which have the finest plumage are the least capable of instruction, because they are older, and not so tractable.

The bulfinch is very susceptible of personal attachment. Some, says Buffon, have been known after escaping from the place in which they were kept, and living a whole year in the woods, to recognise the voice of their mistress, and return, to forsake her no more. Others have died of melancholy, on being removed from the first object of their attachment. These birds also have a

lasting memory of injuries, when they receive them: for Buffon relates, that a bulfinch which had been thrown to the ground in its cage by some of the rabble, though it did not appear much affected at the time, fell into convulsions ever after at the sight of any mean-looking fellow, and expired in one of these fits, eight months from the time of its first accident.

Bulfinches make their nests in bushes about five or six feet from the ground, and sometimes lower, The nest is formed of moss, lined with soft materials; and its opening is said to be the least exposed to the prevailing wind. The female lays from four to six eggs of a dirty white, and a little blueish, encircled near the large end with a zone formed by spots of two colours, some of an ill-defined violet, others of a distinct black. The young ones may be said to be instinctively benevolent, if what is related of them be true, that in a hatch of four the two elder will feed their puny brothers.

Bulfinches feed in summer on all sorts of seeds, insects, and herbs; and in the winter on juniper berries, and on the buds of different kinds of trees. In the cage, they eat hemp-seed, biscuit, prunes, sallad, &c. Olina recommends for the young ones the nightingale's paste, made with walnuts and some other ingredients.

There are some varieties of this bird; the principal of which are the *white bulfinch*, found in some of the northern parts of Germany, which has only some black feathers on the back; and the *black bulfinch*, which is almost, and in some instances entirely, of the colour from which it derives its name.

THE GREENFINCH.

This bird (the *loxia chloris* of Linnæus), d rives its name, as may be supposed, from the predominant colour of its plumage; but the tinge is not pure, as there is a grey-brown cast on the upper part of the body, and on the flanks, and a mixture of yellow on the throat and breast: the lower part of the belly is white, and the legs reddish brown. The female has more brown, and her belly is entirely white. It is about the size of the house-sparrow.

The greenfinch makes its nest in the evergreen trees, in close and branching oaks which retain their withered leaves, and sometimes in bushes. The nest is formed of dry herbs and moss, lined with hair, wool, and feathers. The female lays five or six eggs, spotted at the large end with brown-red spots on a white greenish ground.

No bird is more easily tamed than this. It will take meat from the hand five minutes after it is caught, if it be carried into a dark room, and made to hop from one hand to the other, by putting under its breast the fore-finger of each alternately. After having been exercised in this way for a short time, and having the light gradually let in upon it, it will eat bruised seed out of the hand, and continue tame ever after.

In the docility of the bulfinch Providence seems to hold out a lesson to those who are too inattentive or too indolent to learn; and in the tameness of the greenfinch to such as are too peevish, and too irascible to submit to disappointment and trouble. These lessons occur in every page of the great volume of nature, and to be able to observe and point them out is the ardent wish of your ladyship's devoted and affectionate admirer,

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 529.)

CHAP. XLII.

BY a gleam of light from below, Victoria saw that underneath the base of the statue was a short flight of steps, which she hesitated not to descend, although for a moment dismayed by the piercing shrieks of Octavia and Teresa, which she distinctly heard. From the foot of the stairs she entered a path that wound up the outside of one of the castle towers, so ingeniously contrived as to preclude all possibility of persons passing along it being seen by any one in or about the castle. Up this pass Victoria now swiftly trod, her heart beating high with hope, and praying fervently to Heaven for success. At length she reached a platform of about thirty feet diameter, which terminated the tower, and upon which a Gothic spire arose. Here, upon examination, she discovered a low iron door most curiously contrived within a niche in the spire. With much difficulty, from trepidation and want of sufficient strength, she removed some iron bars which fastened it; and on opening the door she saw a flight of steps, up which she hastened, although with no other light to guide her than the feeble rays which some cracks in the building admitted. Soon she reached the termination of the stairs, and saw before her a large dark bulk, but of what nature the want of light would not permit her to distinguish; and much she had now to deplore her own precipitance, that sent her on this enterprise without a light, although aware, by example, of its necessity.

A chink in the wall, however, soon discovered to her a passage to the left; and while she hesitated whether to proceed, or return for a light, she distinctly heard a deep groan of anguish. Hesitation was now no more; rapidly she advanced along the passage, following the sound of sighs and groans, which at short intervals were repeated. After proceeding some paces, she found the stone-work of the bulk over which her right hand passed as a guide to her steps give place to an iron grating, through which the piteous sounds of distress issued.

'Speak!' cried Victoria impetuously, no longer able to restrain her feeling, 'speak, and tell me is Urbino here?'

'Who calls?' replied a female voice, in tones so feeble, that scarcely could they be distinguished.

'Ah, merciful God! this must be Matilda.'

'Who comes at last to close Matilda's eyes?' said the miserable captive.

'A friend, come to release you from prison, to restore you to liberty and to happiness,' exclaimed our now imprudent heroine.

Matilda answered not, although repeatedly called to in the sweetest tones of kindness and consolation by Victoria, who began to deplore her own precipitance more than ever, being now convinced that joy and surprise had proved too powerful for the exhausted spirits of the lovely victim of unmerited cruelty.

Accustomed in some degree to the change of light, Victoria at length, aided by a small chink in the spire, could distinguish the place she stood before was a grated door, that formed almost one side of a small prison, in one corner of which she could plainly discern a female

lying extended, without motion, upon a truss of straw. She no longer doubted Matilda's having fainted, and she felt the most painful impatience to get to her assistance; but, upon examination of the grate, she found it fastened by an immense padlock, that derided all her efforts to gain an entrance; and therefore, swift of foot as humanity and enthusiasm could waft her, she hastened away to procure every requisite aid; and, by the time she reached the base of the spire, a painful thought occurred, which, until the safety of another was involved, had never once obtruded itself—but it now struck her with dismay; for, should she not be able to develop the secret of effecting her return through the automaton, what would become of Matilda, who required immediate assistance? and what of herself, should the removal of the statue be found impossible, or at least a tedious process? But soon recovering her reliance upon Heaven, she proceeded, assured the Power who led her there would guide her back; and ere she had got half way down the tower, a tumult of voices, accompanied by loud hammering, assailed her ears; and in a moment more she was met in her path by some of the brotherhood left to guard the castle, attended by Octavia Bernini; who, direfully alarmed for Victoria's safety, had flown to the officials, and informed them where the temerity of lady Victoria had precipitated her; and, directed by Octavia, the pioneers of the inquisitorial corps soon broke down the automaton, and cleared the way to an unimpeded passage.

Octavia was almost as much overjoyed to see our heroine as Victoria felt at beholding the assistance she wanted for Matilda so near. Briefly she now related to the officials the discovery she had made; and they, having lights and forcing implements with them, instantly pressed forward; but, not being agitated like Victoria, soon distanced her, and had wrenched open a grated door before she and Bernini reached them; which they did just time enough to hear the captive found was an old man, and not a female as lady Victoria had imagined. Our heroine, in breathless agitation, rushed forward, and beheld her venerable friend Sebastian.

Almost frantic with the joy of finding, and the fear of again being deprived of him by death, Victoria earnestly implored the officials to bear him to some adjoining chamber, where immediate assistance might effect his recovery; and with great humanity he was conveyed, attended by our anxious heroine, to that very room from whence Urbino had released her from the power of Vicenza, where Sebastian was now laid upon a bed, and the overjoyed Teresa dispatched for wine and other restoratives, which one of the Dominicans recommended as likely to be of service in recovering him from that horrid stupor into which want of nourishment and a free circulation of air had evidently thrown him.

Victoria now entreated the officials to delay no longer in seeking for the female who was confined in the same spire from whence they had liberated Sebastian. Willingly they hastened to comply with her request; but ere they had mounted half way up the tower, they met some of their associates bearing the beautiful Matilda, who was still in a swoon, and whom they conveyed to a chamber approximate to that now occupied by Sebastian.

The men, when hastening to liberate the captive discovered by Victoria, had providentially turned to the right instead of the left, by which means Sebastian was so soon found; and those who remained be-

hind to seek the female whom Victoria assured them was positively there, soon found that a lobby encircled the two prisons in which Sebastian and Matilda had been confined.

Matilda, by the application of proper specifics, soon recovered from her swoon; but apprised too hastily of her effectual release from the power of Don Manuel by poor Teresa, to whom the care of Matilda had been deputed, joy had the most alarming effect upon her long-tortured mind and enfeebled frame; and the return of father Pierre was impatiently longed for, both upon her account and Sebastian's, by Victoria, who looked upon the latter to be in imminent danger.

With extreme difficulty Victoria poured a tea-spoonful of cordial wine down Sebastian's throat; and in a few moments after she, with infinite trouble, effected his swallowing another. As much air as possible she had admitted into the room; while, to restore vital warmth to his extremities, the already-mentioned Dominican ordered friction with brandy to be applied; and every method which his judgment or Victoria's anxiety could suggest, as likely to promote Sebastian's recovery, the men cheerfully performed; while Octavia, at our heroine's request, attended while some more of the inquisitorial legions minutely inspected the spire, and the avenues leading to it, with the anxious hope of discovering the prison of Urbino, who they now little doubted was, as Victoria had positively affirmed, confined in the castle, and for whose fate the situation Sebastian was just found in created the utmost pity and solicitude.

Not until Victoria had caused her patient to swallow several spoonfuls of wine, did he betray any symptom congenial to her anxious wishes; when opening his eyes they wandered vacantly, totally unconscious of every surrounding object. But even from this effort of nature our ardent heroine's fond hopes found something to rest upon; and just at this moment seignora Bernini, with one of the officials, returned in dejection to assure her, that, after the most minute scrutiny, they were all painfully convinced, from the formation of the spire, no other prison could possibly communicate with it, or any of the places round.

CHAP. XLIII.

Victoria was dreadfully disappointed; and after a pause of mournful agonising thought she addressed the official, who was in fact the very man of all the troop the easiest to be worked upon. He was a young Dominician priest of very moderate talents, pitiably ignorant, ever under the dominion of superstitious influence, and perpetually fancying that he felt divine inspiration. He possessed a feeling heart, and, notwithstanding his sacerdotal vow, still found a beautiful woman an object of interest.

'There are four towers to this castle,' said Victoria with tremulous anxiety, 'and think you, holy father, it is improbable that, upon inspection, we might find in the other three, prisons similar to those from which Providence has allowed us to emancipate these helpless captives?'

The official started. 'Providence, I am persuaded, leads you on,' he replied; 'for well I remember, in our researches here, to have observed in the south wing a chamber exactly corresponding with that you have just made this fortunate discovery in, where on the floor we found a poniard, and saw sprinkled about the trace of newly-shed blood; from which circumstances we naturally

concluded some diabolical transaction had recently been committed there.'

A thrill of direful horror shot through Victoria's agonised heart.

'Was it, could it be, the blood of Urbino?' He would not without resistance (if resistance was in his power), she well knew, suffer himself to be dragged to prison; and the blood might therefore as possibly be that of his opponents as his own. Then, with a heart throbbing with the painful extremes of anxious hope and fear, she resigned the care of Sebastian to Octavia; and, fervently invoking the auspices of Heaven, hastened with the official and several of his associates and attendants to the chamber in the south wing, before the door of which was placed a beautiful statue of Amphitrite; and upon entering the room Victoria found it quite out of repair, and much more desolate than that in the opposite point. At the upper end of this apartment stood a colossal figure of Pluto, corresponding exactly with that of Proserpine in the other chamber.

In a few moments the statue of Pluto was broken down, and beneath where it stood was discovered a flight of steps which led to a passage round the outside of the tower, similar to that so recently found out. Hastily now our heroine and her companions made their way to the platform, where, finding an open entrance into the spire, Victoria's sanguine hopes sustained a painful blow; since, were there any one above in confinement, she naturally concluded the way up would not have been left so totally unguarded. However, she proceeded with her attendants up a staircase containing more steps than the one in the north spire, and which at length terminated, leading them into a kind of gallery, in the centre of which stood a pillar about four feet in height, and six in diameter.

Within the spire they plainly saw no prison could possibly be; but the secret way leading to it, and this gallery surrounding, could not certainly have been formed without some designation: and after the most earnest investigation, and a diversity of opinions, it was believed by all, that the pillar contained a staircase leading to the tower beneath, where probably a prison was; but how to develop the means of removing the pillar was a matter of more perplexity. In vain they strove to break it down; it derided all their strength, and the ingenuity of their implements.

At length, when they were unwillingly about to relinquish the attempt, a small brass ring was discovered by Victoria concealed amid the deep carvings of the pillar; when upon raising it, to learn if possible what it could lead to, the sound of an iron chain falling gradually was distinguished; and they, conjecturing the cause and effect, tried again, and with ease now removed the cornice of the column; when to their utter dismay and amazement they beheld not a staircase as they expected, but the mouth, as it seemed, of a draw-well. Suspended to a chain of apparently a prodigious length was a piece of machinery, containing an iron arm-chair, with a body chain and handcuffs fastened to it; and on each side of this chair was fixed a kind of bucket, evidently meant to carry the barbarous ruffians employed to precipitate the helpless victim of cruelty into some dreadful fate below.

All shuddered, but all were silent; since the conjectures of what this shocking preparation led to were almost too horrible to reveal.

Victoria, tortured by the most soul-harrowing apprehensions, at length

mournfully and tremulously demanded if the official would not proceed.

'Proceed!' exclaimed he, recoiling. 'Most assuredly not. None but a company of maniacs, ignorant as we are of what this terrible machinery may lead to, would venture into it.'

'Merciful Heaven!' cried Victoria, in an agony of grief and disappointment; 'and will no one proceed in the path of humanity because its termination is uncertain?'

'No: we will not venture,' was firmly re-iterated by all. Victoria burst into a convulsive passion of tears; and as she despairingly hung over this terrific cylinder she espied a piece of white rag, hitched in among the machinery of the chair; and as every thing about this place was now of consequence to her, she eagerly caught up the rag; when, oh! reader, conceive, for we cannot pourtray, the tumult it awakened in her agitated mind! for, on beholding the initials of her own name, she recognised it to be a fragment of the identical handkerchief she had bound round Thomas's wound, and which Urbino had afterwards taken into his own possession.

Proof strong as holy writ was this that Urbino had been precipitated down this tube of destruction; and now almost frantically she implored some of the brotherhood to descend in search of him; but to no purpose. All remained inflexible to her eloquent entreaties, her heart-rending grief, the claims of humanity, or the immense rewards she offered.

'Alas! my daughter,' said the official, almost affected to tears, 'your entreaties are, must be, vain; since no being upon earth, I am persuaded, can be found possessed of sufficient temerity to venture down.'

'Yes, one!' she cried with firmness: yes, one; and that being am I.'

'You!' exclaimed the official: 'you! Insanity! No never, never shall you be permitted so rashly to precipitate yourself into destruction, into the den of devouring beasts of prey, into the mouth of some horrid monster of the deep, into some dreadful gulf or whirlpool! I shudder, I tremble, I cannot longer think upon the horrors you have inspired, or allow you, my daughter, to contemplate further this dreadful vortex of perdition!'

'What are these buckets meant for?' replied Victoria calmly. 'Think you, holy father, the ruffians, whom they evidently were formed to convey down, would go where inevitable destruction awaited them?'

'Certainly not,' the priest replied: 'but they knew whither they were going, and went no further than safety would permit; and, aware of the dangers that lay before them, they were prepared to shun them: while you, my daughter, ignorant as you are of all below, might rush at once into destruction! No, you shall not go: the castle will ere long be rased, and in time we shall, by that means, learn to what this leads.'

'In time!' repeated Victoria: 'yes, when too late to save Urbino! Remember the state we have found that venerable man reduced to. Delay is dangerous, is criminal; and if you oppose my descent, my immediate descent, the blood of Urbino be on your head!' She raised her hands and eyes to heaven, and sinking upon her knees emphatically said: 'Oh! just and mighty Creator of the Universe! if by this man I am prevented from seeking my husband to give him instant assistance, forgive his enemies, and to this man's obduracy place his murder!'

The official shuddered. 'I will not prevent your going, my daughter; I will only strongly advise you against such rashness.'

'Advise me,' she replied, 'to stay and expire by tortures more excruciating than any I can meet with in the performance of my duty!'

The official gazed upon her, until the augmenting resolution that marked her manner, the fire of enthusiasm which illumed her eyes, he felt persuaded were inspired by some supernatural influence, and that it would be criminal in him longer to oppose what seemed almost the will of Heaven. 'Well, go, my daughter,' he at length said: 'but your rashness and obstinacy be upon your own head.'

'Heaven's care will be with me, and with you too, holy father, if you assist me in saving the life of Urbino.'

The official turned pale as death. 'What do you expect of me?' said he in alarm.

'Give me your solemn promise to remain here, carefully to watch the agitation of the chain, to learn from that, if I am permitted to return, when it is my wish to be elevated. Only until the return of my friends from Cadaques do I mean your promise to extend; for, when they are informed of where I am, I doubt not of their proving attentive sentinels.'

'Solemnly I promise, as I hope to find favour in the sight of my Redeemer, never to quit my attentive guard here while a hope exists of your return. Yet let me entreat, implore you to delay this terrible enterprise until your friends return from Cadaques;' and the tears now rolled down the official's cheeks.

Victoria, apprehensive of being prevented, and painfully aware of the fatal consequences of delay, would not attend to this man's advice or wishes, but requested the soldiers to supply her immediately with a torch, a lantern, and some kind of cordial likely to be serviceable to Urbino should she find him still living. Instantly her request was complied with; and making a convenient disposition of those things, she, after devoutly on her knees imploring the protection of Heaven, placed herself in the iron chair, and with a firm voice gave orders for lowering it.

The official and three other priests present now sunk upon their knees and prayed fervently aloud for her success and preservation, while the laymen slowly and sorrowfully unrolled the chain that was, as they feared, to precipitate this young and beautiful creature into inevitable destruction. The moment was awful: pity, dismay, and anxiety, were strongly pourtrayed on every countenance except Victoria's, where faith, hope, and charity beamed celestially, as she raised her beautiful hands and eyes in pious supplications to Mercy's throne. At length she was lost to view: the priests chanted in solemn sadness a farewell benediction. The chain creaked direfully its harsh responses. The lessening voice of Victoria was heard giving melody to the choir. The soldiers, subdued, would have precipitately drawn her up again, had not the official, still believing in the supernatural influence, and bound by his solemn promise to her wishes, exerted his authority, which now only could enforce from the men obedience.

Slowly Victoria descended more than fifty fathoms, her mind in a state of hope and fear, of courage and apprehension blended, that may possibly be imagined, yet cannot be described; but enveloped in the shield of true piety she was enabled to sustain the conflict.

The chain at length was all unrolled, and Victoria found herself about six feet below the tube, in a long and narrow cavern, through which an inlet of the sea murmured mournfully, dashing in awful solem-

nity its waves against the projection of the rocks on each side in its slow undulation. The machinery in which she sat hung over a flat piece of rock, raised scarcely two inches above the surface of the water, which seemed unfathomable, from the black mass of shadow that fell upon it. To her right she beheld a path: she hesitated not to quit her seat; and taking her torch in her left hand, to leave her right at liberty to assist her on her way, she proceeded along the path, rugged and dangerous from the bed of rock over which it wound, and its being wet and slippery from the spray and the returning waves, that after every retreat seemed to rise with an intention of overwhelming the path, which it sometimes washed over. Our heroine stopped for a moment to observe the movement of the water, and, perceiving it to be a retiring tide, went on without apprehension; and, as she proceeded, rose with the path sufficiently above the stream to escape all annoyance from it.

At length, with a palpitating heart, she reached the termination of this rugged and fatiguing defile, where she discovered a low iron-door, secured on the side next to her with several massy bars and chains. Rapidly Victoria advanced to the door: trembling expectation, with agonising fears and hopes, that almost by their tumult rent her throbbing heart, now led her on to phrensied agitation. The energies of her mind lent her strength, and by the vehemence of her ardent exertions she was enabled to remove the ponderous barriers. Almost frantically she pushed in the door, her mind in that state of commotion which precluded all possibility of forming expectations. Intuitively she rushed through the door, when horror first seemed to animate perception: suddenly she shrunk back, she paused, she trembled, she rested against the door-case, and her eyes rolled wildly and wistfully around as if in search of some expected horror. In a moment more reason re-assumed her influence, and Victoria saw that she was at the entrance of a miserable dungeon, the noxious damp of which had considerably diminished the brightness of her torch.

Eagerly she now gazed around, and could just distinguish in one corner of this direful place a human figure extended upon a truss of straw. Victoria's senses sickened, but she rushed forward to the wretched bed. The person was clad in the habit of a monk; he lay motionless as death, and one arm was thrown across his face, totally concealing it. Wildly she grasped the hand that lay extended by his side, to feel if a corse deluded her tortured hope, when the scorching heat of malignant fever met her touch: almost shrieking with apprehension she pushed the arm away that obscured the face, and emphatically exclaiming 'My Urbino! my life! my husband!' fell senseless by his side.

CHAP. XLIV.

For about twenty minutes Victoria continued in a state of total insensibility; and many more elapsed before she was sufficiently recovered to perceive that in her fall she had extinguished the torch; and the horrid ideas this darkness inspired roused at once her senses to their fullest vigour. Hastily she searched out the torch, and opened her lantern to re-light it; when, between her own agitated haste, and the damp air admitted now more forcibly in, the candle also was extinguished, and she left in complete darkness, cut off from every succour, from every hope, but that of expiring by Urbino's side.

Dreadful, most dreadful, were now

the sensations that agonised Victoria's mind for the fate of Urbino, who was evidently at the last extremity, and by immediate assistance only could a hope be cherished of saving him from speedy death; and that assistance she had, by her own precipitance, fatally cut off. Her not returning would, of course, realise all the horrid ideas conceived of that terrible place, and effectually prevent the humanity of others from leading them after her; and without a light to guide her she could possibly have no hope of gaining the tube. But after a dreadful pause of deliberation, she resolved to attempt it; and should she in her wanderings meet a watery grave, it would be in pursuit of succour for Urbino, who had braved all the horrors of a similar fate for her.

With some difficulty, from the excessive trepidation her dreadful situation inspired, she found out the door; and as she was about to pass through it, the sad idea that she was in all probability going from Urbino for ever arrested her steps. She returned; she searched out his wretched pallet—she sunk on her knees beside it—she grasped his parched hand, which gently returned her pressure.

'My God! he still retains his senses! He knows me!' she exclaimed; and bursting into tears, and imprinting a farewell kiss upon his burning hand, she precipitately arose—'Adieu, my Urbino!' she continued, 'I go in pursuit of succour for you. But, if I fail, we soon shall meet in a better world.' Then again finding the door, she passed through it in a state of agonising solicitude scarcely to be conceived; and as she breathed a fervant supplication to Heaven for aid, a faint gleam of light shot across the water.

The transition from despair to that cheering hope this ray of light beamed with proved almost too much for her agitated mind to bear. Again the light gleamed; again it vanished; and Victoria saw that it had proceeded from beyond the dungeon, and not in the direction which those would come whose humanity might lead in pursuit of her. Again the light appeared much brighter and nearer than before, and, continuing in view, seemed advancing. Dreadfully agitated now by a thousand vague conjectures of alarm, Victoria hastened round a projection of rock where the dungeon door was situated, to learn if possible what this light could portend; when, to her utter dismay, she beheld slowly and cautiously advancing, along a path among the rocks, a man of dark and diabolical appearance; his form resembled Garcias, and Victoria shook with terror.

Fear and uncertainty fixed Victoria to the spot; and in a moment more she saw another ruffian slowly pursuing the steps of the first. Direful were now her apprehensions. Suddenly the men stopped, and entered into earnest conference. The man whose figure most alarmed our heroine drew a poniard from his bosom; and by the gesticulations of both, while they spoke in cautious whispers, she doubted not the theme of their discourse was most horrible, and her anticipating heart told her it was no less than the murder of Urbino. The men again began to move; the torch he bore gleamed full upon the face of the foremost; she saw that it was indeed Garcias, and her dismayed senses sickened with hopeless horror. More quickly they now advanced, and were only within a few paces of her, when, in wildest consternation, she retreated to the dungeon, resolving, since she too was clad in the habit of a monk, to throw herself over Urbino, to pass for him, and so to receive the death-blow, from Garcias, in his stead.

Before her trepidation could allow her to put this design in execution, Garcias and his companion reached the door; but, upon seeing it open, they started, stopped, and pondered for a moment: then, with a tremendous oath, Garcias broke the dreadful silence, declaring 'the inquisition had discovered that prison, and cheated them of their victim.'

'No,' said his associate, in the voice of the vile Polydore, for it was indeed Vicenza—'no; yonder he lies motionless. I fancy death has anticipated us here, and spoiled our sport.'

'That we shall soon see,' returned Garcias, entering; 'but be it as it may, he shall have this poniard in his d—d heart, for fear of accidents.'

A deep groan from Urbino announced his existence; and a diabolical grin of sanguinary joy gleamed on the ruthless countenance of Garcias, as he rapidly advanced towards the pallet; when, just as he reached it, Victoria glided between him and his devoted victim. Her cowl had fallen back in her distraction; the torch beamed full upon her face, which was pale and ghastly as the horrors of her mind could make it: and the moment Garcias beheld her, the poniard fell from his uplifted hand, and uttering a loud cry of dismay he precipitately retreated in visible horror and consternation, while his amazed companion closely pursued his faltering steps.

Wondering what all this could mean, and almost doubting the evidence of her senses, Victoria gained the door, and there she waited in direful expectation of a dreadful solution. At length the reflexion of the retreating torch was lost to her view, and total darkness again reigned. She shuddered, she trembled, she feared now to leave Urbino: all, all was cheerless despair. Insensibly she sunk upon her knees to pray for succour; when she suddenly beheld another gleam of light emanating along the path she had trod from the tube. A moment scarcely elapsed when she heard her own name repeated in a tone of agonised solicitude. The voice awakened a tumult in her mind of joyful sensations mingled with doubt and amazement. The light rapidly advanced; again she heard the voice. Its second sound was conviction. Victoria started from her knees: she attempted to move forward, but her excessive agitation impeded her intention; she sunk against the rocks. In an instant more the arms of her brother encircled her, and the violence of her emotions threw over her faculties a momentary suspension.

The soothing voice, the fond endearments of Alphonso, in the moment of her recovery, softened the conflict into tenderness. Tears relieved her throbbing heart, and every wandering thought returned to Urbino. She saw conte Ariosto had not come alone to her, and in his companions she beheld the venerable Alberti and the faithful Diego. She reached out her hands in gratitude and kindness to them. She had not power to speak, but, looking expressively at Diego, pointed to the dungeon.

Understanding her wish, Diego hurried into the prison of Urbino; and, on approaching the miserable bed, he started in amazement, and uttering an exclamation of joy and astonishment, sunk upon his knees, and, throwing down his torch, clasped Urbino in his arms in all the phrensied energy the sensations of his feeling heart inspired, on recognising in the wretched prisoner the youth he had been so firmly attached to—Theodore, the interesting child of old Teresa's affection, whom he had so long believed numbered with the dead, and whom in the disguise

of Hippolyto, though so much with him, he never once suspected was him whom he ceased not to lament. Victoria instantly comprehending all that the emotions and exclamations of Diego proclaimed, broke from the supporting arms of her brother, and was in an instant by Diego's side.

'This then is Theodore, whom you so firmly loved!' said she: 'and will you not then hasten, Diego, to snatch him from death?'

Diego started to his feet, and, looking mournfully upon our heroine as he spoke, said in an accent of deep despair, 'Snatch him from death! Ah! lady Victoria, is that in my power? The villains, the fiends, the monsters of iniquity, placed him here to perish; and we have, alas! only arrived to close his eyes!'

Victoria, in speechless agony, flung herself into the arms of her brother; who had, with Alberti, followed her into the dank cell.

'For the sake of Heaven,' my beloved, my darling sister,' said Alphonso tenderly, 'moderate this excess of grief, and we will make every exertion that affection and humanity can inspire to save him.'

The reverend Alberti now approached the bed, and, having taken the hand of Theodore, spoke comfort to the anguish of Victoria.

'This is not the pulse of death,' he said, 'although he certainly labours under the influence of a severe indisposition. But despair not, my child; since the assistance he has been by cruelty deprived of, may now, with the permission of Providence, restore him to health: and we ought to make no delay in conveying him to where he may instantly receive the necessary aid, since every fleeting moment must, in his case, be of importance.'

Immediately was the opinion of Alberti attended to. Gently was Urbino raised from the truss of straw (which but for the heroism of Victoria, and the singular interposition of Providence, would have been his bed of death), and tenderly conte Ariosto and Diego carried him to the tube, preceded by Alberti and Victoria bearing torches.

As the machinery could only contain three persons at a time, it was determined that our heroine and Alberti should give place to Alphonso and Diego, who could better support the helpless Urbino in his ascent. But while they were placing the poor invalid securely in the chair, he had clasped one of Victoria's hands fast within his; and when she found it necessary to disengage herself from his grasp, he appeared so unwilling to resign her hand, that, with a supplicating look to her attentive brother, she pleaded for not being separated from Urbino.

'Fear not, my Victoria,' said the affectionate Alphonso; 'you shall not be divided. I will resign my place to you; although I fear you can give but little assistance to this humane stranger in supporting your feeble charge.'

'The strength which nature has denied me, affection will supply me with,' replied Victoria, as she took her place in the machinery: 'and my brother, who followed me to this place of supposed destruction, knows full well the mighty powers of affection.'

The agitation of the suspended chain having announced to those above that they were wished to elevate the machinery, Victoria found herself returning safe and unhurt from a place where Providence alone could have inspired her with sufficient courage to go; her mind, however, not less agitated than it was in her descent, although very different were now the causes which actuated her emotions.

At length they safely reached the

summit of the almost immeasurable tube; and the moment our heroine was beheld by the interested spectators, the most tumultuous shouts of joy were reiterated by all, which at almost any other period would have sensibly affected the feeling heart of Victoria: but now her agitated mind was absorpt by one idea only; and looking eagerly around for father Pierre, who was watching there in painful solicitude, 'O save Urbino, holy father!' she exclaimed, and instantly fell, in a state of total insensibility, into the arms of Octavia; who had been led, by fear and anxiety, from the bed-side of Sebastian to that spot of painful expectation.

CHAP. XLV.

So severe had been the fatigues and so dreadful the conflicts Victoria's frame and mind had experienced, that, the moment the great work she had undertaken was accomplished, she sunk subdued into a bed of sickness, from whence she was unable to arise for many days—and not until the painful anxiety of her mind had been tranquillised by the solemn assurances of father Pierre, that he entertained not the smallest doubt of the perfect and rapid recovery of Urbino.

At the time Roselia's letter from the chateau of comte de Montfort to conte Ariosto reached Andalusia, Alphonso was gone, accompanied by the anxious Alberti, upon the beforementioned expedition against Great Britain. The expedition failed in its success, and the Spanish troops returned to Cadiz, where Roselia's letter awaited conte Ariosto; who, obtaining leave of absence, instantly set out for France, and arrived at St. Marguerite's in a few days after our heroine's departure upon her arduous enterprise.

From the afflicted abbess Alphonso learned all that had befallen his beloved sister during her residence in Provence, with every necessary information relative to her present expedition into Spain, whither he immediately followed her, with his constant attendant Alberti, carrying with him a letter of introduction from the prior of St. Lewis to the sub-vicar of the holy office at Cadaques. He arrived at the holy office just as the last-mentioned convention was assembled, where he learned from father Pierre particular intelligence of his sister; and accompanied the inquisitors on their return to the castle, which was much earlier than had been expected, and where they found every individual in the utmost consternation and dismay. The long absence of Victoria had converted every horrid apprehension into reality in the minds of all; and, on the arrival of her anxious friends at the castle, both facts and fears were eagerly communicated.

In all the mental anguish his strong affection for his sister could inspire, Alphonso followed his guides to the south tower. The moment he beheld the dreadful tube, his senses sickened. He burst into tears; and, seizing a lighted torch, which the faithful official held over the cylinder, to watch in anxious hope for the agitation of the chain, vaulted instantly into the iron chair; and, without the power of speaking, motioned to the by-standers to unroll the chain.

'Oh, take me with you, my son!' exclaimed the venerable Alberti, snatching a pistol from one of the soldiers' belts: 'you are the prop of my life—with you will I perish; for without you I cannot exist!'

Alberti was now assisted into the horrid machinery; for vain were the entreaties of Alphonso to him not to accompany him. The old man was

firm to his purpose; and Alphonso, although as valiant a warrior as ever earned a laurel, was so sensibly affected, that he sobbed aloud upon the neck of his venerable and beloved friend.

The chain was now slowly unrolling, when Diego (who had just entered the castle, and learned whither the temerity of Victoria had led her) suddenly arrested its progress.

'Conte Ariosto,' he cried, 'you are the last of an illustrious house; your life is of consequence, mine of none, but as it may prove useful to your family: give up then this dreadful enterprise, and let me only descend to seek my dear, my amiable young lady. Believe me, I have courage and attachment sufficient to undertake it; and if there is either fidelity or truth in man, I will restore lady Victoria to you, or perish in the attempt.'

'You have my most lively gratitude, generous man,' said Alphonso; 'but it is my duty to seek my beloved sister; and no power on earth shall prevent my doing so, whilst life and liberty are spared to me.'

'It is my duty then to attend you, and to spill my last blood in the service of your family,' returned Diego, as he leaped into the vacant bucket.

'As I know you not, nor the ties which bind you to my family, I cannot argue upon your duties,' replied conte Ariosto; 'but I entreat you give up this generous intention. Two, with the aid of Heaven, will be sufficient to rescue my sister; or, if we are doomed to fail in the attempt, two will surely be sufficient to perish.'

'I will not survive the house of Ariosto,' said Diego in a tone of firmness that convinced Alphonso further parley would be vain: and now provided by the officials with another torch, and sufficient arms and ammunition, they descended, attended by the prayers and good wishes of all who witnessed their enterprise; which terminated as we have already informed our reader.

In about an hour after Victoria had been consigned by indisposition to her bed, seignora Farinelli and Roselia were safely conducted by Thomas to the castle, where now were assembled so many individuals tenderly attached to our invalids, that our compassionate readers can little doubt that every possible care was taken of them which affection could inspire.

Sebastian was found to be in far the most critical situation of any of father Pierre's patients: for although his senses and powers of articulation were soon restored, he had been so dreadfully reduced by famine, sorrow, and solicitude, that exhausted nature could scarcely sustain the conflict; and it required all the aid which skill could derive from medicine, all the care that tenderness could give, to feed the feeble embers of receding life, and fan them gently to reanimation: but the attention and solicitude of his friends were rewarded by his recovery; which, although very slow in its advances, was at length perfect.

The fever which the anguish of his mind and want of proper nutriment had thrown Urbino into, had passed its direful crisis; its virulence was gently abating, and his perception gradually returning, when Providence (through the medium of affection) led Victoria into his dreadful prison; so that when he was removed into purer air, when proper restoratives were administered, and every tender care bestowed upon him, aided by a certainty of being in the hands of his friends, with the still more salutary, though yet confused,

perception of his adored Victoria having taken a tender and active part in his preservation, he was soon enabled to throw off every trace of the disease, except an extreme weakness and lassitude, which not even the efforts of a strong and unimpaired constitution could enable him to conquer sufficiently to admit of his leaving his bed for many days after his fever had totally subsided; and during this confinement, Diego, at his earnest entreaty, gave him, as regularly as his medicines, every hour, a full and circumstantial detail of all Diego knew of Victoria's encountering for his preservation.

At first Diego was compelled to convey his intelligence with great caution, as he found his communications too sensibly affected his hearer: but by degrees Urbino could hear all; would dwell with the most enraptured delight upon every incident, on every word and action, which were faithfully recounted to him: but never could a sentence upon the subject be repeated to him without his evincing the most violent emotions of gratitude; and although Diego's information would for a time destroy that state of tranquillity which Pierre considered so essential to his recovery, it proved fortunately more efficacious than the good monk's medicines, by restoring to his long-tortured breast those hopes of happiness which the conduct of Victoria in their parting interview at St. Marguerite's had dissipated.

During Urbino's confinement conte Ariosto introduced himself to his acquaintance, and soon won his sincere regard. Of nearly the same age, with a marked similitude of manners and dispositions—equally versed in knowledge, and both indebted to nature for uncommon intellectual powers, and hearts that contained every virtue, they found a kind of congenial sympathy impel their affections to mingle quickly, and to cement into the strongest bonds of friendship; and perhaps the tender attachment each was known to feel for Victoria aided not a little in promoting their mutual regard. Soon their fast-growing friendship banished all reserve from their conversation. Theodore talked of Victoria, his hopes and wishes; Alphonso spoke of his sister, as the affianced wife of his friend; and often mentioned the plans he proposed for having their nuptials solemnised at the castle of Palino, with all the proper forms and splendor their rank in life demanded, as soon as they were all able to reach Tuscany. It was during one of these interesting conversations upon arranging the plan of this intended union that Diego one day entered, and, as he delivered a billet to Urbino, said—

'From donna Matilda, my lord, who wishes to know when you can allow her the happiness of seeing you?'

'Tell her,' Urbino replied, 'the very moment I am able to leave my chamber; for so great is my anxiety to see her, that my first visit shall be to her.'

As Theodore finished this message, which he gave with marked emotion, he caught the wondering glances of Alphonso and Diego, and a deep blush instantly overspread his before pallid countenance.

Conte Ariosto was startled, felt uneasy at he scarcely knew what, and retired to a window to conceal his almost undefinable sensations: but soon recovering his composure, he turned suddenly round; he beheld Urbino, visibly affected, perusing the billet; he heard him heave deep sighs; he saw him brush away a trickling tear; and when he ceased reading, he seemed so melancholy, so thoughtful, so abstracted, that Alphonso could no longer restrain

his painful curiosity, but, availing himself of the privileges of friendship, asked Urbino, if donna Matilda was nearly related to him? 'Related! Oh, God!' exclaimed Urbino, while his colour changed from crimson to the pale hue of death, and an expression partaking of horror and anguish became visible upon his intelligent countenance; but after a few moments of painful struggling to suppress his feelings, he proceeded in a faultering and grief-directed voice—

'Forgive, conte Ariosto, I entreat you, my not being now as explicit as friendship and my situation with your family so forcibly demand. From my earliest days I have seemed the child of mystery; and now when circumstances should call forth all the candor, all the ingenuousness of confidence and honour, cruel, cruel Mystery claims me more immediately for her own. Bound by the guardian of my youth, the preserver of my life, to secresy and silence upon many essential subjects relative to myself, until he should judge proper to withdraw his ambiguous interdict, I have never yet appeared to lady Victoria as that ingenuous character which I may say nature made me. I fondly thought, for I had been led to believe it, when last I saw my Victo . . .—— your sister, that the moment was at hand when I might emerge from my mysterious character, and present myself before her as a being not unworthy of her esteem. But, alas! alas! my schemes of happiness are blighted. No more must I presume to look where my only hope of earthly happiness is centred; for that mysterious man, of whom I spoke, alas! is gone I know not whither—fled, I fear, with the wretches who inhabited this castle. With him I have lost every clue to myself; still am I bound in the dreadful chains of his mystery, and torn from every hope of bliss that life ever promised me.'

Fathers Pierre and Anselmo now entered the chamber, and Alphonso availed himself of this opportunity of retiring to meditate upon all he just remarked and heard. With every disposition to be pleased with Urbino, with the most exalted opinion of his probity and honour, conte Ariosto was sensibly hurt at finding any thing in him that could awaken the shadow even of a suspicion to his disadvantage; but tremblingly alive to the honour, the delicacy of his sister, he felt uneasy, offended, mortified, nay almost jealous for her.

That Matilda's billet had worked a total revolution in Urbino's mind relative to his union with Victoria was too evident to be doubted, and how to account for her possessing such influence over his apparently amiable friend was a matter of much distress and perplexity to Alphonso, who wandered about the grounds, reflecting, reasoning, and reconsidering every circumstance, until in each point of view in which he could place Urbino's past conduct to Victoria he saw him so every way honourable, that he became convinced suspicion of his integrity was injustice, and he at length determined upon taking the earliest opportunity of speaking candidly to him upon the subject; and having thus resolved, he turned his steps to the chamber of his sister, where Matilda, the object who had so much chagrined him, was paying her first visit to our heroine.

Matilda no sooner found herself rescued from the power and persecutions of don Manuel, and assured of the perfect safety of Theodore and Sebastian, than her recovery from indisposition became rapid; and the moment she was able to undertake

it, her gratitude led her to request permission to wait upon Victoria, who was still confined to her chamber, slow in her recovery: for her disease was mental, and nothing had been done to remove the barbed arrow which had destroyed her peace. From the moment the preservation of Urbino was effected, her mind, having no longer action to engage it and stimulate its energies, settled upon one hopeless subject. The fatigue and indisposition which had at first confined her to her bed were quite subsided; but still low and languid, she was unable to leave her chamber, and only obtained rest by powerful opiates which father Pierre found necessary to administer. The visit of Matilda was dreaded by her, but urbanity forbad her declining to receive it.

To our heroine's chamber, then, was Matilda conducted by Octavia; and in her Victoria beheld, as she expected, the female who had been dragged by ruffians into her chamber—but now appearing infinitely more beautiful than she had seemed upon that memorable night, for now the sweetest expression of sensibility had taken place of those which terror and despair had strongly delineated. Victoria, supported by the sympathising Ursuline, received Matilda; who, the moment she saw our heroine, rushed forward, and, catching her in her arms, burst into a violent passion of tears, sobbed convulsively upon her bosom, pressed her hands to her lips, her heart, and acted a thousand extravagances of enthusiasm before she could articulate a broken and almost unintelligible acknowledgment of her obligations to her.

Seignora Farinelli, fearing the effect such an excess of unrestrained sensibility might have upon both Matilda and Victoria, called the former to order, with a degree of mild dignity that at once insured obedience. Matilda took a seat: but, upon observing the wan and languid countenance of Victoria, she dissolved into a new flood of tears, and looking with the most tender expression upon her, sobbed out lamentations for the sad state humanity had reduced her to.

'I see, I see,' she said, 'you were infinitely too delicate to undergo all your compassionate heart led you through to save us from destruction. For the good Sebastian's preservation and my own I think I shall be able presently to thank you as I ought; but for Theodore's—oh! I can never, no, never, speak rationally, since for his welfare I would freely yield my life; since his safety and happiness are dearer, infinitely dearer to me than my own existence.'

The attentive Ursuline saw Victoria's lip quiver; paler she could not become; but her bosom heaved convulsively; and Farinelli determined to check a warmth and impetuosity likely to inflict tortures upon the wounded heart of her beloved pupil.

'Donna Matilda,' she said, 'our amiable heroine is, as you know, but just recovering from a severe indisposition; and the scenes she has lately been engaged in have shattered her nerves most dreadfully. You cannot doubt her sensibility, and will not wonder that I should fear your excess of feeling may too much affect her in this her delicate state, or that I should earnestly entreat a total silence at present upon subjects too oppressive to you both.'

Matilda bowed acquiescence, while her eloquent eyes most plainly told she knew not that self-command which could enable her to talk upon one subject while her heart was filled with another. A painful pause for a moment ensued; but

seignora Bernini promptly relieved the embarrassment of all by breaking the awkward silence, and eloquently descanted upon nothings, until Victoria and Matilda regained their composure sufficiently to bear a part in conversation; when, in despite of the agonising reflexions the presence of Matilda awakened in the heart of our heroine, she found something like fascination leading her insensibly to be pleased with her—although she saw, or fancied she saw, a fire and impetuosity in Matilda's language and manner not perfectly congenial to a mind so truly feminine as her own.

Conte Ariosto, fearing to agitate the now susceptible nerves of his sister, ever entered her chamber with much caution and gentleness: and now the little party assembled were so engaged by conversation and painful reflexion, that his entrance was unperceived until he stood before them; when Victoria hastened to announce him to donna Matilda, on whom he looked with marked coldness and aversion—her unexpected appearance restoring to his mind every unpleasant reflexion he had been anxious to dismiss. Our heroine saw in Alphonso's manner something so unusual, that she felt alarm, and hastily demanded if conte Urbino was worse.

'Oh, no,' Alphonso replied; 'I left him wonderfully well, and in high spirits too, for we have been arranging every thing for the speedy ratification of your union.'—The last sentence he pronounced with striking emphasis, and with his fine and penetrating eyes keenly fixed upon Matilda, whose countenance he instantly saw rapidly undergo a variety of changes: he beheld in her trembling frame the most painful agitation, and in a moment more her senses fled, and her respiration quite was gone.

Victoria threw herself upon the bosom of her beloved Farinelli and wept, since the cause of Matilda's fainting was too apparent to be doubted; and every former sad conviction was now more painfully impressed upon her bursting heart.

Every thing was done for the recovery of Matilda, who, the moment she could articulate, expressed an eager wish to return to her own chamber. In visible confusion she bade Victoria adieu, and was supported by Octavia and Roselia to her own apartment.

(To be continued.)

DIRECTIONS *for forming an* AUTUMNAL *or* WINTER GARDEN.

(Continued from p. 535.)

7.

Autumnal flowering Perennial Herbaceous Plants.

I. Aster, or Starwort. Aster.

No. 954. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.

Perennials, Natives of North America.

1. Bushy white-flowered	1725.	dumosus
2. Heath-leaved	1758.	Ericoides
3. Leafy	1732.	foliosus
4. Many-flowered	1732.	multiflorus

5. Marsh, Carolina - - - - - - 1784. paludosus
September to October.
6. Zigzag - - - - - - - - - - 1798. flexuosus
7. Slender-stalked - - - - - - 1798. junceus
8. Long-leaved - - - - - - - - 1798. longifolius
9. Great-flowered - - - - - - - 1720. grandiflorus
10. Pendulous - - - - - - - - - 1758. pendulus
11. Willow-leaved - - - - - - - 1760. salicifolius
12. Late-flowered - - - - - - - 1775. tardiflorus
13. Trandescants, or Michaelmas daisy 1656. Tradescanti
October to November.

There are several more which flower in August and September, and in mild Autumns continue till the end of October.

II. Chrysanthemum. Chrysanthemum.

No. 966. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.

1. Double-flowered purple Indian chrysanthemum - - indicum
September to November China. 1790.

III. Golden Rod. Solidago.

No. 955. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.

1. Golden rod - - - - - - - - - Virga aurea.
August to October. Native.

IV. Hollyhock. Alcea.

No. 840. Class 16. one brotherhood. Order 7. many males.

1. Hollyhock (various colours) - - rosea
July to September. China. 1597.
2. Painted-lady Chinese hollyhock - - chinensis
July to September. China.

V. Pansie, or Hearts-ease. Viola.

No. 1007. Class —. confederate males. Order 6. monogamy.

1. Great-flowered pansie - - - - tricolor
With several more varieties.
April to October. Native.

VI. Pink and Carnation. Dianthus.

No. 565. Class 10, ten males. Order 2. two females.

1. Pink - - - - - - - - - - - deltoides
2. Carnation - - - - - - - - - Caryophyllus
July to November. Natives.
Many varieties of various colours.

VII. Polyanthus. Primula.

No. 197. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.

1. Polyanthuses, many varieties - - Polyanthus
April to December. Natives.

VIII. Stock July-flower, and Wall-flower. Cheiranthus.

No. 815. Class 15. four powers, siliqued.

1. Brompton stock July-flower - - incanus
June to November. South of Europe. 1597.

IX. Strawberry. Fragaria.

No. 633. Class 12. twenty males. Order 5. many females.

1. Alpine strawberry

June to December. The Alps. About —

2. Silver-striped Virginian - - - - virginica varieg.

3. Gold-striped-leaved strawberry - aureo-variegata

These two are planted on account of their variegated leaves.

X. Sunflower. Helianthus.

No. 979. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.

1. Perennial double-flowered sunflower - multiflorus plenus

August to October. North-America. 1699.

8.

Autumnal-flowering Annuals.

I. Aster, or Starwort. Aster.

No. 954. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.

1. Chinese asters - - - - - - - chinensis

2. Single and double of various colours.

July to November. China. 1731.

II. Candy-tuft. Iberis.

No. 804. Cl. 15. four powers, with silicles.

4. Candy-tuft, four varieties - - - amara

June to November. Crete. 1739.

III. Chrysanthemum. Chrysanthemum.

No. 966. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.

1. Chrysanthem - - - - - - - coronarium

July to October. Crete. 1629.

IV. Corn-flower, or Bottle-flower. Centaurea.

No. 984. Class 19. confederate males. Order 3. frustraneous polygamy.

Natives.

1. Corn-flower, various colours - - Cyanus

V. Larkspur. Delphinium.

No. 681. Class 13. many males. Order 2. two females.

1. Larkspurs, various colours, branching - Consolida

June to November. Native.

2. Rocket larkspur - - - - - - 1. Ajacis

3. Dwarf rocket, various colours - - 2. —— nanum

June to November. Switzerland. 1596.

VI. Mignonette, or Reseda. Reseda.

No. 608. Class 11. twelve males. Order 7. three females.

1. Mignonette, or sweet-scented reseda - odorata

June to October. Ægypt. 1752.

VII. Nasturtium. Tropæolum.
No. 466. Class 8. eight males. Order 1. one female.
2. Nasturtium, dwarf and tall - - minus, manjus
June to October. Peru. 1596, and 1686.

VIII. Sunflower. Helianthus.
No. 979. Class 19. confederate males. Order 6. monogamy.
June to October. Mexico. 1596.
1. Annual - - - - - - - - - annuus
2. Dwarf - - - - - - - - - indicus
June to October. East Indies. 1785.

IX. Sweet Pea. Lathyrus.
No. 872. Class 17. two brotherhoods. Order 4. ten males.
1. Sweet peas, various colours - - odoratus
June to November. Sicily. 1700.

X. Virginian Dwarf Stock. Dianthus.
No. 565. Class 15. four powers, siliqued.
1. Purple Virginian dwarf stock
June to November. Virginia.
2. White

To have all these flower in Autumn (except the Asters, Chrysanthemums, and Nasturtiums), you must sow some seed in June and July.

9.

Early Spring-flowering Herbaceous Plants,

I. Alysson. Alyssum.
No. 805. Class 15. four powers, with silicles.
1. Alpine alysson

II. Anemone. Anemone.
No. 694. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.
March to May. Native.
1. White wood anemone - - - sylvestris
April to May. Native.

III. Bird's-Eye. Adonis.
No. 698. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.
1. Perennial bird's-eye - - - - vernalis
March to April. Europe. 1731.

IV. Daisy. Bellis.
No. 962. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.
1. Daisies, many varieties - - - perennis
March to September. Native.

V. Hellebore, or Christmas Rose. Helleborus.
No. 702. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.
1. Black hellebore - - - - - niger
January to March. Austria. 1596.

VI. Hepatica. Anemone, see above.

5. Hepatica, five varieties - - - Hepatica
March to April. Switzerland. 1596.

VII. Iris, or Flower-de-Luce. Iris.

No. 59. Class 3. three males. Order 1. one female.

1. Two-flowered - - - - - - - biflora
April to May. South of Europe. 1596.

2. Yellowish - - - - - - - - - lutescens
April. Germany. 1596.

3. Dwarf purple - - - - - - - - pumila
April. Germany. 1596.

4. Chalcedonian iris - - - - - - susiana
April to May. Levant. 1596.

VIII. Navelwort Cynoglossum.

No. 183. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.

1. Venus's navelwort - - - - Omphaloides
March to May. South of Europe. 1633.

IX. Polyanthus. Primula.

No. 197. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.
March to May. Natives.

1. Polyanthus, many varieties - - Polyanthus

X. Primrose. Primula.
March to April. Native.

5. Primrose, five varieties - - - veris

XI. Wall-flower. Cheiranthus.

No. 815. Class 15. four powers, siliqued.

1. Wall-flower - - - - - - - - Cheiri
February to April. Native.

10.

Evergreen Herbaceous Plants.

I. Asarabacca. Asarum.

No. 589. Class 11. twelve males. Order 1. one female.

1. Asarabacca - - - - - - - - europæum
May to June. Native.

II. Candy-tuft. Iberis.

No. 804. Class 15. four powers, with silicles.

1. Perennial evergreen candy-tuft - perennis
April to June. Crete. 1739.

III. Fumatory. Fumaria.

No. 849. Class 17. two brotherhoods. Order 2. six males.

1. Evergreen fumatory - - - - sempervirens
July to August. North America. 1683.

IV. Globe Thistle. Echinops.
No. 999. Class 19. confederate males. Order 7. separate polygamy.
1. Greater globe-thistle - - - Sphæro cephalus
July to August. Austria. 1595.

V. Golden Rod. Solidago.
No. 955. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.
1. Evergreen golden rod - - - sempervirens

VI. Helonias. Helonias.
No. 460. Class 6. six males. Order 5. many females.
1. Asphodel-leaved helonias - - - Asphodeloides
May to June. North America. 1765.

VII. Holly (Sea). Eryngium.
No. 324. Class 5. five males. Order 2. two females.
1. Sea holly - - - - - - - - - maritimum
July to September. Native.

VIII. Houseleek. Sempervivum.
No. 612. Class 11. twelve males. Order 6. twelve females.
1. Houseleek - - - - - - - - Tectorum
July to September. Native.

IX. Lily. Lilium.
No. 410. Class 6. six males. Order 2. two females.
1. White lily - - - - - - - - - 1. album
2. Striped-leaved white lily - - - - 2. —— striatum
June to July. Levant. 1597.

X. London Pride. Saxifraga.
No. 359. Class 10. ten males. Order 2. two females.
1. London pride - - - - - - - - Geum
May to July. The Alps. 1629.

XI. Rose-Campion. Agrostemma.
No. 583. Class 10. ten males. Order 4. five females.
4. Rose-campion, four varieties - - Coronaria
June to September. Italy. 1596.

XII. Stonecrop, or Wall-Pepper. Sedum.
No. 338. Class 5. five males. Order 5. five females.
1. Yellow-flowered - - - - - - - 1. acre
2. Variegated-leaved stonecrop - - 2. — variegatum
June to July. Native.

XIII. Thrift, or Sea-Pink. Statice.
No. 338. Class 5. five males. Order 5. five females.
1. Red-flowered - - - - - - - - Armeria
2. White-flowered thrift - - - - —— alba
May to June. Native.

ACCOUNT *of the* NEW COMEDY *entitled* A PRIOR CLAIM, *performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Tuesday, October* 29.

THE characters were thus represented:

Sir William Freeman -	Mr. Dowton.
Colonel Raymond - -	Mr. Barrymore.
Henry Mortimer - -	Mr. Elliston.
Young Freeman - -	Mr. De Camp.
Lounger - - - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Patrick O'Shatter - -	Mr. Johnstone.
Alec M'Gregor - -	Mr. Dorner.
Robin - - - - - -	Mr. Collins.
Maria - - - - - -	Miss Duncan.
Emily - - - - - -	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Fanny - - - - - -	Miss De Camp.

This piece is avowed to be the joint production of Mr. Pye, the poet-laureat, and Mr. Arnold, the son of the late celebrated musical composer. The following are the outlines of the PLOT.

Maria, the daughter of *Sir William Freeman*, is betrothed in early life to *Colonel Raymond*. This engagement, sanctioned by the approbation of her father, is founded on esteem for his character, her heart being very little concerned in her acquiescence, but on his part on the most firm and rooted affection. *Colonel Raymond* departs for India, and is returned in the list of those who lost their lives in the storming of Seringapatam. In a year or two after this event, she forms a sincere and cordial attachment with *Henry Mortimer*, a man equally deserving esteem, and equally receiving her father's sanction, and whose disposition and manners produce an ardent affection in *Maria*'s heart. The piece opens, at the expiration of four years after *Colonel Raymond*'s supposed death, with the nuptial morning of this young couple, and with preparations for their wedding. In the second act, *Colonel Raymond* and *Patrick O'Shatter*, his Irish servant, make their sudden appearance in the village; and it is then discovered that they had lain in confinement in the enemy's country, and had effected their escape by the gallantry of a naval officer. Shocked with the intelligence he receives of the intended marriage, he flies to the house of his old friend *Sir William*; and in the third act an explanation takes place between them. The fourth opens with the parties assembled before the church, and the *Colonel* enters with *Sir William*, at the moment they are about to approach the altar. The ceremony is of course delayed. *Colonel Raymond* insists on the fulfilment of his contract, and his 'prior claim' is admitted by the father of *Maria*. *Sir William*, however, refuses to exert any authority over his daughter, beyond that of prohibiting her union with another; and she, equally bound by the point of honour, decidedly refusing her hand where her heart cannot be bestowed, unequivocally promises never to give her hand, if such is *Raymond*'s will, to another. *Raymond*, unwilling to relinquish 'the long-cherished treasure of his soul,' fixes her to this promise, and doubting the strength of her resolution, and, in such a cause, the forbearance of *Henry Mortimer*, determines to have them carefully observed. In the sequel he obtains information of an intended meeting between the lovers, and with the intention of surprising them, perhaps, in some plan detrimental to his hopes, is witness to a parting scene, in which their conduct and sentiments are so highly honourable, that, in the impulse of manly generosity, he advances at the moment of their last farewell, and joins their hands for ever. During the progress of this business, it appears that *Young Freeman*, having formed an attachment

to *Emily*, a dependant of his sister, had some time before made her a dishonourable offer; but, impressed by the dignity of her reproof, at length avows his wish to make her his wife: this offer she equally rejects, from the most honourable sentiments of pride, announcing herself his equal in birth, though not in fortune, and acknowledging, that could she have been his without laying herself open to the imputation of sinister views on his family, he would not have met rejection. The arrival of *auld Alec Mac Gregor*, an honest Scotchman, announces her to *Young Freeman* as the heiress of a 'gude independent fortune;' and he, from a motive of equally honourable pride, now declines a renewal of his offer, lest it should be suspected that he had been apprised of her accession to fortune, previous to the late offer of his hand. In the end, she demands the reason of his silence, and frankly offers her person and her fortune, if he deems them worthy of acceptance.

The under-plot consists of *Patrick O'Shatter*'s discovering his wife in the village, beset by *Lounger*, *Robin*, and several other lovers; and, alarmed for her fidelity, endeavouring to surprise her. She, however, recognises his brogue immediately, and recriminates dexterously on his suspicion. *Lounger*, a London beau, bustles through the whole, making love to every body and succeeding with nobody, and retires at last to 'breathe again the atmosphere of St. James's,' ridiculed by all parties, and heartily sick of his country excursion.

It will be obvious, on a perusal of the foregoing incidents, that they are not particularly adapted to receive those tints of humour or vivacity which constitute the chief merit of most of the comedies of the present day. There are not above two or three scenes in which any attempt is made to disturb the gravity of the audience. The opportunities which occur of gratifying the vulgar and impolite propensity to laughter are very few indeed. This comedy is of the grave and high sentimental cast of the German school, containing powerful appeals to the feelings and situations of interest and delicacy, undebased by boisterous or unappropriate merriment.

The characters, without possessing any great claims to originality, are, in general, drawn with truth and spirit. *Colonel Raymond*, in particular, was a fine exhibition of manly feeling and lofty honour. *Lounger* is rather a superior kind of Bond-street beau. In his explanatory scene with *Young Freeman*, he displayed a talent for repartee, sufficient to confer the reputation of wit upon half a dozen of the class. The character of the Irish servant has nothing in it to distinguish it from the general run of entertaining blunderers; it is not high coloured enough for the rich and luxuriant humour of Johnstone. *Robin* is one of those simple and manly rustics which are to be found in every shire in England. Neither of the *Freemans*, nor *Mortimer*, is new to the stage; the last approximates very closely, particularly in the early scenes, to *Falkland*, in the *Rivals*. The hilarity of *Maria*, until the appearance of *Raymond*, was well supported by miss Duncan; and although the pathetic is not her *forte*, she succeeded much better in the affecting scenes than we could have expected.

The principal merit of this comedy is rather the expression of chaste and delicate sentiment than liberal effusions of either wit or humour. The style is terse and elegant, and the morality of the play is as pure as the most rigid advocate for dramatic decorum can require. No less than three songs were introduced in it.

Two of them, those sung by miss Duncan and miss De Camp, are the composition of Mr. Arnold, we understand. They are delightful melodies, and prove that he has succeeded to no mean portion of the paternal talent.

The play had every justice done it in the representation. The character of *Raymond*, by far the most difficult in the piece, was excellently played by Barrymore; and the same praise is due to the exertions of Elliston, Collins, and Dowton. The Comedy concluded quite in the manner of the German drama, with what is theatrically termed a picture, similar to what is seen in the *Stranger*, and *Lover's Vows*.

Johnstone sung an excellent parody on Braham's popular song of '*The Willow;*' to the repetition of which a most unaccountable and illiberal opposition was made.

The Prologue was spoken by Mr. De Camp; and the Epilogue, which contained some good points, was admirably delivered by miss Duncan.

The Comedy did not meet with a single murmur of disapprobation. It was announced for a second representation, with loud and general applause.

DALIDOR AND MULCE.

A MORAL TALE.

(From the French of Madame de Genlis.)

(Concluded from p. 548)

THE first months after the marriage of Dalidor were passed in entertainments and fêtes, the principal pleasure of which was derived from the talents of Ambroisine. After some time they went into the country, and during two months lived in a more retired and domestic manner. Ambroisine was good, virtuous, and obliging; but so fondly devoted to music, and attached to that art so great an importance, that she possessed scarcely a single connected idea which was not relative to it. Destitute besides of every kind of information, and having but very little native understanding, she was at once insipid, frivolous, and pedantic; for when she wished to praise an excellent musician she made use of expressions only proper to be employed in the eulogium of a real philosoper, or of a hero. A good performer on any instrument was, according to her phraseology, *a great man;* she was in ecstasies at the *wisdom*, *purity*, and *profound sensibility*, of his style of playing. Whatever of sentiment or morality may be found in the most perfect book she found in a rondeau or a sonata. Dalidor was soon wearied of a conversation which continually turned on the same subject; he was soon even disgusted with perpetual music, all the finest passages of which he knew by heart. When he wished to converse, she was playing on the harp or lyre; and when he had a desire to walk out with her, she refused to accompany him, because she was learning a new piece. Some noisy instrument was always interposed between Ambroisine and him; and he at length began to think that it was possible to be happy with a wife who only knew how to embroider, since, at least, a frame cannot prevent any one from hearing nor from answering.

Ambroisine wished to shine with new eclat during the approaching winter, and she prepared for it with an ardour which nothing could abate.

About the end of October they left the country, and returned to Paris. Dalidor saw his house filled

with musicians. When he went to seek his wife in her closet, he heard in the antichamber the harmonious sounds of violins, flutes, and horns; for Ambroisine had all kinds of instruments. She sung to the guitar, played variations on the piano, and concertos on the harp. She executed some full pieces with considerable effect; and then it was necessary for her to have the accompaniment of various wind instruments, and sometimes even kettle-drums. When Dalidor, braving all this din and tumult, half opened the door of the closet, Ambroisine, who wished to reserve for him the pleasure of a surprise, sent him away peremptorily: he was prohibited from being present at the rehearsals, which were performed almost every day. Ambroisine, always shut up, always practising, was like persons who perform plays in public:—she was a perfect nullity in intimate intercourse; and she purchased a brilliant exhibition by a fortnight or three weeks of vacuum and ennui.

The concerts attracted a great deal of company; and balls were besides given, that all the talents of Ambroisine might be fully displayed. Charming quadrilles were danced, composed by Vestris and d'Auberval, for which madame de Bertin made the dresses; and, towards the close of the winter, Dalidor was informed by his steward that he was in debt to the amount of seventy thousand livres. Ambroisine, however, protested that her tastes and amusements were only of the most simple kind, and that she had absolutely an aversion to ostentatious parade. In truth, she had lately caused a beautiful gilded saloon to be entirely re-constructed, with wood inlaid with various natural colours; an alteration which cost fifteen thousand livres; yet what can be more simple than wood, without sculpture and without painting? New curtains of light taffety supplied the place of the old rich and magnificent ones, which were found to be disgustingly substantial: the girandoles and lustres were banished to the wardrobe, and antique lamps of alabaster substituted for them. In short, to make the reformation complete, Ambroisine determined in future to wear only flowers, steel, and glass: she laid aside all her diamonds, which she successively exchanged for English merchandise. Such was the prudent simplicity of Ambroisine.

A mournful event suspended for eight months the concerts and entertainments. The father of Dalidor died, and left to his only son a rich inheritance. Dalidor then gave himself up to the gratification of all his tastes. He wished to have a cabinet of pictures, and to make an English garden. He admired only the Flemish school, the pictures of which at that time were sold at the highest prices. The amateurs of the eighteenth century preferred a hundred times the figure of an old smoker, or a cook-maid peeling onions, to that of a hero or a nymph. Yet, while Dalidor was hanging his apartments with these ignoble paintings, he was filling his garden with obelisks, pyramids, and temples. This want of harmony in tastes, sufficiently proves that none is possessed in reality, but that the pretended virtuoso is merely the votary of fashion.

The mourning being over, the entertainments and *fêtes* recommenced, and even during the summer; for how was it possible not to give *fêtes* in an English garden? The groves were illuminated, pastoral pieces were performed, and dances woven on the mossy turf. Musical performers were placed in the temples

and on the artificial rivers, and plaintive stanzas were sung over the tombs. Dalidor's steward made several representations on the expences incurred, and (which is the honestest thing a steward can do) had even the generosity to propose to his master, that he should examine his accounts and affairs himself. But Dalidor carefully avoided accepting this strange offer, and assured the steward that his occupations would not permit him to enter into these minute details. The steward therefore, perceiving in his master such a perfect indifference to his interest, took no further care but for his own.

At the expiration of two years, however, the creditors reached even Dalidor; and became so clamorous, that he was under the necessity of selling, hastily, and at a low price, his collection of pictures, and his cabinet of scarce and valuable curiosities: for he was also a collector of curiosities, and expended a great deal of money in old cracked china, in villanous violet and blue Japanese images, old lacker, grotesque figures of monkeys, &c. Ambroisine, having contributed prodigiously to the derangement of her husband's fortune, was desirous likewise to make a sacrifice, and generously brought to Dalidor an enormous jewel-box filled with her trinkets; but Dalidor, finding the diamonds metamorphosed into necklaces and bracelets of hair, into chains and medallions and cyphers of hair, and into seed-pearls, could derive no advantage from the good intentions of Ambroisine. He therefore returned to her these elegant sentimental ornaments, and informed her that he was under the necessity of passing a year at an estate about a hundred miles distant from Paris. Ambroisine consented to accompany him; and this resolution was, in her, a great effort of virtue. She was not insensible of the sacrifice she was about to make: she knew well that in the country she should find neither elegant balls nor spectacles nor concerts.

The health of Ambroisine, already impaired by late hours and extreme dissipation, was completely destroyed in the solitude of an old mansion-house. Ambroisine was virtuous, irreproachable, and not a coquette; but habit had rendered the applause of connoisseurs necessary to her. It was in vain that her country neighbours, destitute of taste or ear, repeated, when she played on the harp —'That is very pretty!' or, 'Madame sings wonderfully well!'—Such praises as these could not supply the place of the bravos and extasies of virtuosos. The want of emulation, and her ill state of health, soon deprived her even of the taste for music; and she found herself without employment, which plunged her into the deepest listlessness. Her temper suffered the most grievous alteration:—she became changeable and fantastical: impertinence, petulance, and a childish unreasonableness, were added to her natural insipidity. Dalidor, then, disquieted and tormented every hour of the day, till his patience was quite exhausted, more than once cursed the frivolity which had caused him to prefer a musician, without mind, to a delicate young female, modest, amiable, and domestic. The lovely stranger recurred to his recollection and imagination in a more lively manner than ever. 'She must now,' said he to himself, 'be eighteen or nineteen, How charming must she appear! She is probably married and settled in the country, and she is doubtless extremely well pleased to live in the country. Far from despising the cares of a family, she makes them her delight. Happy is the man who can actually contemplate her such

as she appears in that charming portrait, which is indelibly imprinted on my memory—but a thousand times more happy is the husband she has chosen!' This thought forced a sigh from Dalidor; and a melancholy reflection on his own situation at that time inflicted on his heart the most painful sensations.

In the mean time, Ambroisine, declining daily more and more in health, appeared ardently to desire to return to Paris, after a stay of six months in the country. Dalidor, uneasy at her situation, hastened to comply with her wishes. The revolution had commenced several months before: its first storms hastened the end of Ambroisine; she died a short time after her arrival at Paris. The revolution completed Dalidor's ruin. He was suspected of aristocracy; and his lands were consequently pillaged, his houses burnt; while his creditors seized every thing that remained. As he was totally ignorant of the state of his affairs, he was obliged to acquiesce in every demand made on him; and much more was demanded than he really owed. Nothing remained to him but an annuity for his life, which, by a good bargain that he thought himself extremely fortunate in concluding, his steward had secured to him, by purchasing one of the finest of his estates. Dalidor, under these distressing circumstances, was deprived, by his own fault, of the beneficial advice of Mulce. The latter had long been settled in the country. Dalidor had neglected even to answer his letters and offers of service, and at length Mulce had ceased to write to him. The reign of terror came on; and Dalidor, with reason terrified, fled for safety into a foreign country. There he vegetated six or seven years; at the end of which time he received in London a letter from Mulce, which contained only these words:

'I have obtained your recal. Come without delay, my dear Dalidor! you will find an asylum with your nearest relative and best friend. I shall wait for you at Dessaint's, at Calais. MULCE.'

How lively must have been the impression which this letter made on Dalidor! What gratitude can equal that of a fugitive so long abandoned, and who receives unexpectedly such intelligence, and such a proof of remembrance!

Dalidor, without losing a moment, embarked, and set sail for France. He arrived in safety at Calais, flew to Dessaint's, and enquired for Mulce; but was answered that he was not yet come. He waited a week, and, not receiving any notice from him, resolved to proceed to Normandy, to the house of a person of his acquaintance, in the hope of procuring some intelligence from Paris, and concerning Mulce. He travelled on horseback, and alone; and his horse being hurt, he was obliged to stop one night in a pleasant village near Caen. He slept in a tavern; the hostess of which told him that he was on the estate of a generous and benevolent gentleman, named Vilmure. This name was unknown to Dalidor. He asked his hostess no more questions; but she, mistaking his silence for attention, continued speaking. After having made the eulogium of the *ci-devant seigneur* of the place, she proceeded to make that of his wife.—'Is she young?' asked Dalidor.—'She is young and charming,' replied the hostess. At these words, Dalidor listened with a sort of interest. She described the most interesting traits of madame de Vilmure. She was handsome, good, and pious, as an angel: a pattern for wives and mo-

thers. She had, during the reign of terror, saved her husband by her courage and her exertions. She had concealed him for eight months; and at the same time, by her knowledge of business, had been enabled to preserve almost the whole of his fortune. She had also, with the tenderest affection, taken care of an old grandfather, who had brought her up, and she had four of the prettiest children ever seen, to whom she gave the best education possible. This description drew a sigh from Dalidor. He enquired whether the husband of this accomplished person was with her; and was answered that he was then absent, but was expected home every day.

Dalidor, while his supper was preparing, walked in the avenue of the mansion of the lord of the estate. Recollecting what he had been told by his hostess, he viewed with more than ordinary interest the Gothic building, then enlightened by the bright rays of an unclouded moon. While he reflected on the complete tranquillity and happiness that reigned in this house, he recollected with grief both his own unfortunate marriage, and the charming stranger whom he had formerly met so frequently.—'Ah!' said he to himself, 'she it was to whom I ought to have given my heart, which was strongly inclined towards her—but the mania of the arts overcame this sentiment. Perhaps, she might not have possessed the information and solidity of mind of madame de Vilmure; but she assuredly had sense, and simplicity of taste. She was charming; she would not have contributed to my ruin; I should have loved her alone.'

These reflections plunged Dalidor into a profound reverie. He had been more than two hours in this avenue, when he saw smoke suddenly burst forth from one of the chambers of the house. He immediately hastened towards the court-yard. It was half past ten: he entered, and found all the servants in motion. He went into the house, and, after having crossed a large hall, perceived a female half-undressed, whose scattered hair concealed her face, and who held in her arms two lovely little children, almost naked; while two others, somewhat larger, followed her, hanging on her flowing robe. She shrieked with a piercing voice.——'My grandfather! My grandfather! Assist my grandfather!' This voice penetrated the heart of Dalidor. No servant dared to enter, because the room which must first be passed was on fire. Dalidor asked two or three questions in the utmost haste, and learned that the valet-de-chambre, who slept near the old man, had been mean enough to save himself, and to abandon him as soon as he saw the fire; that the old man was asleep; that his apartment had a door behind which looked into the garden, but that door was fastened within by iron bars.—'Enough!' cried Dalidor, springing forward into the part of the house that was on fire—'fear nothing, madam: I will save your grandfather.' Thus saying, he darted forward like an arrow, through a little antichamber full of flames and smoke. He held to his mouth his handkerchief, which he had dipped in a pail of water. The fire caught his great-coat: but on entering the chamber, which the flames had not yet reached, he threw off his great-coat, having been only somewhat scorched in the leg, and in the arm. He thus reached the old man's bed; who was in a profound sleep, and who, had he been a moment later, must have been suffocated. He awoke him, took him in his arms, opened the back door,

inhaled with transport the fresh air of the garden, and there, at this moment, at the height of happiness, gave the old man to the arms of the terified madame de Vilmure.—'Oh, most generous of men!' exclaimed she, 'condescend to follow us into my pavillion.' Thus saying, she wrapped her grandfather in the clothes of one of her domestics, and hastened to conduct him to the other wing of the house. Dalidor was requested to wait in a parlour, while madame de Vilmure was employed in seeing her grandfather and her children put to bed. Never had Dalidor experienced so strong an emotion; though, in the confusion in which he was, he had not distinguished the features of madame de Vilmure. He had been struck at the first sight of her; and the elegance of her figure and the sweetness of her voice, recalled to his mind a confused recollection. On entering the parlour he felt himself so oppressed, that he opened a window which looked into the yard. He saw all the peasants running in crowds, and hurrying towards the pavillion, to extinguish the fire; which, by their exertions, they effected in less than half an hour.—'How much she is beloved!' said Dalidor; for during all this time he had been thinking only of her. A door opened—he thought that madame de Vilmure was coming. He turned, took two or three steps, and saw before him a large picture, at the sight of which an universal trembling seized him. He approached it, and examining it more closely saw that it really was, as at the first glance it had appeared, the handsome little housekeeper feeding her chickens.—'O destiny!' exclaimed he, 'it is she!' and he sank into an arm-chair, bursting into tears. In fact, madame de Vilmure was his lovely stranger.—Some minutes afterwards he heard a noise in the antichamber; he dried his tears, and madame de Vilmure appeared. As she had never observed him with much attention, she did not retain the slightest recollection of him; but she expressed her gratitude to him in the warmest terms. She had his burns dressed by a surgeon, whom she had sent for to examine whether he had received any serious hurt; attending on him at the same time herself, and giving every assistance that was in her power. She then ordered supper. Dalidor ate nothing; and madame de Vilmure, after repeating her tenderest thanks, had him conducted to an apartment prepared for him. She did all this with such simplicity and goodness—her attention was so engaged by her grandfather, and the fear that this accident might be prejudical to his health—that she did not remark the uneasiness and melancholy of Dalidor, and even forgot to ask him his name.

When Dalidor was alone, his mind became a prey to the most afflicting ideas.—'How beautiful she is!' cried he: 'that sweet bloom of innocence is still preserved undiminished. What grace! What dignity! But I have not left in her memory the slightest trace, while she has been continually present in mine. What total forgetfulness! Ah! soon as the morning shall dawn, I will make my escape, without again seeing her, from this fatal mansion, or I shall die. At least she is indebted to me for the life of her grandfather, and she has not condescended to enquire my name!—She shall be ignorant of it for ever.'

Dalidor passed a great part of the night in this agitation; but at length fatigue procured him a few hours' sleep. At seven in the morning he was awakened by a great bustle that was suddenly made in the house.

He arose; and a moment after a servant came hastily to inform him of the arrival of M. de Vilmure. Dalidor, in his first emotion, hurried out of his chamber, to avoid this interview; but at the end of the gallery he met madame de Vilmure leaning on her husband's arm, and stood petrified with astonishment on recognising in this happy husband his cousin Mulce. The surprise was mutual; and the state of stupor in which Dalidor was absorbed appeared very natural. Mulce loaded him with caresses, which Dalidor received with a kind of remorse. They hurried him to the apartment of the good old grandfather, who was anxious to see his deliverer. Dalidor experienced the sweetest pleasure in clasping to his bosom this venerable old man, so dear to his family: and the gratitude and sincere affection which they testified towards him diffused a salutary balm over the wounds of his heart. Mulce explained his conduct: indispensable business had prevented him from going to Calais; but he had sent a servant thither with a letter, and directions to bring Dalidor to the same mansion to which chance had conducted him. This messenger, having been taken dangerously ill, had been obliged to stop at the distance of five-and-twenty leagues from Calais; and a fever, accompanied by delirium, had rendered him incapable of sending his message by another person.

The history of Mulce, in fine, was briefly this. During the reign of terror he had settled himself at Bourdeaux, with a Creole, then in credit, named Vilmure; who, for the space of a year, made him pass for his son. This man, when he died, left him all his property; and Mulce, from gratitude, retained the name to which he was indebted for his life and a considerable part of his fortune.

Dalidor, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friend, unable to remain in a house which had affected his feelings in so acute a manner, hastened to set out for Paris. Mulce, by his interest, obtained him the place of envoy to a German prince, at whose court he resided three years; at the expiration of which time he returned to his own country, and again married. By the procurement of Mulce, he espoused a rich heiress, a relation of the wife of the latter. The young lady was amiable, unaffected, had received a useful education, and at the same time possessed many agreeable acquirements; for I mean not to say that it is impossible to understand painting, and to be able to perform on various instruments, and at the same time to have good sense: but in the latter case these pleasing arts are only to be considered as recreations: they may be discoursed of, or cultivated, without attaching to them any great importance; nor will any hesitation be made to neglect or even entirely to sacrifice them to the smallest duties. To conclude, Dalidor at length became happy; though not till he had experienced many troubles and disappointments, and when arrived at somewhat more than mature age: whereas Mulce had been so constantly all his life.

A NOON-TIDE WALK,

IN OCTOBER.

By J. M. L.

THE mornings in October had for some time been cold and dreary: the north wind had swept over the plain with terrific vengeance; even the lark (chilled by the uncommon severity of the weather) had forgot to

chant his morning song to the great Creator of all. If the morning chanced to exhibit a faint smile, the after-part of the day had closed in tears. Thus passed several cheerless days: all animated nature drooped as it were in consonance to the passing storms: the early rambler was disappointed of his walk: the poetic mind could not steal forth to enjoy the sweets of autumn.

The morning of the day in which my ramble was taken did not appear brilliantly adorned with the vivid ray of Phoebus: it rose dim; the mist was very heavy; and as I looked from my chamber window, the casement, in opening, shook the heavy drops of dew from a beautiful honeysuckle that spread its luxuriance around, and which still sent forth it fragrance undiminished: I closed it with no very prepossessing idea of a fine day, and descended to breakfast.

About ten o'clock, the sun,

'Of this great world both eye and soul,'

made his appearance, and gradually overpowered the mist, till his beams shone forth with renovated lustre.

I hastened to dress, and about eleven set off for a walk. The birds every-where chirped their gratitude; the lark's note was pre-eminent amongst them, no longer repressed by the 'tempest-winged north.'

It seemed more like a fine day in spring than autumn. The few flies the cold weather had spared sported in the beam, whilst the filmy gossamer-web of summer floated plentifully in the air; scarcely a breath of wind shook the trees, which, from the little warm weather there had been to embrown the leaves, exhibited a spring-like luxuriance; and the animated glow occasioned by the healthful exercise of walking more than all conspired to give the idea of summer: yet, in crossing a meadow deeply clothed with grass, I discovered the sun had not sufficient power to dry up 'the morning dew,' with which it was very wet, though completely noon. Here, then, was a memento of winter: and it led the mind fond of reflection to consider, that probably in a few short hours the fragile forms now sporting under a seeming summer sun would shrink beneath the freezing influence of 'the northern blast,' and yield their lives a tribute to the tyrant winter.

Close emblem this of man! His life is but a checquered scene. One day he sports, insect-like, in fortune's beam, nor heeds the gathering storm, till, 'like the caverned earthquake,' it burst upon him, and sweeps his splendid hopes, his fondest wishes, into air, 'thin air,' and perhaps sinks him to the tomb, an early victim of indiscretion.

Bury St. Edmund's, Oct. 20, 1805.

TITTLETATTLE.

To the fair READERS *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

Laugh if you are wise. MARTIAL.

MY SWEET FAIR CREATURES!

I WAS born a sort of a gentleman, for you must know my great-grandfather was a parson—and you know a parson is always *considered* a gentleman—and my great-grandmother was a parson's wife.—These were my ancestors, as my own father and mother tell me. But my father's father did not like the profession of a parson, so he chose the rural life of a farmer: and then my father's mother was a farmer's wife, and that profession descended to my father; and he is now a *bit* of a gentleman

farmer, and my dear sweet mother a *bit* of a gentleman farmer's wife—so all this makes me a *little bit* of a son of a *bit* of a gentleman farmer; so much for my pedigree. And dear mother gave me a *little bit* of good education—and I pass for a gentleman; for I am, be assured, a man of *taste* and *fashion* (as the phrase goes): for I'll tell you—I wear my boots black as jet, with cream-coloured tops; or my hessians, with at least fifty wrinkles in them—and large enough to hold, beside my pretty *little* leg (though I say it, that should not say it), at least a *peck of bran;* but they are all the go: I have, too, the large *inexpressibles*; one thigh of which is sufficient to hold three the size of mine: they come below my calf, and button the front of my leg, and reach near my chin—(it's as they wear them). My waistcoat is of the newest pattern possible, and made just the tip: my coat of the Bond-street cut—the sleeves large enough to contain the arms of *O'Brian*, the Irish giant; yet the waist and skirts so short, that the hind part appears more calculated for a boy just breeched, and, in fact, scarcely sufficient to hide what they ought to conceal: (they are all the rage). My hat is what we term a *slouch*—a large wide brim, and a very low crown; and this really makes me look like a *large mushroom:* (but it's the tippy). Thus far, my sweet females! you may suppose I am complete; in fact, what is called a complete fellow. But, alas! I am not a *perfect one*. I have *a want;—I want* a beard, and a more manly countenance. *I want* dignity. *I want* courage. *I want* assurance. *I want* intrepidity. *I want* resolution. *I want—I want*—Yes, *I want whiskers.* O had I but the *whiskers*, then should I be the happy man! If any of you sweet little creatures can and will provide a remedy for my *wants*, haste, haste, to relieve one *sadly* oppress; for at present, although twenty-two years of age, my face is as *smooth* and as *fair* as my sister's. As for my dear sweet mother, she beats me hollow: she has many *long hairs* on her chin and face, and when she smiles or pouts they shine exactly like the *sweet whiskers* of a cat.—I have *began* to love a young lady, but dare not tell her of it *at present;* for I know she hates a man without *whiskers*. I shave, and pomade my chin and face—yet all to *no purpose*; and, with all my fashionable dress and other accomplishments, I look exactly like *a great girl* dressed up in man's clothes: in fact, some of the young ladies in our town call me the *feminine beau*. I hope and trust, my dear female friends, you will earnestly consider my misfortune, and inform me, in the next month's Magazine, what I must do to obtain a large big pair of *whiskers*——then, O then, I'll tell my love I love her, and am sure she will love me; for she often, ah! very often, talks about the *sweet whiskers* of the captain in our town: If you will, dear ladies! give a receipt, be assured the favour will be considered a *heavenly one*. I do assure you I am *not an ugly fellow*, take me all in all—but I want, and must have, the *whiskers*.

O sweet *whiskers!*
My life for the *whiskers!*

With the fond hope of obtaining relief by the kind interference of you, fair creatures! I conclude in assuring you I am, with the greatest respect,

The protector of your dear sex,

TOMMY SOFTCHIN.

Quill-hall, West-end,
Oct. 17, 1805.

LONDON WALKING AND FULL DRESSES.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. A DRESS of coloured muslin, or crape, trimmed with lace, to form a drapery, fastened behind with a bow of white ribbons; sleeves and front of lace over a white sattin lining. Black velvet hat, ornamented with beads and white ostrich feather; white shoes and gloves.

2. Black velvet pelisse, with a stand-up collar, trimmed with plaited net, and fastened on the right breast with steel ornaments, and down the front; to match round the bottom with swans-down. Silver bear muff; and brown velvet bonnet.

N. B. Scarlet shawls have been lately much worn.

[We are indebted for the above DRESSES, to the favour of MACK and BENNET, milliners, and fancy-dress makers, New Bond-street.]

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE favourite colour at present is that called *cheveux de nymphe* (approaching to a nut-brown, or the colour called *feuille morte*, the dead leaf). This is combined with the rose, or pale rose. The deep-green is frequently joined with white, especially in capotes. For plain woollen shawls, the capuchin colour is preferred.

The number of white straw hats, *à-la-Pamela*, rather increases than diminishes. The ribbon is sometimes fastened before, sometimes on the side, and sometimes behind; and the ends are of different lengths.

Short robes of white muslin are common for morning dresses, with short puckered sleeves. The shawls are plain, frequently of rose-coloured silk: the shoes and gloves white.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD NELSON OF THE NILE, K. B.

[*A Portrait of the illustrious Admiral, engraved by* HEATH, *was intended for the present number, but could not be finished in time. It shall certainly be given in our next, with the conclusion of this account of his life.*]

THE distinguished subject of the present memoir was the fourth son of the venerable Edward Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and miss Catherine Suckling, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Suckling, prebendary of Westminster. Horatio Nelson was born in the parsonage-house of the said rectory, on the 29th of September, 1758. The High School at Norwich enjoys the honour of having instilled the first rudiments of education into his aspiring mind; whence he was afterwards removed to North Walsham. At an early period of life, he imbibed from his father such principles of religion and morality as rarely forsook him, when surrounded with those scenes of vice and temptation to which youth launched into the extensive line of naval duty are peculiarly subject. His parents also inculcated the principles of real honour, with that reliance on an overruling Providence which no succeeding peril has been able to remove.—The sons of clergymen, who at different periods have entered into the British navy, and so conspicuously distinguished themselves in naval achievements, have unceasingly displayed innumerable examples of heroism, and been consequently advanced to the highest honours a grateful country could bestow.

Mr. Nelson passed the professional ordeal as lieutenant, on the 8th of April, 1777; and the next day received his commission as second of the Lowestoffe, 32 guns, captain William Locker. In this ship he arrived at Jamaica; but finding that even a frigate was not sufficiently

active for his glowing mind, he solicited an appointment to the command of a schooner, tender to the Lowestoffe; and in this small vessel eagerly availed himself of the opportunity of becoming a complete pilot for all the intricate passages through the keys (islands) situated on the northern side of Hispaniola. During Mr. Nelson's continuance in the Lowestoffe, as second lieutenant, a circumstance occurred which, as it strongly presaged his character, and conveys no invidious reflections on the officer to whom it alludes, deserves to be here recorded.

In a strong gale of wind, and a heavy sea, the Lowestoffe captured an American letter of marque. The captain ordered the first lieutenant to board her; which he accordingly attempted, but was not able to effect, owing to the tremendous sea running. On his return to the ship, captain Locker exclaimed, 'Have I then no officer who can board the prize?' On hearing this, the master immediately ran to the gang-way, in order to jump into the boat: when lieutenant Nelson suddenly stopped him, saying 'It is my turn now; if I come back it will be yours.' Hence we perceive the indications of that intrepid spirit which no danger could ever dismay or appal; and also an early propensity for deeds of hardy enterprise. In the subsequent events of his glorious life, the reader will observe with pleasure, that whatever perils or difficulties Horatio Nelson had to encounter, they only called forth a greater energy of mind to surmount them.

Soon after the arrival of rear-admiral sir Peter Parker at Jamaica, in the year 1778, he appointed lieutenant Nelson third of the Bristol, his flag ship; from which, by rotation, he became the first; and, under sir Peter Parker's flag in the Bristol, concluded his services in the rank of a lieutenant. On the 8th of December, during the above year, he was appointed on that station commander of the Badger brig; in which he was soon ordered to protect the Mosquito shore, and the Bay of Honduras, from the depredations of American privateers. Whilst on this service he so completely gained the grateful respect of the settlers, that they unanimously voted him their thanks; and most sensibly expressed their regret when he quitted the station. Whilst captain Nelson commanded the Badger, his majesty's ship Glasgow, captain Thomas Lloyd, came into Montego Bay, Jamaica, where the former was at that time lying at anchor: shortly after her arrival, the Glasgow took fire from a cask of rum. By the unceasing exertions and presence of mind of captain Nelson, the whole crew were saved from the flames.

Captain Nelson obtained his post rank on the 11th of June, 1779. The first ship to which he was appointed, after his advance to post rank, was the Hinchinbroke. On the arrival of count d'Estaing at Hispaniola, with a numerous fleet and army, from Martinico, an attack on Jamaica was immediately expected: in this critical situation of the island, captain Nelson was entrusted, both by the admiral and general, with the command of the batteries at Port Royal. This was deemed the most important post in Jamaica, as being the key to the naval force of the town of Kingston, and to the seat of government at Spanish Town. During the month of January, 1780, an expedition being resolved on for the reduction of fort St. Juan, on the river St. John, in the gulph of Mexico, captain Nelson was appointed to command the naval department, and major Polson the military. In effecting this arduous service, captain Nelson displayed his usual intrepidity: he quitted his ship, and su-

perintended the transporting of the troops in boats one hundred miles up a river, which none but Spaniards, since the time of the Buccaneers, had ever navigated. Major Polson bore ample testimony to general Dalling of his brave colleague's exertions, as well as gallantry, in this service; who after storming an outpost of the enemy, situated on an island in the river, constructed batteries, and fought the Spaniards with their own guns. To captain Nelson's conduct the principal cause of our success in reducing fort Juan was ascribed: in which were found one brass mortar of five inches and a half; twenty pieces of brass ordnance mounted, besides swivels; ten or twelve iron ditto, dismounted; with a proportionable quantity of military stores.

From the extreme fatigue captain Nelson endured on this expedition, his health became visibly impaired. Being soon afterwards appointed to the Janus, 44 guns, at Jamaica, he took his passage thither in the Victor sloop to join his ship. On his arrival, sir Peter Parker kindly prevailed upon him to live at his Penn, where captain Nelson received every attention and medical assistance: but his state of health was so rapidly declining, that he was obliged to return to England in his majesty's ship Lion, commanded by the honourable William Cornwallis, through whose care and attention his life was again preserved.

In the month of August, 1781, captain Nelson was appointed to the command of the Albemarle; when his delicate constitution underwent a severe trial, by being kept the whole of the ensuing winter in the North Seas. In April, 1782, he sailed with a convoy for Newfoundland and Quebec, under the orders of captain Thomas Pringle. During a cruise off Boston, he was chased by three ships of the line, and the Iris frigate: as they all beat him in sailing, and were coming up very fast, he had no chance left but to trust to Providence, and his own experience in pilotage, by running his ship amongst the shoals of St. George's Bank. This had the desired effect, as it alarmed the line of battle ships, who in consequence quitted the pursuit: the frigate, however, persevered in the chace; and at sun-set, having approached within little more than gun-shot, captain Nelson ordered the main-top-sail of his little frigate to be laid to the mast*, when the enemy immediately tacked, and stood to rejoin her consorts.

In the spring of the year 1784 he was appointed to the command of the Boreas frigate, 28 guns, and was ordered to the Leeward Islands.

From the month of July, 1786, until that of June, in the following year, captain Nelson continued with the command at the Leeward Islands; when at length he sailed for England. During the preceding winter, prince William Henry visited this station in the Pegasus frigate, to which his royal highness had been appointed captain. The conduct of captain Nelson, as commanding officer, gained him the esteem and friendship of the young prince, which has since increased with advancing years. In the month of March, 1787, captain Nelson married the truly amiable Frances Woolward Nesbit†, widow of doctor Nesbit, of the island of Nevis, daughter of William Herbert, esq. senior judge, and niece to Mr. Herbert, president of that island: the bride was given away by prince William Henry.

* In other words, bringing to, for the purpose of giving battle to an approaching enemy.

† This lady had a son by her first marriage, who has been advanced to post rank, with the command of the Thalia, 36 guns. He has served under his father-in-law with credit during the whole of the present war.

The Boreas frigate being paid off at Sheerness on the 30th of November, 1787, captain Nelson retired, to enjoy the consolation of domestic happiness, at the parsonage-house of Burnham Thorpe, which his father gave him for a place of residence: where, imitating Xenophon in the arrangement of his little farm at Scillus, captain Nelson passed the interval of peace in rural occupation and solitude. From the age of twelve years to the time occupied at this retreat, no period occurs in the life of Horatio Nelson for the mind to pause; all previous to this, and since that period, has been a continued succession of events arising from professional duties, amid a complication of peril, and unprecedented emergencies. He now enjoyed the opportunity of strengthening, by frequent reflection, the experience he had obtained; combining the various ideas which a quick, yet sound, observation had collected; and improving that knowledge of himself, and of human nature, so essential to those who are called on by their country to command with firmness, and to obey without a murmur. Like the celebrated Roman* who retired into the country to enjoy its calm repose, captain Nelson might declare, that he *had been many years on earth, but had lived only four for himself.*

In the year 1790, during the Spanish armament occasioned by the dispute relative to Nootka Sound, captain Nelson left his retirement to offer his services; but his endeavours to get employed were ineffectual.—On the 30th of January, 1793, a day ever to be remembered in our annals, and which the page of naval history will now mark with more peculiar regard, this distinguished character again came forward to appear with new lustre, and to arrest the progress of anarchy. He was appointed to the Agamemnon†, 64 guns, in a manner the most grateful to those feelings, which had been hurt at the inefficacy of his former application; and was soon placed under the orders of that excellent officer lord Hood, then appointed to command in the Mediterranean.

The unbounded confidence which the noble admiral always reposed in captain Nelson, manifests the high opinion which lord Hood then entertained of his courage and ability to execute the arduous services with which he was entrusted. If batteries were to be attacked; if ships were to be cut out of their harbours; if the hazardous landing of troops was to be effected, or difficult passages to be explored; we invariably find Horatio Nelson foremost on each occasion, with his brave officers and his gallant crew of the Agamemnon‡. It was well observed in the Mediterranean at this time, that before captain Nelson quitted his old ship, he had not only fairly worn her out§, but had also exhausted himself, and his ship's company. From habits of active service, however, his originally delicate constitution continued to support great fatigue; though his strength was visibly impaired previously to lord Hood's coming to England.

(To be continued.)

* Similis, under Trajan.

† During the time captain Nelson had the command of the Agamemnon, and previously to the commencement of hostilities with Spain, he put into Cadiz to water; and, on beholding the Spanish fleet, exclaimed, *These ships are certainly the finest in the world: thank God! the Spaniards cannot build men!*

‡ The greater part of the Agamemnon's crew were raised in the neighbourhood of Burnham Thorpe.

§ When the Agamemnon came into dock to be refitted, at the beginning of October, 1796, there was not a mast, yard, sail, nor any part of the rigging, but was obliged to be repaired---the whole being so cut to pieces with shot: her hull had long been kept together by cables served round.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES

On the late VICTORY *and* DEATH *of*

LORD NELSON.

AGAIN has Victory o'er Britannia's isle
Wav'd her bright plumes, and deign'd her partial smile;
Again have her unconquer'd fleets defied
And been the scourge of haughty Gallia's pride:
Yet while Britannia's ensign o'er the main
Triumphantly confirms her glorious reign;
While honour's brightest ray her brows adorn;---
Yet is her heart with poignant anguish torn:
A cloud of grief on ev'ry face appears,
And all her laurels are impearl'd with tears.
As the frail influence of an April day,
Gloomy at once with showers---with sunshine gay!
So Britons mourn and bless the self-same hour;
And joy's bright sunshine gleams thro' sorrow's show'r.
For who are those who own their Country's claim,
Whose hearts beat high with rapture at her fame,
But must exultingly her triumph hear,
With Pleasure's glow, and sad Affliction's tear?
Oh, fatal triumph! gain'd at Albion's cost:
Victory is hers, but NELSON breathes his last!
At once Britannia's glory and her grief;
We hail the day, and mourn her gallant chief:
For while bright conquest's tide salutes our shore,
The sighing gales exclaim, 'NELSON's no more!'
Brave Nelson's name from shore to shore resounds,
And Echo wafts afar th' impassion'd sounds.
Each bosom heaves the sympathising sigh,
And Sorrow's gem bedims each Briton's eye:
Amidst the triumph of the scene, they mourn,
And shed the grateful tear o'er Nelson's urn.
They oft with retrospective view survey
The lessen'd triumph of the well-fought day:
Imagination lends her glowing aid,
And Fancy pierces thro' the deepen'd shade.
Off cape Trafalgar see the squadrons bear:
The signal made for battle to prepare,
Celerity does through each fleet prevail,
And war's deep murmurs swell the passing gale.
See, see! the vig'rous onset they begin!
From coast to coast resounds the horrid din;
Loud as when Etna's mount convulsive roars,
Th' echoing ordnance wake the distant shores.
Behold! amid the horrors of the scene,
Aboukir's fearless hero stands serene!

Brave and undaunted as the god of war,
When prostrate legions fall around his car.
With intrepidity and coolness join'd,
His country's welfare actuates his mind:
His bright example animates each breast,
And British valour shines again confest;---
For Albion's sake, they all united try
To conquer, or in glory's conflict die.
Each man appears a hero in her cause,
For her religion, liberty, and laws:
Determin'd loyalty, and steady zeal,
Heave ev'ry breast for a lov'd country's weal.
Victory again prepares her wreath, to crown
Their brave endeavours with deserv'd renown.
O'er Britain's fleet the goddess fair behold,
Clad in a cloud of azure ting'd with gold:
A laurel garland on her head she wears,
In which a fatal cypress bud appears;---
A presage sad of the lamented fate
That did on Albion's gallant hero wait.
See! from the tops of yon tall ship descend
A deadly ball, commission'd for his end:
Sure some fell demon guides its rapid flight---
Fell as dark Pluto's realms of endless night.
Fain, fain would I th' unwelcome tale repress:---
It pierc'd, alas! the gallant Nelson's breast.
The hero falls, amid a nation's sighs,
On earth's frail limits never more to rise!
When o'er him Death his pallid ensign spread,
The pious hero bow'd his laurell'd head;
With meek submission met the stroke of Death,
And bless'd his country with his latest breath.
Yet, while below his worth we shall revere,
And his remains embalm with Sorrow's tear,
His soul aloft on Glory's pinion soars
To blissful regions and immortal shores.
Though now no more life's troubled sea he sails,
Braves its rude tempests, or endures its gales;
Though Nelson anchors in a port of rest;
His mem'ry's moor'd in ev'ry British breast:
And Fame's loud trumpet to the world shall tell,
In Victory's arms illustrious Nelson fell;
While laureat bards shall celebrate his praise,
And Nelson's name immortalise their lays:
Succeeding ages shall his triumph hear,
And with their admiration blend a tear;
And while his shining merit they review,
Practise his virtues, and revere them too.
Cease, fair Britannia! cease; your grief restrain;---
Another Nelson shall be yours again.
A kindred soul does Collingwood possess---
As brave a spirit, and as firm a breast.
A Collingwood shall still protect your isle;
A Collingwood your sorrows shall beguile:---
Shall emulate your much-lov'd Nelson's name,
Purchase fresh laurels at the shrine of Fame;
Avenge her heroes fall'n, and England's cause maintain.

Coleshill, Nov. 9, 1805.

HORATIA MARINA.

ADDRESS TO A ROSE.

1.

GO, Rose, and deck Almeria's breast,
And bloom beneath her eye:
There own thy brightest tints surpass'd,
And with pale envy die.

2.

And when she sees thy beauties fade,
And thy fair head decline;
May it instruct the lovely maid,
Her charms are frail as thine!

3.

But as thy scent unrivall'd last,
When fate thy tints consume,
'Twill teach her, Beauty is surpass'd
By Virtue's deathless bloom.

Coleshill, July 22, 1805. MARY D.

MIRANDA'S GRAVE.

1.

PAUSE, gentle villager, a moment here;
A while the thought of earthly care forego;
Breathe a soft sigh, or drop one pitying tear,
If e'er thy bosom throbb'd for others' woe:

2.

For poor Miranda, hapless woe-worn maid!
Fair as the dawn of day, and good as fair,
Beneath this rising grass-grown sod is laid---
Fair flower! nipp'd by the chilling frost of care.

3.

Early did grief invade her guileless breast;
Early, poor maid! she felt the weight of woe:
On her devoted head stern sorrow press'd,
Till she, resistless, sank beneath the blow.

4.

Her meek submission to her Maker's will
Heav'n saw, and view'd the maid with pitying eyes;
And her pure soul, from ev'ry future ill,
Caught to the blissful mansions of the skies.

Coleshill, April 16, 1805. MARY D.

FAIR KITTY.

1.

IN the deep bosom of a wood,
Far, far remote from town or city,
A little straw-roof'd cottage stood---
The peaceful dwelling of fair Kitty.

2.

Long did her charms the cot adorn,
And fill each neighb'ring shepherd's ditty;
Till cruel war a father tore
From this calm spot, and hapless Kitty.

3.

To view the anguish of the maid
Were brightest eyes suffus'd with pity:
And many a high-born nymph essay'd
To soothe the sorrows of poor Kitty.

4.

Once more had peace resum'd its sway,
Inspiring many a jocund ditty;
And hope's sublimest sweetest ray
Now warm'd the heart of blooming Kitty.

5.

She hop'd her father dear to meet;
She sought him in fam'd London city:
Alas! he fell in Britain's fleet---
And left to weep poor orphan'd Kitty.

6.

She fainted at the mournful tale;
Poor hapless maid! alas, for pity!
And grief did o'er her heart prevail,
Till death reliev'd the woes of Kitty.

Coleshill, June 14, 1805. MARY D.

EPILOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF
"*A PRIOR CLAIM.*"

Spoken by Miss Duncan.

THANK Heav'n! my face at liberty, again
My tongue can amble, in a nimbler strain:
I love the laugh, and so indeed do you---
Tho' now and then you love the serious too,
As Prologues ne'er the ensuing scenes betray,
But only ask your mercy for the Play---
So useless sure for Epilogue to show
Those incidents you all already know:
More useless still your mercy to implore,
Judgment once pass'd, and execution o'er.
From your decision no appeal we claim;
Your censure, candid; but your plaudits, fame.
We hail the hour propitious, that recals
Once more your welcome presence to these walls;
From rural sports and theatres, again
To grace the ample seats of Drury-lane.
Donkeys now mourn, their envied triumph o'er,
By Beauty's precious burthen press'd no more;
Unless some fashionable nymph will show
How well they tittup-it, in Rotten-row.
No longer cits the briny breeze enjoy,
In crowded cabin of a Margate hoy;
No longer now, on Kent's deserted shore,
They listen to the thunder's distant roar,
From batt'ries pour'd; while safe in port retire
Invasion's navies, from Britannia's fire;
Save when, by glory urg'd, the daring host,
Tremendous—skulks along the shelt'ring coast!
That Farce is damn'd—at Harlequin's command,
As shift our varying scenes from land to land;
Now here, now there—so Gallic squadrons shine;
Hey, presto!---Boulogne now, and now the Rhine.
Having, like sheep, within one penfold fenc'd ye,
To-night two authors set their wits against ye.
Though too much brains, they say, one head may fetter;
Yet all men own, two heads than one are better:
Yon critic, in bob-wig, so round and small,
Cries, Humph! *two* heads *may* have no brains at all!
For, though the simile my nature shocks,
One head like mine is better than two blocks.
I fear one fault our title has—You'll say,
It really seems connected with our play:
Yet diff'rent minds it diff'rently will strike;
All lay a *prior claim* to what they like.
Miss in her teens, and Miss in years well sped,
All, all assert the *prior claim* to wed.

Shouts the old soldier, Mine *the claim*, 'tis plain,
To meet the foe, and drive him back again.
Avast! cries Jack; our *prior claim* shall stand,
To thresh the lubbers ere they reach the land.
Huzza! then roars the mob, we'll all advance
Our *prior claim* to quell the pride of France:
In one compacted body will we stand,
Zeal in each heart, and arms in ev'ry hand,
To crush th' Usurper on our native land.
(Going, returns.)
But, soft—A word, before I haste away,
About our Author, and this evening's Play:—
Should you approve, they 're proud your taste to hit;
Should you condemn, they mourn it, and submit.
They know your lib'ral voice, to justice true,
And leave their cause to candour and to you.

HOPE.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends;
Yet gentle Hope, on ev'ry stage,
The comforter attends.
And if the toil-worn traveller droops,
With heaviness opprest,
She cheers his heart, and bids him see
The distant place of rest.

To school the little exile goes,
And quits his mother's arms:
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty has lost its charms?
Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints that no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
If mem'ry still the present sours,
Hope lightens as she counts the hours
That hasten his return.

Youth comes, and eager fancy hails
The long-expected days;
Youth comes, and he is doom'd to prove
The fears and jealousies of love,
And all its long delays.
But when the passions with their might
Afflict the doubtful breast,
Hope bids him yet expect delight
And happiness and rest.

When manhood comes with troubles rife,
And all the toils and cares of life
Usurp the busy mind;
Where shall the tir'd and harass'd heart
Its consolation find?
Hope doubts not yet the meed t' obtain
Of difficulties past:
And looks beyond the toils of gain,
To wealth enjoy'd at last.

So to his journey's latter stage
His pilgrim feet attain;
And then he finds in wiser age
That earthly cares are vain:
Yet Hope the constant friend remains,
Who sooth'd his troubles past;
Though oft deceiving, and deceiv'd,
The truest friend at last.
By Faith and Hope in life's last hour
Are life's last pangs reliev'd:—
They give the expectation then
That cannot be deceiv'd.

LINES

TO MISS J. B.

Written near Hertford.

Unskilful they
Who dress the Queen of Love in wanton smiles.

HAIL, obscure and silent glade!
Hail, skirted bank of winding *Lee!*
Witness what I told the maid—
Witness what vows she gave to me.

When daisies deck'd the meads around,
The closing of a summer's day;
The ring-dove mourn'd his plaintive sound,
And Sol declin'd his cheering ray;

'Twas on the verge of that clear stream,
Beyond the noisy thumping mill*,
And near the oak, where oft I've been,
My *mind* to her I did reveal.

Our love seem'd mutual; I felt blest;
For many things I told the fair:
Much she told me, and with the rest
She kindly bade me '*not despair*.'

Fell winter's storms have chang'd the scene!
The skirted banks no more I see;
No wild-flowers bloom, nor meadows green—
But *keen unkindness* left for me.

False maid, farewell! a long adieu!
May ever *truth* with thee combine!
And lasting *peace* remain with you,
While I shall weep, depriv'd of mine!

Nov. 8, 1805. S. Y.

* The oil-mill.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Ratisbon, Oct. 16.

WE learn from Straubingen, by a letter of the 12th, that the first column of Russians has effected a junction with the Austrians near the Inn. Bonaparte on leaving Augsburgh did not go in the direction of Burgau, as was supposed, but marched with an army of 90,000 men against the Russians; while prince Murat is advancing with 80,000 against the Austrians posted at Ulm.

Limburg, Oct. 18. A Russian column consisting of 13,000 men, after passing a night in this town, proceeded by forced marches on their route. They will shortly be followed by 40,000.

Frankfort, Oct. 20. We have received the following intelligence concerning the occurrences of the war:

The passage of the Danube, at Guntzburg, occasioned a smart engagement. The Austrians kept up a destructive fire of grape-shot; but the French swam over the river during the night, and ultimately gained the end for which they had been making efforts all day long; they entered that city on the following day at noon, after it had been evacuated by the Austrians at ten. Both the archduke Ferdinand and general Mack were present.

On the 11th the French attempted to make themselves masters of Ulm; but in this they did not succeed, notwithstanding their brave attack and some loss. The attack, however, appears to have been renewed afterwards, and Ulm, according to several accounts, has fallen into the hands of the French; in consequence of which the corps, which had passed the Danube from Ulm on the 13th under the archduke Ferdinand, and extended itself to Heidenheim, Alen, Gemund, Gieslingen, &c. would be cut off.

The present position of the armies is very remarkable; for since the French have crossed at Donauwerth, and penetrated along the Lech upwards to Landsberg, and from Ingolstadt to Munich, the greatest part of their army now stretches from the Danube southward to the Tyrol, in an oblong square, where the greatest force of the Austrians was before, who being now cut off by different separate engagements, and the grand manœuvres of the French, from the corps under general Kienmayer, have concentrated themselves in a triangle, between Ulm, Memmingen, and Stockach; whilst one of their divisions from Ulm has advanced over the Danube into the Wurtemburg territory. The French army which passed the Rhine at Huningen under marshal Augereau, coming from Brest, is marching through the Black Forest, along the frontier of Switzerland, and had arrived in the neighbourhood of Schaffhausen on the 7th instant; being observed by general Von Gottesheim, who is posted at Stockach.

At Fuessen, on the Lech, a body of Austrians is posted, with a view to keep open the passage to the Tyrol on that side; whilst 45,000 Russians are said to have effected a junction with a corps of Austrians on the Inn on the 12th instant.

On the 14th or 15th of this month a fresh and most bloody and obstinate engagement took place, which lasted the whole day, and in which the em-

peror Napoleon himself at last, arriving with reinforcements, decided the victory. The consequence of this, too, is stated to have been, that if not Ulm itself, yet all the heights around the town by which it is commanded, fell into the hands of the French. The Austrians who had passed to the left bank of the Danube, and extended themselves considerably towards the frontiers of Franconia, must now be cut off from the army between Ulm and Memmingen, and are in the most desperate situation. The Archduke Ferdinand in person commands that part of the army which in the night of the 15th and 16th was at Gemund.

Berlin, Oct. 20. Our political system appears to have experienced a complete alteration in the course of the last fortnight. The king has given leave to the Russians to march through his dominions wheresoever they please; and the armies which were assembled to prevent them will now be sent upon a different destination. An army, consisting of Silesian and Franconian regiments, and reinforced by 24,000 Saxon troops, is on its march to Franconia, under the command of prince Hohenlohe, to cover that province and Saxony against any attack. The second army is assembling at Hildesheim, under the duke of Brunswick. The third army, consisting of the Westphalian regiments and 20,000 Hessians, commanded by the elector of Hesse, will be posted on the Rhine. Meanwhile a fourth army, under general Mollendorf, will remain in the margraviate of Brandenburgh.

Banks of the Danube, Oct. 21. Yesterday the Austrian army marched out of Ulm with the honours of war, and afterwards laid down their arms, and were made prisoners of war. They were to be sent towards the Rhine in several columns, under the escort of the cavalry of marshal Ney's division of the army.

Gottenburgh, Oct. 21. The important news was yesterday received here of the King of Prussia having joined the coalition, and to-day it has been confirmed from various quarters.

Frankfort, Oct. 22. Yesterday a French courier passed through here from Munich, on his way to Mentz. An article in a newspaper, dated Cassel, says, that immediately on the arrival of a courier from Berlin the Hessian army was put on the footing of war, and was to join a Prussian corps. It is added, that Mr. Taylor, the English minister, had returned to Cassel, having received an express order from his court to continue there. Another newspaper says, that a corps of Prussian troops, consisting of 50,000 men, were assembling on the Vistula; that 50,000 Russians had joined at Grodno, and an equal number in the environs of Warsaw.

Stutgard, Oct. 23. We are assured that the French have entered Saltzburgh; and that, without loss of time, they advanced into Styria, by the valley of the river Muhr, which winds through the mountains. By this movement the archduke Charles will be placed between two fires.

Hague, Oct. 25. For two days past repeated accounts have been received from the army on the Danube; but nothing further official is yet published. Meanwhile it is understood that the taking of Ulm by the French is more and more probable; that much blood was spilt in the conflict; that two French generals, Boudet and Grouchi, were killed; and general Vignolles had both his legs carried away by a cannon ball.

Oct. 26. A general battle was fought on Saturday the 19th instant, it was most obstinate and bloody, and the Austrians made a long and vigorous resistance: the battle lasted the greater part of the day. Victory, however, at length decided in favour of the strongest; and the Austrians were completely defeated--the whole line of the Iller was forced—Ulm and its magazines, cannon, and baggage taken—and general Mack, with the whole of his staff, made prisoners. The loss in killed and wounded was immense on the side of the Austrians; it was immense, too, no doubt, on the part of the French. None of the names of the killed or wounded officers have yet transpired, but those who survived the battle were captured or dispersed: the

whole of the Austrian army is represented as being nearly destroyed; not a vestige of what might be deemed one efficient corps remained. Those who escaped the sword or the chains of the enemy, all who were not among the number of the killed, wounded, or prisoners, were broken into puny detachments, and scattered in various directions.

Hamburgh, Oct. 29. The main corps of the Russian army, consisting of 12,000 men, was to arrive in the Mecklenburgh territory on the 24th; and the duke of Mecklenburgh Schwerin had been requested to permit the passage of 10,000 Swedes, in addition to the aforesaid Russians.

The emperor of Russia intends to leave Berlin on the 29th instant for Weimar, from whence, it is said, he will proceed to Prague, and then go back to St. Petersburgh, unless circumstances should take place which may alter his plan. Some people assert, that his Russian majesty will, perhaps, repair from Weimar to Dresden, where he will stay several days; others report, that the Roman emperor and the king of Prussia will, perhaps, arrive there at the same time.

They write from Berlin, that the French envoy extraordinary at that court, marshal Duroc, had received a courier, whose arrival has excited general attention; having brought, it is supposed, the answer of the emperor Napoleon to the note delivered on the part of the court of Berlin to the ordinary and extraordinary envoys of the French emperor.

Vienna, Oct. 30. On the 26th general Mack arrived here, but did not receive permission to come into the town. This prohibition is less to be considered as a proof of the emperor's displeasure than as a real service done him; for the discontent of the people with his conduct has mounted to such a pitch, that it was feared the general might have been ill used. The monarch, however, had not seen him before his departure, and to his demand to be tried by a court martial had caused this answer to be given—'That this should be done with severity, but with justice.' An examination is already instituted into the conduct of general Mack, and of all those to whom the misfortune of the army is imputed.

Memmingen, Nov. 1. General Wolfskehl shews himself to be a dextrous partisan and warrior. After the disaster which the Austrian army experienced at Ulm, marshal Soult attempted to surround him with his corps at Biberach; but he fought his way through, and arrived fortunately with 15,000 men at Bregentz. The French general had no sooner retreated than he extended his troops to Stockach, Ravensburg, and Leutkirch. There were straggling parties, which the day before yesterday made their way from Upper Guntzburg, and took several French officers at Mindelheim by surprise. He has with him some squadrons of the Blankenstein hussars, who attempt the most desperate enterprises.

Vienna Court Gazette, Nov. 2. The emperor has returned from his visit to the Russian army. Nothing remarkable has taken place upon the Inn since our last, except the taking of Oberhaus, a Bavarian fortress upon the Danube. The French army in Bavaria has not yet reached the Imperial confines: a part of this army seems as if it would direct its operations against the Tyrol; another division is posted in the Upper Palatinate, under prince Murat.

In consequence of the Imperial proclamation, the public spirit in Austria has been roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that the youths of every class are thronging to the standards, by which the national militia has become a formidable body of defence. The same spirit pervades the Hungarian nation; and the count Ugarte has gone to Prague to organise the national militia, and to adopt the necessary measures of defence. In the Tyrol there are 20,000 armed militia, and the levy en masse has been put in motion.

Schwerin, Nov. 9. Yesterday the Russian counsellor of state, M. D'Oubril, arrived here from Berlin, on his way to London with certain propositions.

HOME NEWS.

Tintrim, county of Galway, Oct. 9.

ON Saturday night last a miss Cunningham, the daughter of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of Tintrim, was forcibly taken away by one Fahy and an armed banditti, with an intent to compel her to marry Fahy. After stopping her mouth and tying her hands, they dragged her to the Shannon side, and then conveyed her to the Great Island. As soon as young Mr. Burke of Tintrim heard the affair, he in a most spirited manner, accompanied by a Mr. Fitzmaurice and T. Biggs, pursued the fugitives; and, notwithstanding the elusions of the country-people, came up with them, after crossing the Shannon, near the castle of Anna, in the county of Tipperary, and rescued the young innocent. They then recrossed the water, and bore her in triumph to the mansion-house at Tintrim.

Plymouth, Oct. 24. We are sorry to state a report from Morlaix, received there from Paris on Tuesday last, and brought here this morning, mentioning that Bonaparte had defeated the Austrians in a pitched battle. The way in which the account came here is as follows :—Last night late the right hon. lady Elgin, suite, and servants, arrived in 20 hours, in a vessel from Morlaix, in perfect health; previous to her leaving Morlaix a telegraphic dispatch had been received there from Paris, which stated, that Bonaparte had gained a great victory over the Austrian army in Germany, which had suffered considerably, and that, on account of this victory, there had been great rejoicings at Paris for three days. Such was the account at Morlaix when her ladyship left it on Tuesday last: as to its truth or falsehood, a few days will determine it.

Deal, Oct. 29. The 23d regiment marched in here yesterday, halted one night, and this morning proceeded for Ramsgate, where they are immediately to embark to join the grand armament in the Downs. The 4th, or King's own, are just arrived, and will march again to-morrow morning for Ramsgate, to embark on the same service. The aggregate force will then amount to upwards of 20,000 infantry, besides cavalry, &c. General Don has sailed from the Downs on board the Ariadne, the hon. captain King.—All is hurry and bustle.

On the morning of Sunday a pinnace was observed by capt. Owen, of the Immortalité, coming out of Boulogne, with a small boat in tow, which, when arrived within gun-shot, was abandoned. Captain Owen immediately sent a boat to pick her up, when a packet was found in her, addressed—"The commodore of the English squadron." The packet was directly carried on board the Immortalité, when the following words were found on the envelope :—

'The commodore Robin has the pleasure to inform the commodore of the English squadron of that good news.'

In the envelope was a paper, upon which was written, in large letters, on one side :

'*L'Armée Autrichienne, fort de cent*

mille hommes, est detruite. Le Gen. en Chef Mack *lui-même est fait prisonier à Ulm, et le Prince* Ferdinand *est en fuite.*'

The following translation was given on the other side:

'The army of the Austrians, strong of one hundred thousand, is no more. The general in chief Mack is himself a prisoner in Ulm, and prince Ferdinand is put to flight.'

Ramsgate, Oct. 30. The transports are still lying at anchor in the Downs, ready to sail with the first favourable wind, unless recent circumstances might make it advisable to countermand their departure, or alter their destination. It has been reported for the last two or three days, that the embarkation of general Moore's brigade is to be suspended for the present, and that some of the battalions which were marching to this place had therefore been ordered to halt at Deal. As the general arrived yesterday-evening at Canterbury from London, and set out immediately for Shorncliff; in the first instance, our doubts must be soon removed. Lord Keith also arrived last night from the metropolis at East Cliff, within a mile of Ramsgate; but we have not as yet observed any change either in the naval or military departments in consequence of his lordship's return. The three transports fitted for cavalry remain still within the pier, with a few horses belonging to officers on board, but have not been joined by any others. As all the transports in the Downs have troops on board, the embarkation cannot therefore proceed for a day or two at all events, till the arrival of some from Deptford, which is, report says, to furnish 40 for the expedition. Eight or ten two-masted vessels, which sailed down channel this morning, and entered the Downs, are supposed to be part of them.

Deal, Nov. 1. The wind becoming tolerably fair last evening, the whole of the troops remaining on shore (destined for the expedition) were immediately ordered on board, and the fleet was expected to sail at break of day; but this morning the wind having veered round a point or two, and blowing very fresh, the transports still remain at anchor, but ready to seize the first favourable moment. General Don and his suite went on board the Ariadne this morning, and the Coldstream guards have joined the grand expedition; but whether they are destined to the same service as the King's German legion at present remains quite uncertain, and I believe is totally unknown to the officers themselves.

Half past four.—The wind still continues to blow fresh, and the fleet have not got up their anchors.

Ramsgate, Nov. 1. The 2d brigade of guards under major-general Finch, consisting of the 1st battalion of Coldstream under colonel Armstrong, and the 1st battalion of 3d guards under the hon. colonel Stopford, and the brigade of the line under general Paget, are expected to sail early to-morrow morning.

London, Nov. 6. Between one and two o'clock this morning, a lieutenant of the navy arrived at the admiralty-office. As soon as his dispatches had been opened, expresses were sent off to his majesty, and to all the ministers. At an early hour the admiralty-office was besieged by anxious enquirers: it was known that intelligence of the utmost importance had been received. The following bulletin was issued.

'Admiralty-office, 6th Nov. at one, A. M.—Lieutenant Lapinotiere, of the Pickle schooner, arrived this night with dispatches from vice-admiral Collingwood, announcing a glorious victory gained by his majesty's fleet off Cadiz, under the command of lord viscount Nelson.

'On the 19th of October, the enemy's fleet, consisting of 33 ships of the line, four frigates, and two brigs, came out of Cadiz; and on the 21st at noon were brought to action by the British fleet, consisting of 27 sail of the line (seven having been previously detached under rear-admiral Louis), four frigates, and two smaller vessels. The engagement lasted four hours, and terminated by nineteen ships of the enemy's line striking their colours, and being taken possession of, exclusive of one which blew up in the action.

'Lord Nelson's ship being closely

engaged with the Santissima Trininada, and others of the enemy's ships, a musket-shot, fired from the top, wounded his Lordship in the shoulder, and deprived him of his most valuable life.

'A gale of wind at S.W. coming on the next day, and on the 24th and 25th increasing in violence, many of the prizes broke adrift, and being close to a lee-shore; it is supposed that several of them must have been wrecked; and the vice-admiral had made a signal for destroying all that could not be brought away. Two ships, from which the crews could not be removed, made their escape into Cadiz. The Santissima Trinidada was sunk, and two others of the line were destroyed before the lieutenant left the fleet. Admiral Villeneuve, who commanded in chief, and many other officers of rank, are among the prisoners.

'Besides the loss of lord Nelson, their country have to lament that of captain Duff and captain Cooke, and about 500 men killed.

'The Belleisle was totally dismasted, and the Royal Sovereign suffered very much; but no one of his majesty's ships was lost in this most glorious conflict.'

Plymouth, Nov. 9. This morning arrived express from commodore Strachan the Æolus, 32 guns, capt. lord W. Fitzroy, with dispatches, which went off express, and contain the following important news:—Commodore sir R. Strachan, on the 4th inst. with the Cæsar 84, Conrageux 74, Hero 74, Namur 98, and Æolus, Santa Margaretta, and Revolutionaire frigates, fell in with a French squadron of men of war as follow:—Four sail of the line and two frigates, which had escaped the smash off Cape Trafalgar on the glorious 21st October—Montblanc, 84 guns, admiral Dumanoir; Duguay Trouin, 74 guns; Formidable, 74 guns; and Scipion, 74 guns: all which he captured. The frigates escaped. Our loss was 70 killed and wounded; the enemy about 300 killed and wounded. Our squadron and the four prizes were left by the Æolus off the Lizard this morning at five o'clock, beating up against a foul wind for this port. The bells are ringing on account of this second victory.

London, Nov. 11. At eleven o'clock last night the following letter was sent to the lord mayor from the secretary to the admiralty:

'Admiralty-Office, Nov. 10, 11 P. M. 1805.——Mr. Marsden presents his compliments to the lord mayor: has the honour to transmit an account of the further brilliant success of his majesty's arms, in the capture of four French line of battle ships by a squadron under the command of rear-admiral sir Richard Strachan, and begs to offer his congratulations to his lordship on the occasion.'

'Admiralty Office, Nov. 10, 1805, 9 P. M.—Captain lord William Fitzroy, of his majesty's ship Æolus, arrived this evening with a dispatch from rear-admiral sir Richard Strachan, dated off Rochefort (distant 90 leagues) the 4th inst. giving an account of his having on that day with his majesty's ships Cæsar, Hero, Courageux, and Namur, with the Revolutionaire, Phœnix, Æolus, and Santa Margaretta frigates under his command, fallen in with a French squadron, consisting of four line of battle ships (Formidable, rear-admiral Dumanoir; Duguay Trouin, Montblanc, and Scipion), which had separated from the remains of the combined fleet after the action off Cape Trafalgar on the 21st of October; and, having engaged them for three hours and a half, succeeded in capturing the whole of them. The enemy is understood to have between 5 and 600 men killed and wounded: the loss of his majesty's ships did not exceed 30 killed and 100 men wounded. Sir R. S. was left with his prizes off the Lizard on the morning of the 8th instant. 'A true copy.

(Signed) 'James Shaw, Mayor.

'*To the Master of Lloyd's.*'

The above letter was early this morning sent to Lloyd's by the Lord Mayor, who accompanied it with the following note:—

'I congratulate my country on the further most important and glorious success of his majesty's arms.

(Signed) 'James Shaw.

'Mansion-House, Nov. 11, half-past 7.'

London, Nov. 13. His majesty has given directions that the body of lord viscount Nelson shall be interred in St. Paul's cathedral, and that there shall be a grand funeral procession, with all military and national honours, made out by the college of arms, and at the public expence, on the occasion. Mr. Peddison, of Brewer-street, to whom the noble viscount had entrusted his coffin, will have the order of the funeral. We have no doubt but that the ceremony will be conducted with all the solemnity that can bespeak the nation's feeling.

The body of lord Nelson, we are informed, will be landed at Greenwich, and placed in the painted hall until the definitive arrangements be made.

Dover, Nov. 17. All the men-of-wars' launches and double-boats are gone out; they went out last night's tide into the roads, where there are about 27 sail of sloops of war, praams, gun-brigs, &c. and the boats are with them; the whole under the Antelope. Sir Sidney Smith will get under way, it is said, to night, when the flood-tide makes, and stand over to Boulogne.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 25. At Tortworth-court, Gloucestershire, the lady Frances Moreton, of a daughter.

In Durweston-street, the lady of Samuel Truman, esq. of a son.

26. The lady of C. Manners, esq. of Edmonthorpe-hall, Rutlandshire, of a son.

At Iffley, near Oxford, the lady of lieut. col. Maxwell, of a son.

27. In Berkley-square, the lady of A. J. Ram, esq. of a daughter.

At Windmill-hill, Sussex, the lady of Edw. J. Curteis, esq. of a son.

30. At the seat of C. Morley Balders, esq. at West Basham, in the county of Norfolk, the hon. Mrs. Balders, of a son.

Nov. 4. In Portland-place, the lady of Herbert Jarrett, esq. of a son.

11. At Mr. Moreton Pitt's, in Arlington-street, the lady of the rev. Lascelles Iremonger, of a daughter.

14. The lady of Thomas L. Hodges of Hemsted, in Kent, esq. of a daughter.

Oct. 19. John Barton, esq. of Norfolk-street, London, to miss Eliza Taylor, of Dublin, daughter of the late Godfrey Taylor, of Noan, esq.

MARRIAGES.

23. Mr. John Ash Sturges, of Warwick-court, Gray's-inn, to miss Sophia Whitbread, of King's Langley, in the county of Herts.

24. At Dulverton, Somerset, Mr. T. Pearse, of Cloak-lane, London, to miss Kent, only daughter of the late Thomas Kent, esq. of Timberscombe, in the same county.

At St. James's church, by the rev. Dr. Hall, canon of Christ Church, Oxford, Robert G. Hopwood, esq. of Hopwood hall, Lancashire, to the hon. miss Byng, one of the maids of honour to her majesty, and daughter to the hon. John Byng.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Abraham Cumberbatch, esq. of Tubney-lodge, Berks, to miss Charlotte Jones, daughter of R. B. Jones, esq. of Hereford-street, Grosvenor square.

26. At Hamstead, Fran. Latter, esq. of Little Maddox-street, Hanover-square, to miss Bushly, of Orchard-street, Portman-square, daughter of the late Joseph Bushly, esq. commissary-general at St. Domingo.

At Walthamstow, the rev. Charles Williams, of Ealing, to miss Jackson, of Houghton-le-Spring, Durham.

Mr. P. F. Cuthbert, of Melford, to miss Rush, daughter of Mr. Rush, of Arwarton-hall, Suffolk.

Mr. Ginger, bookseller, College-street, to miss Godfree, daughter of Mr. Godfree, of Milbank-street, Westminster.

At Exmouth, capt. Martin, of the 1st regiment of foot-guards, and eldest son of Wm. Byam Martin, esq. to miss Rolleston, eldest daughter of Samuel Rolleston, esq. of the Isle of Wight.

Nov. 1. At Edinburgh, Robt. Cockburn, esq. to miss Duff, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Duff, esq. of Hatton.

At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Mr. Hawes, of the Union Fire-office, Cornhill, to miss Hanner.

3. At Middleton, in the county of Cork, capt. Joseph, to miss Nichson, daughter of the late col. Nichson, of the county Cavan militia, and niece to lady Donoughmore.

4. At Canterbury, Mr. John Townsend, upholsterer, of Lower Thames-street, to miss Sophia Sankey, youngest daughter of the late Tho. Sankey, esq. of the same place.

7. Capt. T. Park, of the royal marine artillery at Woolwich, to miss Maskall, of Gosport.

At Woodbridge church, the rev. Henry Craven Ord, chaplain to his royal highness the prince of Wales, to miss Roper, only daughter of the late S. Roper, esq. of Woodbridge.

8. At Wraxall, Tho. Griffith, esq. of Wrexham, Denbighshire, to miss Nicklin, only daughter of the late rev. L. D. Nicklin, of Bradford.

9. At St. Peter's church, Carmarthen, John Morgan, esq. to miss Maria Lloyd, both of that town.

11. At Dover, Mr. John Payne, ironmonger, of London, son of William Payne, esq. of Lagsheath, Sussex, to miss Shadgett, daughter of Wm. Shadgett, esq. of Dover.

16. At Mary-la-bonne church, Mr. John Smith, of Bulstrode-street, Manchester-square, to miss Stoddard, of Ashford, in Kent.

19. At Mary-la-bonne church, Cha. Harrison, esq. of Sutton-house, Sussex, to miss Evanson, grand-daughter of the late Thomas Willard, esq. of East-Bourn.

At Mary-la-bonne church, G. H. Bellasia, esq. eldest son of general Bellasia, to miss Charlotte Maude, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Maude, esq. of Kendal.

19. Mr. Wm. Silversides, of Hadleigh, to miss Ann Watson, daughter of the late Christopher Watson, esq. of Mark-lane.

Anthony Geleducki, esq. of New Broad-street, to miss Butterworth, of Bush-hill, Edmonton.

DEATHS.

Oct. 21. At Ballindeen, the seat of lady Wedderburn. the right hon. lady Kinnaird. Her ladyship survived the shock occasioned by the death of lord Kinnaird only ten days.

23. At Windsor, Mr. John Forster, of Christ-church, Oxford, eldest son of John Forster, esq. of Lincoln's-inn.

25. At Malvern Wells, after a long and painful illness, John Saunders, esq. merchant, of Leadenhall-street.

At his house near Portsmouth, of an apoplectic attack, rear-admiral Cooper.

27. At Plaistow, in Essex, Mr. J. Bell, jun. of Oxford-street.

At Black Rock, near Dublin, the lady of sir John Lees, bart.

28. At his house, at Blackheath, Rich. Hulse, esq brother to the late and uncle to the present sir Edward Hulse, of Bremer, in the county of Hants, bart.

At Bath, in the 95th year of his age, the rev. Daniel Dumaresq, D. D. prebendary of Sarum and Wells, and rector of Yeovilton.

At Clayton, capt. Barth. Rook, late of the Justiana West-Indiaman.

Nov. 2. At Dronfield, John Greenway, esq. formerly of that place, and lately of Hull.

Mr. Wass, grocer and shopkeeper, of North Muskham, near Newark. About thirty years ago it is supposed he made a vow never to step out of his house, on any account; and, notwithstanding the most earnest entreaties of his friends, he scrupulously kept it till his death.

At his house in Aldersgate-street, Wm. Rawdon. esq. of Cheapside.

At Chelsea, Mrs. Fordyce, aged 78, relict of Dr. George Fordyce.

Suddenly, at his house in New Bond-street, Joseph Rogers, esq.

At Hackney, Richard Cleaver, esq. aged 87 years, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex.

3. The hon. Mrs. Maitland, at col. Maitland's, Davies-street.

Of a fever, at Dale-castle, Pembrokeshire, in the 20th year of his age, major John Allen Lloyd, of the Cardiganshire militia.

At the queen's palace, in the 84th year of her age, Mrs. Briggs, the deputy housekeeper to her majesty. She filled that station upwards of 44 years.

At Exeter, of a consumption, Mr. Serjeant, of Doctor's Commons.

At Sherborne, after a short illness, H Hiley, esq. a commissary general in the army.

At Sherborne, in the 67th year of his age, Erle Hawker, esq. 22d foot.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Botany for Ladies, 623
2 Account of the new Comedy —'The School for Friends,' 624
3 The new Grand Melo-drame —'The Sleeping Beauty,' 625
4 The Economical Aunt, 627
5 Romance of the Pyrenées, 629
6 Biographical Anecdotes of Lord Nelson, 636
7 A Noontide Walk in November, 642
8 Susannah, a Tale, 644
9 The Ghost, 646
10 London and Parisian Fashions, 646
11 Anecdotes of Voltaire, 648
12 The Dear Deceivers, 652
13 The Generous Guardian, 653
14 Anecdotes of Tiberius, 661
15 POETICAL ESSAYS.—La Fontaine's Astrologer—Sonnet—Ballad in 'The Sleeping Beauty'—Ballad in ditto—Rondeau in ditto—Lucretia—Sonnet to Hope—Henry's Tomb—The Rose—The Dying Lily, 662—664
16 Foreign News, 665
17 Home News, 668
18 Births, 671
19 Marriages,---Deaths, 671---672

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 BOTANY, Plate VI.
2 Portrait of Lord Viscount NELSON.
3 LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESSES, elegantly coloured.
4 New and elegant PATTERNS for TRIMMINGS, &c.
5 A New and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. C's Essay shall have a place.

The Essays on History, Poetry, and Mythology, proposed by Juvenus, will be very acceptable.

The Lines on Inconstancy, and those addressed to Miss J——y, will be inserted in the Supplement, or the Number for January.

Several other contributions of our ingenious Correspondents, for which we have not hitherto had room, will appear in the Supplement.

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Published as the Act directs April 1, 1806, by Geo. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For DECEMBER, 1805.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

FIFTH LESSON.

THE fair pupil may have imagined that she is now perfectly acquainted with the parts constituting a flower, having been instructed to distinguish what is *Calyx, Corolla, Stamen,* and *Pistillum:* but the science of Botany is not so easily learnt; it is to be acquired by progressive steps: and the information next to be given is, that there are several kinds of *Calyxes* distinguished by particular appellations, just as the word tree is a generic expression including all the different species of trees, or as the word dog includes all the different kinds of dogs.

There are seven sort of *Calyxes,* to which botanists have given the names of—1. SPATHE, 2. INVOLUCRE, 3. AMENT, 4. GLUME, 5. PERIANTH, 6. CALYPTRA, 7. VOLVA.

The *calyx,* which is called the SPATHE, is a leafy or membranous sheath, protecting the flower in its first stage, and which usually bursts or opens longitudinally.

The word *spathe* is derived from *spathe,* a Greek word, meaning a scabbard or sheath.

This is composed sometimes of one leaf, or valve, as in the Arum *(vide* pl. 6. letter *a)*; or of two, as in the Iris, *b.*

The second species of calyx is,

The INVOLUCRE, which is a calyx remote from the flower, chiefly present in umbelliferous plants.

The term *involucre* is derived from the Latin word *involvo,* to enwrap.

The term *umbelliferous,* bearing an umbel, is from *umbella,* Latin, a shade, and *fero,* Latin, to bear or support.

An *umbel,* is when the peduncles or foot-stalks of the flower proceed from one common centre like the radii of a wheel.

This *umbel* is either *simple* or *compound.* 1. *Simple,* when each peduncle is crowned with a flower (*vide* pl. 6. *c.*) 2. *Compound,* when, instead of being terminated by a flower, each peduncle bears another umbel, or, more properly, *umbellule,* from *umbellula,* a little shade (*vide* pl. 7. *a.*)*.

* Plate 7, above referred to, will be given with the Supplement.

The simple umbel is also called the *universal*, the compound, the *partial*.

The *small leaves* at the origin of the umbel are called by botanists the involucre, and are of two kinds.

1. *Universal*, from the Latin word *universalis*, general, as in the Chervil (chærophyllum sylvestre, *vide* pl. 7. *b*. when belonging to a simple umbel.

2. *Partial*, when placed at the origin of the umbellules of the compound umbel, as in Bishop's Weed (daucus carota). *Vide* pl. 8. *c*.

Several umbelliferous or umbellate plants have, however, *no* involucre, as in fennel. (*Vide* pl. 7. *d*).

But though we generally find the involucre in umbelliferous plants, we are not to suppose it wholly confined to them. It is to be found in other kinds of flowers, as in the Passion-flower (*vide* pl. 8. *a*): when the involucre is called, 1. *Proper*, from the Latin word *proprius*, peculiar (*vide* pl. 8. *a*); 2. *Double*, as in the Malva (pl. 8. *c*).

The other sorts of calyxes will be contained in future lessons, that examples may keep pace with instruction.

ACCOUNT *of the* NEW COMEDY *called* THE SCHOOL FOR FRIENDS, *performed for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, on Tuesday, December* 10, 1805.

THE CHARACTERS were thus represented.

Lord Belmore.....	Mr. Elliston.
Sir Edward Apworth ..	Mr. Barrymore.
Sir Felix Mordaunt ..	Mr. Wroughton.
Mr. Hardy..... ...	Mr. Dowton.
Matthew Daw	Mr. Matthews.
Lady Courtland.....	Miss Pope.
Lady Apworth, (under the assumed name of Mrs. Hamilton).....	Mrs. Jordan.
Emily	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Chambermaid	Miss Mellon.

THE PLOT.

The scene lies in a country part of England. No one of the characters has a decided superiority in importance above the others; but he from whose history the business chiefly arises is *Sir Edward Apworth*. This young baronet had married, clandestinely, a girl of great beauty and accomplishments, but no fortune. By-and-by his passion for her somewhat abated, and he became intimate at the house of *Lady Courtland*, an old fashionable demirep, who lived in great splendour upon the profits of a faro table. Here he turns a deep gamester, and, after several vicissitudes of luck, loses almost the whole of his patrimony. His wife being neglected, separated herself from him, and retires with her child, he knows not where, into the country. At last he is reduced to such difficulties, that he consents to live with *Lady Courtland*, in a way as little suited to his dignity as to her reputation.—At the opening of the action we find them residing at a superb seat belonging to the lady.—*Lord Belmore*, a friend of *Sir Edward*, soon arrives, on the pretence of a visit, but with the intention of rescuing him from his present disgraceful situation. In the neighbourhood there lodged a very handsome and amiable woman, who passed under the name of *Mrs. Hamilton*. This was no other than the deserted *Lady Apworth*. Of course the husband and wife are quite ignorant of being so near each other, until the concluding scene. The grand engine employed in perplexing and disentangling the plot is a passion felt for her by *Belmore*. This nobleman, being rather too much like *Belcour*, the West Indian, with the best heart in the world, is somewhat apt to be led into irregularities by the impetuosity of his desires. He had seen and admired *Lady Apworth*

in town, ignorant that she was the wife of his friend. He is delighted to find her again, and immediately renews his attempts upon her. All these fail most completely, although she is reduced to the greatest degree of pecuniary distress. He makes *Sir Edward* his confidant, who, supposing this to be some female of cracked character, writes her a letter, exhorting her to be more reasonable in her demands, and to acquiesce in the proposals of her admirer. She, believing that he knew her and that he counselled his own dishonour, is driven to distraction. To shew that misery must always follow from such a connection, a violent quarrel now ensues between *Sir Edward* and *Lady Courtland*. The vindictive woman even goes so far as to have her favourite arrested for a pretended debt. By this time *Sir Felix Mordaunt*, uncle to *Sir Edward*, and *Hardy*, uncle to *Lady Apworth*, arrive, and take a large share in the bustle that is going forward. The *denouement* is at last brought about by a stratagem of *Belmore*. Having discovered who *Mrs. Hamilton* was, his object becomes to effect a reconciliation between her and her husband. For this purpose he still pretends to the latter that he has dishonourable views upon the fair stranger, and prevails upon him to assist in a scheme for securing her. *Sir Edward*, in disguise, is thus introduced into the presence of his injured wife. An affecting interview takes place between them; and after a proper explanation, she is induced by his compunction and tenderness to forgive him. A fortune of 50,000*l.* is bestowed upon *her* by *Hardy*, and *he* is declared heir to the wealthy *Sir Felix Mordaunt*. Two under-plots terminate in the union of *Lord Belmore* with the lovely *Emily*, *Lady Courtland's* grand-daughter, and in that of *Matthew Daw*, an honest Quaker, with a pert Abigail, who *verily* had won his heart.

ACCOUNT *of the New Grand* MELO-DRAME *of* '*The* SLEEPING BEAUTY,' *performed for the first Time at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, on Friday, Dec.* 6.

THE CHARACTERS were thus represented.

Adilbert	Mr. Decamp.
Sir Oswin	Mr. Russel.
Launcelot	Mr. Mathews.
Ethelred	Mr. G. D'Egville.
Ellen	Miss Decamp.
Ethelinde	Miss Bristow. (her first appearance.)
Edward	Mrs. Mountain.
Female Peasant	Mrs. Bland.
Elgiva	Miss Boyce.
AND	
The Fairy Melzarina	Madame Parisot.

The Scene lies in England, in the days of ancient chivalry, &c.

THE STORY.

Earl Egbert, a distinguished baron, having offended a powerful *Fairy*, she, by her *magic art*, destines his infant daughter *Ethelinde* to die by a wound from a spindle. To prevent this malicious prediction, no spinning-wheel is suffered, under pain of death, to be made use of in his domains. *Ethelinde* attains the age of seventeen, and possesses every grace of person and beauty of features, with a sensibility and understanding to charm the hearts of all who behold her, and render her parents most doatingly fond: yet, anxious to avoid the destined fate, *Melzarina*, the Fairy of Beneficence, is implored to prevent the evil. This is not in her power: *Ethelinde* receives the fatal wound. To soften this affliction, the good fairy *Melzarina* so far counteracts the malice of her opponent as to change the fate of *Ethelinde* from that of death to a death-

like *sleep*, which will continue for one hundred years; then will she awake in all the freshness of youth and beauty! The time of *Ethelinde*'s awakening nearly arrives, when *Adilbert* (a knight-errant) accompanied by his friend *Oswin*, and his esquire *Launcelot*, set out in search of adventures. *Adilbert*, never having felt the passion of love, but impelled by a secret impulse, hearing of the above prediction, determines to force his way through all impediments. *Oswin*, his friend, accompanies him, in hopes of meeting a *female* resembling the *portrait* of his *ancient relative Elgiva*, his heart being free from all attacks of the living beauties he has seen; *Launcelot*, his 'squire, being contented with the possession of any willing fair one. The *knights* arrive at the entrance of a dark wood, in the midst of which the castle stands which contains the *sleeping beauty, Ethelinde.*

Ellen, a very ancient villager, is met by the *knights*. She informs them that the estates of the late *earl Egbert* are usurped by *Ethelred*, a haughty *baron*, whose ancestors had usurped the estates on the death of *Ethelinde's* parents. *Adilbert* vows, the charm being broken, to oppose the *usurper's* power, and right to the *sleeping Ethelinde.*

Ellen informs the *knights* that, having left the castle, she escaped the death-like sleep which possessed all within it; and that her former lover, *Edward*, was still amongst the sleepers, and would awake as gay and young as ever; and that should he still prove constant to her, though so aged, it was predicted she should be restored to her original youth and beauty.

Ellen departs; the *knights* pursue their course, braving every danger opposed to their entrance to the castle.

The *fairy, Melzarina*, appears to *Adilbert*, declaring that she will aid his cause. She disappears in the cloud which brought her.

The knights gain admission; the *whole household* appear in profound sleep; at length, after searching various apartments, they arrive at that of the *sleeping beauty*, who is discovered on her bed, with all her attendants, and her *page Edward.*

The *scene* of awaking commences; all arise with wonder and amazement, and recognise each other. *Adilbert* declares his passion to *Ethelinde*, who receives his vows; and *Oswin*, in the person of *Elgiva*, recognises the lady, whose picture had taken possession of his thoughts. *Launcelot* becomes enamoured of one of the attendants.

Edward (the *page*) seeks for his *Ellen* in vain, and laments her loss. At length *Ellen* arrives, and, notwithstanding her years, he still declares his passion unaltered. This breaks the charm, and *Ellen* is restored to youth and beauty.

An officer announces the approach of *Ethelred*, the *usurper*, and *his troops*, to claim the beauteous *Ethelinde* and her domains.

The *knights* immediately arm, call all their followers, and depart to meet the enemy.

They fight; the *usurper* is vanquished; the prediction accomplished; and the *fairy, Melzarina*, appears, and ratifies the union of the lovers.

This piece is avowedly from the pen of Mr. *Skeffington*, a gentleman of great celebrity in the higher circles. It will be seen by the above sketch, that the author has not intended to confine himself to the dull and beaten track of probability; but, giving the rein to his imagination, he has boldly ventured into the unbounded region of fairy necromancy and adventure. The valorous days

of chivalry are brought to our recollection; and the tales which warmed the breasts of youth with martial ardour are again rendered agreeable to the mind that is not so fastidious as to turn with fancied superiority from the pleasing delusion. The ladies, in particular, would be accused of ingratitude were they to look coldly upon the muse of Mr. *Skeffington*, who has put into the mouths of his two enamoured knights, *Adilbert* and *Oswin*, speeches and panegyrics upon the sex which would not discredit the effusions of *Oroondates*, or any other hero of romance. The proprietors seem fully confident of the value of Mr. *Skeffington*'s exertions by the magnificent liberality with which they have brought forward his melo-drame. The scenery is splendid in the extreme, and the dresses costly and appropriate. The view of the haunted wood and the enchanted bed-chamber of *Ethelinde* are entitled to particular commendation. The music, by Mr. Addison, is light, airy, and pleasing. Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Bland, and, above all, Miss Decamp, in imitating the decrepitude of age, were very successful. A Miss Bristow made her first appearance, and was very flatteringly received; her person is well formed, and her voice is soft and melodious. Parisot danced delightfully; and, from the *lightness* of her step, was a fit representation of the *fairy Melzarina*. The melo-drame was loudly applauded throughout, and announced with universal approbation for a repetition on Monday evening.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

'She, from morning to night,
Thinks the last word her right.'

MY fair readers, to you I address myself: and hoping that you, by perusing my tale, will not give way to a *narrow mind*, you that are young may easily check the growing evil; and you more elderly excuse my freedom, and profit by this sad example. I have the misfortune to have an aunt; and, to give a concise description of her, '*she is an emblem of wretchedness.*' Should this meet her eye, I trust she will excuse me; and, likewise, if I here expatiate a little on some of her domestic manœuvres,

'Nothing but truth will I here impart.'

My dear aunt in question from her infancy was of a *nipping*, *griping*, *grumbling*, and *hoarding* disposition—What a list of *virtues!* She was a long time ranked amongst the antiquated groupe of *old maids*; till at length an amorous swain solicited an interview: it was granted him; and he took the earliest opportunity to

'Whisper the sweet tale of nothing in her ear,'

which had the desired effect; and in a short time my dear, sweet, *generous* aunt was united in the silken bonds of wedlock.

'None but the brave deserves the fair.'

It happened that her looked-for *Adonis* proved almost an *Aristomænes* to her mercenary ambition: this was calculated, in a degree, to subdue her narrow, selfish disposition; but the vile seeds she had sown and cherished in her youthful season were impossible to be obliterated: they lived together a considerable number of years, and, thanks to heaven! had no offspring. My dear aunt, certainly, at this period, did not hold the reins, or, in other words, did not wear the *inexpressibles:* however, she outlived him; and she now resumed her old habit, retired to a neat small hut, hired a servant,

and lived as frugal as possible, supposing (I should presume) she was to live for ever, or intended to take her *hard-earned* pence with her to the grave: but fate (which, as I have heard her mention, orders all things) threw another love-sick swain at her feet of about the *tender* age of *fifty*, (being about equal with herself). This *youth* she had known from her infancy, in fact, was an old *solicitor*: he approached—plighted fond vows of constancy—sighed — simpered—sung a love song—talked of Cupid's darts—of his pleasant situation—of his pleasant meads—of his tame pigeons—and particularly of the sweet nightingales that every morning frequented his garden; but all this, added he, to me is no pleasure

'Without the sweet girl of my heart.'

After the usual time of fooling, he asked her hand in marriage; which (believe me) she readily granted, and they were married. This second partner of her joys proves the reverse of her former; she now exerts her full powers—wears the *inexpressibles*—*commands*—*nips* and *domineers*, and is now, I think,

'The most miserable of all God's creatures.'

Whenever I call (for she is hostess of an hotel) to take a small glass of ale, she demands three-halfpence for it, although I am her nephew, and have rendered her every assistance in my power—have wrote letters, and settled many accounts for her which she *reluctantly* gave up *as good for nothing*, yet her *meanness* will not suffer me to take a drop at her house unless I pay for it. Once, on a cold bitter day, I gave my *dear* aunt a call, and found a poor maimed sailor begging at the door; 'Stow a penny, good master, to poor Ben,' (quoth he) 'to buy a pipe of tobacco!' I emptied my pocket of coppers into his hat; for which he *returned a broadside* of thanks: I bade him go in and warm himself by the kitchen fire, which order poor Ben gladly obeyed. As soon as my *unfeeling* aunt perceived him, she desired he would go about his business: I answered, *he was now* about his business, and requested he might have a pipe and tobacco, to which he solicited a little ale; for which she sternly demanded threepence-halfpenny. Poor *generous* Ben (with the true spirit of a British sailor) instantly paid it, and thanked her for her kind indulgence. At this my heart rebounded; and I could not help chiding her for her *shocking meanness* in taking the only few pence from a distressed sailor, which, but the moment before, I had given him in charity. I begged she would return them again, and I actually paid it myself. I then made him sit down, and replenished his pot: he told me of the many battles he had bravely fought; and, when mentioning the name of *Nelson*, the tear stood trembling in his eye. My *dear, kind* aunt was a witness to this; and, I really believe, had it so happened that the immortal hero had been present in lieu of poor Ben, her *sad, unfeeling* disposition would have been exemplified in the like manner.

This may serve as a criterion by which, my dear females, you may learn what will be your *wretched lot* should you, like my *unhappy* aunt, cherish an *ungenerous, unfeeling* disposition. I trust there is not such another in existence, and I cannot find there ever was; for I have perused Matilda Betham's Biographical Dictionary, and find none ever equalled her.

Nightcap Hall, Green Baize-upon-Oak, Dec. 20, 1805. S. Y.

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 584.)

CHAP. XLVI.

THE distraction of mind Matilda's swooning had thrown Alphonso into, and the confusion which succeeded, prevented his observation of its effect upon Victoria; but now more than ever convinced that something existed which threatened destruction to his beloved sister's peace, since her late proceedings had but too strongly evinced her tenderest affections being irrevocably placed upon conte Urbino, and trembling for the happiness of a being inexpressibly dear to him, he resolved instantly to demand an explanation from Urbino: he therefore hastily bent his impatient steps to the chamber of Theodore, whom he found so sad, so apparently wretched, that his compassionate heart knew not how, in such a moment, to introduce a subject which he doubted not would augment his distress. They both sat silent for a considerable time, buried in painful musing: at length the fraternal feelings of conte Ariosto conquering every other, he hastily arose from his seat and took the hand of Urbino.

'I know not,' he said, 'if this is the hand of a friend; but as I believe it, and fervently hope to find it such, I take it in amity, and trust you will excuse me if I give you one moment of mental pain. With a mind open and candid, a disposition governed by impetuosity, and a heart glowing with ardent wishes to find its favourable opinion deserved by you, I cannot longer bear to shelter these painful suspicions which circumstances have awakened. Conte Urbino, believe me, I would not for worlds attempt to penetrate these secrets you wish to withhold from me, did not the menaced happiness of a sister command me to it. I must, conte Urbino, exert every faculty of my mind, strain every fibre of my heart and frame, to preserve the peace, the fame, the delicacy, of my sister unwounded; for Victoria di Modena has now no guardian, no protector in life but me:—she claims all my tenderness, my anxious care; for she is my sister, my friend, the idol of my affections, the pride of my heart, the boast of our house, the most amiable among women.'

'Oh! conte Ariosto, need I be told what lady Victoria di Modena is? On earth is there a being who has such cause as I to know the perfections of her matchless mind?' Urbino replied with a look and in a tone of enthusiastic admiration and deep despondence touchingly blended: 'Victoria is the idol of my affections, conte; nor can the heart of her anxious brother beat with more fervent wishes for her happiness, or pant more ardently to secure her peace, her fame, her delicacy, than the suspected man before you.'

'Then why,' said Alphonso with quickness, 'why do you awaken such injustice by your evident attachment to another? Why does Matilda possess sufficient influence to break off your alliance with our house? and why should she be agitated, even to swooning, upon hearing of your nuptials with my sister mentioned?'

Urbino shuddered.——'Matilda swoon upon hearing of my promised happiness!—Can it be possible?'

'By Heaven, 'tis fact!' replied

Alphonso: 'even but now has she recovered, and been conveyed from my sister's chamber to her own.'

Urbino fell back in his chair, and for a moment his faculties seemed suspended: at length he recovered, and faintly said—

'If you have not been deceived, conte Ariosto, in the cause of Matilda's fainting, it has indeed given a fell blow to my happiness. Oh! dear, amiable, ill-fated Matilda! would to Heaven we had never, never met!'

A strong expression of horror overspread his countenance as he uttered this apostrophe. Alphonso earnestly observing him for a moment, while concern and indignation agitated his own breast, at length spoke with calm impressive dignity—

'Conte Urbino, farewell!' said he. 'I would not have troubled you with this interview, but that I had taken you to my heart, because I thought you well deserving a distinguished place there. I called you friend—I wished to call you brother—and would, with joy, have given you what I consider the highest prize that ever fell to the lot of man. Judge then how I thought of you. But I am deceived. I have offended the dignity of my sister, by deigning to solicit any explanation of a conduct that so unequivocally unfolds itself: but the obligations the house of Ariosto is under to you for the preservation of its greatest treasure, the vows my sister was compelled by villany to give you, can only plead my excuse. May you be happy, conte Urbino, with her who claims you! Victoria di Modena claims a man of honour, and an undivided heart.'

'Stay, I conjure you stay, conte Ariosto,' exclaimed Urbino, rising from an easy chair, where pillows had supported his languid frame—'stay, I conjure you. Judge me not thus precipitately—condemn me not without fuller proof of guilt than mere conjecture. Believe, your suspicions are unjust, and that I am incapable of such conduct as you ascribe to me. In me conte Ariosto beholds a man of honour, who has presumed to offer lady Victoria an undivided heart—a heart where she only reigns, where no other woman ever raised such tender interest—a heart (although contemned by you) proud in conscious rectitude, and, whilst it throbs with life, will beat with the most pure, most ardent, and unconquerable attachment to your sister.' Urbino's feeble frame could no longer support exertion: he tottered, and fell into his chair. Alphonso, subdued by his situation, flew to his assistance.

'Forgive me,' he cried, 'if I have injured you. What, what could I think from all I have——!'

'Think!' interrupted Urbino in a faltering voice, but with impressive solemnity, 'think that I am an unfortunate but not an unworthy man, doomed at present, and perhaps for ever, to forego the dearest hopes of my heart, and compelled to wear the appearance of duplicity, from which my nature shrinks; and that the amiable unfortunate Matilda has no claims upon me but those of pure unalterable friendship.'

At this moment a folded paper fell from above at the feet of Alphonso, who picked it up in surprise, and, not knowing what so strange a circumstance could mean, opened it, and saw a few words written in such unsteady characters, that he recognised not a man's writing; but supposing it from Matilda, still under the influence of her powerful agitation, and intended for Theodore, he felt painfully disconcerted, and without delay presented it, coldly saying—

'This aërial favour is, I believe, conte Urbino, intended for you.'

Urbino looked on the paper; a flush of the most animated joy overspread his before pallid and agonised countenance; and in a voice tremulous with rapturous emotions he exclaimed, after a grateful apostrophe to Heaven—

'The moment of my acquittal is nearer than I could have dared to hope, my friend. This billet is from him whose disappearance caused me such misery and anguish. Soon, I now trust, shall I be absolved from my fatal promise—shall I learn the solution of many dreadful mysteries; and, assuming my native ingenuousness, at length be allowed to appear to the sensitive brother of Victoria with a fame as spotless as his own.'

'And until then,' said conte Ariosto, 'we will not meet. To me reserve with those I love is misery, and to suspect them death. I might prove but an insipid, nay, I fear, a sullen companion; imbibing prejudices and fancies which future years might not remove; and, with every trifle, feeding green and yellow monsters ungenial to peace and friendship. Whilst our hearts are thus barricadoed by that gloomy devil reserve we should prove but comfortless society to each other; but when this man of mystery, this cruel descendant of Harpocrates, unchains your tongue, and permits the secrets of your heart to flow into the bosom of friendship, summon me, and joyfully will I come.'

'You are right,' replied Urbino, 'and we will not meet until I can dismantle from the black garb of mystery. The society of him who thinks he has reason to suspect my integrity would be tortures to me. Therefore adieu, conte Ariosto. When next I see you, you shall know me for a man of honour, and I trust we shall meet as friends and brothers.'

'And then,' said conte Ariosto with a sweet conciliating smile, which found its way directly to the heart of Urbino, so strong was the resemblance it caused to Victoria, 'and then, were we mussulmen, and that I had a hundred sisters, and every one a Victoria, I would give them all to you.' And now, with a cordial and affectionate shake by the hand, the two friends parted.

Self-banished from Urbino, Alphonso now dedicated more of his time to Sebastian, who ever expressed anxiety for and pleasure in his visits: but in the apartments of Victoria he spent the chief part of his hours, affectionately attending her, beguiling her into taking food, playfully feeding her, reading to her, and striving to enliven her but too apparent sadness by the uncommon cheerfulness of his disposition.

In the chamber of Victoria was Matilda too almost constantly to be found; and to emulate Alphonso in his tender care of his interesting sister seemed this grateful and lovely young woman's anxious study. She would sweetly sing to her; draw in the most burlesque groupes all the grotesque and motley figures in the castle; tell her, with infinite humour and propriety, curious and entertaining anecdotes of the convent she had been educated in; watch every look of Victoria to anticipate her wishes, and do her some little act of attentive kindness. And yet Matilda was the detestation of conte Ariosto; scarcely could he command the natural urbanity of his heart, or the easy spontaneous politeness his intuitive feelings and the polish of high life inspired, to treat her with even that common civility which, as a woman, she claimed.

This extraordinary conduct in her beloved brother did not escape the observation of Victoria, who, shocked and grieved, anxiously sought for the cause, and was not slow in assigning one. From her attentive scrutiny, she learned that Matilda keenly felt the uncourteous conduct of Alphonso, without discovering any resentment, but with patient mildness chased away the starting tear, and suppressed the convulsive sigh it ever occasioned, whilst in no other part of her conduct did she evince a similar meekness of spirit and forbearance; that whenever the name of Urbino was mentioned the eyes of Alphonso were invariably fixed, in scrutinising gaze, upon the blushing face of Matilda, overwhelming her with a painful degree of confusion she ever vainly endeavoured to conceal; that her vivacity, at first so conspicuous, was gradually forsaking her, her appetite fast declining, and each day her appearance betraying the new inroads of inquietude. By all this Victoria was convinced of Alphonso's being in the secret of Matilda's attachment to Theodore, and that she was painfully conscious of his being so.

To remain then longer in the castle Victoria now considered as cruelty and injustice to the wronged Matilda, and reprehensible in every point of view; she determined at once to strain every faculty of mind and frame to enable her to pursue that path rectitude had pointed out to her: and now, having a new project to occupy her thoughts, or at least to detach them in some degree from the misery of inaction, her languor seemed hourly to decrease, and every moment her strength appeared augmenting.

Alphonso was delighted by this auspicious change in his beloved sister; and expressing his feelings upon it to her, she informed him 'that in a very few days she hoped to be sufficiently recovered to attempt a return to St. Marguerite's.' Alphonso was rejoiced: he had long wished her removed from the castle, which for many reasons he considered an improper situation for her; and he was now impatient at being so long unsummoned by Urbino; of whom, in spite of every effort of partiality, suspicions were once more arising. Matilda, who was present, appeared sensibly affected at Victoria's intention, and after a painful pause, in which she had been endeavouring to suppress her feelings, mournfully said—

'Misfortune has too surely marked me for her own, or I should not so soon be deprived of that society I have long been taught to wish for and to prize; and now, when experience has made me know how to appreciate its value, how keenly shall I feel its loss! But, lady Victoria, when you and Theodore are united, surrounded by friends, encompassed by happiness, by fortune's sweetest smiles, you will not, I trust, forget me; and when a child of sorrow shall cross your path, bestow one pitying sigh for the misfortunes of the forlorn deserted outcast, the still grateful though wretched Matilda.' A flood of long-suppressed tears now burst from confinement; bitterly Matilda wept, and Victoria was dreadfully affected.

'Ah! lady Victoria,' said Matilda, hastily wiping her tears away, and striving with all her power to regain her firmness, 'I beg a thousand pardons for thus intruding my sorrows upon you. I have been long accustomed to the pangs of misfortune, and should by this time know better how to bear them.' She paused a moment, and then, looking beseechingly at Victoria, continued, 'Oh! that I dare ask

you to take me with you! This will be an awkward shelter for me when you are gone. No friend then left but Theodore, and he only for a short time; for, when he is able to travel, of course he will hasten after you: and beside, were he to remain here, the world might think him an improper guardian for me; though I well know he would do every thing that honour and humanity could inspire to save me from injury and sorrow. Seignor Sebastian's connexions will call him far from hence; my guardian is gone, I fear me, for ever; and I shall then have no one here to—' The articulation of Matilda was painfully arrested; but with a determined effort of fortitude she hemmed away the feelings that arose almost to choke her, and she continued—

'The abbess of St. Marguerite's, I have heard you say, lady Victoria, is an estimable woman; and perhaps hereafter her humanity might be prevailed upon to admit me into her house. Yet how can I hope it? for, should my guardian never return—' Terrified at the idea she had thus awakened, Matilda paused, turned pale, and trembled.

Alphonso, not wishing that Matilda should become the companion of his sister until every doubt and suspicion respecting her should be removed, eagerly interrupted Victoria, who was about to offer her an immediate asylum in her protection.

'But, donna Matilda, although your guardian may never return, you must surely have some other connexions in Spain, who, although not perhaps personally known to you, would be happy, upon your applying to them, to protect you? Why not retire immediately amongst your friends in the convent where you were educated? Why banish yourself from your family and connexions? Why wish to desert your native country?'

'Conte Ariosto,' replied Matilda in a tone of the most touching sadness, 'I have no friends, no connexions, no country. I know not the spot upon the surface of this globe which I can claim as the place of my nativity; nor is there a being upon earth that I know of to whom I can raise my supplicating hands, and say, "I belong to you—you have a right to shelter me."' And with a look of the most piteous anguish she quitted her seat, and precipitately left the room, with a glow of wounded pride giving still greater interest to her lovely countenance, leaving both her auditors sensibly affected. And from that hour the conduct of Alphonso underwent a total revolution towards her; from that hour it became, like his manner to his sick sister, gentle, conciliating, attentive, and kind; solicitous to please, and fearing to give pain. Yet still the Matilda who threatened destruction to his sister's happiness was his aversion; but she was the child of misfortune, and he held her feelings sacred, while in conjunction with Victoria he determined to protect her.

Both brother and sister had powerful motives for not wishing Matilda, at this period, to be the companion of Victoria. Alphonso's we have already stated. Our heroine's were all that delicacy and generosity inspired, relative to her own situation, and Matilda's hopes of regaining the estranged affections of Urbino. But each concealed their reasons from the other; while, in concert, they determined to procure an immediate asylum for Matilda in the convent where she had been educated; to make it seignora Bernini's interest to remain with her as long as it should be found necessary; and at a future period, if she found no other more eligible protectors, to remove her to St. Marguerite's, or wherever she might then wish to go. Octavia joyfully

accepted their advantageous proposals; and when their intentions were delicately made known to Matilda, she appeared almost wild with gratitude and joy.

CHAP. XLVII.

ARRANGEMENTS were now rapidly making for Victoria's journey back to France, while each passing moment taught her more and more anxiety to be gone. She heard that conte Urbino was so much recovered as to be able to quit his chamber and visit Sebastian; that he had frequent meetings with Matilda, although he had not made a single effort to obtain an interview with her. A formal message of inquiry after her health, delivered by Diego, or the now happy Teresa, morning and evening, was all the notice he seemed now to bestow upon her; and even the little tender remembrances conveyed by Pierre and her brother from him to her had some time ceased to be repeated. Her heart was agonised, while reason told her that the wishes rectitude ought firmly to inspire were realising. Urbino was awakening from infatuation to justice and virtue. Sadly she sighed acquiescence, while something like mortified pride, mingled with better feelings, urged her to depart.

Victoria doubted nothing of Alphonso's friendship, his judgment, or his delicacy; but, fearing the impetuosity of his ardent temper, she forbore to impart to him the misery that oppressed her: but, with the advice of Farinelli, she had reposed her full confidence in her old respected friend, the good and wise Alberti, who, a participator also in Alphonso's suspicions, applauded her laudable resolutions, and strengthened her in them by his counsels and his piety.

At length, the day preceding that appointed for our heroine's departure from the castle arrived—a day in which she found herself doomed to sustain one of the most severe and heart-rending trials she had ever experienced. She had informed Alberti and Ursuline, that, in her researches in the castle for her friends, a packet for conte di Urbino had been confided to her care, with awful and impressive injunctions to be herself the deliverer of it; and although she considered the solemn request of a dying man too sacred to be disregarded, yet, situated as she was, she thought it could be no crime to delegate the important trust to her brother, who would execute it faithfully, and who, at the same time, could, as her proper guardian, convey her rejection of conte di Urbino to him with more propriety than, in her delicate situation with him, she could possibly do. But Alberti, knowing the fermentation of Alphonso's ardent mind relative to Urbino and Matilda, feared the most fatal consequences from his interference, and therefore represented to Victoria, 'that she was under the absolute necessity, from the awful nature of her implied promise to a dying man, of being herself the deliverer of the important packet; and owing such obligations as she did to conte di Urbino, he might consider it ungrateful to employ another, even a brother, in a business of so delicate, so mortifying, a nature as her rejection of him.

Victoria thought Alberti too fastidious; but, with a mournful sigh, acquiesced in his, to her terrible, decree. Well she knew what an agonising trial it would prove to her; but yet she hoped the power who actuated her conduct would sustain her through it. An interview with Urbino was therefore requested; and to the moment he was in Sebastian's study, the place appointed for this distressing meeting. Victoria heard him in the room some moments before she could collect sufficient firm-

ness to appear to him. At length she entered from her own chamber, pale and trembling with the dreadful agitation of her mind, supported by the venerable Ursuline, who was to be the sole witness of their parting interview.

Victoria's eyes were fixed upon the floor. She could not raise them to look upon Urbino, whom she was about to give up for ever: but ere she was aware of his intention he was at her feet, attempting to speak of his obligations to her. But soon he found acute feeling the destroyer of eloquence, and he was at length compelled to a compliance with the entreaties of our heroine, to speak not upon a subject so oppressive to her, nor thus to appreciate so far beyond its merit the little gratitude had led her to attempt for him to whom she owed more than life.

They all at last were seated. Urbino was silent, from wanting power to speak. A painful and embarrassing pause ensued, which, after several unsuccessful efforts, was broken, in a low and tremulous voice, by Victoria.

'Conte Urbino,' she said, 'I leave this castle to-morrow, on my return to St. Marguerite's; and therefore requested this interview, that I might deliver into your hands a sacred deposit. In my researches through this castle, Providence directed my footsteps to the couch of a dying man, who in the last moments of his life confided this packet to my care, with a solemn request to preserve it from the knowledge of every being until I could myself deliver it into your own hand. This important commission I should have sooner executed, but an opportunity was not given to me.' Victoria presented the packet; and the moment Urbino's eyes glanced over the superscription, the striking melancholy of his dejected countenance gave place to the most animated expression of joy, amazement, and rapture.

'O my Victoria!' he exclaimed, in a voice tremulous from excess of emotion, as he pressed with lively fervor to his lips the hand which gracefully gave up the important trust to him, 'O my Victoria! Heaven has decreed you to be every way my preserver. You have rescued me from a dreadful death—you restore to me my hopes of happiness—for in this packet is, I doubt not, contained my fate—a solution of those mysteries which so long, so dreadfully, have encompassed me. It will announce to me who I am, and what are my pretensions—it will restore me to the friendship of conte Ariosto—and, oh rapture! it will, I trust, allow me to plead my dearest hopes with you!' He paused for a moment, and then proceeded: 'Permit my now retiring, lady Victoria, that I may learn the wondrous and important secrets this reveals—until I recover from the wild, the painfully rapturous, emotions it has awakened: then will I see conte Ariosto; then, sanctioned by him, will I present myself before you what I really am, and in my own character plead with Victoria for my happiness.'

Victoria's soul was wrung with anguish: but though her heart might bleed, her senses sicken, she would not falter in her duty. Another interview she knew would be death to her: it was now but one more agonising effort, and all would be over, and her happiness gone for ever.

'Stay, conte di Urbino,' she said, 'one moment stay, and all will be terminated.' She gasped for breath to proceed; her lips quivered, her before flushed cheek changed to the pallid hue of death. Tears, that would no longer be restrained, rolled down the cheeks of Ursuline. Urbino caught all the horrors of alarm: the chill of fear pervaded his whole

frame, his swelling heart almost fluttered from its bounds, and he listened in breathless apprehension. She at length proceeded :—

'With difficulty can I repress emotions that seem to upbraid me with ingratitude: but let not my preserver condemn me for the painfully ungracious effort I am doomed to make. Conte di Urbino'—The articulation of victoria was now quick, low, and tremulous. 'Conte di Urbino, I have well consulted the feelings of my heart; and although I find there gratitude, admiration, and esteem, in the most exalted degree for you, I, alas! also find, that an union with you could not bestow happiness upon me.'

For many moments Theodore was unable to articulate; amazement, grief, and dismay, convulsed his frame, and chained up all his faculties. At length he spoke, and in a tone so expressive of his misery, that the venerable Farinelli sobbed aloud, and the power which rectitude possessed over our heroine's mind alone preserved her from betraying to him the real situation of her heart.

'Lady Victoria,' he said, 'am I then indeed a wretch rejected by you, deprived at once of every ray of happiness that life e'er promised me? Oh! why, why did you then enter my dungeon, to snatch me from certain and immediate death, to doom me thus to a lingering life of torture?' Tears now gushed from his eyes, and in an agony of grief his head sunk upon the elbow of the couch on which he rested. A half-suppressed sob of Victoria's reached his ears, and roused at once his fortitude; he instantly arose from his seat, and in a graceful attitude of retreat he gently, sadly said—

'Forgive, I entreat, my thus distressing you. I wish not pity to effect for me what affection has denied me. I have no right to complain, still less to upbraid you. My self-love flattered me into destructive delusions, and perhaps I am justly punished for my presumption. But indeed I thought,' and his voice fell to a cadence of such touching pathos it thrilled to Victoria's very soul, 'I thought, in the fleeting moments of receding life, when extended upon my bed of straw within my wretched cell, I thought a voice (whose tones my heart can never, never cease to vibrate) breathed one short sentence, which called me back to life, to hope, to happiness. It sounded sweetly round my bed of sickness: it nursed, it soothed, it cherished me. It led me back to health:—and now, the most fascinating form that fancy ever pourtrayed a vision in dissolves, and leaves me wretched!'

Victoria threw herself into the arms of Ursuline, and sobbed upon the bosom of her venerable friend. Urbino took her trembling hand.

'Why, oh! why, lady Victoria,' said he, 'if my wretchedness can thus affect you, why do you banish me from you, and consign me thus to misery? But I see, I know too well the cause. You believe me unworthy. Some strange suspicion of my honour has found an entrance into your ingenuous bosom. Even on that—oh! how I vainly thought auspicious—day your faithless guardian gave you to me, I saw some dreadful doubts of my rectitude stole into your mind; and the visible effects, as we drove from the château of de Montfort, gave a mortal blow to my peace; and certainly, most certainly, since you suspect my integrity, you ought to reject me. The house of Ariosto claims alliance with spotless honour —Victoria di Modena with every virtue under heaven.'

'Oh! no, no, conte di Urbino,' replied our dreadfully agitated heroine, summoning, with all the forces of her mind, sufficient fortitude to proceed in this agonising conflict,

'I doubt not your honour; I believe you as perfectly amiable as my own brother, but I cannot be your wife. Farewell, then, my highly-esteemed friend; and when you visit Alphonso in Tuscany, I hope—I trust—I shall see you happy—as Heaven knows I wish you.' She arose to depart. Urbino looked mournfully at her—

'Happy!' he repeated in a tone of deep despair: 'No, Victoria, never, never.'—Leaning upon the arm of seignora Farinelli, Victoria with tremulous steps moved towards her chamber. Urbino, at once deprived of fortitude, darted after her, and grasped her hand.

'Oh stay, Victoria, stay!' he exclaimed, in the broken voice of anguish—'I only ask, my life, my love, my preserver, my wife—I only ask one moment's stay ere you rob me of peace for ever.'

Victoria could no longer sustain the heart-rending conflict; but, breaking from his convulsed grasp, rushed into her chamber, closed the door, and, sinking upon her knees, fervently implored Heaven to spare her senses to her through the mental sufferings she was doomed to, and to grant her resignation to bear her fate with firmness. And in about two hours after this severe trial, when conte Ariosto, unacquainted with the occurrences of the morning, entered his sister's chamber, and saw the mournful serenity of Victoria's countenance, mingled with an expression of celestial sweetness so affecting, he could scarcely withstand the impulse of folding her in his arms, and weeping over her, through sympathy awakened for he knew not what.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Alphonso told our heroine, that he had been detained from her so long by being engaged making arrangements for the most effectual methods of recompensing those people about the castle who had been kind and serviceable to her. Victoria threw her arms about his neck, and burst into tears.

'Why so easily affected, my beloved Victoria?' said he, tenderly kissing away the falling tears. 'Ah! I fear my sister is not happy—that she has some secret grief which she conceals from me.'

'When we are at Palino together,' said she, faintly smiling, 'I will disclose every secret of my heart to you.'

'And then,' he replied with fervor, 'if the exertions of an affectionate brother can promote your happiness, my Victoria's bosom shall be the mansion of tranquillity.'

Farinelli now turned the conversation upon the plan of their approaching journey; and, after discussing the different arrangements for some time, Victoria told Alphonso she must visit Sebastian before her departure, to thank him for his past kindness, to entreat a continuation of his friendship, and to request him to visit her at the castle of Palino when she should be settled there. 'Will you, my Alphonso,' continued she, 'be the bearer of my mission to him? Will you request permission for me to take my coffee with him this evening, should he have engaged no other company?'

'I will go,' returned Alphonso smiling: 'but is this all my embassy? Have I no other assignation to make for my sister with any other gentleman? Will not Urbino, think you, be jealous? Come, come, for once do violence to your inclinations; extend your charity to that poor fellow, and grant him the mighty boon of a parting interview.'

'I have seen conte Urbino. Our parting interview is over,' said Vic-

toria in a faltering voice, and with an unconquerable look of anguish that instantly gave alarm to the ardent affectionate temper of Alphonso; whose agitated manner and incoherent expressions gave, in return, such alarm to her heart, that, fearing the mischief of misconception, where conjecture and a confused idea of facts were the only guides, she gave up at once the thought of further concealment, and revealed to her brother every secret of her heart, every motive which actuated her conduct.

Victoria's gentle, generous representations hushed every hostile thought within Alphonso's bosom, whilst they called forth exultation that such a being was his sister, and grief that her virtues were called upon to sacrifice her peace; and while he applauded the delicate, generous motive that withheld Victoria's mentioning Matilda to Urbino, as the cause of her rejection of him, he felt firmly persuaded of Matilda's being unworthy of such generosity, such delicate consideration. He believed her arts and blandishments had ensnared in some successful toil the honour of Urbino, whose affections, he doubted not, were fixed upon Victoria; and so anxious was he for the happiness of his sister, so partially inclined to Urbino, he would, in spite of every argument circumstances presented against him, preserve the latent hope that Urbino would confirm his own assertions, and ere long evince himself a man of unblemished honour: and these flattering hopes his sanguine mind encouraged he would fain have transplanted to his sister's bosom; but with infinite concern he soon found his efforts all were vain. The mournful, placid smile of resignation, that beamed on Victoria's face, told him she cherished no hope; and saying he would go on her embassy to Sebastian, Alphonso tenderly pressed her hand, and precipitately retired to hide the tear of painful sympathy that trembled in his eyes. In the library he met Matilda, who, with a countenance expressive of grief and anxiety, was hurrying to the chamber of Victoria.

'May I ask whither donna Matilda is hastening?' said Alphonso, who guessed that her presence could not at this moment prove a source of pleasure to Victoria. 'If to my sister, I am sorry to prevent your kindly intended visit: but she is now a little indisposed, and cannot have the pleasure of seeing you; even I am forced to leave her.'

'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed Matilda in a voice of distress, 'not see me! To-morrow she leaves the castle; and if I cannot see her, what will become of Theodore?'

Alphonso was startled. 'May I, who am flattered by my sister's confidence, now answer as her representative, and relieve your apparent distress?'

'Oh, no, no! you possess not her feeling, her sensibility; and my business is to awaken them, to plead for Theodore, whom she has rejected and made wretched. Little, little did I imagine lady Victoria could have done this. Oh! how fondly did I flatter myself that Theodore was not doomed to sigh in hopelessness, and that all lady Victoria did for him were proofs of the most tender attachment!'

'Oh most consummate hypocrite!' thought Alphonso: then, fixing his penetrating eyes full upon Matilda's blushing face, he spoke with striking emphasis—

'Is it possible that donna Matilda can feel distress at my sister's rejection of conte Urbino, when rumour strongly reports the fair Matilda's having a friend whose claims

upon the heart of conte Urbino are prior to my sister's?'

Matilda's face changed from a bright tint of vermilion to the pale hue of death; her bosom heaved convulsively; and, after a painful pause, she with difficulty articulated—

'Rumour could only glance at *me*: —but know, conte Ariosto, although I own that I love Urbino with the tenderest affection, neither the bribes of fortune nor the pangs of torture should force me to be his wife. I estimate Theodore beyond any other mortal; nay, I almost adore his virtues: yet, even were I not conscious of the strength, the tenderness of his unalienable attachment to lady Victoria di Modena, I would sooner expire by every pang that cruelty could torture me with than unite myself with him.' An unequivocal expression of horror now assumed its empire over her agitated countenance, and she trembled to such excess, she was forced to lean against a pillar for support. Alphonso was more amazed than ever; and, though lost in vague conjecture, he kindly took her death-cold hand, and led her to a seat.

'Forgive, I entreat,' said he, 'my thus distressing you. I wish not to pain your sensibility, nor to penetrate into mysteries you may perhaps be forbidden to reveal. Idle curiosity does not prompt my inquiry. The happiness of Urbino urges me to——.' At this moment the venerable Anselmo entered the library, the traces of tears still visible upon his highly-flushed cheeks, and his agitated frame and countenance betraying the most striking emotion.

'Donna Matilda,' said this amiable old man, 'I am commissioned to request your presence in the chamber of your friend Sebastian, where some important intelligence awaits you; to receive which, my daughter, I would have you summon all your fortitude. How to brave misfortunes you have already learned; but how to bear prosperity and happiness are tasks almost too arduous for your years.'

'Are happiness and prosperity to be the lot of Theodore?' exclaimed Matilda in a voice of impetuous emotion.

'I trust they are,' replied the monk.

'Then let me fly to gratulate him,' said she, wildly grasping the good Anselmo's arm. Conte Ariosto hastened into the dining-parlour, and met her with a glass of water, which he persuaded her to drink; and as he kindly supported her through the hall, said to the reverend Anselmo—

'I was going, holy father, on a mission from my sister to seignor Sebastian, but find this would be an improper season.'

'In a few hours hence,' replied Anselmo, 'he will, I trust, be better able to receive you. In truth, conte Ariosto, he is now unnerved —unfitted for society. Tell the amiable lady Victoria, Heaven has decreed, that through her means the innocent will regain their rights, and a good man be restored to happiness.'

'And tell her from me,' said Matilda emphatically, 'that Theodore deserves her; and if she regards her own happiness, she will revoke the harsh, the cruel sentence of this morning.'

They now reached the staircase, which the agitated monk and Matilda tremulously ascended; while Alphonso hastily returned to our heroine, to whom he imparted all that had occurred in this interview with Matilda and Anselmo.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF THE

RIGHT HON. LORD NELSON

OF THE NILE, K. B.

With an elegant Engraving.

(Continued from p. 604.)

AT Toulon, and the celebrated victories achieved at Bastia and Calvi, lord Hood bore ample testimony to the skill and unremitting exertions of captain Nelson: during the memorable siege of Bastia, he superintended the disembarkation of troops and stores; and commanded a brigade of seamen, who served on shore at the batteries, having captains Hunt, Sericold, and Bullen, under his orders: in the execution of which duty, captain Nelson gave eminent and repeated proofs both of skill as a commander and of personal intrepidity.

At the siege of Calvi (July and August 1794) he also distinguished himself in a conspicuous manner, when commanding an advanced battery of seamen on shore; and lord Hood on that * occasion, as on every other, gave him a just tribute of applause. It was at this siege that captain Nelson lost the sight of his right eye, by a shot from the enemy's battery striking the upper part of that which he commanded; and driving, with prodigious force, some particles of sand against his face.

The following letter, which he received during the siege of Calvi, from lord Hood, inclosing the resolutions of the two houses of parliament, was highly flattering to captain Nelson's feelings, and shews the estimation in which his services were then held:

'*Victory, off Calvi, Aug.* 8, 1794.

'SIR,

'Having received his majesty's commands to communicate to the respective officers, seamen, marines, and soldiers, who have been employed in the different operations which have been successfully carried on against the enemy in Corsica, a resolution of the two houses of parliament, which I have the honour herewith to inclose; and desire you will make known to all in the Agamemnon, and such other officers and seamen as are with you, and were employed at Bastia, the sense that is entertained of their spirited and meritorious conduct.'

Lord Hood having left the Mediterranean in the month of October, 1794, admiral (now lord) Hotham, on whom the command devolved, honoured captain Nelson with equal confidence: he again distinguished himself in the actions with the French fleet of the thirteenth and fourteenth of March, and also on the thirteenth of July, 1795. Captain Nelson was afterwards appointed by admiral Hotham to cooperate with the Austrian general De Vins, at Vado Bay, on the coast of Genoa: in which service he continued during the whole time ad-

* Lord Hood, in his official letter, says, 'The journal I herewith transmit from captain Nelson, who had the command of the seamen, will shew the daily occurrences of the siege; and whose unremitting zeal and exertion I cannot sufficiently applaud, or that of captain Hallowell, who took it by turns to command in the advanced batteries twenty-four hours at a time; and I flatter myself they, as well as the other officers and seamen, will have full justice done them by the general: it is therefore unnecessary for me to say more upon the subject.'

miral Hotham retained the command, until the month of November; when the latter was superseded by sir John Jervis.—In April, 1796, the commander in chief so much approved of captain Nelson's conduct, that he was directed to wear a distinguishing pendant; and in May he was removed from his old and favourite ship the Agamemnon to the Captain, 74 guns; after having buffeted the former about, in every kind of service, during three years and a half: on the eleventh of August a captain was appointed under him.

From the month of April until October, 1795, commodore Nelson was constantly employed in the most arduous service, viz. the blockade of Leghorn, the taking of Porto Ferrajo, with the island of Caprea: and lastly in the evacuation of Bastia: whence having convoyed the troops in safety to Porto Ferrajo, he joined the admiral in St. Fiorenzo Bay, and proceeded with him to Gibraltar.

During the month of December, 1796, commodore Nelson hoisted his broad pendant on board La Minerve frigate, captain George Cockburne, and was dispatched with that ship, and La Blanche, to Porto Ferrajo, to bring the naval stores left there to Gibraltar; which the fleet at that time much wanted. On the passage thither, in the night of the nineteenth of December, 1796, the commodore fell in with two Spanish frigates: he immediately attacked the ship which carried the poop-light, and directed the Blanche to bear down to engage the other. At forty minutes past ten at night, the commodore brought his ship to close action, which continued, without intermission, until half past one, when La Sabina*, of 40 guns, 28 eighteen-pounders on her main deck, and 286 men, commanded by captain Don Jacobo Stuart, struck to La Minerve. Captain Preston in La Blanche silenced the ship he had engaged, but could not effect possession, owing to three more ships heaving in sight.

Commodore Nelson's letter to sir John Jervis respecting the above action, dated December 20, 1796, may be considered as a noble example of that generous and modest spirit, which pervades the minds of great men: he assumes no merit to himself, but gives the whole to captain Cockburne, his officers, and crew.

——'You are, sir, so thoroughly acquainted with the merits of capt. Cockburne, that it is needless for me to express them; but the discipline of La Minerve does the highest credit to her captain and lieutenants, and I wish fully to express the sense I have of their judgment and gallantry. Lieutenant Culverhouse, the first lieutenant, is an old officer of very distinguished merit: lieutenants Hardy†, Gage, and Noble, deserve every praise which gallantry and zeal justly entitle them to; as does every other officer and man in the ship.'

On the 29th of January, 1797, commodore Nelson sailed in La Minerve from Porto Ferrajo, on his return to join sir John Jervis; having on board sir Gilbert Elliot (now lord Minto), late viceroy of Corsica, with lieutenant-colonel Drinkwater, and others of sir Gilbert Elliot's

* La Sabina had one hundred and sixty-four men killed and wounded: she lost her mizen-mast during the action, with the main and fore-masts. La Minerve had seven killed, and thirty-four wounded; all her masts were shot through, and her rigging much cut.

† This same excellent officer commanded the Mutine brig, on the 1st of August, 1793—and was afterwards captain of the Vanguard.

suite; after reconnoitring the principal ports of the enemy in the Mediterranean, the commodore arrived at Gibraltar a few days after the Spanish fleet had passed through the Straits from Carthagena. Impatient to join sir John Jervis, the commodore remained only one day at Gibraltar; and on the 11th of February, in proceeding thence to the westward to the place of rendezvous, he was chased by two line of battle ships; and fell in with their whole fleet off the mouth of the Straits. The commodore fortunately effected his escape, and joined the admiral off Cape St. Vincent, on the 13th of February; just in time to communicate intelligence relative to the force, and state of the Spanish fleet; and to shift his pendant on board his former ship the Captain, of 74 guns, Ralph W. Miller, esq. commander.

Commodore Nelson had not removed from La Minerve to the Captain many minutes, when, on the morning of the same day, the signal was thrown out for the British fleet to prepare for action: the ships were also directed to keep in close order during the night.

As the Gazette letters afford but an imperfect idea of the exploits of commodore Nelson on this memorable day, we shall refer to such documents as throw considerable light on his brilliant achievements of the 14th of February. An officer who was on board the Lively repeating frigate, commanded by lord viscount Garlies, has since published a letter to a friend, which was originally intended for a private circle; this gentleman had an opportunity of observing the manœuvres of both fleets; and by comparing his own minutes afterwards, with those of others, and conversing with the principal characters, he has been enabled to give the public a most correct and interesting account of this glorious action.—

When sir John Jervis on the 14th of February had accomplished his bold intention of breaking the enemy's line, the Spanish admiral, who had been separated to windward with his main body, consisting of 18 ships of the line, from nine ships that were cut off to leeward, appeared to make a movement, as if with a view to join the latter. This design was completely frustrated by the timely opposition of commodore Nelson, whose station in the rear of the British line afforded him an opportunity of observing this manœuvre: his ship, the Captain, had no sooner passed the rear of the enemy's ships that were to windward, than he ordered her to wear, and stood on the other tack towards the enemy.

In executing this bold and decisive manœuvre, the commodore reached the sixth ship from the enemy's rear, which bore the Spanish admiral's flag, the Santissima Trinidada, of 136 guns; a ship of four decks, reported to be the largest in the world. Notwithstanding the inequality of force, the commodore instantly engaged this colossal opponent; and for a considerable time had to contend not only with her, but with her seconds ahead and astern, each of three decks. While he maintained this unequal combat, which was viewed with admiration mixed with anxiety, his friends were flying to his support: the enemy's attention was soon directed to the Culloden, captain Troubridge, and in a short time after to the Blenheim, of 90 guns, captain Frederick, who opportunely came to his assistance.

The intrepid conduct of the commodore staggered the Spanish admiral, who already appeared to waver in pursuing his intention of joining the ships cut off by the British fleet; when the Culloden's timely arrival, and captain Troubridge's spirited support

of the commodore, together with the approach of the Blenheim, followed by rear-admiral Parker, with the Prince George, Orion, Irresistible, and Diadem, not far distant, determined the Spanish admiral to change the design altogether, and to throw out the signal for the ships of his main body to haul their wind, and make sail on the larboard tack.

Not a moment was lost in improving the advantage now apparent in favour of the British squadron: as the ships of rear-admiral Parker's division approached the enemy's ships in support of the Captain (commodore Nelson's ship) and her gallant seconds, the Blenheim and Culloden, the cannonade became more animated and impressive. In this manner did commodore Nelson engage a Spanish three-decker, until he had nearly expended all the ammunition in his ship; which had suffered the loss of her fore-top mast, and received such considerable damage in her sails and rigging, that she was almost rendered *hors du combat*. At this critical period, the Spanish three-decker, having lost her mizen-mast, fell on board a Spanish two-decker, of 84 guns, that was her second: this latter ship consequently now became the commodore's opponent, and a most vigorous fire was kept up for some time, by both ships, within pistol-shot.

It was now that the commodore's ship lost many men, and that the damages already sustained, through the long and arduous conflict which she had maintained, appeared to render a continuance of the contest in the usual way precarious, or perhaps impossible. At this critical moment, the commodore, from a sudden impulse, instantly resolved on a bold and decisive measure; and determined, whatever might be the event, to attempt his opponent sword in hand: the boarders were summoned, and orders given to lay his ship on board the enemy.

Fortune favours the brave; nor on this occasion was she unmindful of her favourite. Ralph Willett Miller, the commodore's captain, so judiciously directed the course of his ship, that he laid her aboard the starboard quarter of the Spanish eighty-four, her spritsail-yard passing over the enemy's poop, and hooking in her mizen shrouds; when the word to board being given, the officers and seamen destined for this perilous duty, headed by lieutenant Barry, together with a detachment of the sixty-ninth regiment, commanded by lieutenant Pearson, then doing duty as marines on board the Captain, passed with rapidity on board the enemy's ship, and in a short time the San Nicholas was in the possession of her intrepid assailants. The commodore's ardour would not permit him to remain an inactive spectator of this scene. He was aware the attempt was hazardous; and he thought his presence might animate his brave companions, and contribute to the success of this bold enterprise: he therefore, as if by magic impulse, accompanied the party in this attack; passing from the fore-chains of his own ship into the enemy's quarter gallery, and thence through the cabin to the quarter-deck, where he arrived in time to receive the sword of the dying commander, who had been mortally wounded by the boarders.

He had not been long employed in taking the necessary measures to secure this hard-earned conquest, when he found himself engaged in a more arduous task. The stern of the three-decker, his former opponent, was placed directly amidships of the weather-beam of the prize, San Nicolas; and, from her poop and galleries, the enemy sorely annoyed with musquetry the British, who had boarded the San Nicolas. The com-

modore was not long in resolving on the conduct to be adopted upon this momentous occasion; the two alternatives that presented themselves to his unshaken mind were, to quit the prize, or instantly board the three-decker. Confident in the bravery of his seamen, he determined on the latter. Directing therefore an additional number of men to be sent from the Captain on board the San Nicholas, the undaunted commodore, whom no danger ever appalled, headed himself the assailants in this new attack; exclaiming, Westminster abbey! or glorious victory!

Success in a few minutes, and with little loss, crowned the enterprise. Such indeed was the panic occasioned by his preceding conduct, that the British no sooner appeared on the quarter-deck of their new opponent than the commandant advanced; and asking for the British commanding officer, dropped on one knee, and presented his sword; apologising at the same time for the Spanish admiral's not appearing, as he was dangerously wounded. For a moment commodore Nelson could scarcely persuade himself of this second instance of good fortune; he therefore ordered the Spanish commander, who had the rank of a brigadier, to assemble the officers on the quarter-deck, and direct means to be taken instantly for communicating to the crew the surrender of the ship. All the officers immediately appeared; and the commodore had the surrender of the San Joseph duly confirmed, by each of them delivering his sword.

The coxswain of the commodore's barge (John Sykes, since dead) had attended close by his side throughout this perilous attempt. To him the commodore gave in charge the swords of the Spanish officers, as he received them; and the undaunted tar, as they were delivered to him, tucked these honourable trophies under his arm, with all the coolness imaginable. It was at this moment also that a British sailor, who had long fought under the commodore, came up in the fullness of his heart, and, excusing the liberty he was taking, asked to shake him by the hand and congratulate him upon seeing him safe on the quarter-deck of a Spanish three-decker.

This new conquest had scarcely submitted, and the commodore returned on board the San Nicolas, when the latter ship was discovered to be on fire in two places. At the first moment appearances were alarming; but the presence of mind, and resources of the commodore and his officers in this emergency soon got the fire under.

A signal was immediately made by the Captain for boats to assist in disentangling her from the two prizes; and as she was incapable of further service until refitted, the commodore again hoisted his pendant for the moment on board La Minerve frigate, and in the evening shifted it to the Irresistible, captain Martin; but as soon as the Captain was refitted, he re-hoisted his pendant on board the latter ship.

For such distinguished gallantry on the 14th of February, he received the insignia of the Bath, and the gold medal from his sovereign; and was also presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box.

In the month of April, 1797, sir Horatio Nelson hoisted his flag as rear-admiral of the blue, and was detached to bring down the garrison of Porto Ferrajo. On the 27th of May he shifted his flag from the Captain to the Theseus, and was appointed to the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz. During this service his personal courage, if possible, was more conspicuous than at any other period of his former services. In the attack

on the Spanish gun-boats (July 3, 1797) he was boarded in his barge, with only its usual complement of ten men and the coxswain, accompanied by captain Freemantle.

The commander of the Spanish gun-boats, don Miguel Tyrason, in a barge rowed by twenty-six oars, having thirty men, including officers, made a most desperate effort to overpower sir Horatio Nelson, and his brave companions. The conflict was long and doubtful: they fought hand to hand with their swords. His faithful coxswain, John Sykes, was wounded in defending the admiral; and twice saved his life, by parrying several blows that were aimed at him, and mortally wounding his adversaries. Eighteen of the Spaniards being killed, the commandant and all the rest wounded, the rear-admiral, with his gallant barge's crew, succeeded in carrying this superior force.

During the night of the fifth of July, sir Horatio Nelson ordered a second bombardment of Cadiz; which produced considerable effect on the town, and among the shipping.

On the fifteenth of July he was detached with a small squadron*, to make a vigorous attack on the town of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe. The rear-admiral, on his arrival before the town, lost no time in directing a thousand men, including marines, to be prepared for landing from the ships, under the direction of the brave captain Troubridge† of his majesty's ship Culloden, and captains Hood, Thomson, Freemantle, Bowen, Miller, and Waller, who very handsomely volunteered their services. The boats of the squadron were accordingly manned, and the landing was effected in the course of a dark night. The party were in full possession of the town of Santa Cruz for about seven hours. Finding it impracticable to storm the citadel, they prepared for their retreat, which the Spaniards allowed them to do unmolested, agreeably to the stipulations made with captain Troubridge. —Although this enterprise did not succeed, his majesty's arms acquired by the attempt a great degree of lustre; and, as the rear-admiral himself handsomely expresses it in his letter to earl St. Vincent, *more daring intrepidity never was shewn than by the captains, officers, and men, he had the honour to command.* Sir Horatio Nelson in this attack lost his right arm by a cannon shot ‡; and no less than two hundred and forty-six gallant officers, marines, and seamen, were killed, wounded, and drowned.

The life of sir Horatio Nelson was providentially saved by lieut. Nisbet, his son-in-law, on this disasterous night. The admiral received his wound soon after the detachment had landed: and while they were pressing on with the usual ardour of British seamen, the shock caused him to fall to the ground, where for some minutes he was left to himself; until Mr. Nisbet, missing him, had the presence of mind to return; when, after some search in the dark, he at length found his brave father-in-law weltering in his blood on the ground, with his arm shattered, and himself apparently lifeless.—Lieut. Nisbet having immediately applied his neck-kerchief as a tourniquet to the admiral's arm, carried him on his back to the beach; whence,

* Consisting of the Theseus, Culloden, Zealous, Seahorse, Emerald, Terpsichore, and Fox cutter:—the Leander afterwards joined.

† Since created, for his distinguished services, a baronet.

‡ The same night, at ten o'clock, the admiral's arm was amputated on board the Theseus; he immediately after began his official letter, and finished it by eleven.

with the assistance of some sailors, he conveyed him into one of the boats, and put off to the Theseus, under a tremendous, though ill-directed, fire from the enemy's battery.

The next day after the rear-admiral had lost his arm he wrote to lady Nelson; and in narrating the foregoing transactions said, 'I know it will add much to your pleasure, in finding that your son Josiah, under God's providence, was instrumental in saving my life.'

The painful operation of amputating the arm being performed on board in the night, by some mistake in taking up the arteries, the rear-admiral afterwards suffered the most excruciating pains, and was obliged to come to England for advice.

It was the thirteenth of December before the surgeons who attended him pronounced him fit for service. On sir Horatio Nelson's first appearance at court, his sovereign received him in the most gracious and tender manner; and when, with deep sensibility of condolence, the king expressed his sorrow at the loss the noble admiral had sustained, and at the impaired state of his health, which might deprive the country of his future services; sir Horatio replied with dignified emphasis—'*May it please your* MAJESTY, *I can never think that a loss which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my King and Country!*'

Previously to the issuing of a grant which secured to this gallant officer some public remuneration for the hardships he had endured, a positive custom required that a memorial of service should be drawn up: one more brilliant never met the eye of the sovereign of a brave nation. Sir Horatio had then actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of one hundred and twenty times!—and during the war had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privaters of different sizes; and taken, or destroyed, near fifty sail of merchant vessels.

(To be concluded in the Supplement.)

A NOON-TIDE WALK

IN NOVEMBER.

By J. M. L.

THE cheerless month of November had this year worn more the features of gladness than of sorrow: the weather indeed had been cold; but it also had, to use a very comprehensive expression of the country I was then in, been very *cheerly*.

The now comparatively feeble rays of Sol had dispersed the gloom of the morning, when, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I bent my steps towards a gentleman's seat at no great distance; in whose grounds, from the superior taste displayed in laying them out, I frequently chose my walk: for here I found nature in many instances left to herself, in others assisted by the hand of genius.

As I proceeded to this spot of perfection my face was to the south, and the sun shone full upon me. I fancied it even warmer than it was; for, notwithstanding the wind was northerly, by being at my back, I felt none of its force: but nature seemed to feel it, for I vainly listened to catch the feeblest notes of the feathered tribes—they seemed to have forgotten them. Yet I found a pensive pleasure in surveying the surrounding scenery, exhibiting the finest tints of autumn beautifully blended, from deep green to pale

yellow and russet brown. To an artist here was an unbounded source for his pencil; to the reflecting mind, a lesson of deep import. The scenes so lately viewed in all the richly-expanded beauty of summer were now gradually sinking into the tomb of time: the thought carried with it a weight, a gloominess, very easily accounted for;—the mind felt that spring would again renovate the now decaying face of nature, that summer would again deck the plain with all the beauty luxuriance can display, but might not the mind which now made the reflection ere that time arrived cease to feel? might not the heart that warmed it cease to beat? might not the form that now paced the earth be then decaying beneath its surface? It was an emotion which the accomplished Helen Maria Williams has justly described as being 'somewhat similar to that which we feel in bidding farewell to a lively and agreeable companion, whose presence has diffused gladness, whose smile has been the signal of pleasure, and whom we are uncertain of beholding again; for, though the period of his return is fixed, who, amid the casualties of life, can be secure that, in the interval of absence, his eye shall not be closed in darkness, and his heart have lost the sensation of delight?'

I found my heart softened by these ideas; and I entered the park-gate with a mind ready to receive any impression the objects around might inspire. For some way the path was open, but soon turned through a small gate, where overarching trees in summer gave a grateful shade; but now their broad boughs admitted the beams of Phœbus between them, whilst their fallen foliage deeply covered the ground, and rustled to every passing breeze, which still brought down showers of them from the branches. As I trampled over them, it was impossible not to consider

'The scatter'd leaves a warning;'

and though the thought was by no means new, to make the obvious comparison between them and the state of man, who, nipped by the blast of disease, drops to the grave: he

'Falls like the leaf, yet not like that decays.'

The soul, freed from its confinement, wings its way to realms of bliss eternal!

I proceeded, and a gurgling stream caught the ear long before it met the eye: it descended from a broad and clear, but shallow, pond; on whose surface floated the fallen leaves down several steps, and then calmly pursued the 'noiseless tenor' of its way, till, by means of art, it gradually expanded, and saluted the eye as a canal, over the further part of which a simple bridge was thrown. I crossed this and an adjoining meadow, to a rural lane, which led me home by a different way than I came by. Here a circumstance attracted my attention, which at almost any other time might have been unheeded; a violent fluttering over my head made me look up, and I perceived two robins descending from a tree, fighting all the way most violently: they came to the ground very near me, nor did my presence for some time hinder their contention. Thus, even the very creature which is itself the emblem of innocence is not free from the influence of strife!

The wind now faced me, and I found that it was very far from warm. Every gust seemed to whisper

'Stern Winter is at hand;'

and as by this time the afternoon had crept upon me unawares, I hastened home to my snug parlour

fire, not unimproved by a noontide stroll in November.

Nov. 16, 1805.

SUSANNAH.

A TALE.

LADY Susannah Fitzroy was descended from a noble family. In giving her birth, her mother had expired. Nothing could exceed the grief of lord Fitzroy when he heard the melancholy news. He rushed into the room where her remains lay; and, flinging himself on the bed, exclaimed—'And is my Susannah really dead?'—(for death, as if in kindness to lord Fitzroy, had not robbed her of all her colour)—'And is here all that remains of virtue and beauty once unequalled? No,' said he, 'I have a darling child; she too shall be Suannah. I will be her instructor and her guide; and in this delightful employment shall forget half my sorrows.' His attention was now directed to the infant, and he gazed on it with parental fondness.

Lady Fitzroy was privately interred, and lord Fitzroy had a small monument erected to her memory. Here would he wander every day; here would he linger, as if every thing desirable was centered in this spot. Lord Fitzroy's health visibly declined, and, in spite of medical assistance, he expired about three years after his amiable wife; but not till he had placed his darling Susannah under the protection of Mr. and Mrs. St. Clare.—'Unite,' said he to them, 'Henry and Susannah; and may the bonds of friendship be doubly cemented by the ties of relationship! I know,' continued he, 'that you are every way worthy of her.'—Lord Fitzroy said no more, but expired. In Mr. St. Clare you might trace the following characters—benevolence, virtue, and love. Mrs. St. Clare was tall, her figure was elegant, her face was replete with sweetness, and her large blue eyes bespoke the sensibility of her soul. Between Susannah and Henry did this charming woman divide her affections; but when she reflected on the orphaned Susannah's unhappy situation, she would clasp her in her arms, and say, 'What does not this lovely girl deserve! I will strive to love her better than my Henry: he has a father, and will not be the loser.' Mr. St. Clare had an aversion to public seminaries; but provided able teachers for Henry, and a governess for his lovely charge. Whether in learning or play, Susannah and Henry were equally inseparable. Thus passed several years, without any thing material occurring.

Mr. St. Clare had a nephew, who had generally spent some part of the holidays with them: but he had now left school. Julius Delville, at the age of eighteen, was tall, and finely formed; his luxuriant black hair falling in ringlets over his finely-turned shoulders. He was impetuous in the extreme, yet possessed many shining and amiable qualities. At the age before mentioned he made his usual visit to Mr. St. Clare; and the more he saw of the fascinating Susannah, the more he admired her. Julius was the bosom friend of Henry; he had heard him express his affection for her, and could he unjustly endeavour to steal the heart of the inexperienced Susannah? His noble soul revolted at the very idea of it. As they were walking together one evening, he became pensive and sad. Our heroine innocently enquired the cause of his dullness. With admirable presence of mind, Julius said he feared his

dear mother was ill, and wished to visit her. Henry entreated him to forego such a design; 'for,' said he, 'we can send one of our domestics to see Mrs. Delville, and I doubt not but your suspicions are groundless. Susannah took his hand within hers, and, looking at him with ineffable sweetness, said—'Let my entreaties prevail on you to stop.' But, interrupting her, Julius said he would talk with his aunt. He found her alone, and, involuntarily falling on one knee, said—'I have nourished a fatal passion for Susannah too long; pardon your weak nephew!' (Seeing her astonishment)—'But if you will prevail on Mr. St. Clare and Henry to let me return to my mother, my obligations to you will be great.' Mrs. St. Clare had fancied Julius had not noticed Susannah; but when she called to remembrance her interesting figure, her soft yet expressive blue eyes, and her unassuming manner, she rather wondered at her own stupidity in not seeing it.—'I am pleased with your resolution,' said she, 'in quitting an object so dangerous to your peace; to-morrow you shall return to your mother, and I will reconcile your companions.' The next morning, before the family were up, he set out, and soon arrived at Mrs. Delville's; who kindly welcomed him, but eagerly enquired if nothing extraordinary had happened. Julius said his friends were all well—'Tis I, my mother, that am ill.' He then related the cause of his returning.

A few days after this, as Susannah and Henry were walking together, Henry was suddenly seized with convulsions. Susannah was the picture of woe: she dared not leave him, for he was apparently lifeless; but fortunately a servant was within call. Her screams had fastened him to the spot; but when she pointed to Henry, he ran to his assistance, and conveyed him to the house. A physician was immediately sent for. Mr. St. Clare was not at home; and Mrs. St. Clare could scarcely keep Susannah from fainting. When the physician arrived, he assured Mrs. St. Clare that there was no danger; and desired that the patient might be kept quiet, as gentle slumbers were better than medicine. Henry frequently enquired after Julius, and Mrs. St. Clare sent for him. When Mr. St. Clare returned (he had been informed of Henry's illness), he was extremely happy to hear his son was better. In the mean time Susannah watched over the suffering Henry. As she was sitting by him the next day, he enquired if Julius was come: Susannah told him that they expected him, but he was not yet arrived. He fell asleep, and Susannah knelt by the bed-side, and, raising her fine eyes to Heaven, prayed for the restoration of her dear Henry—her more than brother. 'Would to God,' said she, 'that Julius would come!—But soft, ye impatient wishes! lest ye disturb the precious repose of him who is dearer to me than existence!' She ceased speaking, but her expressive eyes were still directed upwards. She thought she heard some one approaching; but what was her surprise when she beheld Julius standing behind her! 'You have heard me,' said she, 'disclose the secrets of my heart; but on your honour, on your delicacy, I rely, that you will bury what you have heard for ever in oblivion.' At that moment Henry awaked, apparently much refreshed. He embraced Julius with ardour; and, reassured by the kind manner of Susannah, soon recovered.

When the lovely lady Susannah Fitzroy had attained her twenty-first year, she gave her hand to the

amiable Henry. Julius returned to his mother; who, seeing his health visibly decline, insisted upon his making a tour to Montpelier; and Julius complied with her wishes. He wrote an affectionate letter to his aunt, and informed her where he was going; but too frequently would his imagination wander to scenes of happiness never, he feared, to return. Time, however, had nearly erased the image of lady Susannah St. Clare from his memory, when he received a letter from Henry, saying, that his mother was ill, and had taken captain Woodville's daughter to reside with her; and that Mrs. Delville, unwilling to interrupt his happiness, had deferred writing till her situation was dangerous. On the wings of impatience did this affectionate son quit Montpelier: but when he arrived at Mrs. Delville's, she was no more. He entered the apartment; but picture to yourself, gentle reader, his astonishment, when he beheld the tender-hearted Malvina gazing on the lifeless form of his beloved mother: she felt as if every earthly good was fled. 'There is now,' said she, 'no being interested concerning me! Would to Heaven that I had expired with my benefactress! Where can the forlorn Malvina look for a friend!' 'What affection,' said Julius mentally, 'does this lovely girl express for my mother; whilst that son who ought to have watched by her pillow, and received her last sigh, was far, far away!' To give the reader an idea of his distress is impossible: I will therefore pass over the scene with saying, that the remains of Mrs. Delville were interred the fourth day after his arrival.

The elegance of Malvina Woodville's form, the simplicity of her manners, and the fascinating melody of her voice, all conspired to rivet the affections of Julius on her for ever. After mourning for their parent a year, Julius and his much-loved Malvina were united. They generally spent some part of the year with Mr. and lady Susannah St. Clare, who were blessed with a family amiable and good as themselves; and the varying seasons,

> 'As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,'

still find them happy.

MATILDA SPENCER.

THE GHOST.

A REAL FACT.

IT is well known that almost every country-town has its haunted house, its hobgoblin, its church-yard *sprite*, and *well-authenticated* tales of ghosts of every description; which very much tend to fix in infant minds a sort of supernatural dread, which 'grows with their growth,' and quits them but with life: for, however a man's reason may tell him the absurdity of his fears, I am well persuaded that the *bugabo* stories of childhood take a hold upon the imagination, which reason will vainly strive to eradicate.

Be this as it may, the following circumstance happened to an intimate friend of mine, when a mere boy; and I can truly say that, living as he did, in a village remote from the metropolis, and being at the 'very witching time of night,' almost on the spot where a *well-authenticated* ghost played its pranks, his investigating courage did him *infinite credit* as a *boy*, and would by no means have disgraced a *man* under similar circumstances; though I very much suspect that nineteen out of twenty of my 'fellow-men'

would have rather trotted off at full speed, and left the 'foul fiend' to itself, than have acted the part that the boy did.—The story is as follows:

He had been sent on an errand in the afternoon on a winter's day to a neighbouring market-town, where he was detained considerably longer than he expected. It grew dark ere he had quitted the outskirts of the town, on his return: eight dreary miles lay before him; companion he had none; and narrow lanes, with high hedges, and now and then a bat or an owl brushing past him, were poor helps to the courage of a lad eleven years old. He marched on boldly for the first four miles, and by 'whistling aloud' occasionally kept up his spirits tolerably well; but by the time he had got half-way, his strength began rather to fail him, and he grew tired: his courage too seemed to be on the decline; for it just then crossed his mind that it was impossible he could reach home without going directly up a long lane, where, as he had been given to understand, from time immemorial a desperate ghost, under the appellation of the *white woman*, had made its grisly appearance not a hundred miles from the church-yard, which came down to the edge of the very lane into which he was by this time entering: however, as 'necessity has no law,' he proceeded; and after many starts at a white post, or the braying of a jackass, he at length came in sight of the white pales of the church-yard. It was now just upon the stroke of nine o'clock, a sort of midnight with him; and not the least shock his spirits received was (just as he came up to the pales) the heavy church-bell solemnly pealing out that hour. It is necessary to state, for the reader's information, that opposite the church-yard was a close, also environed with low white pales, which belonged to a farmer whose house was at the upper end of it, about one hundred yards from the lane. This rather cheered the wanderer's spirits; and as he concluded (naturally enough) that it was more probable the *white woman* should be on the church-yard side of the lane than on the farmer's, he chose to direct his steps as near as possible to the farmer's paling, at the same time fixing his eyes most earnestly on the other side: thus he moved on pretty quick, and had nearly passed the supposed danger, when, *strange to tell*, over the farmer's pales flew *something white*, and actually whisked in his face! Here was a situation! Many a hero, who would not hesitate to march boldly to the cannon's mouth, would in a moment like this have lost his senses, or, at best, would have run away with them in a very scattered condition. But mark what *our hero* did: he stopped, and for a moment remained with his eyes shut, but in the next instant he opened and put them to the best use he possibly could, by stedfastly looking over the pales; when, to his infinite satisfaction, he discovered ——not the *white woman*, gentle reader, but—*a cow with a light-coloured tail!* which happening to stand with it that way, had inadvertently whisked the said tail into the face of the *expecting* boy, who, had he hastened home, might have given additional credit to the story of the *white woman;* whereas, by relating what had happened to him in the artless and unassuming language of truth, he *almost persuaded* them to relinquish the idea of the existence of any ghost in their neighbourhood.

Were all goblins investigated with an eye of scrutiny similar to this boy's, I have but little hesitation

in saying that the *supernatural part* of them would *vanish,* and what was really left would prove to be something full as insignificant as *a cow's tail.*

J. M. L.

Dec. 10, 1803.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Ball and Full Dress for December, 1805.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

Fig. 1. A CAP of deep orange-coloured velvet, ornamented with beads and trimmed with swans-down: dress of plain mull muslin; entire front of footing; short Italian sleeves; broad satin ribbon round the bottom: Indian shawl.

Fig. 2. Dress cap of muslin and lace: dress of satin-worked linen; satin front of reversed pleating, and trimmed with lace and work; very short sleeves, with lace and work down the side, and trimming of beads and satin: waist fastened with a narrow satin ribbon: bottom of the dress broad lace: white gloves and shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the intemperance of the season, white is still much worn; and three-fourths of the dresses still seen are the same as in the summer.

Great-coats are worn of the *lapis* colour, and embroidered with a clouded velvet of the same colour. The collars are made round and very large, and the great-coat so short, that the embroidery of the robe may appear. With a great-coat, a velvet *toque* is usually worn. This *toque* with respect to its form has nothing new; but besides the black, rose-coloured, and brown velvets, which are in common use, there are also *frized* velvets, that is to say, such as are interspersed with prominent small flowers.

As the great-coats do not exclude a handsome shawl, long shawls embroidered with branches or sprigs, in imitation of cashmires, are in vogue.

Pearls in clusters are the fashion, not only for ear-rings, but for the tops of combs. They are placed sometimes to the number of seven or eight on the gold plate which forms the top of the comb.

ANECDOTES OF VOLTAIRE.

(From the Memoirs of Marmontel, written by himself.)

THOSE young men who, born with some genius and love for the arts, have been introduced into the presence of the most celebrated in the art that forms their own study and delight, have felt, like me, the confusion, the oppression of heart, the kind of religious fear, that I experienced in appearing before Voltaire.

Persuaded that I should have to speak first, I had turned in twenty ways the phrase with which I should address him; but was satisfied with none. He relieved me from this difficulty. On hearing my name, he came to me, and extending his arms—'My good friend,' said he, 'I am very glad to see you. Yet I have bad news to tell you: M. Orri had undertaken to provide for you; M. Orri is no longer in favour.'

I could scarcely have received a

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine

London Fashionable Full Dresses.

more severe, more sudden, or more unexpected blow; but I was not stunned by it. I have always been astonished at the courage I have felt on great occasions, for my heart is naturally feeble.—'Well, sir,' said I, 'then I must contend with adversity; I have long known it, and long struggled with it.'—'I am glad to find you have confidence in your own powers. Yes, my good friend, the true and most worthy resource for a man of letters is in himself and in his genius. But till yours shall have procured you something to exist on—I speak to you candidly, as a friend—I must provide for you. I have not invited you hither to abandon you. If even at this moment you be in want of money, tell me so: I will not suffer you to have any other creditor than Voltaire.'—I returned him thanks for his kindness, assuring him, that for some time, at least, I should not want to profit by it; and that when I should, I would confidently have recourse to him.—'You promise me,' said he, 'and I depend on you. In the mean time, let's hear what you think of applying?'—'I really do not know; you must decide for me.'—'The stage, my friend, the stage is the most enchanting of all careers; it is there that in one day you may obtain glory and fortune. One successful piece renders a man at the same time rich and celebrated; and if you take pains you will succeed.'—'I do not want ardour,' replied I; 'but what should I do for the stage?'—'Write a good comedy,' said he, in a firm tone.—'Alas! sir, how should I make portraits? I do not know faces.'—He smiled at this answer.—'Well, then, write a tragedy.' I answered that I was not quite so ignorant of the passions and the heart, and that I would willingly make the attempt.

It was not enough for Voltaire to be the most illustrious of men of letters, he wanted to be a courtier. From his earliest youth he had assumed the flattering habit of living with the great. First, marshal Villars, the grand prior de Vendome, and afterwards the duke de Richelieu, the duke de Valliere, the Boufflers, the duke de Montmorency, had been his society. He supped with them habitually, and you know with what respectful familiarity he had the art of writing and speaking to them. Verses lightly and delicately flattering, a conversation not less seducing than his poetry, made him beloved and welcomed among this nobility. Now these noblemen were admitted to the king's suppers—and he, why was not he of them? This was one of his desires. He recollected the reception that Lewis the Great had given to Boileau and Racine: he said that Horace and Virgil had the honour of approaching Augustus; that the Æneid had been read in the cabinet of Livia. Were Addison and Prior more worthy than he? And had they not both been honourably employed in their country, one in the ministry, and the other as ambassador? The place of historiographer was already a mark of confidence in him, and who before him had filled it with so much glory? He had bought a place of gentleman in ordinary of the king's chamber. This place, commonly very inactive, gave, however, the right of being sent to foreign courts on light commissions; and he had flattered himself that, for a man like him, these commissions would not be limited to mere compliments of congratulation and condolence. He wanted, as we say, to make his way at court; and when he had a project in his head he persisted in it obstinately: one of his maxims was these words of the

Evangelist—*Regnum cœlorum vim patitur, et violenti rapiunt illud* (the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence. and the violent take it by force). He employed therefore all the means he could devise to approach the king.

When madame d'Etioles, afterwards marchioness of Pompadour, was announced as the king's mistress, and even before she was declared so, he was eager in paying his court to her. He easily succeeded in pleasing her; and while he celebrated the victories of the king, he flattered his mistress by writing pretty verses to her. He was persuaded that, through her, he should obtain the favour of being admitted to the little cabinet suppers, and I am persuaded that she wished it.

Transplanted to the court, and ignorant enough of the character and tastes of the king, she had at first hoped to amuse him by her talents. At a private theatre she used to play before him little acts of operas, some of which were written for her, and in which her playing, her voice, her singing, were justly applauded. Voltaire, in favour with her, took it into his head to wish to direct these performances. The alarm spread to the camp of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and intendants *des menus plaisirs*. It was trespassing on their rights, and a league was instantly formed among them to remove from the court a man who would have governed them all, if he had pleased the king as well as his mistress. But they knew the king did not like him, and that by his eagerness to increase his importance, he only increased the prejudices against him. But the king, little moved with the praises he had lavished on him in his panegyric, only saw in him an impious philosopher and an ambitious flatterer. He had at last consented, with great difficulty, that he should be received at the academy. Without reckoning the friends of religion, who were not the friends of Voltaire, there were many about the king who were jealous and envious of the favour they saw him courting, and they were very careful to censure what he did to please. In their mind the poem of Fontenoy was only a cold gazette; the panegyric on the king was inanimate, wanting colouring, and without eloquence. The verses to madame de Pompadour were taxed with impropriety and indiscretion; and in this verse in particular—

> Be both without an enemy,
> And keep your conquests both.

They persuaded the king that it was indecorous to put him on an equality with his mistress.

At the marriage of the dauphin with the infanta of Spain, it was easy to animadvert on the absurdity and folly of having given as a play to the infanta the *Princesse de Navarre*, which certainly was not calculated to succeed. I do not say the same of the opera *Le Temple de la Gloire:* the idea of it was grand, the subject well conceived and nobly executed. The third act, of which Trajan was the hero, presented a flattering allusion for the king: it was a hero, just, humane, generous, pacific, and worthy the love of the world, to whom the temple of glory was open. Voltaire doubted not but that the king would recognise himself in this eulogy. After the play, he met him, in his way out; and seeing that the king passed without saying any thing to him, he took the liberty of asking him—*Is Trajan satisfied?* Lewis, surprised and displeased that he should have dared to interrogate him, answered by a cold silence; and the whole court thought Vol-

taire very wrong in having dared to question the king.

To remove him it was only necessary to detach him from the mistress, and the way they took to do this was to oppose to him Crebillon.

Crebillon, old and poor, was living obscurely in the vilest part of the Marais, labouring by starts at that *Catilina* which he had announced for ten years, and of which he read, here and there, some parts of scenes that were thought admirable. His age; his successes; his manners, somewhat rough; his soldier-like character; his truly tragical face; the air; the imposing, though simple tone, in which he recited his harsh and inharmonious verses; the vigour, the energy, he gave to his expression; all concurred to strike the mind with a sort of enthusiasm. I have heard applauded with transport, by men who were not fools, these verses, which he had put into the mouth of Cicero—

> Catiline, I think you are not guilty;
> But if you be, you are detestable.
> And I see in you only the talents and renown
> Of the greatest of men, or the greatest of villains.

The name of Crebillon was the rallying word for the enemies of Voltaire. *Electre* and *Radamiste*, which were sometimes still played, drew but thin houses; all the rest of Crebillon's tragedies were forgotten: while those of Voltaire—*Œdipe*, *Alzire*, *Mahomet*, *Zaire*, *Merope*—occupied the theatre in all the splendour of full success. The partisans of old Crebillon were few, but noisy; and they did not cease to call him the Sophocles of our age; and even among men of letters, Marivaux used to say that all the fine wit of Voltaire must bow before the genius of Crebillon.

It was mentioned before madame de Pompadour, that this great neglected man was suffered to grow old without support, because he was without intrigue. This was touching her in her most sensible part. 'What do you say?' cried she; 'Crebillon is poor and forsaken!' She instantly obtained for him from the king a pension of one hundred pounds from the privy purse.

Crebillon was eager to go and thank his benefactress. A slight indisposition kept her in bed; and when he was announced to her, she desired he might come in. The sight of this fine old man touched her; she received him with an affecting grace. He was moved by it; and as he leaned over her bed to kiss her hand, the king appeared.—'Ah, madame!' cried Crebillon, 'the king has surprised us; I am lost!' This sally in an old man of eighty pleased the king. The fortune of Crebillon was decided. All the *menus plaisirs* launched out into praises of his genius and his manners.—'He had dignity,' said they, 'but no pride, and still less of vain-glory. His poverty was the proof of his disinterestedness. He was a venerable character, and truly the man whose genius honoured the reign of the king.' *Catiline* was mentioned as the wonder of the age. Madame de Pompadour wished to hear it. A day was fixed for the reading: the king, present but invisible, heard it. It had complete success; and on its first performance, madame de Pompadour, accompanied by a flight of courtiers, attended with the most lively interest. A little time afterwards Crebillon obtained the favour of an edition of his works, at the press of the Louvre, at the expence of the royal treasury. From that time Voltaire was coldly received, and he left off going to court.

THE DEAR DECEIVERS.

(From a French Journal.)

'HOW deceitful are men!' said, the day before yesterday, the amiable Julia, wiping away with her fair hand a tear which flowed down her reddened cheek.—'Oh, my dear Amanda! never trust in their oaths; fly their company, and become wise by the experience of thy unhappy friend. If you knew how he had feigned affection, with what grace he declared it, with what ardour he looked on me, on the evening preceding the very day on which I learned his base treachery—if you knew with what pleasure I listened to him; how much I was moved by his look, his accent, his supposed love—Yet was his love in reality devoted to another!—I hear some one coming,' said Amanda: 'it is him!'

'How, sir! is it you?'—'Yes, my dearest Julia! it is me: I come to throw myself at your feet, and ask a thousand pardons for having been one day without seeing you. I alone am the sufferer; but you might have imagined——'—'I have imagined nothing, or rather I have forgotten every thing on seeing you again.—Where have you been?'—'I have been in the country.'—'Is that all!'—'Yes.'—'Ah, my dear Amanda, I alone am to blame.'

'How deceitful are women!' said, yesterday morning, young Sainville to his friend Germeuil: 'honey is on their lips, and poison in their hearts.—You know how fondly I loved Eugenia, and how many sacrifices I have made to that love: but do you know in what manner she has rewarded my affection? She has sacrificed me to that blockhead Arnonville: he alone is in favour with her: she receives his letters, and has presented him with her portrait.'—'Are you sure of that?'—'Sure! it is clear as day.—It is intolerable: I renounce for ever both women and love!' As he concluded these violent expressions they had reached the door of Eugenia. Eugenia was in the balcony.—'Adieu, Germeuil: I will go up to her, and upbraid her with her shameful conduct.'

'You are going out, madam?'—'Yes, my dear Sainville.'—'Alone?'—'No.'—'Do you expect any person?'—'I was certain you would come.'—'And Arnonville, perhaps?'—'What! jealous? so much the better.'—'Inconceivable woman, what pleasure you take in tormenting me!'—'You torment yourself, Sainville: your disordered imagination alone torments you.'—'What am I to think of those letters, that portrait?'—'I have received no letters but from you, nor given my portrait to any person but yourself.'—'Ah! then am I alone in fault: let me fondly entreat your pardon for my foolish suspicions.'

'There is no longer friendship in the world!' exclaimed this morning Versac, as he came out of the closet of the minister. 'He had promised me every thing; and the first time that I ask a favour, with what coldness he receives me, and with what harshness he refuses me! Alas! how honours change manners! Henceforth I will trust in no man's friendship.'

'Sir,' said a servant, who entered at this moment, 'here is a letter.,—'Give it me.—What, from the minister! What does he say? Let us see.'—

'It was not in my power, my dear Versac, to grant you what you asked of me this morning, because it would have been an act of injustice; but in recompence for your disappointment I will take the per-

son for whom you made application into my office, and procure for him all the preferment which his talents and your recommendation entitle him to.—Believe me your friend.'

'It is enough!' said Versac; 'this reconciles me to mankind, and to my friend. How wrong it is to judge too hastily! How much mischief we do to ourselves by too precipitately condemning others!—Oh! when shall we cease to pass the one half of our lives in repairing the errors and the follies of the other half!'

THE GENEROUS GUARDIAN.

(From the MYSTERIOUS PROTECTOR, *a Novel, lately published, dedicated, by permission, to Lady* CRESPIGNY.*)*

THE approaching month of September was to bring some guests for the shooting season to Oakland; and Julia looked forward to their arrival with regret, as it might occasion some interruption to her walks and her amusements. With very different sentiments did lady Middleton prepare for their arrival. To her they would be some relief from the dull uniformity of the country; and though only lord Gray was expected the first part of it, yet his society would afford her some opportunity of shewing her taste and displaying her person. Lord Gray was one of those unsuccessful suitors whom she had discarded for Mr. Middleton; but, as her fortune was chiefly the object of his pursuit, and he had more than 'one string to his bow,' he bore his disappointment with great philosophy, and was still her ladyship's obedient servant and cousin. He knew all her little foibles, and he *flattered* them too; for Oakland was sometimes a pleasant lounge for his lordship when he had no better object in view. Young, gay, and profligate; adopting all the vices, and affecting all what he considered the *elegant* foibles, of the young man of fashion; he retained the *former* as necessary appendages to that situation which his rank and fortune had enabled him to support since he came of age, though not without injuring the one as much as he had disgraced the other. *Such* a man as this would never have found a place at sir William's table but as a relation of his lady's, who really saw nothing in him but what was the *comme il faut;* and though he was *a little* gay and thoughtless, yet he was not more so than *other* young men of fashion. Sir William, though he could not accord with her ideas, would not argue against them, or make a *favourite* relation the object of any little contention: and therefore lord Gray was, whenever he chose—which was not often—a visitor at Oakland: but sir William, when he looked at *Julia,* felt new sensations of regret as the time approached that was to bring *such* a guest to their hitherto-peaceful party. He knew that innocence and beauty would not protect such attractions from the attentions, and perhaps impertinence, of his lordship; but he determined to watch his lovely charge with a guardian's care, and to trust her as little as possible from his sight. Lady Middleton had almost forgotten *her* in thinking of her guest; till, on the day of his arrival, she could not help observing that Julia looked more lovely and interesting than she had ever seen her; and she made the discovery with some slight sensations of regret. Perhaps she looked more beautiful from the elegant simplicity of her dress, which formed so great a contrast to the more obtrusive appearance of her ladyship as heightened the native ele-

gance of the one at the expence of the other.

At length lord Gray was announced, and welcomed by the mistress of the house with all the cordiality of an old and favourite friend. After he had acknowledged her politeness, he turned to sir William, who was standing by Julia—'May I entreat,' said he, 'an introduction to this *fair unknown*, whose smiles alone would almost tempt me to forget the heat and dust I have had to encounter in getting here? Come, sir William, let me not burst with ignorance, but introduce me with all my imperfections on my head.' 'Miss Melbourne, sir,' said sir William gravely; 'who would rather have you introduced with your *good* qualities, as those only can authorise any introduction from me to this lady.' Julia blushed and curtsied; whilst this grave and pointed address would have disconcerted any one but lord Gray, who calmly seated himself by her side at the dinner table, and did not think enough of lady Middleton to observe her clouded looks at every attention he paid to Julia. After dinner, sir William, to divert his attention from Julia, enquired if he had got his gun and dogs ready for the next day; and whether, like a true sportsman, he would give the poor partridges a salute early in the morning, or be killing them in his dreams till noon? 'And would you, sir William,' replied his lordship, 'send me away from the ladies before I can have an opportunity of recommending myself to their good graces? No; you must allow me to avail myself of that introduction which you have just given me to miss Melbourne, and permit me to devote at least one day to the discovery of those good qualities which you have promised shall ensure her favour: and if I can keep this *fairer game* in view' (looking at Julia), 'faith, sir William, you will not find me very eager to start any other.' This sally of his lordship's was as disgusting to Julia as it was displeasing to lady Middleton. To sir William it discovered more perhaps than was meant to meet the ear.

The next day brought with it happily some new guests, who, in some measure, relieved miss Melbourne from the irksome conversation and officious civility of lord Gray; who seemed to have forgotten entirely that it was the first of September, or that he had betted fifty guineas with a friend, the day before he came down, that he would send him ten brace of birds of his own shooting the first morning. He *had* indeed, as he had said, *other* game in view; and such was his disposition, that no obstacle interrupted him in any pursuit where his wishes or his passions were at all concerned. He thought few women could resist the *united* attractions of *wealth*, *fashion*, and *splendour*. He did not mean to try the influence of either at present on miss Melbourne, who was, in his opinion, too *insignificant* for *such* a trial; but he found she would do vastly well *pour passer le tems*, and he left the rest to chance or his own genius.

But Julia, disgusted with his free and libertine manners, so contrasted by the mild elegance of sir William's, secluded herself as much as possible from his society, and devoted most of her time to her drawings and music; passing in her own room, or the nursery, every moment that her company was not absolutely required in the drawing-room. Lady Middleton observed this; and as she did not think her *quite* so insignificant since she had attracted the attention of her elegant cousin, she was glad to have her out of the way,

and therefore seldom interrupted the solitude to which Julia seemed to have devoted herself. Sir William, from *different* motives, saw it with equal satisfaction; and more particularly as his attention to his guests necessarily kept him from being, as formerly, the companion of her walks and her amusements.

Before the arrival of these visitors had so unpleasantly interrupted her pursuits, Julia had begun with much eagerness and taste to decorate a little temple which was a favourite spot of sir William's, situated in an island, in a retired part of the park, about half a mile from the house. She had ornamented the walls with some landscapes from her own pencil, which she had taken from nature, and some views from such parts of the grounds as sir William was most partial to. There, too, she sometimes took her *harp*, or her *book*; and Caroline and Henry would frequently attend her in her rambles.

The first fortnight of lord Gray's arrival had passed away thus, and Julia seldom met him but at dinner and supper; but, at these times, when thrown off his guard—forgetful of the frown of lady Middleton or the scrutinising eye of sir William—his manners were officious, disgusting, and troublesome.

One day, after dinner, assuming a very grave look, and turning to sir William—'Pray,' said his lordship, 'may I ask what part of this Gothic mansion or its demesnes is the haunt of magicians and enchanters?' Sir William, who thought he alluded to an idea which is generally connected with old houses of this appearance, smiling, told him, he did not exactly know in what room he would find the ghost; but there were people in the house, such as the old butler or nurse, who would give him better information on the subject than himself. 'I shall not go beyond the present company for information,' said his lordship. 'I only beg to know what magic spells, or what fairy ground, so often and so long detain miss Melbourne from the less-hallowed circle of sir William's drawing-room and its inferior attractions?' Julia only smiled at this unexpected attack; and sir William answered with a look of unusual severity at his lordship—'Whatever are miss Melbourne's haunts, I hope they will always be sacred from rudeness, and that she will not want the *magician's wand*, or any more powerful spells than *innocence* and loveliness, to protect her.' 'So, sir William,' added lord Gray, 'you are determined not to give me an opportunity of displaying any of my qualifications—not even my talent for gallantry! Now, when I, like a true knight-errant, was going to offer my services to release the lady from the power of enchantment, or any wicked spells or genii that might molest her haunts, *you* forbid my services, and will not let me play the Quixote. Yet I hope miss Melbourne will not be so cruel, but let me *explore* if I promise not to *molest* her haunts, or any happier hero to whom she may have delegated the charge of them. I will not hurt even a sylph, though I would *turn* one to be the *favoured guardian* of so much beauty.' Here he darted a pointed look at sir William, more particularly as he pronounced the word '*favoured*;' and here the conversation ended, but not till it had made a painful impression on sir William's mind. He knew not what lord Gray might attempt: from such a character, he knew he had every thing to apprehend; but trusting to the security of his care and protection of Julia, and unwilling to alarm her unsuspicious mind with groundless apprehensions, this conversation soon ap-

peared by all parties to be forgotten, and she pursued her walks and amusements as usual.

More than a fortnight had elapsed after this conversation—and, during the interval, Julia seemed to have forgotten both that and the temple—when, tempted by the serenity of a cloudless sky, she determined to devote another afternoon to her favourite retirement. As soon as they left the dinner table, whilst lady Middleton was gone to give some orders in the nursery, she put on her bonnet, and strolled immediately—fearless of the *wicked magician*— to this scene of serenity and peace. A letter, which she received just before she sat down to table, remained in her pocket unopened: and she longed for such an opportunity of unsealing her packet. It was from Adeline, and dated from Paris.

'MY DEAR JULIA,

'I promised to give you the earliest intelligence of my quitting the convent; but for the first fortnight after my arrival here I was so lost in astonishment and admiration at the gay and novel scene which surrounds me, that I really could not find either my head or my hand sufficiently tranquil to address you. And yet, my Julia! I have not forgotten you, in the midst even of Paris and gaiety—and I have never thought of you but with sentiments of the sincerest esteem and tenderness.

'I know not if this new kind of world wears the same appearance to you in England; if it does, you will agrree with me that all its gaieties, even with the recommendation of novelty, will not fill up the void which the absence of such a friend makes in the heart. That heart seems already oppressed with a thousand new and painful apprehensions when I look at my dear Louis, and his friend the young chevalier du Valmont, who is also in his regiment, which they are to join very soon. On introducing this elegant and interesting stranger, my brother gave me so warm and glowing a description of his merit as might, if it were more susceptible, place my heart in some danger.

'We are here at present in a state of tranquillity, but my father thinks this temporary calm is only the forerunner of a frightful storm. The people begin already to talk of freedom and equality; and on the ruins of the Bastille they seem to be erecting the standard of disaffection. My father, you know, is most firmly attached to his sovereign, and considers him less as the king than the parent of his people. The marquis de Villeroi always held a distinguished place in his favour; and his gratitude and affection towards this mild and amiable monarch may perhaps awaken needless apprehensions in his breast. My mother has caught some of his fears; but my brother and the chevalier smile at them, and only look grave when they talk of leaving us. —Ah, this chevalier, Julia!—He is, indeed, very amiable, and he is my brother's friend. My father admires, my mother adores him—and your *pauvre* Adeline *must* like him, to avoid singularity. But I will write no more of him, lest *you* should love him too. I want to know if you have any chevaliers in England, and what you are doing, Julia? who are your companions, your friends—if the English are all good and amiable as yourself. Unless you write soon and tell me to the contrary, I shall begin to think they have taught you to forget your

'ADELINE.'

With emotions of the tenderest recollections, Julia read this letter;

and its contents had led her into a train of thoughts that detained her in the temple till the soft radiance of the moon, shining full on her face, reminded her that it was time to return; and looking at her watch, she found it was near seven o'clock. She was putting the letter in her pocket, and preparing to depart, when she thought she heard a rustling in the trees behind the temple, and the sound of footsteps. She at first supposed it might be her favourite little dog come in pursuit of her; but before she had time to form a second conjecture, lord Gray entered the temple, exclaiming, 'Ah! my little divinity! have I at length found out this *favoured haunt* which has robbed me of so much of your company! Come, I must play the magician now, and be enchanter in my turn. Let me try if my spells can keep you here a little longer.' He immediatly seized the hand of the astonished Julia, and, placing himself between her and the door, prevented every attempt to escape. 'Surely, my lord,' she said, 'it is no great proof of your *gallantry*, whatever it may be of your *power*, to detain a lady here against her inclination.'—'Why now,' answered his lordship, 'you must only suppose me some one of your favoured *sylphs*, who, I doubt not, haunt this place as well as yourself; and I dare say you would neither *refuse* me a *tête-à-tête*, nor grant one thus reluctantly." He still retained her hand, and insisted on her being seated. Julia, who now discovered what she had not before perceived, that he was flushed with wine, began to be alarmed; but, concealing it as much as possible, said lady Middleton would wait tea for them, and sir William would be uneasy at so long an absence. 'No,' cried his ordship, 'thank my lucky stars! I have for once found you without this *kind*, this *careful*, guardian; and, by Heaven! you *shall* hear *now* what I have to say to you. I love—I adore you. My life, my fortunes, are all at your disposal: consent then, lovely Julia! to fly with me this moment, and leave sir William to console himself with some other fair-one. He will, I doubt not, soon forget you in the arms of some new beauty.' Here his lordship paused, again rudely grasped her hand, and kissed it. Terrified at this conduct, Julia could only say, 'I shall certainly, my lord, inform lady Middleton of this extraordinary behaviour; for which nothing can be an excuse but the situation you are now in.'—'Go tell,' he cried with a contemptuous sneer, 'your story to lady Middleton, and see if she will be disposed to listen to any tale you may relate to her but that of sir William's kindness. *This* I have taught her not to doubt. He could not hope to impose on me as he did on his wife, with his ward and his *protogée*, his miss Melbourne; nor can you, my little Julia! therefore listen to my proposal. Leave this sir William, this guardian, to console himself with some other, though less lovely, Julia; and I think you will not long repent having quitted *his* protection for *mine*, or regret accepting that more brilliant establishment it is now in my power to offer you.'

Overcome with terror and surprise, the emotions of both kept Julia silent. Perceiving this, 'Do you hesitate,' he cried, 'my lovely charmer?—Recollect that you can no longer pass on lady Middleton for a *protogée*, a *ward*, or even a miss Melbourne. I have prevented that; and as for sir William—' 'Oh, were he but here!' said Julia, in an agony of terror and grief, 'he would at least protect me from the insult of such offers, and teach

your lordship, with all the resentment of injured virtue, what it is to violate the laws of hospitality and honour!'—'And he *shall* protect you, *now* and ever!' said a voice that moment entering the temple. It was sir William himself, who, turning to lord Gray with contempt and indignation, exclaimed, 'For shame, my lord!—Is this the conduct of a man of honour?—of a gentleman? I thought that the protection of my *house* would at least have secured miss Melbourne from such an insult as that of breaking in upon a lady's retirement, which shall always, when *I* have any power, be sacred from the eye of the libertine and the step of the licentious.' Then observing that he was heated with wine, added, 'Your present situation, and the relationship in which you stand towards lady Middleton, may in this instance be some palliation for that indignation and contempt which your conduct has awakened in me; and I shall only beg your lordship to recollect when next you propose visiting Oakland, that the man who has *once* in my house dared to violate the laws of honour never enters it a second time when *I am* at home. Lady Middleton will, if she chooses, receive your lordship's visits; but for myself, I beg leave in future to dispense with them.'

Taking Julia tenderly by the hand, he left his lordship to his own reflections, cursing his ill luck, that had so unfortunately thrown sir William in his way just as he had sprung the game. Sir William—who had heard no part of this conversation, and who had only by accident reached the temple just at the moment that he heard Julia wishing for his protection—knew not to what lengths his lordship had gone; and, supposing that the wine had thrown him a little off his guard, took no notice of this adventure at home, from motives of delicacy both towards lady Middleton and Julia: but he had the satisfaction of seeing lord Gray the next morning depart from Oakland to pursue some other fair-one; whom he might not find protected by so watchful and troublesome a guardian.

Lord Gray's departure seemed to have restored quiet and serenity to every inhabitant of Oakland but to Julia; on whose mind his lordship's conversation in the temple, and his hints about sir William and lady Middleton, had left an impression too painful to be conquered. It also led her thoughts towards herself and her situation at Oakland, and brought with it a thousand reflections which had never occurred to her till this period. She was now at no loss to account for lady Middleton's change of conduct towards her; and for that coldness, or rather indifference, which had for some time past taken place of the kindness with which she treated her when she first came to England. In what a light must she appear to her, if lord Gray's insinuations had indeed had any weight with her ladyship; how devoid of honour, gratitude, and principle! The bare idea was dreadful to a mind so pure, so innocent, as Julia's. Her situation, too, might in the opinion of the world be equivocal, if lord Gray's hints were attended to. Sir William was yet young, handsome, and amiable; nor did he in any company scruple to pay her those attentions which told how much he was interested in her happiness. Delicacy like Julia's, when once alarmed, was not soon to be quieted; and she began to think that the guardianship of so young a man as sir William might wear a questionable appearance to more eyes than lady

Middleton's. This naturally led her mind to a train of new ideas on the subject. *Who* had delegated this power to sir William? and from whom had he received this trust, which he had always fulfilled with so much tenderness and delicacy? Had she any claims on his kindness beyond those which the friendless and unprotected ask of the rich and good?—If she had *not*, the debt of gratitude would be too oppressive to bear—too great to be discharged: and if she *had*, why not avow them; at least to herself, if not to the world? Such a conduct would relieve her mind from doubt and anxiety, and she therefore determined to take the first opportunity of asking this explanation of sir William; but yet, would not such a conduct wear the appearance of officiousness and ingratitude? Would it not seem as if she were tired of that protection which his kindness had so long afforded her? Was she, even indirectly, to upbraid her benefactor, her dearest friend, for his silence on this subject? Was her confidence in his honour to be weakened by the dark and malevolent insinuations of such a man as lord Gray? No; she felt the ingratitude, the injustice, of such conduct; and therefore determined to remain silent on the subject, whatever it might cost her, till sir William himself mentioned it; and she endeavoured to banish it from her thoughts whenever it occurred to her, which it did but too frequently, and robbed her of tranquillity, which seemed now to be vanished from her bosom.

The emotions of that bosom did not long escape the penetrating eye of sir William. He saw that Julia was unhappy; but he knew not why she began to substitute towards him coldness and reserve, for that artless and undisguised affection with which she had hitherto treated him. If she casually met his eye, hers was instantly arrested with evident confusion and uneasiness. Her whole manner towards him was cold, distant and changed. She no longer sought him as the companion of her walks, or the approver of her domestic amusements. Her altered cheek, her languid countenance, the sigh which sometimes unconsciously escaped her bosom, all convinced sir William that every thing was not right in that seat of innocence, but no longer of tranquillity; and he determined to take the first opportunity of seeking an explanation of all this, fearing that his own conduct or lady Middleton's might—though he knew not how—have given cause for such a change in his lovely ward. Accordingly, having one day requested Julia to attend him in a ramble round the park, he addressed her in the following terms:

'I cannot, my dear miss Milbourne! observe the change which has for some time past taken place in my lovely ward with indifference or neglect. I cannot hear a sigh escape my Julia's bosom without inquiring the cause of it, or see the roses forsake her cheeks without endeavouring to restore them. Has any part of mine or lady Middleton's conduct given a moment's pain to her? or, tired of the restraining eye of a *guardian*, does she wish to leave his protection for that of some happier man, who may have obtained an influence in that gentle heart? I would not be officious, I would not be impertinent, my dear Julia!—only teach me how to make you happy; and do not, as of late, seem to forget that I am your friend.'

'Oh, sir William!' said Julia—overpowered with such kindness—'*you* are all tenderness and indulgence—and *I* only am ungrateful.'—'No, not *ungrateful*,' replied sir William; 'that is a term I cannot

apply to miss Melbourne, unless she refuses me that confidence which I now ask of her, not as her *guardian*, but her *friend*.' Unwilling to wound his feelings by the relation of what had passed between her and lord Gray, Julia blushed, hesitated, and was silent. He saw her confusion, yet knew not to what he ought to attribute it; but he at length drew from her the round unvarnished tale of lord Gray's conduct in the temple, and the hints he had then thrown out about lady Middleton and himself. Overcome with astonishment at such treacherous, such unexpected, cruelty, sir William remained for some time lost in the contending emotions of anger and revenge against the author of such calumnies, such cool and deliberate malice as that of attempting to disturb the harmony of a family, and the peace of innocence and virtue; but—soon recollecting himself, and unwilling to alarm Julia's delicacy by allowing her to suppose that the opinion and observations of such a man were worth a moment's reflection—he desired her to consider them as much beneath *her* notice as the author of them was below *his* revenge. 'Ah! but,' said Julia, 'does lady Middleton think so too? Partial as she is to lord Gray and to all his opinions, will she be convinced that I have not deserved to be so prejudiced in hers? Oh, if I had, in what a light must I have appeared to her, and to the world!' Sir William, charmed with this new proof of that delicacy which had been so cruelly wounded, replied, 'Lady Middleton is too good herself, my dear miss Melbourne, I am convinced, to suffer the insinuations even of lord Gray to have any influence over her opinion of you: —if you doubt this, I will myself explain to her lord Gray's conduct; and she will, I am persuaded, see it in the same light that I do, and yourself in that in which you must ever appear to the unprejudiced and discriminating mind. But I must now turn to another subject, on which I should *never* have entered, but that his lordship's insinuations, and that delicacy which he has so wantonly alarmed, seem to demand some explanation from me. I mean the situation in which I now stand with respect to yourself: but if I am less explicit on this subject than you wish me to be, you must pardon me, my dear Julia; and recollect, that the *vow* of *confidence* is not to be violated—with me it will be *ever sacred*.

'When you were committed, my dear girl! in your infancy, to my guardianship, it was done in the most awful manner; and not till after I had solemnly promised that *nothing* should induce me to violate the confidence reposed in me by a trust so *sacredly* delegated to my care. The duties of that trust I have endeavoured to fulfil with satisfaction to *you*, as well myself; and I shall always continue to do so till *a more powerful claim* takes you from me. The secresy of the *grave* is not to be violated;—its confidence is *awful*—is *sacred!* and I can only say, that you shall never want a protector in me till death deprives you of me, or gives you to another who *may one day* claim the treasure *till then* committed to *my* care. *If* such a circumstance *should* ever happen, I trust it would not rob me of my Julia, without transferring her to a situation that would not be inferior to those perfections which would add dignity to any, however splendid, that she might hereafter be placed in; but in the mean time, to relieve her mind from the idea of either *present* or *future* dependance, take this, my dear girl!' he said—putting a paper into her hand—'and I can only entreat that you will rest with perfect confidence

on my honour and affection, and be happy.' He then left the astonished Julia oppressed with gratitude and tenderness, when she saw that it was a bond on his estate for five thousand pounds. She would have flown after him to return such an unexampled proof of generosity, but sir William was gone; nor would he ever after suffer her to mention the subject to him, or to return the bond, which he desired her never to trust out of her possession.

ANECDOTE OF TIBERIUS.

THAT men of vindictive and sanguinary dispositions may occasionally perform acts of magnanimity and generosity, is evinced by the following anecdote, related by Tacitus, of the cruel and gloomy Tiberius.

On the death of his only son Drusus, with whom he appears always to have lived on the terms of parental affection, before the corpse was yet buried, Tiberius entered the senate-house with a firm and erect mien, and reminding the consuls of their dignity, who had quitted their chairs of state in token of their grief, he told the assembly that he was sensible he might incur blame by appearing before them while the cause of his sorrow was so recent; that it was indeed the usual practice for mourners scarcely to be seen by their nearest relations, still less by the public—a practice he did not mean to censure as unmanly; but, for his own part, he sought more effectual consolation in the bosom of his fellow-citizens. Then expressing his melancholy feelings on account of the extreme old age of Augusta (Livia), the tender years of his grand-children, and his own declining health, he desired that the children of Germanicus, the only hope in the present calamity, might be introduced. The consuls accordingly went out; and after preparing the youths for the solemn scene, brought them in, and placed them before the emperor. He took them by the hand, and thus addressed the senate:—'Conscript fathers, these youths, after the loss of their parent, I committed to the care of their uncle; and besought him, though he was not without children of his own, that he would educate them in the same manner as if they were his own blood, and form them to virtue for their own sakes and that of posterity. Now that Drusus, too, is taken away from them, I turn to you, and adjure you by the sacred names of the gods and your country, that you would receive to your bosoms these descendants of Augustus—these youths of the noblest blood. Take them, be their guardians, supply both my place and your own.—These, Nero and Drusus, are henceforth to be regarded by you as your parents. Your birth and rank are such that nothing good or evil can happen to you, but, at the same time, it must affect the commonwealth.'

The historian tells us, that the whole assembly burst into tears, intermixed with the most ardent vows for the prosperity and welfare of the illustrious brothers committed to their charge. Their father Germanicus had been the favourite of the whole Roman people; and if genuine natural sensations can ever be excited in a political assembly, the present scene was surely calculated to awaken them. That Tiberius was a hypocrite in this most solemn and well-supported piece of action is scarcely credible, nor can it easily be shewn what motive he could have to become such.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LA FONTAINE'S ASTROLOGER.

A POOR astrologer, they say,
Went out to walk one luckless day:
Heedless he stray'd, when, sad to tell!
He tumbled souse into a well!
Some wits came up, and, with a sneer,
Thus play'd upon the fall'n seer:—
Fool! when the ground deceives thine eyes,
Shouldst thou pretend to read the skies?

This fact, without another word,
A useful lesson might afford.—
Full many in the present age
Resemble this ill-fated sage;
Who hold, as firmly as their creed,
That men the book of fate may read.
But what's this wond'rous book of fate
That ancient authors celebrate?—
With them 'tis chance, without design;
With us, 'tis Providence divine.
Now, from mere chance we nothing know,
Else 't were absurd to call it so:
Chance is uncertain, fortune blind,
And 'scape all foresight of the mind.
As for the purposes of God,
Who rules all nature by his nod;
Whose pow'r did ev'ry thing produce,
But nought without its proper use;
He only knows them: let not man
Presume his vast designs to scan.
Grant on the front of stars to write
What future times have hid in night;
For what great end? T' employ the wit
Of those who on the sphere have writ?
Or teach us, as through heav'n they glide,
Ills unavoidable t'avoid?
Or with foreboding fear t' annoy,
And poison ev'ry present joy?
Or torture with anticipation,
And curse with bliss in expectation?
'T is worse than error in the brain;
'Tis sin such maxims to maintain:
Repugnant to our sense they seem,
Nor worthy of the power supreme.
The stars their errands still repeat;
The sun dispenses light and heat:
In constant order, as decreed,
His rays the shades of night succeed.
But what uncommon doctrine, pray,
Do those phenomena convey?
Why, that the day succeeds the night;
And, when the sun shines, that 'tis light—
He leads the year, feeds what we sow,
And sheds his warmth on all below.
But see, how regular appears
The motion of the heav'nly spheres!
Then, what agreement can we trace
'Tween them and fickle Fortune's face?
Now, to return ('tis time I think),
To him ill luck had forc'd to drink:—
Besides the falsehood of his rules,
He aptly represents those fools
Who, fond of dreams, by dreams are led,
While dangers thick around them spread.

J. B.... LL.

SONNET.

Written in a Boat off Newhaven, on the Coast of Sussex.

By CLIO RICKMAN.

I.

PACE on, bright orb of day! till in the sea
Thy burning glories vanish from my eye;
And, while thy blushing beams illume the sky,
And the day takes the last faint rays from thee,

Here let me loiter still!—for dear to me
Is evening's placid reign: when, too, on high
The moon full-orb'd resplendent ranges free,
And cliffs and passing ships I scarce descry.

II.

Now fancy hovers o'er my soul, and brings
Scenes of delight, of love, and days long past—
Ah! days too bright, too happy far, to last!—
When on this coast time flew on rapture's wings.
And though the sorrowing bard weeps as he sings,
Yet in his throbbing breast ecstatic musing springs.

BALLAD.

Sung by Miss DE CAMP *in "The Sleeping Beauty."*

I.

ONE hundred years ago,
As well as in these times,
The world had specious show,
And just as many crimes:
The courtier's ready smile
Could then false hopes bestow;—
Nay, beauty could beguile
One hundred years ago.

II.

Men breath'd the artful vow,
And maids that vow receiv'd;
They flatter'd, e'en as now,
And were as well believ'd:
Young hearts were often sold;
For, if estate were low,
They barter'd love for gold
One hundred years ago.

BALLAD,

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN *in "The Sleeping Beauty."*

HEIGHO! heigho! my love!
This fond heart beats for you;
And ne'er shall time remove
The flame to reason true.
On vows of youth rely—
Those vows which passion prove—
Nor coldly hear me cry—
Heigho! heigho! my love!

Heigho! heigho! my love!
Like weeping clouds of rain
These tears of mine reprove
Unmerited disdain.
Each pensive gale that sighs
Some pity ought to move;
Their echo well replies—
Heigho! heigho! my love!

Heigho! heigho! my love!
Ah! view that willow-tree
Which in the vernal grove
Bends low and weeps like me!
Relent, O beauteous maid!
Or here I'll ever rove,
And sigh beneath its shade—
Heigho! heigho! my love!

RONDEAU.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN *in "The Sleeping Beauty."*

WHERE is Ellen? rural beauty!
Ah, in pity, tell me where?
Well she claims a heart of duty,
Ardent love, and tender care.

Though time should fade the rose of youth,
The mind may still be vernal;
Increase of years but strengthens truth,
And virtue is eternal!—

Where is Ellen? rural beauty!
Point the path, conduct me there;
Reason sanctions fondest duty,
Ardent love, and tender care.

Some graces time will steal away,
Some graces nobly cherish;
Beauty, like flow'rs, must soon decay,
But sense can never perish!—

Where, then, is rural beauty?
Ellen pure, is Ellen fair!
Mine is still a heart of duty,
Ardent love, and tender care.

LUCRETIA.

I.

ONCE Lucretia was fair, as the dew on the rose,
Or the dawn of sweet spring's mildest day;
Her eye the fair truth of her heart did disclose,
Unsullied as evening's bright ray.

II.

But sorrow, stern sorrow, her charms did consume,
And o'erclouded with tears her bright eye;
Disrob'd her fair cheek of its once lovely bloom,
And taught her calm bosom to sigh.

III.

She sank, hapless victim! beneath its rude blast,
And refuge she sought in the grave;
She lies where yon tomb is with cypress o'ercast,
And willows so mournfully wave.

IV.

Adieu, fair Lucretia! mayst thou, dearest maid!
Obtain in yon regions above
That blissful felicity ne'er doom'd to fade,
Which on earth we are never to prove!

MARY D.

Coleshill, June 14, 1805.

SONNET TO HOPE.

HAIL, bright celestial Hope! white-handed fair!
Friend to the woe-worn hapless child of grief,
Thy gentle balm administers relief,
And mitigates the pangs of wayward care!
Thy presence, nymph, will chase afar despair,
Thy anchor e'er my best support shall be,
While sailing thro' life's rude tempestuous sea,
Where quicksands threaten, faithless waves ensnare.
Oh! waft my little bark with thy mild gale
Through dang'rous streights, where whirlpools loudly roar;
Let not th' insidious waves my soul assail,
But bear it to yon blest celestial shore;
That blissful haven, where pure joys prevail,
Where virtue flourishes for evermore.

MARY D.

Coleshill, June 29, 1805.

HENRY'S TOMB.

I.

THE breeze was hush'd, the ev'ning gay,
And brightly shone the silver moon;
That beam'd its fair resplendent ray
In sportive mood o'er Henry's tomb.

II.

When sad Electra sought the grove,
To wander in its deepest gloom;
There to lament her hapless love,
And breathe a sigh o'er Henry's tomb.

III.

Pale was her cheek, as Cynthia's ray,
Grief had disrob'd its mantling bloom;
And all life's flatt'ring pleasures lay
Now cold and drear in Henry's tomb.

IV.

Tears dimm'd her eye, her pallid cheek
Did still a fainter hue assume;
Her throbbing heart it sigh'd to break
While kneeling by her Henry's tomb.

V.

She clasp'd the marble to her breast—
'Receive me, dearest youth, I come!'
Then ceas'd, and sunk to endless rest
Beside her much-lov'd Henry's tomb.

MARY D.

Coleshill, July 12, 1805.

THE ROSE, TO ELA.

I.

GO, blushing rose! and bloom on Ela's breast;
And, while thy buds the beauteous maid adorn,
Beneath the sunshine of her eyes be blest;
But, ah! fair flower! conceal thy ruthless thorn.

II.

Oh! may her life e'er prove a summer's day!
May no rude thorns her spotless mind invade!
But pleasure's roses strew her halcyon way,
And every virtue deck the blooming maid!

MARY D.

Coleshill, July 3, 1805.

THE DYING LILY.

A CANZONET.

I.

SEE! how yon drooping lily hangs its head,
That late shone forth the garden's vernal queen!
Its late admir'd beauty now is fled;
No more it decks the sweetly-varied scene.

II.

Thus, thus will fade the most enchanting form!
Thus time, ye fair, will all your charms consume!
Then let bright Virtue's tints your minds adorn,
Her flow'rets flourish in eternal bloom!

MARY D.

Coleshill, July 1, 1805.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Berlin, Nov. 13.

COUNT Lowenheim, colonel-general of the king of Sweden, who arrived here some days since, has brought a letter from his sovereign to the king of Prussia, in which he expresses his surprise respecting the possession of Hanover by Prussian troops, and observes that the emperor Alexander and himself had previously concluded a treaty with England, in which they pledged themselves to compel the French to evacuate Hanover; that the premature conduct of Prussia had excited his astonishment, &c. &c.

Breslau, Nov. 17. The emperor Alexander arrived here in the night between the 15th and 16th. He did not pass through Prague from Dresden, but through Lusace, and arrived here last from Leignitz. After taking supper at midnight, this monarch, without resting, proceeded to Olmutz, where, we understand, he had an interview with the emperor of Germany.

Stutgard, Nov. 21. We have received accurate information respecting the fate of the Austrians under generals Wolfskehl and Jellachich. It was at Plaudentz where these troops, after sustaining several combats with marshal Augereau, were forced to capitulate. The former then consisted of the infantry regiments of Stein, Beaulieu, and Jellachich. The cavalry had been separated, and crossed the Danube in two columns, to force a passage through Franconia into Bohemia. This enterprise, however, succeeded with one column only; the other was dispersed near Kieslegg. The officers and privates that surrendered at Plaudentz are not to serve against the French during a year and a day. The column that escaped excited much alarm for some days in the neighbourhood of Dillingen, where they made several French commissioners prisoners. Besides the garrison of Ulm, that were sent in pursuit of these troops, a French battalion was dispatched in great haste after them on the 17th from Augsburg to Donauwerth.

Augsbourg, Nov. 22. M. Harnier, the Prussian resident at Munich, has received a courier from his court with dispatches, said to be of such importance as to render his attendance necessary at the head-quarters of the emperor Napoleon, where he is to wait the arrival of count Haugwitz.

A fresh transport of Russian and Austrian prisoners have arrived here within a few days. A body of French troops, as a reinforcement for the grand army, from the interior, have also passed through this city. Vast quantities of grain have been brought this way, within the last fortnight. Biscuit is continually baking here, and at Munich, for the army; at that place there are eleven ovens, and here twenty-one, continually employed. The whole of the states and provinces lately conquered by France, and formerly belonging to Austria, contain a population of eighteen millions of people; producing a revenue to that house of sixty millions of imperial florins, or one hundred and fifty-six millions of francs.

Brixen, Nov. 23. As soon as the archduke Charles was informed of the capture of Ulm and the fate of the Austrian army, he felt it necessary to evacuate the states of Venice. He has made his retreat, often fighting, but still with order, and with the ability of a great general. His retreat caused the voluntary evacuation of the Tyrol by the archduke John, who occupied the Bremer only long enough to enable general Hiller to withdraw from Roveredo. This corps passed through Venice the 10th, without being pursued by the French, and marched towards Pusterthat, in order to join the archduke Charles. The archduke John followed with one thousand five hundred men.

On the 15th the French entered this place with music at their head, and extended themselves through the southern Tyrol. They principally occupied, however, the towns, and did not spread themselves in the country. Before his departure, the archduke John addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants, in which he enjoined them to throw down their arms, and not to oppose the entrance of the French. The latter had penetrated from Pusterthat to Silian; but after several actions they were forced to retreat, and do not now extend beyond Muhlbach. The prince de Rohan, who, after the defeat of the Austrians at Ulm, retreated to Vinschgau, has succeeded, with his corps of two thousand five hundred men, in forming a junction with the archduke Charles.

Vienna, Nov. 24. The negociations for peace have commenced. It is stated by some that the emperor of the French is about to depart for Italy, while others say that his intention is to return to Paris.

The reports of an insurrection in Poland gain ground daily. In the villages of that country, writings, in the native language of the people, are circulating, stimulating the Poles to embrace this opportunity to regain their independence, by choosing a king according to their wish. It is said, that several Polish officers, and among whom is general Kosciusko, have repaired to the French head-quarters. Some say that an insurrection has actually taken place in Poland.

Antwerp, Nov. 25. The eight thousand French troops within the walls of this city will, in the course of a few days, be increased to twenty thousand. Several houses have ten men quartered upon them. A number of these troops are destined for the Batavian republic. Prince Louis is daily expected, a house being appointed for his reception. General Colaud will command under him.

Memmingen, Nov. 26. The corps under the command of marshal Augereau, consisting for the greatest part of infantry, arrived to day in this town and its environs. These troops proceeded immediately along the Danube. It is stated, that they are to form a corps of observation in the principalities of Bamberg and Wurtzbourg.

Moravia, Nov. 28. The army of the archduke Ferdinand, in Bohemia, has been considerably reinforced, and the French appear to direct a part of their troops towards that kingdom. It is even said, that the Bavarian army will be increased to eighty thousand men, in order to protect the operations against Bohemia, and prevent the troops acting in that quarter from being taken in the rear.

Olmutz, Nov. 29. The combined army of Austrians and Russians has made two marches in advance upon the enemy, but the latter appears to avoid a battle.

The head-quarters of the two emperors were yesterday at Wischau; the left wing was near Kremsir, and the advanced guard near Hardisch.

If we may judge from the march of this army of the direction it intends to take, it appears that, in case the French army shall continue to avoid a battle, the Austro-Russian army will incline upon Presburg, pass the Danube there, and endeavour to deliver Vienna from the French on that side. This plan must be likewise that of the archduke Charles. The French have intercepted one of his couriers.

Paris, Nov. 30. The following letter, dated from the head-quarters

at Bregentz, on the 18th, was addressed by marshal Augereau, commandant of the 7th corps of the grand army, to the general of division Vial, ambassador from his majesty the emperor to the Helvetic confederation:—

'Bindau, Bregentz, and Feldkerch, my dear general, are in our possession. All this was effected on the 22d and 23d instant. The results are six thousand Austrians disarmed, and sent to Bohemia, upon condition not to serve against France for a year and a day, from the present time; a considerable number of Tyroleans and peasants are also disarmed; eight standards, several magazines, and some fine artillery, have fallen into our hands. I am vigorously pursuing the corps under prince Rohan, and hope shortly to come up with him. A lieutenant and a major-general are among the number of prisoners.—Receive, my dear general, the assurance of my particular esteem.

(Signed) 'AUGEREAU.'

Augsburg, Dec. 1. 'The army of marshal Augereau has suddenly received orders to enter Franconia by Ulm. This movement has caused here a great deal of inquietude: four thousand men from this army last night entered Gunzberg.

Hague, Dec. 3. We learn that count Haugwitz, the Prussian cabinet minister, arrived at Vienna on the 20th ult. and that he is charged with a mission, on the part of his court, to the emperor of the French, in which we are assured his Prussian majesty has offered to exert all the means in his power for obtaining a general peace.

Olmutz, Dec. 3. Yesterday a great battle took place between the combined and French armies in the vicinity of the villages Slapanitz, Kobelnitz, and Jilnitz, not far from Turas, which lasted till to-day at noon, and was extremely bloody. The issue is still undecided, and all the accounts received here rest on mere reports. Our fortress in the mean time has been put into a state to stand a siege, and the royal family has removed to Teschen.

'The two emperors are with the army: we wait for more circumstantial particulars.

P. S. According to later accounts, the battle has at last been decided in favour of the Austrian and Russian army, with whom the victory remains.

Paris, Dec. 4. The Moniteur of the 3d contains the following important article:—

'M. Van Stadion, minister of the emperor of Germany at Petersburg, and lieutenant-general count Von Guilay, have been presented to his majesty the French emperor at Brunn, as plenipotentiaries of the above-mentioned emperor, to conclude a definitive peace: on our emperor's part M. Talleyrand has been nominated, who has also been invested with the necessary powers. It is to be hoped that peace will be the issue of their negociations; but this should by no means enervate the zeal of the administrators and of the nation. It should, on the contrary, be a stimulus the more; let the conscripts precipitate their march, to justify the well-known adage, 'Would you have peace, be prepared for war!' His majesty has commanded the ministers of war and interior relations not to relax a tittle in their preparations.'

Moravia, Dec. 4. In the battle of the 2d, the Russians, by the impetuous attack of the French, had lost a part of their artillery; but towards the evening general Kutosow retook the artillery, and rescued the greater part of the prisoners.

On the 3d the battle was renewed, and the fortune of arms declared in favour of the combined army, which resumed its position near Austerlitz, and prepared for a new attack on the 5th.

Victory or death was the word in the battle, which was one of the most bloody in modern history. The contest was decided by the bayonet and the sabre.

The Russian guards, under the grand duke Constantine, fought with the greatest bravery. The Austrian cavalry likewise contributed greatly to the battle on the 3d.

HOME NEWS.

York, Nov. 28.

AN affecting circumstance relative to the awful visitation of the Almighty occurred a few days ago, at Hebdenbridge, in Yorkshire. As the corpse of the wife of a labouring man lay in the coffin previous to interment, the afflicted husband, with feelings our pen cannot describe, drew near to take a last farewell of the once-loved partner of his joys or sorrows. He had been united to her fifty years, and, what is strikingly remarkable in the annals of the marriage state, during so long a period, the noise of dissention had never been heard between them. At this awful moment, when his eye was directed to the inanimate remains of his departed wife, he suddenly dropt down, and, before medical assistance could be procured, expired! There are some who stubbornly maintain that the lowly and ignorant are incapable of the nice touch of feeling inseparable to intelligent minds: the recital of the above artless tale of truth must alter the position of such extraneous argument.

A most daring robbery was committed on Saturday evening, in the neighbourhood of Newbattle. A young man, named Cumming, grieve upon one of the collieries belonging to the marquis of Lothian, received a letter in the forenoon, desiring him to come to Newbattle at seven o'clock at night with what money he had collected during the week. The letter, it appears, was a fabrication; for, upon coming to the head of the path, Cumming was seized by some fellows, who bound him hand and foot, and tied him up to a tree. They then rifled his pockets, and took from him forty pounds sterling. The poor man must have perished had it not been for some carters passing, who, hearing him crying, liberated him. He had hung about an hour. We hear a precognition has been taken by the sheriff, and it is hoped the perpetrators will soon be brought to justice.

London, Nov. 29. Intelligence (which is now known to be false) was communicated to government in the following letter from the Dutch admiral Kickert:

'*Brutus, Nov. 25.* Rear-admiral Kickert has the honour to inform the commander of any of his Britannic majesty's ships which are on the coast of Holland, that the important intelligence of peace having been signed between his majesty the emperor the French and the emperor of Germany, under the walls of Vienna, has been received by an extraordinary courier; and that the conditions were so settled, that until the ratification of the treaty Venice and the whole Tyrol should continue in the hands of the French. The archduke Charles is dead with chagrin and fatigue. A more detailed account is every moment expected of the conditions of the treaty; among which, it is said, there is an article, stating, that the government of Austria is to pay to the emperor of the French forty millions of francs.

'KICKERT.'

This letter was sent in a fishing-

boat, and was directed to any of the captains of the British men of war which the boat might meet with on the coast of Holland. The *Flora* frigate was the first vessel which the fishing-boat met with. The letter was immediately delivered to the captain, who made sail for Yarmouth, and delivered the letter to admiral Russell, by whom it was sent to the admiralty.

Dec. 6. Yesterday being the day appointed for the general thanksgiving to Almighty God, it was observed with the utmost solemnity in every part of the metropolis, and, we have no doubt we may add, in every part of the empire. All the churches and chapels were crowded; all distinctions of sects were done away—and Christian and Jew, and catholic and protestant, all united in the expression of one feeling of piety and gratitude to the Almighty.

In most of the churches and chapels collections were made for the wounded and for the widows and orphans of the gallant men who died in the service of their country. They exceeded even the most sanguine expectation.

The thanksgiving was observed at the mother church, St. Paul's Cathedral, with much grandeur. A short time before twelve o'clock, his royal highness the duke of Cambridge and his staff, the lord mayor, several aldermen, and the city officers, arrived there. They were conducted into the vestry, from which place they went in grand procession to the choir: the duke of Cambridge and the lord mayor walked together. After they had taken the seats which had been allotted to them, the corps of the artillery company, under the command of colonel le Mesurier, who were on duty to receive the duke of Cambridge, having taken their seats near the altar, the city marshal held up his hand for the public to be admitted into the body of the choir; when the pressure was so extremely great, from the immense crowd that was collected, that several women fainted. The lord mayor sent a smelling-bottle to assist in recovering them.

The sermon was preached by the reverend Mr. Hatt, the lord mayor's chaplain. After the sermon, an anthem was sung by the reverend Mr. Beckwith, one of the minor canons; Mr. Page, one of the vicar chorals; and master Cutler, of the cathedral: the words of which were extremely well selected for the occasion, and are as follow:—

DUET—*The reverend Mr.* Beckwith *and Mr.* Page.

The Lord is a man of war; Lord is his name—Pharaoh's chariots, and his host, hath he cast into the sea; his chosen captains are also drowned in the Red Sea.

SOLO—*Master* Cutler.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.—The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

GRAND CHORUS.

I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.—The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

Portsmouth, Dec. 8. The *Victory* is undergoing several necessary repairs, previous to her going to the Nore, whither she is ordered with the remains of our beloved lord Nelson. Admirals Montagu and sir Isaac Coffin's flags, and the pendants and colours of all the ships at this port, are lowered to half-mast high; and the captains and officers of the ships to wear crape round their arms, and side arms: those belonging to the *Victory* are in deeper mourning.

London, Dec. 14. About eight o'clock yesterday evening a fire was discovered in the lower part of the back premises of Mr. Gillet, a most respectable printer, the front of whose house is in Salisbury-square, and the back in Hanging-Sword-alley, Water-lane, near Crown-court, Fleet-street.

The fire broke out in the lower warehouse, and is supposed to have been occasioned by a spark flying on some paper, of which the room was full. There were from fifty to sixty men at work in the office at the time the accident occurred, none of whom can otherwise account for it. From this lower room it soon reached the

upper floors, which were also fully stocked with paper; from one warehouse it made its way to another, and from thence to the printing office. The damage which has been done is as follows:—The warehouses and printing-offices of Mr. Gillet, which lay behind Salisbury-square, and reached to Water-lane, with most of their valuable contents, quite destroyed; of the dwelling-house of Mr. Gillet (the corner house in Salisbury-square), not a vestige remains; two small houses, situated near Water-lane, burnt down. The house of Mr. Swan, another printer, which lay towards Fleet-street, was for a long time on fire; the party-wall is burnt down: he had time enough to move the whole of his property. The Jennerian Society's house, (a very large one), on the west side of the square —the party wall quite burnt through, the upper room gutted, and the house otherwise so much damaged, as almost to need being rebuilt. The house of Messrs. Jones and Green, attornies, next to the Jennerian Society—the back part damaged.

The property in Mr. Gillet's house principally belonged to Mr. Mawman and Mr. Phillips, the booksellers, who are supposed to be considerable sufferers. The value of books, paper, &c. independently of the premises, is estimated at about 30,000*l.* out of which not more than 3000*l.*'s worth have been saved.

It is singular, that at the time of the fire at Mr. Hamilton's, the printer, in Fleet-street, about two years ago, a very valuable publication, entitled 'Anacharsis's Travels,' had been completed, *with the exception of a single sheet;* the whole edition was consumed. This work was afterwards given to Mr. Gillet to print, and he had actually finished it all but *two sheets*, when the unfortunate accident of Thursday night, in like manner, destroyed every copy.

Dec. 17. The two companies of river fencibles, under the command of captains Slaney and Snow, were yesterday mustered in Greenwich Park. After going through the usual manœuvres of the pike exercise, they were each formed into a circle, and received orders to hold themselves in readiness to attend that part of the funeral ceremony of lord Nelson which is to take place on the water. A proposition was then made for a subscription towards the patriotic fund; every individual, however, being at the same time left to exercise his own free and unbiassed opinion, without being in the least subject to any influence from their officers.

Deal, Dec. 17. The *Piercer* gun-brig arrived in the Downs last night, and brings the most important and joyful intelligence relative to the successes of the allied armies against Bonaparte. The *Piercer* left Cuxhaven at 2 o'clock *p. m.* on Saturday last, and I have this instant taken the following account from the memorandums of the officer commanding her. It is in substance as follows: That a partial action had taken place between the French and Russian armies, in the neighbourhood of Brunn and Holnitz, on the 29th or 30th of November; and that skirmishing continued till the 2d of December, when a general engagement began, bloody almost beyond a parallel. The Russians charged with fixed bayonets, and continued the sanguinary combat for twelve hours, when the French gave way and were totally defeated, with the loss of 27,000 killed: the few that escaped returned to Vienna. Bonaparte commanded in person, and is stated to have been severely wounded in the action. After his retreat, he sent an officer to request an armistice for a few days, which was peremptorily refused. The emperor of Russia was missing from head-quarters upwards of six hours, and was supposed to be killed. He was, however, at last discovered at the head of his troops, charging with the bayonet. The king of Prussia marched on the fourth instant, with 140,000 men and eighty pieces of cannon, to cut off the retreat of the French into Italy. The Russians depended entirely on the bayonet, and of course suffered much in the engagement, but succeeded in taking the whole of the French artillery.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 27. At Donegall-house, Belfast, the most noble the marchioness of Donegall, of a son.

30. At Dromore-house, county of Down, Ireland, the lady of the hon. and rev. Pearce Meade, of a son.

At captain Halliday's, Grosvenor-place, lady Elizabeth Halliday, of a son and heir.

The lady of the right hon. lord Graves, of a daughter, at his lordship's seat, at Bishop's-court, near Exeter.

Dec. 1. At Powell-hill, near Windsor, the lady of Daniel Webb, esq. of a son.

5. In Portland-place, the lady of Valentine Conolly, esq. of a son.

10. At his house in Manchester-square, the lady of the hon. John Scott, of a son.

At Blunham, Bedfordshire, the lady of John Campbell, esq. of a daughter.

14. At Morpeth, the lady of B. E. Stag, esq. of a daughter.

18. At his lordship's house in Grosvenor-place, lady Garlies, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 27. At Bristol, Wm. Jenkins, of the hon. East India company's service, esq. to miss Bartlette, only daughter of the late Joshua Bartlette, of Bristol, esq.

Dec. 2. By the rev. J. Clowes, vicar of Eccles, Mr. John Dicas, of Stockport, in the county of Chester, attorney, to miss E. Partington, second daughter of John Partington, esq. of Bencliffe-house, in the county of Lancaster.

At St. Mary-le-bonne church, William Davies, esq. of Penylan-park, to miss Seymour, eldest daughter of lord Robert Seymour.

7. At Standish, in Gloucestershire, James Western, esq. of Gray's-inn, to miss Hallifax, eldest daughter of the rev. Robert Hallifax.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, John Drake, esq. assistant commissary to the forces, to miss Maria Story, third daughter of George Story, esq. of Bishop-Wearmouth, in the county of Durham.

9. Sir Charles Eth. Nightingale, bart. of Knusworth, in Cambridgeshire, to miss Dickonson, only daughter of Thomas Lacy Dickonson, esq. of West Retford, in Nottinghamshire.

At Blandford, C. St. Barbe, jun. esq. of Vine-street, America-square, to miss Forster, daughter of the rev. Thomas Forster.

The rev. Mr. William Claye, of Westhorp, Nottinghamshire, to miss Tekell, daughter of John Tekell, esq. of the Middle Temple.

Thomas Edwards, esq. of Brucegrove, Tottenham, to miss Brewer, daughter of Samuel Brewer, esq. of Spital-fields.

At Clifton, near Bristol, major Malkin, of the 21st light dragoons, to miss Spode, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, daughter of Josiah Spode, of Fenton, in the Staffordshire potteries, esq.

10. At Ripon cathedral, major James C. Dalbiac, of the 4th (or Queen's own) dragoons, to miss Susanna Isabella Dalton, eldest daughter of John Dalton, esq. of the Grange, near Ripon.

At Hackney church, Isaac Hawkins Brown, esq. member of parliament for Bridgenorth, to miss Boddington, second daughter of Thomas Boddington, esq. of Clapton.

George Marcy, esq. of Westmorland, Jamaica, to miss Nichols, eldest daughter of the late rev. William Nichols, of Chelmarsh-hall, in the county of Salop.

11. John Buller, esq. member of parliament for East Looe, to miss Augusta Eliza Nixon, third daughter of John Nixon, esq. of La Bergerie, Queen's county, Ireland.

Simon Kendal, esq. of Richmond, Surrey, to miss Smith, of Ashby St. Ledgers, Northamptonshire.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, lord viscount Hereford, to miss P. E. Cornewall, third daughter of sir George Cornewall, bart.

14. At Rochefort, county of Westmeath, Ireland, major-general Mervyn Archdall, M. P. for the county of Fermanagh, to miss Rochefort, eldest

daughter of Gustavus H. Rochefort.

William Kinglake, esq. to miss Woodforde, eldest daughter of Thomas Woodforde, esq. of Taunton, in the county of Somerset.

15. Mr. Robert Houlden, of St. Margaret's-hill, in the Borough, to miss Wightman, only daughter of colonel Wightman, of Hampstead road.

19. At St. James's church, colonel Harnage, of New-street, Hanover-square, to miss Pym, of Dorsetshire.

A few days ago, David S. Drenham, esq. to miss Betsey Sweeting, both of Knarsborough.

DEATHS.

Nov. 25. In the 78th year of his age, Lewis Gwynne, esq. of Monachty, in the county of Cardigan. He lived very private, though possessed of an extensive estate, and accumulated an immense fortune. He had in his house, when he died, such a quantity of gold, that a horse could not carry the weight, to convey it to Tuglyn, about a mile off; and, when put on a sledge, it was with difficulty he could draw it there. The amount in gold is one hundred thousand pounds, besides fifty thousand pounds in the stocks.

Mr. John Cochran, thread-manufacturer, of Paisley, aged 75 years.

Dec. 1. At his seat at Tor-abbey, in the county of Devon, George Cary, esq. aged 74 years.

In an advanced age, at his seat at Twickenham, Thomas Winsloe, esq. formerly of Collipriest, who was sheriff of Devon in 1780.

3. At the palace, Kilkenny, Ireland, in the 77th year of his age, the right rev. Hugh Hamilton, lord bishop of Ossory.

At Andover, much lamented by her family and friends, Mrs. Ludlow, wife of Mr. William Ludlow, wine-merchant, of that place, and only daughter of Edward Pugh, esq And on the Saturday preceding, their eldest daughter, after a short illness.

At the Isle of Man, aged 38 years, the right hon. lord Henry Murray, brother to his grace the duke of Athol.

8. Mrs. Elizabeth Grosvenor, of Grosvenor-square, sister to the late, and aunt to the present earl Grosvenor.

In Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, miss Edward, daughter of Lewis Edward, esq. of Palgartn.

In Berners-street, after a painful illness, the lady of Dr. Thynne.

In Gower-street, miss Ann Narman, daughter of T. D. Narman, esq. of the island of Antigua.

John Pogson, esq. of Roughham-place, near Bury St. Edmund's.

9. After a short illness, at his house in Upper Homerton, Paul Le Mesurier, esq. alderman of the city of London, representative in two parliaments for the borough of Southwark, a director of the East India company, colonel of the hon. artillery company, and invested with other public situations.

10. Mrs. Underwood, wife of Mr. Underwood, of Lamb's Conduit-street.

12. At his house at Chelsea, in the 67th year of his age, Henry Sampson Woodfall, esq. formerly an eminent printer, and for nearly forty-five years conductor of the Public Advertiser, in which the celebrated Letters of Junius were originally published.

Suddenly, at his house at Box Moor, Herts, Mr. John Almon, formerly an eminent bookseller in Piccadilly.

Mr. Samuel Marriot, many years master of the Paul's Head tavern, Cateaton-street, and one of the bridgemasters of the city of London.

14. At his house in Stratton-street, Piccadilly, in the 85th year of his age, Richard Bull, esq. of North-court, in the Isle of Wight.

15. At Hayes, Middlesex, in the 90th year of her age, Mrs. Hannah Hinton, relict of the rev. Anthony Hinton, many years vicar of that parish.

At Great Gaddesden Parsonage, Herts, Samuel Crawley, esq. of Bagnal-hall, Nottingham.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 On the Conformation of the Islands Malta, Cumin, and Goza, 675
2 Love rewarded, 678
3 Account of the new Pantomime—Harlequin's Magnet, 680
4 Romance of the Pyrenées, 681
5 Biographical Anecdotes of Lord Nelson, 690
6 Lord Nelson's Will, 694
7 A Noontide Walk in December, 696
8 Observations on the Chinese plant Areka, 698
9 Eliza—a Fragment, 700
10 Chronological Table of remarkable Occurrences, 706
11 The Suicide—a Fragment, 711
12 Humourous Letter, 712
13 POETICAL ESSAYS.—The Billow—Euphemia's Ghost——Sonnet——Lines, on parting with a Friend—An Acrostic, 713—714
14 Home News, to the Conclusion of the Year, 715
15 Deaths, 716
16 Index to the Essays, &c. in Prose, 717
17 Index to the Poetry, 719

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 BOTANY, Plate VII.
2 View of VALETTA, in the Island of MALTA.
3 A new and elegant PATTERN for a HALF HANDKERCHIEF.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

On Saturday, February 1, *will be published,*

PRICE ONE SHILLING,

(Embellished with—1. An elegant Frontispiece, representing *Britannia mourning the loss of her late great* NAVAL HERO, designed and engraved by eminent Artists.—2. A View of the *Funeral Procession by water*, from Greenwich to the Admiralty, of the Remains of the late much-lamented ADMIRAL LORD VISCOUNT NELSON, taken at the moment when the barge bearing the corpse passed through the centre arch of Blackfriars-bridge, attended by the boats of the River Fencibles and the barges of the Livery Companies—3. Fashionable LONDON DRESSES for January, elegantly coloured.—4. Two fashionable Patterns for a Cap.)

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1806.

Containing, besides the usual variety of interesting, entertaining, and instructive Articles, the Continuation of the

ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES,

A Novel, written by a Lady;

Embellished with a series of highly-finished Engravings, illustrative of the principal scenes and incidents.

*** The favourable reception with which the LADY'S MAGAZINE has been so long honoured by a candid and generous Public demands from the Proprietor the most grateful acknowledgement. He has the happiness to perceive, by the still increasing encouragement he experiences, that the exertions he has made to preserve to this Miscellany the character it has so long maintained have been approved by his FAIR PATRONESSES: and he begs leave to assure them, that no attention or assiduity shall be wanting on his part to continue to merit the same highly flattering approbation.

††† The number for December contained, besides the usual embellishments, a Portrait of the late gallant LORD NELSON, engraved by HEATH; and in that for February will be given, engraved by the same Artist, a highly-finished portrait of ALEXANDER I. EMPEROR of RUSSIA, taken from a miniature of the same size presented by his Imperial Majesty to the Right Honourable Lord Hawkesbury.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1805.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* CONFORMATION *of the Islands* MALTA, CUMIN, *and* GOZA.

(From Boisgelin's History of Malta.)

[*With an elegant View of the City of Valetta, in the Island of Malta, as seen from the adjoining Country.*]

THESE three islands are calcareous rocks, which furnish very few objects worthy the attention of a naturalist. Indeed, some petrifactions and calcareous concretions are the only fossil productions which deserve a place in a cabinet of natural history. But as there is no single spot on the whole surface of the globe which does not afford some curious observations in cosmogony, nor even a heap of stones which has not some reference to the ancient history of our world, and which may not serve to give an idea of the theory of its original formation; the island of Malta, considered in that light, offers some interesting subjects deserving our attention.

Malta, Cumin, and Goza, are evidently only the remains of a large tract of land which extended towards the south-south-west, and which (owing in all probability to the solidity of the soil) have resisted the violence that caused the destruction of the country of which they originally made a part. Innumerable observations made on the spot confirm this opinion; but at present it will be sufficient to prove the fact by some account of the physical formation of these islands.

Malta becomes much narrower, at the same time that it lengthens, from east-south-east to west-north-west; the islands of Cumin and Goza are placed successively in the same direction, and are separated by narrow straits.

To have a just idea of Malta, we must figure to ourselves an inclined plane running from south-south-west to north-north-east, in such a manner that the calcareous strata (nearly parallel) of which it is almost entirely composed, rise towards the south and south-east nearly two hundred fathoms above the sea, which dashes against the bottom of these declivities. At the same time on the opposite side they are of a considerable length, and decline insensibly, till they become level with the sea. The direction of these strata, together with their exact correspondence with the opposite parts, consisting of defiles and valleys, evidently shew what was the real shape of the island when the strata deposited by the sea ceased to accumulate: even since that time it has undergone great vicissitudes. The regularity of this work has been changed, a great part of the upper stratum destroyed, and that vast body of regularly paralled

strata so worn, hollowed out, and ploughed by the violence of the currents, that it is scarcely possible to trace—such is the disorder which reigns throughout the mountains, defiles, hills and vales—the system which joins them together, and points out the origin of their formation.

The broadest part of the island, the least wasted, and the flattest (though sufficiently elevated), is that to the east of the city Valetta; it is consequently more peopled, and easier cultivated; though here, as in all other places, the rock is entirely naked, except where the industry of the inhabitants has placed a layer of earth to encourage vegetation.

The principal defiles and valleys run constantly from south-south-west to north-east; which is their natural direction, for they have all been formed out of the rock by the violent currents of water rushing from the heights. These valleys extend to that part of the sea where the coast is almost level, and there form those fine ports which make this island so very important for trade and navigation. Smaller valleys have in process of time been formed, taking a contrary direction to the principal ones, and the united waters of these form the different ports which communicate with that of the city, which with a gentle curve extends into the valley of Marsa, of which it is a continuation.

This valley, now the broadest, the most extensive and fertile in the whole island, was formerly almost entirely sea; indeed, it is not very long since the tide came up as far as casal Fornaro; but the accretion of vegetable earth from the higher lands, the fragments of the surrounding rocks, the hand of the labourer, and above all the influx of sand, &c. occasioned by the force of the sea when the wind is at north-east, have by degrees entirely filled it up. In a short time the bottom of the port will be equally filled, and might be so still sooner, by making basins, into which the sea could be conveyed by dykes, and where from its calm state it would deposit that matter which is kept back when the water is greatly agitated. The basin in the midst of a small plain, called Little Marsa, is already nearly choaked up, and that without any means having been employed for the purpose.

The valleys are longer and deeper in proportion as they extend from east to west. One very wide extends itself under the casals* of Mosta, Nasciar, and Gharghul, and terminates at the port of the salt-works. It is bounded to the right by a chain of craggy rocks which run across the whole breadth of the island, and divide into two parts. This boundary, formed by the hand of nature, has been made the means of defence to Malta, by intrenchments formed in the rocks, and seems to be regarded as such by the inhabitants; for beyond it, towards the west, there are no villages, and scarcely any cultivated land. The port or creek of Melleha penetrates so far into the inland country, that it almost divides the island, which is very narrow in that part; and there is every reason to believe that the straits which occasion Cumin to be insular are only the extension of two valleys, the upper part of which has been destroyed; and such would be the state of the ports which flank the city of Valetta, if any circumstance should destroy the part of the island beyond Pieta and casal Nuovo.

Goza stands much higher than Malta, and is entirely surrounded by perpendicular rocks: the highest are to the west and south, where they are tremendously steep. The oppo-

* Villages.

site cliffs of Malta and Goza are correspondent; but though there are some valleys in the same direction as those of Malta, they do not afford any ports, on account of the height of the land, and its breadth.

The country is not so uneven as at Malta, consequently more easily cultivated; and it appears that the surface was originally nearly horizontal. The rock, however, is decidedly of the same nature in both islands, where are equally mountains, some single, some forming chains, the summits of which are for the most part flat. It is very evident that these summits made part of the original surface, when the whole was incrusted by a stratum of a harder heavier kind of stone of a closer grain, which is now never met with but in that elevated land, which corresponds with the inclination of the strata. The lower stratum is more or less consistent and hard, or more or less dissoluble when exposed to the air. Some strata are also formed of a black, ferruginous, calcareous sand, slightly stuck together by a kind of calcareous lime.

At the back of these rocks in Malta, and in the clefts of the mountains in Goza, are heaps composed of grey clay, evidently no native of the soil, and which must have accumulated since the excavation of those mountains. It is found in hollows, which no doubt were formerly entirely empty. The above-mentioned heaps but feebly resisting the force of water rushing impetuously down their sides, the constant cataracts have made deep furrows in them, and modelled them into their present form.

On summing up the preceding facts, the question may be fairly asked, from whence came the clay of Malta and Goza? How could it possibly have got over the craggy rocks of the latter island, unless they had both been formerly joined to a higher land, from whence this clay descended, or unless by an imperceptible declivity it had been driven by the sea into its present situation? Whence likewise came the red clay, a kind of virgin earth, which fills up the vertical clefts in the rocks? The water which formed these valleys must have been in great abundance, since it had sufficient force to wear away a rock, which, though not very hard, must still have offered some degree of resistance.

This island, such as it is at present, could never have produced such considerable torrents; for after the heaviest rains in winter there are scarcely more than some small temporary rivulets, and those in the lowest part of the valleys. The perpendicular rocks could not naturally have existed in a mass formed by the successive accumulation of sand from the sea. The same strata which we perceive in these rocks must have extended till they had met with a declivity, or a curve, to reconduct them to a level with the bottom of the sea. There cannot be a doubt but that the island of Malta made formerly part of a mountain, which had the same declivities and valleys on the other side. The rocks, its boundaries to the south, east, and west, could have been formed only by the falling-in and destruction of what made their sides, particularly as the sea is extremely deep at the basis of them. In the whole circumference of the three islands, evident marks of corrosion may be perceived. The rocks at some distance from the coast are the mere remains of that part which has been destroyed. In fine, the shape of these islands, all the local circumstances, and a variety of phenomena, decidedly prove that there must have been a great extent of land towards the south and west, and that it must have been destroyed by some very violent cause out of the common

course of nature. It appears that this destructive shock came from the west, and that it acted with the greatest force against every thing adjoining to the island of Goza. According to our knowledge of natural history, and the causes which produce such extraordinary effects, we can only attribute the present state of things to an immense body of water, which, being agitated by an earthquake, carried away the first land which it met with in its passage; by which means Goza is become of a circular form, and clefts are excavated at the foot of the rocks which offered most resistance; such as those which form cape San Demetri. It also destroyed that part of the mountain which united the three islands; and this inundation has stripped them of all vegetable earth, of which only some small patches remain in the clefts of rocks, where it was sheltered from the fury of the waves. The island of Goza was so situated as to defend Malta, and by that means the northern coast has not undergone such changes as the southern. A variety of observations made in Sicily and Italy prove that an extraordinary motion in that mass of water had taken place, and the most terrible effects were produced; but to enter into more minute particulars would interfere with the plan of this work.

LOVE REWARDED.

A Spanish History.

THE plains in which Lima, the capital of Peru, is built, are the most beautiful in the world. They are of a vast extent, reaching from the foot of the Andes, or Cordelier-mountains, to the sea; and are covered with groves of orange-trees and citrons, watered by many streams: one of the principal among which, washing the walls of Lima, falls into the ocean at Callao; which latter place is the scene of the following story.

To this city Don Juan de Mendoza, yet an infant, had come over with his father from Old Spain. The father, having borne many high offices in Peru, died, much esteemed and honoured, rather than rich. The young gentleman had in early youth conceived a very violent passion for Donna Cornelia de Perez, daughter to a wealthy merchant, who dwelt in the city of Callao, at that time the best port in the western world.

But though the young lady, who was reputed the most accomplished person in the Indies, returned his affections, he met with an insuperable difficulty in the avarice and inflexibility of the father; who, preferring wealth to every other consideration, absolutely refused his consent: and at length the unfortunate lover saw himself under the necessity of returning to his native country, the most miserable of all beings, torn away for ever from all that he held dear.

He is now on board, in the port of Callao; the ship ready to sail for Spain; the wind fair; the crew all employed; the passengers rejoicing in the expectation of seeing once more the place of their nativity. Amid the shouts and acclamations with which the whole bay resounded, Mendoza sat upon deck overwhelmed with sorrow, beholding those walls in which he had left the only person who could have made him happy. A thousand tender, a thousand melancholy, thoughts possessed his mind.

In the mean time, the serenity of the sky is disturbed; sudden flashes of lightning dart across, which, increasing, fill the whole air with flame; a noise is heard from the bowels of the earth, at first low and rumbling,

but growing louder, and soon exceeding the roaring of the most violent thunder. This was instantly followed by a trembling of the earth: the first shocks were of short continuance, but in a few moments they became quicker, and of longer duration. The sea seemed to be thrown up into the sky, the arch of heaven to bend downwards. The Cordeliers, the highest mountains of the earth, shook to their foundation, and bursting open, with a sound that appeared to portend a total dissolution of nature, deluged the subject plains with fire, and threw rocks of immense magnitude into the air. The houses, arsenals, and churches of Callao tottered from side to side, and at length tumbled upon the heads of the wretched inhabitants.

Those who had not perished in this manner you might see, of every age and sex, rushing into the streets and public roads: but even there was no safety: the whole earth was in motion. Nor was the ocean less disturbed. The ships in the harbour were some of them torn from their anchors, some of them swallowed up by the waves, some dashed on the rocks, many thrown several miles up into the land. The whole city of Callao, late so flourishing, filled with half the wealth of the Indies, disappeared; being partly ingulphed, partly carried away in explosion, by minerals bursting from the entrails of the earth. Vast quantities of spoils, of furniture and precious goods, were afterwards taken up floating some leagues off at sea.

In the midst of this astonishing confusion, Mendoza was perhaps the only person unconcerned for himself. He beheld the whole tremendous scene from the deck of his ship, which was one of the few that rode out the tempest, frightened only for the destruction falling on his beloved Cornelia: and he mourned her fate as unavoidable; little rejoicing at his own safety, since life was now become a burden. After the space of an hour this terrible hurricane ended; earth regained her stability, the sky its calmness. He then beholds, close by the stern of his ship, floating upon an olive-tree, to a bow of which she clung, one in the dress of a female. He was touched with compassion: he hastened to her relief: he finds her yet breathing, and raised her up. How unspeakable was his astonishment, when he beheld in his arms his beloved, his lamented, Cornelia! the manner of whose miraculous escape is thus recorded.

In this wreck of nature, in which the elements of earth and water changed their places, fishes were borne up into the mid land, and trees and houses and men into the deep, it happened that the fair Cornelia was hurried into the sea, together with the tree to which, in the beginning of the commotion, she had clung, and was thrown up by the side of that very ship which contained her faithful Mendoza. I cannot paint to you the emotions of his mind—the joy, the amazement, the gratitude, the tendernes; words cannot express them.

O, thrice happy Mendoza, how wonderfully was thy love rewarded! Lo, the wind is fair. Haste! bear with thee to thy native Spain thy inestimable prize! Return no less justly triumphant than did formerly the illustrious Cortez, loaded with the spoils of Montezuma, the treasures of a newly discovered world.

N. B. The above story, however marvellous, is grounded on real fact, and might appear incredible, if a parallel event had not happened before in one of our own colonies, at Port-Royal, in Jamaica. A person then preserved in the same wonderful manner returned to these islands, and lived here many years, well

known, and an object of great and just curiosity. See Philosophical Transactions, No. 209.

ACCOUNT *of the new Pantomime, called* HARLEQUIN'S MAGNET, *performed for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, on Monday, Dec.* 30.

NOR, a powerful sorcerer, has, with the assistance of infernal agents, made war upon the votaries of *Odin*, with a view to get into his possession the person of *Fylla*, a beautiful princes, of whom he is enamoured, but who detests him, and is contracted to *Harald*, a young knight, who loves and is beloved by her:—the sorcerer overcomes this youth, and orders him to be chained and exposed in a wild forest to the mercy of the climate, the pangs of hunger, and the rage of savage animals. The evil deities who assist *Nor* present him with a magnet, enclosed in an enchanted coffer, and tell him, that if he keeps it safe he may depend on possessing the person of *Fylla*: this promise deceives him by the very performance of it, for the princess herself is in the chest, in a state of supernatural insensibility; but the sorcerer, not being suffered to see the magnet, is left ignorant of its real worth and character, and seeks in vain for the prize he unknowingly has in his power. *Odin* and his celestial associates, indignant at the tyranny and temporary successes of the magician, deliver the captive, *Harald*, from the dangers of the forest, give him the form, and endue him with the power, usually attributed to the motley hero *Harlequin*, to the end that he may annoy and finally discomfit the plots of *Nor* and his wizard companions. *Harlequin*, by his skill and agility, overcomes the obstacles which lay in his way to the magic chest, and releases the princess from it, who takes the form of *Columbine*; while *Nor*, and his attendant, *Corbo*, are metamorphosed to the *Pantaloon* and *Clown*, as a punishment inflicted on them by their infernal masters, for losing the lady; and it is only by recovering her and vanquishing *Harlequin* they are to regain their proper shapes. After a routine of comic adventures, pursued through various parts of Russia, Siberia, and Crim Tartary, the lovers are once more placed at the mercy of their oppressor, and reconducted to his abode, when the vengeance of *Odin* overtakes the necromantic crew, encloses them in the coffer of the magnet—the hero and heroine are released, and their hands united in a splendid temple sacred to their great protector.

In the course of the pantomime there are a number of mechanical and scenic transformations, to detail which would considerably abate the effect they are intended to produce in the representation. The persons of the antient Scandinavian mythology are to be found in Mallet's Northern Antiquities. The scenery is very fine, and does much credit to the talents of the artists, Whitmore, Phillips, Hollogan, &c. The views of the palace of the sorceror, by Whitmore; of the city of Petersburgh, by Phillips; and of the Russian Garden, by Hollogan, are particularly fine and effective: nor are the representations of a Russian Fair and a Tartar Camp, by the latter artist, inferior to any thing of the kind we have for many years witnessed.

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p. 472.*)

CHAP XLIX.

A RAY of that hope our heroine had long refused to cherish now sprung up in her heart; but although it warmed her care-chilled bosom, and gave her comfort, she feared to allow it too much influence, and checked its progress as it seemed to gather strength; but fervently breathed her silent aspirations to Heaven, that, whatever her fate might be, the fame of Urbino might be found immaculate: and now, under the equal dominion of hope and fear, her nervous system became so sensitive, she started at every noise, trembled at every sound, and with a palpitating heart sat in the painful expectation of some decisive explanation. But dinner-time at length arrived, and no intelligence from Urbino; neither did Matilda appear, who had for many preceding days dined with Victoria and her party in the apartment known to our reader as Sebastian's study. Politeness demanded that Matilda should be apprized of dinner's being ready. Roselia was dispatched to her apartment with the information, and soon returned with Matilda's excuse; who, overpowered by a recent important discovery, was unfit to appear in company, and wished to remain alone until she could resume her banished composure.

Victoria partook not of the meal that was set before her, nor did her anxious friends evince much appetite; and the moment Alphonso arose from table he proceeded to Sebastian's chamber, but was not admitted. Father Pierre had administered a potent soporific to Sebastian, to quiet his agitated nerves; and who, in consequence, was in a profound sleep, and Urbino watching by his pillow.

Octavia, at Victoria's request, went to offer her attentions to Matilda; whom she found much agitated, and still wishing to remain alone, but very grateful for Victoria's kindness, and to whom she sent an affectionate message, with an earnest entreaty to be allowed to see her ere her departure from the castle.

The evening passed heavily on in the apartment of our heroine, where expectation sat painfully awake, and each passing moment bringing disappointment with it; until towards its close, when the venerable Anselmo entered with a message from Sebastian to Victoria and Alphonso, requesting to see them in the morning. They promised to attend his summons, and the holy man retired without imparting a sentence relative to the late discovery; but in a few minutes after he was gone, the following billet from Urbino was delivered to conte Ariosto.

'The fatal, fatal blow this day given to my peace, with a recent wonderful and important discovery, totally unfit me for seeing you this night; but by to-morrow I hope to have recovered a little of that fortitude which has deserted me in the most trying moment of my life. To-morrow, then, I shall request that interview you promised me; when I trust that, although the envied name of brother is by my cruel destiny denied to me, you will own I can claim, without degrading you, the valued title of your friend.

'URBINO.'

A glow of the most animated pleasure illumed the fine countenance of Alphonso as he read this

billet, which he hastened to give Victoria, whose face, as she perused it, was suffused with the liveliest glow of joy and exultation. Her wishes were realised; and, whatever his situation with Matilda might be, the honour of Urbino would be proved unblemished. Now hope, in defiance of the cold efforts of reason, emanated through her breast, and her smiles were unconsciously robbed of their pensive sadness: but as upon the basis of hope alone this consolatory structure sprung, a sleepless night destroyed great part of the air-built fabric. Fear awakened doubt; and pale, languid, and unrefreshed, she arose from her pillow.

Scarcely had our heroine finished the form of sitting at the breakfast-table when the good Anselmo appeared, to conduct her and her brother to Sebastian, who was anxiously waiting to receive them. Victoria, leaning upon Alphonso's arm, with a bounding heart and tremulous steps measured her way to that well-known chamber, where the first object that now struck her view was the dejected Urbino seated by the easy chair of her venerable friend—Urbino, who had, at the peril of his life, rescued her in that very chamber from destruction. The tender feelings awakened by this remembrance at once subdued her, and, bursting into tears, she sunk into the nearest seat. Matilda, whom she had not before observed, now ran to her, and, throwing her arms around Victoria's neck, mingled her tears with hers; until, seeming suddenly to recollect herself, she suppressed her own tears, brought our heroine a glass of water, and then conducted her to Sebastian, who, sensibly affected, pressed Victoria to his bosom with paternal tenderness.

'My child! my preserver!' he exclaimed, the moment his excessive agitation would allow him to speak —'preserver of my house, of all my treasure! how can I find power to thank you?' Tears streamed down Sebastian's cheeks; and Victoria, greatly affected, entreated him to speak no more upon a subject too oppressive to his feeling heart: then, gently disengaging herself from his ardent embrace, she took a seat beside him, and, calling up all the energies of her mind, strove to appear composed. Sebastian gazed wistfully at her, then mournfully upon Urbino: at length he sadly said—

'When language was formed such actions as Victoria's were unknown, and words were not made to express the acknowledgment she merits: but, poor silly dotard that I am, I fondly thought she loved my boy, and that an union with him would be the highest recompence that Heaven could bestow upon a mortal; but this vain hope, like every other joy through life, my cruel unrelenting destiny decrees I must forego.'

'But, with all due submission to this implacable destiny of yours, my good seignor, we will not *quite* forego this hope,' said Alphonso, with an animated smile of fascinating benignity: 'hope shall plume upon my crest, determination and perseverance shall be my attendants, whenever his catholic majesty pays the just tribute to my superlative merit of raising me to the rank of generalissimo; and never will I raise a siege, or give up an attack, because a few paltry barriers impede my way.'

Urbino squeezed the hand of Alphonso with a grateful pressure; while Matilda, darting from the side of Victoria, caught his other, and

pressed it to her lips; then hastily let it drop, and, blushing at what her impetuous feelings urged her to, retired behind Sebastian's chair in pitiable confusion.

Victoria and Alphonso were affected by the action of one, and amazed at that of the other; while Sebastian, looking affectionately upon Alphonso, feelingly said—

'Not more in face and figure than in sentiments and manner do you resemble your noble father.'

'You then knew my father?'

'I did,' returned Sebastian with a deep-drawn sigh: then turning to Victoria, he continued—'I wished to see you before you went from hence, my child, to give you my blessing ere we parted, and to afford your noble, generous, feeling heart the transport of hearing all the blessings you have heaped upon your friend Sebastian. Heaven, knowing the powers of your mind, Victoria, assigned to you the arduous undertaking of rescuing an honourable family from the machinations of villany, of deadly diabolical vengeance, which for years pursued them with implacable severity, depriving them of peace, of hope, of every comfort under heaven! To you, then, we owe our lives, our restoration to virtuous society, to honourable rank. To you the happy father is indebted for the recovery of his children, of whom he was by cruelty bereft for twenty years! Yes, my beloved Victoria! to you I owe the transport of knowing I am not the desolate being I long believed myself—of knowing I am not childless—since this dear boy, this lovely girl, are mine.'

Tears, awakened by a variety of sensations, prevented Sebastian from proceeding; while Victoria, starting from her seat in violent emotion, caught his trembling hand, and with difficulty articulated—

'Theodore and Matilda *both* your children?'

'Yes,' replied Sebastian, '*both* my children, the children of my Viola.'

A momentary suspension stole over the faculties of Victoria, who fell into the arms of her watchful brother; but soon recovering, she beheld the almost agonished solicitude of Urbino, who, with Matilda, was using every restorative they could find for her recovery. She could no longer bear to see the wretchedness of Urbino; she reached out her hand to him.

'Forgive me,' she cried; 'forgive my injustice, my ingratitude. I threw a dark shade over the perfections of your mind;—I believed——' She could not proceed; but, bursting into tears, hid her blushing face upon the bosom of her brother. The emotions of Urbino's mind were too powerful to admit of his uttering a single word, but his eyes spoke eloquently.

'My good friends,' said Alphonso, hiding his sensibility under the veil of cheerfulness, 'I rejoice exceedingly at your both being, so opportunely for me, struck dumb; as it will allow me to take a speaking part in this most sublime drama, wherein I was beginning to feel the future generalissimo of Spain a mighty useless insignificant sort of personage: but now listen to my oration with all due respect and attention.—My friends and fellow citizens!—' and here, although playfully delivered, conte Ariosto sketched, with delicacy and precision, all the circumstances and motives which actuated his sister in her rejection of conte di Urbino.

Scarcely had Alphonso arrived at his concluding sentence, when the enraptured Urbino burst forth in an exclamation of admiration at this further proof of the purity of

Victoria's mind; for Urbino could not but approve the motives, although he had so severely suffered from the effects of her rectitude.

'Nay,' exclaimed Alphonso, affecting to look sulky: 'I shall never forgive this mortifying interruption to the first long speech I ever uttered. Now I shall never be able to take up the thread of my oration, wherein I was going to pourtray, in proper form and order, all the fair heroine's sufferings upon the heroic occasion; how many crystal tears she shed, how many deep-drawn sighs she heaved, how many sleepless nights she numbered; how suspicion, that discordant miscreant, stole too into her brother's mighty breast; how that magnanimous hero fumed, and how he fretted too; how sentimentally she fainted, how exquisitely she blushed, how pathetically she wept, and how—Donna Matilda, must not that come next?—how tenderly the reconciled lovers kissed, and were sworn friends for ever.'

'Victoria,' said Sebastian, whom the intentional rhodomontade of Alphonso allowed time to recall his firmness, 'my amiable, my beloved Victoria will no longer then, I trust, prove the destroyer of my dear boy's peace.'

Victoria, raising her head from the bosom of her brother, affectionately took the hand of Sebastian, and said, while the sweetest blushes of timid hope and joy animated her lovely countenance—

'Intercede, my dear seignor, with your son to forgive my injustice; and assure him that in giving pain to him I inflicted *misery* upon myself.'

Urbino caught her with ardor to his breast. 'Victoria, you then are mine!' Victoria could not speak; her cheeks were suffused with the sweetest tints of lovely modesty: her eyes sought the ground; but she smiled, and that smile spoke volumes to the bounding heart of Urbino.

'Victoria yours! Not she indeed,' exclaimed Alphonso, endeavouring to hide how sensibly he was affected; 'for it was only yesterday she told me she would have your marriage annulled.'

'And to-day, my brother,' she timidly replied, 'I tell you that I would not have it broken for any other blessing the world could give me.'

'Nor Theodore, if I may augur from the manifesto of his joyful eyes, to be made emperor of the moon. Nor I, if I may trust the bounding ecstacy of my heart, to be made the husband of the infanta. Nor would seignor Sebastian, I think, have it broken to be instituted an inquisitor; nor donna Matilda, I am certain, to be made a nun. So, as we all agree upon being exquisitely happy at my sister's caprice, I trust the effect of that happiness may influence the recovery of seignor Sebastian, and enable us all shortly to reach Tuscany together.' Alphonso now changed from levity of manners, as he proceeded respectfully to address Sebastian.

'As the brother of Victoria, seignor, I must lay some claim to your esteem; and as her natural protector, I hope you will not think me presuming if I hasten to speak my wishes. My leave of absence from my regiment does not extend to a very distant period. I therefore am anxious to get to the castle of Palino, that I may be present at the nuptials of my sister, and have them celebrated there in the *palazzo* of her forefathers, in a manner becoming her rank and my affection for her; and when I have made my necessary arrangements in Tuscany (where I have not been since I became of age), when I can leave my Victoria

at Palino, safe in the protection of my estimable friend, her amiable husband, and in your society, seignor, and that of your lovely daughter, I shall return to my regiment, with nothing to think of but to acquire laurels and a truncheon.'

'And when you know who the happy husband of your inestimable sister is, my dear Alphonso,' said Sebastian with solemn and impressive dignity, 'I trust he will not lose a particle of that friendship which your noble heart and ardent temper are anxious to evince because you think him poor and friendless. Nor will my Victoria love her husband less, I trust, when she finds herself not united to Theodore conte di Urbino, the humble dependant and reputed nephew of conte di Vicenza, but to Orlando di Treviso marchese of Palermo, the heir of the long dormant title and usurped lands of Manfredonia;—nor look upon me with less affection, when she knows me for the earliest, dearest friend her father had;—when my beloved child hears, that in seeing me she beholds the unfortunate Lorenzo duca di Manfredonia, so long by the world numbered with the dead.'

Alphonso and Victoria, from the same intuitive impulse, sunk instantly upon their knees before him, and pressed his trembling hands with fervor to their lips, bathing them with tears of genuine sensibility; while they earnestly entreated a blessing from him whose memory, next to their own parents, they had been taught to love and venerate. Urbino and Matilda too sunk upon their knees to share in the solemn benediction of their agitated father, who, when he had tenderly and fervently blessed all these his children, requested them to leave him.

'All-subdued,' he said, 'by some of the most powerful emotions that can agitate the human breast, we require some little time to compose our amazed senses; to reflect upon the wonders, the mercies, of Providence, so lately evinced to us; and to recall that firmness necessary to support us through the afflicting, nay agonising, recital I have to make, and you to hear. Let us then all separate for a time. In the evening return to me, when to you, dear children of my matchless friend, I will relate the narrative of my calamities; disclose the wonders of that important packet Providence led our beloved preserver, our own Victoria, to find for us; and teach you the dreadful knowledge of the depravity of those your virtuous unsuspicious hearts so long respected.'

The wishes of the duca were instantly complied with by these his amiable and obedient children; and Victoria, alone and in her own chamber, delayed not to return a pious and fervent thanksgiving to almighty Providence for all its late and promised future blessings to her. She next joined her Ursuline in Sebastian's study, where she hastened to make the heart of her venerable friend as joyful as her own, by her happy communications. But their *tête-à-tête* was soon interrupted by our hero, who had in vain endeavoured to becalm his agitated spirits, and resolved at length, if he could not be composed, at least he would be happy; and to seek that society which he thought could only make him so, he entered Sebastian's study, with a heart full and a countenance expressive of very different sensations from those that agitated him when last he quitted it, and where, too, his reception now bore not much similitude.

The smiling graces, so long banished from Victoria's countenance, now gently glided back to their fascinating dimpled stations. The bright prospects so unexpectedly and

suddenly opened to Orlando (for as Orlando marchese of Palermo will our reader henceforth know him) animated too his face and conversation. Farinelli could scarcely believe that sickness, languor, and misery, had so lately been the companions of either. They talked of their present happiness, their past sorrows. Orlando recounted minutely his first beholding Victoria, and all his subsequent devices to obtain another and still another view; described most eloquently the progress of his attachment; the hopes and fears her conduct and emotions had from time to time inspired; and deeply engaged by the fascination of this (to them) interesting conversation, they wandered intuitively away from Farinelli into the library, from thence into the piazza, and at length into the garden, unconscious of the extent of their ramble or the flight of time, until Diego appeared to summon them to dinner. The most ardent joy sat conspicuous upon his intelligent countenance; while in a highly respectful manner he informed them that conte Ariosto had done him the honour of telling him why his lady's journey from Spain was postponed, and that he sincerely hoped their happiness might be equal to his joy.

Victoria and Orlando both, as if actuated by the same impulse at the same instant, reached out a hand to him.

'You will still follow our fortunes, Diego,' exclaimed they. 'You will not, my friend, regard me less when you behold me the wife of your beloved long-regretted favourite,' said Victoria.—'And you will now love me for my Victoria's sake, as well as for my own,' Orlando continued.

Diego pressed their respective hands with fervor to his heart, bowed profoundly, but could not articulate one word in all the long way he preceded them to the castle; at the entrance of which they were met by Roselia, who, with gestures strongly approaching to phrensy, offered her congratulations in the strange ungraceful mixture of half-articulated expressions of joy, with tears and smiles, sobs and laughter: and the gratulations of the good Alberti, Pierre, and Octavia, were also received with genuine satisfaction, because they sprung from the hearts of sincerity and friendship.

The ecstasies of poor Thomas, upon hearing of who his beloved captain Theodore really was, exceed our powers of description: he capered, sung, roared, shouted, huzzaed, winked, wept, and swore; trod on the toes of a dozen inquisitors; kicked the shins of half a score officials, in these his effusions of joy; and, in his sympathetic glee, hugged and kissed poor old Teresa so cordially, that he almost smothered her with his turbulent raptures.

As to poor Teresa, she wept for joy 'that her child, her lovely and beloved Theodore, was at last to be known for a grandee, and to be married to the most beautiful, amiable, and kind-hearted donna the sun ever shone upon.'

Early in the evening were the blushing Victoria and the enraptured half-abashed Orlando relieved from the teasing mirthful raillery of Alphonso, by a summon to the duca, whom they found sadly but interestingly collected and composed.—Quickly, as if fearing to lose that portion of firmness which his piety had gained for him, he entered upon the promised narrative; but which we shall ourselves take the liberty of relating, as we can, by combining other histories with that recounted by the duca, all equally necessary to elucidating many incidents in the fore-

going pages, rescue our kind reader from the tediousness of 'a twice-told tale.'

CHAP. L.

ANGELINA and Julia di Rossano were two of the most lovely women that Sicily ever boasted. They sprung from a noble though not affluent family; and at a period little advanced from infancy, these beautiful sisters had been bequeathed by their sole surviving parent (a bigoted mother) to the care of the abbadessa of a convent of Carmelite nuns at Palermo.

In obedience to the will of their deceased parents, they were educated for the conventual life; and their pious and faithful guardian determined, that at the age of eighteen they should each assume the sacred vow. So long initiated in the mysteries of a monastic life, they became completely weary of it by the time Angelina attained her sixteenth year; when she formally announced to her guardian her fixed determination against ever fulfilling the arbitrary will of her parent.

The pious mother was amazed, was shocked, was dismayed, at such impious, such dreadful disobedience. The holy fathers attached to that convent, all the ecclesiastics in Sicily, were appealed to. They thundered anathemas against the apostate girl, inflicted heavy penances, and bewildered her by all the perplexities of bigotry and ignorant theological controversy. Their displeasure and their penances, however severe, Angelina submitted to with the most philosophic resignation; nor could their elaborate disquisitions make the smallest impression upon her mind—probably because she could scarcely comprehend them. All she perfectly understood of the matter in question were her own feelings, which determined her to undergo every punishment the phrensy of the furious zealots might inflict, sooner than present herself a perjured votary at the altar of her Creator.

This extraordinary controversy between the ecclesiastic power and a girl of sixteen filled the city of Palermo with astonishment, and formed the favourite topic of disquisition at every *conversazioni* in the place. The youth, beauty, and fortitude of Angelina gained her universal partisans among the young, while the old expressed censures rather than admiration at her conduct.

The archbishop of Montreal was the only one among the Sicilian prelates who acted the liberal, upright, and unprejudiced adviser. He was a learned, just, and truly pious man; and his opinions were only understood and received with reverence by Angelina. With him she held long and frequent conferences; and at length, instead of his gaining a proselyte, Angelina convinced him of the propriety of the determination she had formed. His influence, which was great, was all exerted to hush the storms of bigotry against her. In a short time, by his means, the contest was given up: Angelina and Julia were to remain as boarders in the convent, under the protection of their guardian, but no compulsive measures were to be used to enforce their acquiescence in the will of their mother. Unmolested were they to continue there, and either to take the veil or not, as inclination might prompt them at a future period.

The marchese of Palermo, then in his twenty-second year, was one of the handsomest as well as the most fascinating men of his time. Such was his exterior:—but far, infinitely far from estimable was his disposition; for he was profligate, capricious, violent in temper, vain to ex-

cess, and passionately fond of notoriety. At the house of his maternal uncle, the archbishop of Montreal, he several times saw the lovely sisters during this memorable controversy. The mild and interesting sweetness of the timid Julia charmed his fancy and captivated his heart; but the majestic, spirited Angelina was enrolled in flaming characters in the brightest records of fame. She was the admiration of all the young and gay at Palermo, and the palm of beauty had been adjudged to her from her sister by general consent. To wed Angelina would be exactly that kind of *éclat* his heart panted for. His name coupled with Angelina di Rossano's would indeed be notoriety. In vain did his heart whisper that he should be happier with Julia. Vanity was arbitrary, and affection disregarded. In the semblance then of all that was amiable and seductive he presented himself as the most passionate lover to the beautiful, ingenuous, and susceptible Angelina; who, completely deceived, bestowed upon him her tenderest affections, and very shortly after became his wretched wife.

Even before they arose from the altar the infatuation of vanity was past; for, while the archbishop of Montreal was piously pronouncing the nuptial benediction, the marchese looked upon the bewitching face of Julia, then animated as he had never before beheld it. She was breathing the most fervent aspirations for the happiness of her beloved sister. Alas! poor Julia had no presentiment that she was to prove the fatal bane to that happiness. From this moment the marchese considered his beauteous inestimable bride as the blighter of his peace. She became his detestation; and shortly after, when Julia bestowed her heart and hand upon a truly amiable young Englishman, lord Frederic Stanhope (the youngest of the then duke of Riversdale's sons), the phrensy of the marchese of Palermo's rage and envy broke through all bounds; concealment was no more; and he had the inhumanity to tell the dismayed Angelina that she was the destruction of his happiness, his detestation, his torment,—while his tenderest affections had been, from the moment of first beholding her, irrevocably devoted to her sister.

From that moment the thread of the marchesa's health was snapped, and the fire of her vivacity extinguished by grief and horror. The soul of lively graceful animation, that had inspirited all her actions, and made her the fascinating admiration of every circle, fled for ever. In one dreadful moment all of hope, of joy, of happiness, was wrecked. Not a complaint, not a murmur, broke from her lips; but misery found an everlasting mansion in her bosom. Her air became at once dejected. Sorrow and patience sat touchingly blended upon her brow; and her once so arch and playful smiles were now so mournful, yet so sweet and resigned, they called forth the spontaneous tear of sympathy; and her melodious voice was from henceforth attuned by the most melting tones of sadness.

The happy Julia was gone with her adoring husband to England: but even had she remained in Sicily, her society could now, alas! no longer prove a consolation to Angelina, who, before she attained her seventeenth year, had every comfort in life torn from her but the friendship of the archbishop of Montreal, and the maternal tenderness which her child, the infant Viola, called forth. The birth of this babe, the mother's only joy, gave additional force to the father's hatred. Influenced by his constitutional ca-

price, because his child was a daughter he wished for a son; and enraged at what he fancied a dreadful disappointment, he, in the injustice of his phrensy accusing his wife and child as the source of all his sorrows, banished them both from his house and protection; when, under the auspices of the amiable and benevolent archbishop, they took refuge in a Benedictine convent dedicated to St. Rosolia, a short distance from the city of Palermo, while the marchese continued to pass his time in a manner that sunk him lower and lower in the estimation of all good men.

The amiable archbishop undertook to superintend the education of this discarded child; and, with the assistance of her highly-informed and accomplished mother, and with proper aid from Palermo, this lovely plant of paternal hate was reared and brought to perfection before her unnatural father ever beheld her.

The family of lord Frederic Stanhope received Julia with civility, but never with cordiality. She was a foreigner, a catholic, and her fortune was small. The duke of Riversdale was avaricious, was national to illiberality, and believed the professor of every religion but his own must be devoid of virtue. Frederic was his favourite child: that partiality induced him to forgive his marriage, and receive his wife: but not even that partiality, nor Julia's perfections, could conquer his deep-rooted prejudices. Every individual of the family formed their conduct by his grace's: the lovely interesting Julia was no favourite amongst them: but the energy of her husband's character, and the high estimation his country held him in, enforced respect to his adored Julia from every person who approached her, so long as he was spared to protect her. But he had chosen the naval profession; his country often called him from his Julia: and in five years after their union he fell, crowned with laurels, conquering a force far superior to that which he commanded.

The affliction of Julia was proportionate to the tender affection she bore him, and the loss she sustained in being deprived of such a husband, such a protector; and the only consolation she had left prejudice threatened to tear from her. Her only surviving child, the little Clementina, it was decreed by the inflexible grandfather must be taken from her papist mother, and reared in the persuasion of her father. This was a fell blow to the already breaking heart of Julia. Her child to be taken from her and bred a heretic! and neither in this life nor the next could she more hope to behold her husband or her child! While her Frederic lived, happiness had prevented her reverting deeply to the horrors of future separation: but now he was gone, and she had not the hope to console her of future meeting. All the horrors of the catholic persuasion, in their belief of heretical perdition, now fastened upon her mind, shattered her frame, and tortured her heart to direst anguish. Her confessor was her adviser; and he had many counsellors among the bigots of his faith which London contained, by whom poor Julia was at length persuaded to forego the maternal transports of her child's presence, to ensure her eternal salvation.

The crafty priest secretly and dexterously conveyed the beautiful and engaging little Clementina, then in her fourth year, from the arms of her doting heart-broken mother to the city of Palermo, where he carefully delivered up his charge to the archbishop of Montreal, to whose protection Julia had confided her child. And in a few months after,

this amiable, lovely, unfortunate young woman fell, in the prime of beauty, a martyr to bigotry—friendless, forlorn, persecuted by her husband's family with increasing cruelty to enforce confession of the place of her child's concealment, and far from her native country, a return to which a dreadful interdict in her husband's will prevented; for in his professional excursions he had visited Palermo after his marriage, and had learned from the archbishop of Montreal the fatal cause of the unfortunate disunion of the marchese and marchesa of Palermo. The dreadful pang which such intelligence would inflict he spared his Julia, resolving during her youth, or the existence of the marchese, never to allow her to revisit Sicily: and to prevent her doing so, should she survive himself, he left in his will a solemn request to her not to visit her native country until she had attained her fortieth year. And as he forbore to assign any cause for this extraordinary request, Julia considered it only as inspired by a degree of that national prejudice so conspicuous in the rest of her Frederic's family; and although she would have given worlds to accompany her child to Sicily, to weep upon the sympathising bosom of her Angelina (who she had heard from others, but never from herself, was an unhappy wife), and to commit herself solely to the guidance of her revered friend the archbishop; yet she acquiesced without murmuring in a request that added, as she thought, affliction to her sorrows, but which in fact spared her the torturing pang of knowing she had, though innocently, caused her sister's misery.

The convent of St. Rosolia was also the asylum of the lovely interesting Clementina, to whom the good archbishop proved a kind and faithful guardian; while the affectionate heart of Angelina prompted her to bestow every attention, every endearment, upon Clementina that could possibly make up to her in any degree for the loss of that maternal tenderness she doubted not the sweet child would have received from her absent mother, for whom Angelina retained the most ardent and unalterable affection; for whose sorrows she wept the purest tears of sympathy—for whose alienation from her child, her country, and herself, she keenly mourned—and whose premature death gave a fell blow to her already tottering health, and to her agonised heart an endless source of grief.

Too well Angelina guessed the motive which actuated the will of the amiable lord Frederic Stanhope; and her feeling heart was wrung with anguish. To make up to the little Clementina that maternal protection and advantage she had been, though innocently, the cause of depriving her of, was now, alas! all that she had in her power to evince her affection by, to the memory of her beloved lamented Julia: and Viola herself was not an object of more tender solicitude than Clementina, whose lively and ardent disposition led her to return with fervor the tenderness of her aunt, and the affection of her cousin—between whom and herself a most pure and lasting friendship cemented, which grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength.

(To be continued.)

Biographical Anecdotes of the Right Hon. Lord Nelson of the Nile, K. B.

(Concluded from p. 642.)

ON the 19th of December, 1797, the ship that was intended for sir Horatio Nelson's flag not being

ready, the Vanguard was for this purpose commissioned. On the 1st of April, 1798, he sailed with a convoy from Spithead: but at the back of the Isle of Wight, the wind coming to the westward, was forced to return to St. Helen's. On the 9th he again sailed with a convoy to Lisbon; and on the 29th of April joined earl St. Vincent, off Cadiz.

On the 30th of April, the day following, sir Horatio Nelson was detached from earl St. Vincent, with the Vanguard, Orion, and Alexander, of 74 guns each, the Emerald and Terpsichore frigates, and La Bonne Citoyenne sloop of war; and was afterwards joined by the brave captain Troubridge, of the Culloden, with ten sail of the line.

The subsequent actions of this great man's life are traced in such indelible characters on the hearts of Britons, that they need little from his biographer but the grateful tribute of admiration and respect. The interesting narrative of the proceedings of his majesty's squadron under the gallant admiral, from its first leaving Gibraltar to the conclusion of the glorious victory of the Nile, August the 1st, 1798, has been already published from the minutes of an officer of rank, who was present. To this some brief observations shall be added; with a correct detail of events subsequent to that glorious and ever-memorable day.

By my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head!
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant young;
More daring, or more bold;
Hath grac'd this latter age with noble deeds!

SHAKSPEARE.

The consummate judgment with which the plan of attack was immediately formed and executed by rear-admiral Nelson, on an enemy's fleet moored in a compact line of battle—protected in the van by a battery, and flanked by four frigates, and many gun-boats—was worthy of the great and intrepid mind of this distinguished officer. He deservedly received the most public * and eminent praise:—his majesty, in the speech from the throne, styles it —This great and brilliant victory!

The French fleet was first discovered by captain Samuel Hood, of the Zealous; the action commenced at sun-set. The Goliath, capt. T. Foley, and the Zealous, captain Hood, had the honour to receive the first fire of the enemy. The shores of the Bay of Aboukir were soon lined with spectators, who beheld the approach of the English, and the awful conflict of the hostile fleets, in silent astonishment.

Sir Horatio Nelson, as rear-admiral of the blue, carried the blue flag at the mizen: but from a standing order of sir John Jervis, the commander in chief, the squadron wore the white or St. George's † ensign in the action; and it is remarkable, that this occasioned the display of the cross upon the renowned and ancient coast of Egypt.

A most animated fire was opened from the Vanguard, which ship covered the approach of those in the rear: in a few minutes, every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the Vanguard's deck were all down, killed or wounded; and one gun in particular was repeatedly cleared ‡. Sir Horatio Nelson was so resolved to conquer, or perish in the attempt, that he led

* Debrett's Debates, 1798, vol. vii. pages 4, 43, 51, 60, 65.

† The St. George's ensign is white, with a red cross; the first quarter bearing the Union.

‡ One of the midshipmen that fell in the Vanguard had but just remarked the escapes he had experienced; when a shot came, and cut him in two.

into action, with six ensigns or flags, viz. red, white, and blue, flying in dierent parts of the rigging: he could not even bear to reflect on the possibility of his colours being carried away by a random shot from the enemy.

According to the information we have been able to collect from the officers who were present, it appears, that the flag ship of admiral Brueys, L'Orient, was certainly subdued before she blew up: and we insert this, as an important fact; it was even the opinion of many that she had previously struck.

The severe wound which sir Horatio Nelson received was supposed to have proceeded from langridge shot, or a piece of iron: the skin of his forehead, being cut with it at right angles, hung down over his face. Captain Berry, who happened to stand near, caught the admiral in his arms. It was sir Horatio's first idea, and that of every one, that he was shot through the head. On being carried into the cock-pit, where several of his gallant crew were stretched with their shattered limbs and mangled wounds, the surgeon with great anxiety immediately came to attend on the admiral. 'No!' replied the hero; 'I will take my turn with my brave followers!'—The agony of his wound increasing, he became convinced that the idea he had long indulged of dying in battle was about to be accomplished. He immediately therefore sent for his chaplain, the rev. Mr. Comyns, and begged of him to remember him to lady Nelson; and having signed a commission appointing his friend the brave Hardy, commander of the Mutine brig, to the rank of post-captain in the Vanguard, admiral Nelson took an affectionate leave of captain Louis, who had come by his desire on board; and then with the utmost composure resigned himself to death.

When the surgeon came to examine the wound, it evidently appeared that it was not mortal: this joyful intelligence quickly circulated through the ship. As soon as the painful operation of dressing was over, admiral Nelson immediately sat down, and that very night wrote the celebrated official letter that appeared in the Gazette *. He came on deck just time enough to behold the conflagration of L'Orient.

Captain Benjamin Hallowell, of the Swiftsure, who had ever been on terms of the most intimate friendship with sir Horatio Nelson, finding his brother officers eager to outvie each other in sending various presents to the admiral, that had been made from the wreck of L'Orient, actually ordered his carpenter to make a coffin, solely from the wreck, both as to wood and iron. His orders were punctually obeyed; and one being finished with considerable elegance from the materials of L'Orient's main-mast, it was presented to the admiral with an affectionate and polite letter. Sir Horatio Nelson highly appreciated the present of his brave officer; and for some months had it placed upright in his cabin. At length, by the tears and entreaties of an old servant, the admiral was prevailed on to allow its being carried below: when he afterwards shifted his flag to the Foudroyant, and, in expectation of meeting the French fleet, the coffin was carefully conveyed on board.

Our limits only allow us, in the further prosecution of this interesting task, to give a correct summary of lord Nelson's life subsequent to his glorious Victory of the Nile.

On the 22d of September, 1798, he arrived at Naples, and was re-

* 'Almighty God has blessed his majesty's arms in the late battle, by a great victory,' &c.

ceived as a deliverer by their majesties and the whole kingdom. December the 12th, the blockade of Malta took place: on the 21st his Sicilian majesty and family embarked in the Vanguard, and were carried to Palermo in Sicily. In March he arranged a plan for taking the islands in the bay of Naples, and for supporting the royalists who were making head in the kingdom: this succeeded in every part. In May he shifted his flag to the Foudroyant, being advanced to be rear-admiral of the red; and was obliged to be continually on his guard against the French fleet. In June and July he went to Naples, and, as his Sicilian majesty was pleased to say, reconquered his kingdom, and placed him upon his throne. On the 9th of August lord Nelson brought his Sicilian majesty back to Palermo, having been upwards of four weeks on board the Foudroyant. On the 13th, his Sicilian majesty presented him with a sword most magnificently enriched with diamonds, conferred on him the title of duke of Bronte, and annexed to it the feud of Bronte, supposed to be worth 3000*l.* per annum. On the arrival of the Russian squadron at Naples, lord Nelson directed commodore Troubridge to go with the squadron, and closely blockade Civita Vecchia; and to offer the French most favourable conditions, if they would evacuate Rome, and Civita Vecchia; which terms the French general Grenier complied with, and they were signed on board the Culloden: thus a prophecy made to lord Nelson on his arrival at Naples was fulfilled, that he should take Rome by his ships.

Lord Nelson's character and military exploits may be put on a parallel with those of Agrippa, in a few words: eminent merit, attended with remarkable modesty. Like this Roman, he was victorious in both hemispheres, and with the fleets of France and Spain. Like Agrippa also, lord Nelson's glory was not confined to one element. He has triumphed both by sea and land. Agrippa could boast of the splendid trophies of the rostral crown, and the sea-green standard; lord Nelson could likewise boast of similar honours *. The same with which Virgil † has so beautifully distinguished Agrippa, in his description of a sea-fight, may be thus rendered and justly applied to lord Nelson.

Next with kind gales, the care of every god,
Nelson led on his squadron through the flood.
A naval crown adorn'd the warrior's brows,
And fierce he pour'd, amid the embattled foes!

The noble admiral's humanity in private life was long felt by the poor of Burnham Thorpe, and its vicinity. His firm and steady attachment to his friends was no less conspicuous than his benevolence and bounty to the poor, so far as he possessed the means of rendering service. Lord Nelson's character in the humble and private walks of life, like that of his professional one, will excite equal admiration: as Delany said of Swift, 'They will both bear to be reconsidered, and re-examined with the utmost attention; and will always discover new beauties and excellences, upon every examination.'

* Alluding to lord Nelson's arms. *Navali rostrata corona.* The naval crown bestowed by the ancients, on such as had signalised their valour, in an engagement at sea, was set round with figures like the beaks of ships. The Roman admirals, after their death, had their sepulchres ornamented with sculptured rostral crowns, and festoons of sea-weed.

† Parte aliâ ventis et Diis Agrippa Secundis,
Arduus, agmen agens; cui, belli insigne superbum,
Tempora navali fulgent rostrata corona.
ÆN. lib. viii. l. 682.

Presents to Lord Nelson, for his services in the Mediterranean, between Oct. 1, 1798, and Oct. 1, 1799.

From his king and country, a peerage of Great Britain, and the gold medal.

From the parliament of Great Britain, for his own life, and two next heirs, per annum..... £. 2,000

From the parliament of Ireland, not exactly known, but supposed to be the same as given to earl St. Vincent and lord Duncan, per annum..... 1,000

From the East-India company..... 10,000

From the Turkey company, a piece of plate of great value.

From Alexander Davison, esq. a gold medal.

From the city of London, a sword of great value.

From the captains who served under his orders in the battle of the Nile, a sword.

From the Grand Signior, a diamond aigrette, or plume of triumph, valued at 2,000

From the same, a rich pelice, valued at 1,000

From the Grand Signior's mother, a rose, set with diamonds, valued at 1,000

From the emperor of Russia, a box, set with diamonds, and a most elegant letter, value..... 2,500

From the king of the Two Sicilies, a sword richly ornamented with diamonds, and a most elegant and kind letter 5,000

Also the dukedom of Bronte, with an estate, supposed per annum 3,000

From the king of Sardinia, a box set with diamonds, and a most elegant letter..... 1,200

From the island of Zante, a gold-headed sword and cane, as an acknowledgment, that had it not been for the battle of the Nile they could not have been liberated from French cruelty.

From the city of Palermo, a gold box and chain, brought on a silver waiter. Also the freedom of the city of Palermo, which constitutes him a grandee of Spain.

LORD NELSON'S WILL.

THE following is an abstract of the last will and testament, and codicils thereto annexed, of lord Viscount Nelson, as proved in the Commons by his executors, earl Nelson and William Haslewood, esq. on Monday the 23d of December, 1805.

HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON, of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and duke of Bronte, in the kingdom of Farther Sicily.

First.—In the event that he shall die in England, he desires to be buried in the parish church of Burnham Thorpe, unless his majesty shall signify it to be his pleasure that he shall be buried elsewhere.

Gives the sum of 100*l.* to the poor of the several parishes of Burnham Thorpe, Sutton, and Morton, in the county of Norfolk, viz. one third part to each parish: the same to be divided at the discretion of the curates or ministers.

Gives to Emma lady Hamilton, widow of the right hon. sir Wm. Hamilton, K. B. his diamond star, as a token of his friendship; also the silver cup which she presented to him.

Gives to his brother, the rev. Wm. Nelson, D. D. (earl Nelson), the gold box presented to him by the city of London; also, his gold sword, presented to him by the captains who fought with him at the Nile.

Gives to his sister Catherine Matcham the sword presented to him by the city of London.

Gives to his sister Susannah Bolton the silver cup presented to him by the Turkey company.

Gives to A. Davison, of St. James's-square, esq. his Turkish gun and canteen.

Gives to his worthy friend captain Hardy all his telescopes and sea glasses, and 100*l.*

Gives to each of his executors 100*l.*

Gives to his brother, and William Haslewood, esq. of Craven-street, Strand, all the residue of his goods, chattels, and personal estate (ex-

cept the household goods, &c. which shall be in his house at Merton, at his decease, and also except his diamond sword and jewels, and any other articles which he should, by any codicil to his will, otherwise dispose of), to hold to them and their executors and administrators, upon the trusts following, namely—Upon trusts, that his said trustees and executors shall, as soon as may be, after his death, convert into money such personal estate as does not consist of money, and lay out and invest the same in the purchase of 3 per cent. consols, and also the money which shall belong to him at his death, so that the dividends and interest may produce the clear yearly sum of 1000*l.* of which they shall stand possessed, upon trust, that, during the life of Frances Herbert, viscountess Nelson, his wife, his said trustees do, and shall, fully authorise and empower the said viscountess Nelson, his wife, and her assigns, to receive the dividends, when the same shall become due, in addition to all other provisions made by him at any time heretofore for her, and in addition to the sum of 4000*l.* lately given her; which sums to be taken in lieu and satisfaction of all dower, and right and title of dower, of her the said viscountess Nelson. And in case the annual income to be produced from the bank annuities, to be purchased with the residue of his personal estate, shall be insufficient to answer and pay the sum of 1000*l.* a year, then the deficiency to be made up to his wife, out of his barony, town, and lands, in Farther Sicily; so that his said wife may be entitled to receive a clear income of 1000*l.*; and, after the decease of his said wife, to divide the said 1000*l.* unto the said William Nelson, Susannah Bolton, and Catherine Matcham.

CODICIL.

I, Horatio viscount Nelson of the Nile, of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk; and of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and duke of Bronte in the kingdom of Farther Sicily, having, to my last will and testament, which bears date on or about the 10th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1803, made and published a codicil, bearing date the 13th day of the same month, do make and publish a further codicil to the same last will and testament in manner following:—That is to say, I give and bequeath to miss Horatio Nelson Thompson (who was baptised on the 13th day of May last, in the parish of St. Mary-la-bonne, in the county of Middlesex, by Benjamin Laurence, curate, and John Willock, assistant clerk (and who I acknowledge as my adopted daughter), the sum of 4,000*l.* sterling money of Great Britain, to be paid at the expiration of six months after my decease, or sooner if possible; and I leave my dearest friend Emma, lady Hamilton, sole guardian of the said Horatio Nelson Thompson, until she shall have arrived at the age of eighteen years, and the interest of the said 4,000*l.* to be paid to lady Hamilton, for her education and maintenance. This request of guardianship I earnestly make of lady Hamilton, knowing that she will educate my adopted child in the paths of religion and virtue, and give her those accomplishments which so much adorn herself, and I hope make her a fit wife for my dear nephew, Horatio Nelson, who I wish to marry her, if he proves worthy in lady Hamilton's estimation of such a treasure, as I am sure she will be. Farther, I direct that the legacies by this my codicil, as well as those by my last will and testament, given and bequeathed, shall be paid and discharged from and out of my personal estate only, and shall not be charged, or chargeable, upon my

real estates in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and in the kingdom of Farther Sicily, or any or either of them, or any part thereof. In all other respects, I ratify and confirm my said last will and testament and former codicil. In witness whereof, I, the said Horatio viscount Nelson, and duke of Bronte, have to this codicil, all in my own hand-writing, and contained in one sheet of paper, set my hand and seal this sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and three. (Signed)

NELSON and BRONTE.

Signed, sealed, and published by the right hon. Horatio viscount Nelson, duke of Bronte, as and for a codicil to his last will and testament, in the presence of

GEORGE MURRAY, first captain of the Victory.

JOHN SCOTT, secretary.

Lord Nelson, in his will, has directed, that if it shall please his sovereign to grant a continuance of his pension of one thousand pounds per annum to lady Nelson, that the direction in his will to raise a sum of money to be vested in the funds, to pay her ladyship an annuity of one thousand pounds per annum, shall be void.

A codicil, in his own writing, directs, that one hundred pounds per annum be paid to the widow of his brother Maurice.

The last codicil annexed to his lordship's will is dated in September last, and gives to lady Hamilton all the hay on his estate at Merton.

His lordship has given full power to his trustees to dispose of or exchange the whole of his Italian estates.

A NOONTIDE WALK IN DECEMBER.

By J. M. L.

FOR about ten days I had breathed the smoky atmosphere of the metropolis, had paced its dirty pavement, had been dinned with its eternal bustle, when the fifth day of December arrived; a day set apart to return thanksgiving to the Almighty Disposer of the affairs of men, for the glorious, and in history unexampled, victory of Trafalgar—a victory inspired and gained by the genius of the now immortal hero, Nelson; whose mortal part fell, a lamented tribute to the glory of his beloved country, ere the hard-fought contest had ended!

The morning rose in smiles, as if to grace the holy day, and call forth the inhabitants of this great city to celebrate with sacred joy the great occasion; to pour forth, in their respective places of worship, effusions of heartfelt gratitude and thanks to Heaven, for the splendid success of the glorious battle; not unmixed, however, with a mournful memento of the work of death on that great day, which almost every congregation, of whatever sect or description, displayed in their munificent contributions for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who fell, and for the wounded seamen. If 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins' (and who is there that doubts it?) Great Britain, of all other countries, may pre-eminently lay claim to that divine prerogative.

I had, a day or two before, received an invitation to dine with a friend some distance from town; and that I might have an opportunity of going to church previously, I dressed early, and set off, intending to take the chance of a seat in some place of worship in my way. In almost every street I met those gallant defenders of their country, the volunteers, marching to church; thus adding to the character of soldiers, that of pious and religious men. At length I entered the parish-church of Saint Clement Danes, in the Strand; where, after an appropriate

discourse, but sadly interrupted by the rattling of carriages along the street, the following pleasing anthem, tributary to the memory of lord Nelson, was excellently performed by some amateur singers in the organ loft:

Round the hapless hero's urn
Be the cypress foliage spread:
Fragrant spice profusely burn,
In grateful mem'ry of the dead.

Let an angel's heavenly form
Protect the vase his ashes bears;
Truth, in living sorrows warm,
Pay a mourning nation's tears.

Fame, his praise upon thy wing,
Through all the world his valour tell—
In the service of his king,
In his country's cause, he fell.

After leaving my mite in the plate, I bent my course towards Islington, much pleased with the fineness of the day overhead, though a good deal annoyed by the great quantity of dirt under my feet; but even this, though execrated by the casual passenger, is a source at once of profit and pleasure: the sweepings of the many acres London stands upon create a superfluity of manure, that contributes in a great measure to the beautiful luxuriance of the country for ten miles around it, and increases in an extraordinary degree the harvest both of hay and corn.

Having passed Islington, I soon discovered that I was breathing a purer air: the gravel path, too, was much cleaner than the pavement I had left; silence had succeeded to noise, and the mind recovered its tranquillity: yet, alas! nature exhibited but a poor picture to cheer it.—

'No peeping primrose palely glow'd
From nature's mossy bed;
No meads with scented sweets were strew'd;
No cowslip rais'd its head.'

Not a leaf was to be seen on any of the trees, save the evergreen holly, which here and there, in a garden, gladdened the eye with its dark-green leaves and brilliant berries. The following lines, which I met with lately, struck me as being peculiarly descriptive of the season:

'But when Winter, fiercely frowning,
Rudely grasps the torpid year,
Torrents Nature's beauties drowning,
Nought of verdure's left to cheer.

'Vernal loveliness decaying,
Leaves in triumph frost to reign:
Lambs forget their summer's playing;
Not a flow'ret decks the plain.

'Birds forget the notes of pleasure:
Some have fled to milder shores.
Robins ask the peasant's treasure,
Whilst the wind tempestuous roars.

'Thus the scene of nature shifting
Chills the heart, and prompts the sigh.
Fallen snow in heaps is drifting;
Desolation hovers nigh.'

As I proceeded, not a feathered chorister's note saluted my ear, except the humble robin's, whose sweet but feeble song was chaunted from a shed by the road side;—it was a tributary lay to the God of nature. 'Sweet bird!' I ejaculated, 'how unlike the *reasonable being* man art thou! He, when any disagreeable change in the season sours his temper, almost impiously vents his dissatisfied ideas; whilst thou, who hast far greater reason to complain, seemest, in the midst of this season of sorrow, to sweeten thy solitude with a song, thankfully addressed (for so I would fain think it) to the Source of life, to the Father of the fatherless.'

My walk was rather a long one, and as I approached my friend's house it was just three o'clock; the sun began to lose its lustre, a dense mist was already beginning to collect, and by looking at Phœbus through this medium, he seemed to increase in size, and his colour became much redder. The cold increased, and I found the warm fire of my friend, with the warm welcome he gave me, very gratifying; and I

thought, as I set myself down amidst a circle of chosen friends, that my noontide walk in December, though the last, was the most pleasant of the year, as it had led me to the fireside of friendship, unalloyed by worldly hypocrisy. I could thus have apostrophised—Selected and chosen ones of my heart,

'In friendship's sacred vest array'd,'

accept the wish that is prompted by pure affection: may you never be subject to the heart-rending pangs occasioned by the desertion of any one on whom you have relied for friendship! but, if that should ever unhappily be the case, spurn the recollection of such a man:—

'Live! and repine not o'er his loss;
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hadst mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.'

May peaceful pleasure ever spread around you its delightful calm, and mild content be your soft companion on the pillow of repose! and whilst

'Humanity's train ever wait at your door,'

may the plenty that reigns within be undenied to the wandering 'son of many sorrows!' May the goddess of health wave her wand over the roof of your habitation! but should the fiends of pain and sickness overpower Hygeia's blest controul, soon may the 'God of your fathers,' with merciful hand, raise your afflicted spirits, and give health again to bless you!—

'May want fly the mansion where in you reside!
May your hearts never know the base impulse of pride!
May religion's mild dictates inspire you with peace!
May the years as they roll to your stores bring increase!
May you ne'er know the sorrows which mis'ry attend!
May you always be blest in the wish of your friend!'

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS the following observations on a vegetable plant of China may not be uninteresting to some classes of your readers, I beg leave to solicit its insertion in your valuable and justly esteemed Miscellany.

The areka or surrapi of China is used among the Chinese by wrapping it in the leaf of the betel or paung leaf, a shrub similar to the woodbine, or ivy, of England, which encircles itself round the areka tree, a species of palm that generally attains the height of thirty or forty feet, perfectly straight, of the circumference of a full-grown poplar, with protuberant rings on the bark, at equal distances; possessing no branches but at the head, where it spreads itself, and to them is suspended the fruit, or nut, of the areka, erroneously termed *beetle* nut, enveloped in an outward coating consisting of numerous filaments, in size about an English walnut, but more conical. This husk is not unlike in its structure to the rind of a cocoa-nut, but more soft and pliable. I imagine it is either in quantity insufficient, or that its succedaneum is found in the bark of other trees which is more profitable, to convert into paper, which the Chinese manufacture from almost every species of cortical vegetable.

The properties of the areka are unparalleled as an extreme beautifier and eminent preserver of the teeth: its strong astringency gives them strength, and it is indisputably the finest antiscorbutic known. I have seen many Europeans that have had the most indifferent teeth, and who were frequently troubled with that tantalizing affliction the tooth-ach, who by a short residence in India, where they have constantly accus-

tomed themselves to its use, have been permanently relieved, and the appearance of their teeth improved wonderfully: even the most offensive breath has been overcome, as it possesses one of the most incomparable odours I have either met with in China, the Moluccas, or the whole peninsula of Hindostan. I may perhaps be considered too sanguine or partial in my praise of this vegetable, yet I feel confident that no one who is acquainted with it will correct my statement in any manner unfavourable to the description I have given of it. It is to be regretted this has not long since been a principal article of importation, so highly and so justly as it is esteemed in China. Yet in Europe it is in fact scarcely known. It may perhaps be considered in this country extraordinary, since its virtues are so great, when I mention, that it is notwithstanding neither cultivated among agriculturists nor private gentlemen. In India it is the promiscuous inhabitant of every wood or jungle, and, like many of our most valuable herbs, grows spontaneously in the fields unheeded or disregarded but by the herbalist or botanist. The saliva that is produced by chewing this nut is of the most beautiful red the eye can either witness or the imagination conceive; and were there a possibility of extracting the dye, its richness would be unexampled, and displace those that are now held in the highest consideration. But the colour of this nut is only imparted in its green state: when it becomes hardened it neither will disclose this valuable property to aqueous, spirituous, nor oily menstruums; and no means which I have as yet been made acquainted with are capable of success. I have heard of its being infused, after levigation, in spirits, and acting as a great corroborator of the stomach, and facilitating digestion. As a styptic medicine, it may not be inferior to the best Peruvian bark. It is perfectly tasteless, otherwise than the aromatic effluvia which arise after it is chewed.

From the circumstance of the betel growing round the areka tree we may attribute the cause of the leaf of this vine being wrapped and chewed together with the areka nut; as if nature indicated the propriety of blending them, in order, as it is perfectly known, to correct the predominant bitterness of the betel by the aromatic flavour of the areka. The anodyne qualities of the former render it a peculiar favourite of the natives: its intoxicating nature procures alleviation to the poor distressed Indian, softens the acuteness of poignant reflection, and delights the imagination with every Utopia of bliss; no wonder then that these inoffensive associates of human society should seek a softener of their cares which nature has so judiciously and humanely allotted them in the recluses of their country. In no quarter of the earth has Providence omitted to scatter its beneficence. It has every-where provided an asylum for the afflicted, a solace to the oppressed, and the means of comforting and exhilarating human nature under the severest trials.—The areka nut is most frequent in the countries of Siam, Molucca, Cambodia, and Cochin China. It is more prolific along the eastern coast of the bay of Bengal, and flourishes in the neighbouring isles of Sarmatia, Pulo Pinang, &c. The East-India company purchase the ammonium, a measure of 20000 arekas, or about 260 pounds weight, for about 2000 fettees, equal in cash to nine shillings and sixpence English; although individuals pay equivalent to threepence a pound. The betel is cultivated in

most parts of India, and not dissimilar to the growth of hops; the leaf approaching the laurel, and the blossom the pear: it forms a pretty appearance, and the leaf, with the areka and chunam (a lime produced from calcined shells), furnishes one of the greatest luxuries in the whole Eastern empire. It is ranked among the elegances of life, is every-where presented as the first offering of friendship, and considered in every station as the emblem of the highest respect.

The soil most adapted for the culture of the betel is a rich loam, or heavy clay; and, like the manchineal of Barbadoes, it skirts the coasts of the ocean. It may not be perhaps irrevelant here to take notice of a circumstance of the manchineal not less singular than that of the betel in attaching to the areka, and forming to each other an equilibrium that corrects the too potent qualities contained in them separately, that might otherwise defeat the end for which they were designed. In every place where the manchineal grows, it is accompanied by a protective plant, that affords a juice which searches the progress of the poison, and secures the unfortunate person from becoming its victim. In like manner, the rattlesnake root is a safe antidote against the bite of that reptile. The value of the nut, when it has been to be purchased in this country, is from three shillings and sixpence to five shillings a pound, and when properly calcined and levigated produces not more than from three to four ounces. Their goodness is distinguished by their being free from holes, or any appearance of grubs having inserted themselves; their pale colour; and, when broken, being clear and thickly marbled with red, purple, or dark veins. They will run in number from seventy to eighty in the pound avoirdupois. For a more detailed account I refer my readers to the Encyclopædia, Raynel's Indies, Fenning, Pomet, Grose, &c. If my suggestion in recommending it as a commodity worthy of enlarged importation be accepted in the opinion of any India adventurer, I shall feel satisfied in having been the promoter of an article which, from my experience of its qualities, entitles it to every attention of the philosophical and commercial branches of society; and it will procure to me the greatest pleasure should it prove beneficial in any other manner than that which I have stated.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
C. Cranfurd Hutchinson.

Seymour-street,
Dec. 9, 1805.

ELIZA.

A FRAGMENT.

By Miss Eliza Yeames.

'WHEREFORE is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul?' 'Beat less, thou panting, troublesome thing!—lie still a while, and let me breathe more freely. Alas, it cannot be! This heart will never cease to throb with misery unutterable; these eyes to weep an everlasting stream: but yet, although it is so, whoever guesses at Eliza's silence? If chance she speak, her tones are those of cheerfulness; her smiles are frequent, and they tell her comforts: her eyes contentment beam, and these sad feelings are fast locked up and hid within her breast.'

Thus said the dejected youthful Eliza, as pensive walking in the noon-day. Then her eyes with wonder wandered to the heavens, whose

beams enlivened all the country round, and warmed the fair-one's bosom, much too tender for bleak October's keenly-piercing air.

'How changed the scene!' resumed the youthful maid. 'How sad and rainy has it lately been! How beauteous now smiles forth this pleasing day! Scarce clouds are seen even of a silver hue: the glorious sun shines forth, diffuses his happy influence, and nature hails his ever-welcome sight. This hour of light to all around illumines not my soul: a wretch, the veriest on earth, I tread and breathe. Hope, the chief comforter to unhappy being, has fled me quite, nor can my fancy suggest one method to recal the traitor: one Power alone can bid my sorrow rest. On *him* I call, to *him* address my wish, in vain. Purposes unknown to mortals restrain his just and powerful arm; and poor Eliza lives, and lives in woe!' Thus saying, to a church-yard appearing in view she bent her steps, and, leaning over a grave, pronounced a prayer fervent and devout; then, sinking on a tomb, gave way to tears of anguish and despair. 'Here sleeps my comfort!' softly spoke the maid: 'here lies the brave, the noble, and the good! Unhappy those who look with horror round on the cold mouldy bed, designed for them when life shall be no more! Not so with me. I grieve; I rest not on so smooth a pillow, suited to the weary head that, busy with the cares of fortune's changes, longs for the period to arrive when those thoughts shall be lost in a sweet trance from which there shall be no awaking. But hark!——Whence come those sounds seraphic, which seem more than mortal!—They are from yon lofty building. O my God! can I express how much I feel their power?——Angels seem hovering over the lovely sounds, and join in concert with their heavenly voices.—Ah, yes! imagination speaks that cherub smiling in robes of splendour glorious light, flitting unseen around the delightful harmony produced by skill unrivalled, only boasted by the fair maid who plays, and who called him cousin.—Ah me! who comes this way? Maria! 'tis Maria!'—'Come to my house, my friend! What are you doing?' exclaims the mild intruder. 'O Eliza! involved in error, will you ever live: quick, quick away! I see you have wept. This scene of death, this gloomy looking sepulchre, I fear, speaks forcibly the fear of *fate*.'

'Alas, my good Maria! I am strangely altered: well may you gaze and sigh, and sighing own how lively once but now dejected grown is this poor form for which you feel such friendship. Revered lady! next to my heart is that sad image cherished to my ruin: trust me, these wan and dismal-looking symptoms are the forerunners of an heavenly calm.—Ah! frown ye on me? Oh, ye pitying powers, speak to that bosom one kind soft emotion of mildness and forgiveness to her friend!' Here she let fall a quick and burning tear, which caused a reproachful look from good Maria, but inwardly a pang of heartfelt grief.—'Eliza! oh, my child!' exclaimed she warmly, 'by fits and starts you only speak your woe. It is cherished in the silence of your bosom, gnaws your vitals, and destroys your life.—Tell me the cause, my love! unlock your mind; let me at least possess the power to speak some comfort to your drooping heart, and trust me you will find no cause to feel repentance.'

'Ah, my dear madam! can I refuse you any thing?—No—no: then let me hasten over these gloomy moments, that thus destroy my hap-

piness and life. About two years since, at Y——th, where lately we resided, I was visited by H——m, a young man whom I had long known, but not seen for some time. He was five years my elder, much grown, and vastly improved. He was tall, well proportioned, and graceful; his eyes a lovely blue, whose brows were like his hair, the palest brown, or sandy colour: his complexion was fairer than that of most men, but sufficiently sanguine to look healthy; his address was easy and entertaining; his glances were intelligent and lively; in short, he was a very fine youth, and boasted a heart the seat of virtue and every generous feeling—Charming countenance! that faithfully spoke his goodness, mild, smiling, and amiably beaming his social feelings, was it not much more interesting than a fiery set of features, and a livelier complexion?—so fair and mild, so heavenly and pleasing! He shortly noticed me: he pressed my hand, gazed on my face, while in accents of tenderness he endeavoured to make me understand that he saw and loved. I blushed, cast down my head, took away my hand, and gently pushed him back; but, grown more bold, he caught me to his breast, and called me 'his loved, his charming Eliza!' declaring nothing should satisfy him but a kiss from the beautiful coral lips that were so inviting. Oh, Maria! his tender endearments left too pleasing an impression on my heart. He had made me acquainted with a former passion which he had entertained for the lovely incomparable miss G*****d, some time deceased. By many I was said to resemble this lady, ere he told me of his love for her. I had spoke to him of the likeness: perhaps in some measure his attachment was founded on that idea; for ofttimes, in tones of throbbing tenderness, he would exclaim I was his second Sophia, and, pressing me in his arms, bless me, and wish me every happiness that the Almighty could bestow. You know he belonged to this place, and of course his stay was short at Y——; he left it with sorrow, and promised soon to return and see me. He did so—he flew to me on wings of love, with looks that bespoke him constant. I blushed and hung my head at his ardent glances, drew back, and tried to escape him; but seeing my intent, he plainly told me he was determined I should not quit his side, as he would follow me to any part of the room. He chatted, laughed, and sung to amuse me. The song he remarked as worthy my attention was the Thorn. Ah, madam, he meant, when he spoke, that he was determined never by word or deed to distress and plant in my bosom a thorn. Overwhelmed with confusion, I inwardly resolved to check his hopes; and this I had an opportunity of doing the next day, by the following circumstance. He brought me a present of sweetmeats, and requested me to eat. I refused in a positive manner; and, to his infinite mortification, would not alter my resolution: indeed all intreaties were vain, as my determination proceeded from the cause I have mentioned. But to soften matters, I consented before he quitted me to dress in the charming blue gown he so much admired. When retired, I repented of giving him pain on so unnecessary an occasion, and dropt a tear of repentance for my conduct. In this humour I met him the next day, and then accepted his proffered presents, and returned conciliating expressions. But the time now came for him to leave me. I wept, unrestrained by his presence; and, charmed with such evident proofs of my esteem, he folded me

to his bosom; told me, in a low but expressive tone of voice, how much he wished he were so situated as to spend his time how and where he pleased; how very ardently he desired my presence; what dejection my tears caused him to feel; and finally, that I need not fear soon of seeing him at Y———.

His absence was a dagger to my heart. I drooped and faded; tears of anguish bedewed my pillow, and the day fled away unuseful, unemployed. In vain it was that I reflected on his love, his faithfulness: reliance might certainly be placed on those; but as yet he was not in a situation of life to support a wife, nay might not be so for years to come, and in that time what could not occur? incidents probably to separate our affections for ever! The absence of years would most likely cause a change in him, and I should ever have to mourn an eternal separation from the dearest object on earth. Very soon he wrote to me in a tender style, inclosing some lines written by him and addressed to me. The enthusiastic passion that breathed throughout charmed me, and I was hurt to think I had ever supposed him capable of forgetting me. But to be short, my dearest madam—he came to see me very often, and every time gave increased proofs of his regard. Often would he take my infant sister on his lap, and, pressing her to his bosom, say how much he should love her where she mine; then, sighing, kiss her, and put her on her feet.—I observed with pain he would indulge a serious thought too frequently; for repeatedly after fixing his eyes intently on me he would sink into forgetfulness, nor be conscious of his mysterious silence till I called on his name and made some enquiry. These strange emotions were first produced by my parent declaring her intention of removing to town, which he never heard mentioned but he exclaimed against it; but finding her positive he ceased to contradict, though he declared to me he could not bear residing so far distant from me. I smiled, and sported with his tenderness: when, looking melancholy, he suppressed the rising sigh, and, putting one arm round my waist to fasten me to my seat, took my hand in his, and said, in a manner I could not understand—'Well, since it must be so, Eliza, we can write our meaning in future: we shall easily understand each other, no doubt, and then our purpose is answered as much as if we oftener met.—But I'll see you again,' he cried, after a pause while waiting an answer, which I was too confused to give. 'I'll come in the course of two months; though still I entertain hopes of a change in your mother's sentiments.' Then, sporting with my hair and fingers, he told me he meant to take me away with him the next time he came; he would not visit Y——— so often for nothing.

As he wished, an occurrence prevented our removal; and the dear youth, transported with joy, came over to partake with me the brightened scene, our happy prospects. He did all in his power to amuse me; laughed, chatted, and sung; nay, chaunted verses in which the name of Eliza was found, made undoubtedly by himself, and hung enraptured over me the while, examining with scrutinising glances my glowing countenance, hoping to read there my inward feelings. Hurt by his pleasurable looks, I grew reserved, and tried to change his opinion of my heart: in some measure it served to make him pensive, and less tender. But when we met again he flung aside his indifference; for, seating himself as close as possible to *me*, he spoke to *me*, and *me* alone; folding me to his breast in

a moment of opportunity, and imprinting the kiss of forgiveness on my lips:—then, releasing me, he spoke in the softest tone, held my hand fast locked in his the while, and looked full of anxiety for my forgiveness. Charmed with his behaviour, I forgot to check his advances, but suffered him to take me in his arms again and again, till casting up my eyes to his face, his evident delight struck me. He sees my foolish passion, thought I; in a little time he will despise me for yielding my heart so readily, and cease to esteem the prize he has gained. I tore myself from his embraces, abusing him for being so familiar with my person, and begging he would cease to style me his dear and his darling. Suffice it, that my language surprised and mortified my Henry. He left me rather abruptly left me unhappy at the reason I had given for his behaviour; but there remained at the same time a spark of resentment against him.—Oh, my dear Maria! could the latter sensation last? When he appeared next—his dejected countenance, his dull and heavy eye, his sunken voice—pride, overbearing and turbulent, gradually sunk in my breast. I leaned on the elbow of my chair towards him, looked anxious and unhappy. He spoke little. My heart palpitated. I knew not what to say, or how to act.—'Pray sing,' said I, at length: 'pray sing, Henry, to oblige me.'—'I am not in a humour to sing,' he replied; 'I cannot, indeed: pray excuse me.' He then entered into conversation with my parent: they conversed rather warmly. He maintained that a man might love, and shew his passion so as to be understood, and yet never make a real declaration. My mamma protested such conduct was unmeaning—not to be depended on; and no girl of sense would rely on a half-declared passion. Here my hero exclaimed, 'That never while he breathed would he ask a woman to wait till he had the power to marry, lest that time might never come, and she might waste her youth and bloom for him in singleness.' By other things he let fall I understood he never intended to extort such a promise, but would rely on her for that constancy and voluntary rejection of other men for his future happiness. As he expressed himself thus, my parent left the room, and glowing with the pleasant idea of being properly comprehended, at this juncture he took me in his arms and gave me an ardent kiss: then, patting my neck as he released me, looked smiling on me with proud delight, in the manner a fond mother views her darling offspring when they appear uncommonly charming in her eyes. My infant sister becoming importunate to be nursed, I raised her in my arms, and placed her on his knee, begging him to amuse her. He accepted the task, tried to please her, sung, and danced her; then drawing me to him—'My wife!' said he in a low voice, 'our child!—oh, my fears!' and pressed us ardently and fondly to him. 'O fie!' said I, blushing; 'what are you saying?'—'That you were indeed mine!'—'What are you saying?' I replied; and, happily for my confusion, we were interrupted. The next day was the last he was to spend at Y———. Alas! unhappy me! how could I waste it so sadly! The dawning of the sun saw me dread its retreat; but when Henry on his knee called me his darling, his delight, implored me to return his passion, I pushed him back, and frowned;—yes, dear madam, frowned;—and was angry at his presumption, denied the parting kiss, and tore my hand from his last farewell grasp.—Sad review! My eyes drop

the tear of repentance, my heart is bursting with unspeakable anguish! Pardon the digression, my Maria; your once cheerful friend is too soon overcome.—Ah, Henry! beloved Henry! dear saint in heaven! look down on thy unhappy, lost Eliza! impart a ray of divine consolation to her breast! teach her to act as it becomes a being of the lower world!—

I had an acquaintance with a lady whose disposition was envious and unfeeling, and whose principles were not altogether just. She guessed to whom Henry's visits were paid, and determined to divide our affection. She whispered her doubts of his truth and constancy; nay, declared he loved and courted miss C——. For some time I turned a deaf ear to her assertions; laughed, and defied her treacherous tongue; but the violence of my affection causing a continual dread of losing him, a spark of jealousy kindled to confuse me, and at length I doubted his constancy. Some little event happening, caused us to think of removing to this place; he was written to, and requested to seek a house, which he did with the greatest dispatch; and answered the letter in the highest spirits, calling me his angelic Eliza. But the expression caused me no pleasure; I was determined to obliterate my unfortunate attachment, and consign his former tenderness to oblivion, seeing no prospect of being blest with his hand. I therefore contrived to act a new part; and when soon the time arrived that we met, I behaved so coolly and distantly civil, that he most certainly saw the change; for I fancied, or really saw, a less ardent tenderness in his manner. However, some few days after he seemed to forget my behaviour, and treated me as he was once wont to do; but my increased coolness at length aroused his indignation, and he ceased to pay me those attentions he had formerly bestowed on me: until one afternoon, when dressing my hair for the theatre in the evening, he gave me a look of tender complacency, and seizing me by the hand, forced me to sit on his knee. I remonstrated to no purpose for my release: he bound my arms with his handkerchief; and then passionately folding me to his bosom, kissed my face, my eyes, my hands; while, outrageous at his temerity, I half shrieked, and abused his violence in the strongest terms. But his sighs, hard fetch'd and sincere, called my attention; and my heart began to throb tumultuously. In the greatest confusion I raised my eyes to his; then blushing, hid my face on his shoulders, fearful he might read the expression too visibly painted in them. 'O God!' ejaculated the youth, clasping my form more ardently than before, and drawing his breath short, 'oh, oh!' I trembled, threw myself forward, while tears of mixed sensations were bursting from my eyes; and in threatening language commanded him to desist. Not insensible to his violence, he once more, as if (which it was) for the last time, pressed me to him; and sealing his lips to mine, said something in too low a tone to be understood, and unhanded me. This conduct would have had its weight with me, but an unhappy circumstance arose that destroyed my happiness. He was acquainted with a gentleman who was his sincerest friend, whom he valued greatly. He had a daughter named Lucilla, who was a fine woman, and commanded respect. Henry felt her merit no doubt; but I cannot harbour a suspicion that he entertained more than friendship for her: happier had I been if I had never thought otherwise. A friend of Lucilla's whispered strange things in my ears, to

stir up the tyrant jealousy to undo me. One day being invited to a lady's house where I met Lucilla and Henry, I had the mortification to see him pay her every attention. I concealed my unhappiness under a smiling countenance, yet wandered my gaze to the much-loved youth; and an inward resolve to banish him from my thoughts arose, when I observed that he seemed to be watching my motion, while the confirmation of the loss I had sustained in his affections rushed to my mind, and made me determine never more to encourage sentiments in his favour. But reflecting coolly on the subject another time, I thought it best to behave in a friendly, though unembarrassed manner, that in future I might have no reason to charge myself with cruelty. For this purpose I now sought his company instead of shunning it; and he appeared to feel the change, and treated me more tenderly likewise. But an unfortunate incident again caused a rupture between us; and, mortifying idea! again originated from myself. It caused a little unhappiness to both for a time; but, rising above all little prejudices, he changed not his renewed attentions, but continued to give me increased testimonies of esteem. Alas, dear madam! last July I saw him never to meet again! Never shall I forget his last look! Was it stern?—was it reproachful?—Ah, no: it was not. It was mild, benignant, forgiving, expressive of his amiable mind. Ah me! as he leaned incautiously on his loaded gun, it fired, and shot him dead on the spot. The sun sunk as the bravest, noblest, best of human beings fell never to rise again; and the affrighted bird screamed in his hollow nest at the lowering sky and approaching storm. Time, with its lenient hand, is said to soften such affliction as then assailed me; but a settled dejection oppresses my heart: the evening brings with it despair and horror; the morning a painful recollection of my loss. Now the sun shines on his dismal enclosures, but shines in vain; now the cold rain bedews his grave, rots the gloomy coffin, and gives the beauteous body to the dust: now, now the gay bells ring for their customary rejoicing, and reverberate among the silent tombs; yet awake him not from his heavy sleep!—But avaunt, foolish fancy! he is living in heaven, though shrouded in death. Yes, his angel spirit now shines in the regions of a better world; mixes with a race of beauteous beings; and joins his loved Sophia's charming form.—Oh, my dear Maria! ought I to mourn my loss when he is so much happier in his present state? Ah! no, beloved Henry! I cast aside the tear while thinking on thy happy lot. See me myself again, respected lady, much valued friend! I will fling aside my gloom, shake off my taciturnity, be again, as once I was, the cheerful Eliza; be worthy your endeavours to console; reward your assiduity, your unequalled friendship.

Nov. 14, 1805.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN THE YEAR 1805.

JANUARY.

3. DIED the earl of Rosslyn, formerly lord chancellor of Great Britain.

7. A French messenger, with dispatches for the British government, arrived in the Downs, having been received on board the Tickler gun-brig from a flag of truce which came out of Boulogne. This messenger was the bearer of the overtures after-

wards noticed in his majesty's speech to parliament.

8. Appointment of marquis Cornwallis to succeed marquis Wellesley in the government of India.

11. Letters of marque and reprisal issued against Spain.

Mr. Addington created a peer by the title of viscount Sidmouth, and afterwards appointed president of the council.

15. Commencement of the session of parliament. In the speech from the throne his majesty took notice of pacific propositions having been received from France.

18. A grand chapter of the garter held by his majesty at St. James's

22. The Spanish ambassador and his suite left London.

31. The London wet docks at Wapping opened, the tide admitted, and a brig introduced from the river Thames.

FEBRUARY.

4. A letter which Bonaparté had addressed to his majesty, with the overtures alluded to in his majesty's speech at the opening of the session of parliament, was communicated to the French legislative body.

6. The Abergavenny Indiaman wrecked off the Shambles; the captain, and nearly 300 of the crew and passengers, being drowned.

8. On the motion of sir Evan Nepean in the house of commons, leave was given to bring in a bill for continuing the suspension of the habeas corpus act in Ireland.

21. A French squadron, which had sailed from Rochefort, landed troops in Dominica, and made an attack on that island, but were repulsed by general Prevost. They afterwards visited other West-India islands, levied contributions, and returned to France.

25. The dowager queen of Prussia died in the 54th year of her age.

28. A bill for abolishing the slave trade, which Mr. Wilberforce had introduced into the house of commons, was thrown out on the second reading, on a division, by a majority of seven.

MARCH.

5. The committee appointed by the house of commons, on the petitions respecting the Middlesex election, reported, that Mr. Mainwaring was not duly returned, and that sir Francis Burdett ought to have been returned.

11. Sir William Rawlins and Albion Cox, esq. formerly sheriffs of Middlesex, ordered by the house of commons to be imprisoned in Newgate for their conduct at the Middlesex election.

17. The plan of the new Dutch constitution laid before the Batavian legislative assembly.

18. Bonaparté assumes the title of king of Italy.

The tenth report of the naval commissioners presented, on which the motions respecting lord Meville, &c. were founded.

25. The petition of the Irish Roman catholics presented in the house of peers by lord Grenville, and in the house of commons by Mr. Fox.

30 A fleet of eleven sail of the line, with troops on board, sailed from Toulon, and proceeded down the Mediterranean.

APRIL.

8. In the house of commons Mr. Whitbread moved a series of resolutions, founded on the tenth report of the naval commissioners, and censuring the conduct of lord Melville. On the division, the numbers on each side were equal, viz. 216, and the speaker gave his casting vote for the resolutions. The resolutions were presented in an address to his majesty, and lord Melville afterwards resigned his office of first lord of the admiralty.

9. The fleet from Toulon passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and formed a junction with Spanish and French ships in Cadiz, from which the combined squadrons soon after sailed for the West Indies.

18. A meeting of the livery of London, to consider the abuses brought to light by the publication of the tenth report of the naval commissioners, &c. This meeting was followed by a number of others on the same subject, in various parts of the country.

19. The expedition under the command of sir James Craig sailed from Spithead.

23. Grand ceremony of the installation of the knights of the garter at Windsor.

30. Lord Barham appointed first lord of the admiralty.

MAY.

1. A change in the Dutch constitution, and Schimmelpenninck placed at the head of the government, under the title of pensionary.

6. In the house of commons, Mr. Whitbread having moved an address to the king, praying his majesty to erase the name of lord Melville from the list of the privy council, Mr. Pitt intimated that his majesty had already been advised to take that step.

Died, the marquis of Lansdown.

In the house of commons, Mr. Calcraft laid on the table a declaration from sir Francis Burdett, stating, that he would not defend his return for the country of Middlesex against the petition presented on the part of Mr. Mainwaring and others.

10. Lord Grenville made a motion in the house of lords for referring the petition of the Roman catholics in Ireland to a committee.

13. A similar motion made in the house of commons by Mr. Fox.—The debates continued two days in both houses, and the question was in both negatived on a division.

25. The Genoese senate, in an extraordinary sitting, decreed the union of the Ligurian republic with France.

26. A grand ceremony on the completion of the new docks at Wapping, and two vessels in the Oporto trade, and several Spanish prizes, introduced with great pomp from the Thames.

JUNE.

4. A strong Spanish fort in Muros bay gallantly stormed and taken by fifty (officers included) of the crew of the Loire frigate, under the command of the first lieutenant, Mr. Yeo.

6. A grand review of the London loyal volunteers, artillery company, &c. by his majesty, in Hyde Park.

Mr. Whitbread moved resolutions against Mr. Pitt, on account of the advances to Boyd, Benfield and Co. but Mr. H. Lascelles having moved a justificatory resolution as an amendment, it was carried, and a bill of indemnity afterwards brought in upon it.

15. A great riot at the opera house.

19. Died, in the 78th year of his age, Arthur Murphy, esq. the translator of Tacitus, author of the Grecian Daughter, Three Weeks after Marriage, and other dramatic works.

25. On the motion of Mr. Leycester, the resolution for the criminal prosecution of lord Melville was rescinded, and a resolution for impeaching his lordship adopted.

26. Mr. Whitbread appeared at the bar of the house of lords, accompanied by a great number of members of the house, and impeached lord Melville of high crimes and misdemeanors.

JULY.

4. Lord Sidmouth resigned his

situation as president of the council.

9. Mr. Whitbread presented particular articles of impeachment at the bar of the house of lords.

An admiralty bulletin announced the arrival of lord Nelson in the West Indies, and of the combined fleet having been seen on the 20th of May, on its return to Europe.

10. M. Novosiltzoff, the Russian minister, charged with a mission to the French government, while at Berlin, on his way to France, delivered a note to baron Hardenberg, announcing his recal, in consequence of the annexation of Genoa to France.

12. Parliament prorogued by commission to the 22d of August, and by subsequent commissions to the 21st of January next.

22. Sir Robert Calder, with 15 sail of the line, fell in, off Ferrol, with the combined fleets of the enemy, consisting of 20 sail of the line, and after an action, which lasted more than four hours, captured two sail of the enemy, both Spanish ships of the line, viz. the St. Rafael and Firma.

26. A shock of an earthquake felt at Naples, and in the adjacent towns and country, to a considerable extent; the consequence of which was supposed to be the loss of 20,000 lives.

AUGUST.

1. M. de Novosiltzoff returned to St. Petersburgh.

12. The Royal Circus, Blackfriars-road, destroyed by fire.

16. A bulletin from the admiralty announced that the combined fleets had got into Ferrol. The first port they made, after the battle with sir R. Calder, was Vigo, which they entered on the 27th of July. They afterwards stood for Ferrol, which they entered on the 5th or 6th of August.

20. General Moreau arrived at New York with his family.

The combined fleet, consisting of 27 or 28 sail of the line and several frigates, entered the harbour of Cadiz.

21. Lord Nelson, after his chase of the combined fleets, arrived in London.

25. His royal highness the duke of Gloucester died at half past eight in the evening.

31. Sir Sidney Smith attempted to burn the Boulogne flotilla with the fire machines called *carcasses*.

Declaration delivered at Vienna by the Russian ambassador.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Government received a telegraphic account of the marching of the French troops from Boulogne towards the Rhine.

The grand pensionary of Holland opened the assembly of their high mightinesses in the form prescribed.

4. The funeral procession of the late duke of Gloucester moved about eleven o'clock in the morning from his house in Grosvenor-street to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where the remains of his royal highness were deposited.

The pay of the lieutenants of the British navy was raised to 8*s*. per day, and that of the masters to 12*l*. per month.

5. The East-India fleet came into the Downs, having on board property belonging to the East-India company, to the amount of 9,700,000*l*. private property about 4,600,000*l*. and the duty to Government amounting to 5,600,000*l*.

8. The Austrian troops crossed the river Inn.

15. Lord Nelson sailed in the Victory, accompanied by the Euryalus frigate, from Portsmouth, to take the command of the fleet off Cadiz.

The emperor of Russia set out

from St. Petersburgh, to join the army on the frontiers.

The Archduke Charles set out from Vienna, to take the command of the Austro-Italian army.

18. The emperor of Germany left Vienna for the army.

19. General Mack arrived at Ulm.

25. Marshal Lannes' division of the grand army passed the Rhine at Strasburgh.

27. The emperor and empress of France made their entry into Strasburgh.

28. The Russian ambassador announced at Vienna, that his Imperial majesty had ordered two of his armies to put themselves in motion.

29. Lord Nelson arrived off Cadiz.

OCTOBER.

1. Bonaparté quitted Strasburgh, and crossed the Rhine with the whole of the grand army.

3. The advanced guard of marshal Bernadotte, consisting of 4000 cavalry, commanded by general Kellerman, entered the territory of Anspach.

9. The Austrians defeated at Gunsburgh.

14. Lady Elgin and suit were permitted to leave Paris.

15. A boat was launched from the harbour of Boulogne, and drifting with the tide was taken up by the Immortalité frigate, containing the following bulletin:—'Ulm has surrendered to the French army, and the Austrian army is annihilated.'

16. The first embarkation of troops for Hanover took place at Ramsgate.

A sloop of 300 tons was blown up opposite Walmer Castle, by a newly-invented catamaran.

17. The surrender of Ulm with 30,000 men, was signed by general Mack.

19. An official note was stuck up at Lloyd's, communicating the agreeable intelligence that the blockade of the Weser and Elbe was removed, in consequence of the evacuation of Hanover by the enemy.

21. Lord Nelson engaged the combined fleets of France and Spain off Cape Trafalgar, about 60 miles eastward of Cadiz, and after a dreadful conflict of four hours, sunk or destroyed 20 sail, made the French commander in chief, admiral Villeneuve, and two Spanish admirals, prisoners; one Spanish admiral was killed, and another badly wounded. The British force consisted of 27 sail of the line (including three 64's). The enemy had 33 sail of the line, 18 French and 15 Spanish. The ever-to-be-lamented Nelson, whose flag was hoisted on board the Victory, fell at the close of the engagement, and was succeeded by rear-admiral (now lord) Collingwood.

22. Died, the duke of Roxburgh, in his 77th year.

NOVEMBER.

1. The gallant capt. Wright died in the Temple prison at Paris.

Lord Harrowby sailed from Yarmouth for the continent.

4. Commodore sir R. Strachan fought and captured four French sail of the line, with an equal number of British ships.

10. Prince Murat entered Vienna, at the head of 22,000 men.

16. The earl of Powis was appointed by his Majesty lord lieutenant of Ireland, in the room of the earl of Hardwicke.

The hon. Mr. Justice Johnson was tried at the bar, in the King's Bench, before the four judges and a special jury, for the publication of a libel against earl Hardwicke, lord lieutenant of Ireland, of which, after a long hearing, he was found guilty.

DECEMBER.

2. Great battle between the French and Austro-Russian army at Austerlitz.

4. The Victory arrived at Portsmouth with remains of lord Nelson.

5. A general thanksgiving for the splendid victory of Trafalgar.

6. Armistice signed between France and Austria.

23. The trial of sir Robert Calder commenced at Portsmouth on board of the Prince of Wales. It terminated on the 26th, when he was reprimanded.

THE SUICIDE,

A FRAGMENT.

'TWAS night; a solemn silence pervaded the earth, the winds roared in hollow blasts, while the troubled ocean dashed its foaming billows against the rocks and reverberated in sounds the most tremendous: the sky was dark and troubled, except when the moon emerged in all her splendour from a heavy cloud; not a star glittered in the firmament but its appearance foreboded a heavy storm, which the agitated flutterings of the sea-bird seemed also to prognosticate. The solemnity of the moment was congenial to my feelings; and, unconscious of the weather, I wandered to a spot endeared by the recollection of one with whom I had often trod it with delight. The majestic cliffs rose to my view in sullen grandeur: there, yon noble structure raised by the hand of plenty seemed to bid defiance even to age; here, the humble cottage with a mild exterior proclaimed the disposition of its inhabitants, and seemed to shrink in the rude neglected valley from the keen eye of observation. The labourer, wearied with the toil of the day, had returned to his humble roof to refresh himself in quiet and undisturbed slumbers against the cares of the ensuing one. The inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet were all reposing in the arms of Morpheus, regardless of the pityless storm, which beat with unrelenting fury on the houseless child of want. My mind was deeply absorbed in reflection, when footsteps arrested my attention. I gazed around; and beheld, by the light of Cynthia (which at that moment shone with uncommon lustre), a tall elegantly formed young man; his head was uncovered, and his hair loosely flowed on his shoulders: he stood on the brink of the precipice. I approached him; he saw me not. 'Great God!' he cried, in a voice so soft that it melted me to tears, while he appeared to choke articulation, 'pity the unfortunate wretch now before thee, pardon the act I am about to commit, and forgive, oh, forgive the author of my miseries! Ah, Emma! how have I implored your pity! yet to all my intreaties you have remained inexorable, and drive me to endless ruin, and the abyss of eternal misery; yet 'tis for thee only I wish to live.' At this moment the painfulness of recollection seemed too much; he hesitated, then franticly exclaimed—'Coward heart! would'st thou live the object of her scorn? No, rather die!'—Then, raising his arms, he loudly exclaimed; 'Ah, Emma! in a few moments this heart, which ever beat for thee alone, will beat no more. In the cold grave, the blest asylum of the wretched, I shall repose the victim of injustice and ambition. Some happier object I trust will possess thy love, more ennobled by the gifts of fortune than the poor deserted object Henry. But I have a soul'—and here his voice assumed the tone of self-applause—'noble as thine: another lingering moment and Henry will never blast thy sight; he does not fear to die, but dares to meet it in the most horrid forms.' At this critical moment I approached and seized him by the hand; his eyes rolled wildly, he gazed on me, while an enquiry of who I was, was bursting from his lips; but I interrupted him.—'Rash youth!' I cried, 'forbear to meet thy God thus unprepared; rather bless the hand that lengthens

out the slender cord of life, than madly to enter into a world of spirits.' Whilst speaking, he looked fiercely at me, snatched a poniard from his bosom, which he plunged into his heart. The wound was mortal: he fell, never to rise again. The crimson fluid issuing from his side bedewed my garments; his fine athletic form became convulsed, a ghastly smile sat on his noble countenance, while drops of agony rolled down his cheeks; he fixed his dying eyes on me, pressed my hand with fervour, and inwardly exclaimed—'Farewell—mercy—Emma—farewell for ever!' He gasped for breath; nature was quite exhausted; the feeble spark of life diminished fast; he groaned, sunk again to the ground, from which, while speaking, he had raised himself, and expired. I stood bending over him appalled with horror, 'till rouzed by a sense of my own situation, I returned home ruminating on the melancholy event. On enquiry, I found it was a youth of amiable manners, fascinating person, and possessing every requisite to make him a valuable member of society, unable to brook disappointment, dared thus to terminate his existence, leaving his worthy parents inconsolable.

Nov. 30th, 1805. M. G.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE insertion in your entertaining miscellany of the following letter, which may furnish instruction to those who wish to excel in the tittle-tattle style of scandalous and mysterious correspondence, will much oblige A CONSTANT READER.

A Letter of the utmost consequence, containing the principles of all languages, from miss Z——, to miss A——.

DEAR MISS A——

The affair of count B—— is now the common talk of the town. The violation of miss C——'s honour has caused the resentment of the duke of D——. The earl of E—— has applied, though I am afraid to no purpose, to major-general F——, whose disposition, my dear, you know is violent and furious. In short, he declares he will come to no terms 'till he has seen sir John G——, and had a conversation with captain H—. Is it not astonishing that captain H——, who is only a half-pay officer, should be thought to be of proper authority to arbitrate this business? H——, however, has availed himself of the superior understanding of Jack I——. Jack I—— (you know his ridiculous way of picking his nose, and scratching his monstrous Brutus wig), a frightful creature!—Well, but to go on with my story: J—— has left it to doctor K——. Ha! ha! ha! To be sure, if chewing tobacco will do the business, the doctor will be infallible. But—would you think it?—the matter is shuffled off from doctor K—— to doctor L——, from doctor L—— to squire M——, from squire M—— to sir Nathan N——, from sir Nathan N—— to my lord O——. Messrs. P——, Q——, R——, and S——, have certainly behaved in the politest manner in the world; and T——, notwithstanding the closet affair, has acted really beyond expectation. As for miss U—— not depending on her single judgment, she called in the assistance of Miss W——. With regard to his excellency count X——, I am obliged to be silent.

I am,

My dearest, dearest miss,

Yours ever,

Z. Z.

P. S. You may depend that in relation to * and ** and ***, eternal secresy shall be observed.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE BILLOW.

I.

ONE wint'ry night the tempest loud did roar,
The anchoring vessels beat against the billow;
The boist'rous gale rudely assail'd the shore,
Wav'ing the branches of the pliant willow.

II.

On her nocturnal couch Marina lay,
Dewing with pearly tears her moisten'd pillow;
While him she loves so fearless bends his way
O'er th'Atlantic ocean's faithless billow.

III.

Even now perhaps he's wounded on the deck,
No friendly arm his drooping head to pillow:
Or, 'midst the dreadful horrors of a wreck,
Sinking beneath the cruel, surge-swoll'n billow.

IV.

So thought the nymph, until she sank opprest,
In sleep's soft arms, upon her tear-stain'd pillow;
A gentle slumber sooth'd her woes to rest,
Lull'd by the tempest that o'ertopp'd the willow.

V.

Tho' sleep had fetter'd thus in silken band
Her soul, yet sorrow haunted still her pillow;
She saw, while weeping on the sea-girt strand,
Her lover struggling on a furious billow.

VI.

'Adieu, dear maid! weep not for me,' he cries;
'I soon shall rest upon the sea's rude pillow!'
And, while she echo'd back his parting sighs,
Fainting he sank beneath the guilty billow.

MARY D.

Coleshill, 1805.

EUPHEMIA'S GHOST.

I.

WHEN Sol declines beneath the western sky,
And night in sable clads the silent groves;
Where yon tall poplars wave their heads so high,
The poor Euphemia's injur'd spirit roves.

II.

False Claudio's arts her easy faith beguil'd,
Robb'd her of peace, and sullied her white name;
Bereft her parents of their darling child,
And dy'd their aged woe-worn cheeks with shame.

III.

And, lost to virtue's most endearing power,
A wretched wand'rer did Euphemia roam,
While conscious guilt embitter'd every hour;
A friendless outcast from her native home.

IV.

At length she sunk, opprest with heartfelt woe,
While penitential tears bedew'd her eyes,
Where yon clear riv'let thro' the meadows flows;
Implor'd forgiveness, and thus praying dies.

V.

And now, at midnight's dreaded hour serene,
Through the drear grove oft glides her pallid shade,
Which by the fear-chill'd cottager is seen,
The neighbouring shepherd, or the village maid.

VI.

And oft, as village superstition tells,
With hideous shrieks she does the swains affright;
Whom dire necessity alone compels
To pass yon grove in the dun shade of night.

MARY D.

Coleshill, 1805.

SONNET

Addressed to Charlotte Richardson, whose little 'Tale of Woe' was told, in a letter from York, inserted in the Lady's Magazine for September, 1805, signed Catharine Cappe, and which stated, that her Poems, the effusions of a good but afflicted heart, would be published by subscription, to enable her to set up a small day-school, and so be the means of extricating her from sorrow the most heartfelt. The letter also subjoined two very pathetically-pleasing specimens of her poetical abilities.

OH, pensive poetress! accept the lay,
That pours, in truth, its tributary song.—
May thy meek breast, to mis'ry now a prey,
Hail purest peace its inmate ere 'tis long!
May the strong stream adversity has driv'n
'Gainst thy weak form soon cease with force to flow!
May angel mercy gaze on thee from heav'n,
And turn to joy your overwhelming woe!
Then may'st thy muse, compell'd to weep no more—
Or if to weep, to shed hope's happiest tear—
To that blest God, whom you so much adore,
Return the thanks of grief, to mercy dear!
Oh, pensive poetess! accept the lay
That truth, not flatt'ry, bids *a stranger* pay.

J. M. L.

Dec. 30, 1805.

LINES

Written on parting with a Friend, embarking at Ramsgate for Germany.

TO join the hero's envied name,
My Henry leaves his native shore;
Enroll'd amongst the sons of fame,
To taste the joys of home no more.

Alas! and must he ne'er return,
To cheer his Patty's lonely hours?
Must she his absence ever mourn,
A prey to mis'ry's torturing powers?

Mark his dejected woe-worn face;
See how the tear runs trickling down!
Sighing, he leaves this much-lov'd place,
Where love was wont his joys to crown.

The awful moment now draws nigh:—
Trembling he bids the last adieu;
Calls down a prayer, breathes forth a sigh,
And Albion's cliffs recede from view.

Hark! how in hollow blasts the wind,
Responsive to my sighs and tears,
While restless on my bed reclin'd,
Augments my sorrows and my fears!

Pitying angels, hear my prayer!
Protect him on the treach'rous waves!
Make Henry thy peculiar care,
Nor let him find a wat'ry grave.

M. G.

ACROSTIC,

On Miss ——, of ——, near Louth, Lincolnshire.

JUNO and Pallas once, as poets tell,
And Venus, from Olympus' heights descended
Near Troy's fam'd town, on Ida's verdant top;
Each there for Discord's golden prize contended.

But, lovely fair! had you been with the three,
Of all your charms Paris had thought the rarest:
'Receive,' he'd cry, 'the prize on which is wrote—
'My owner be the fair-one who's the fairest!'
Assuredly thus had the shepherd done,
Not Venus' self, but you, the prize had won.

J. B—KSB—K.

London, November 28, 1805.

HOME NEWS

To the CONCLUSION *of the* YEAR.

London, Dec. 21.

YESTERDAY the mortal remains of the justly celebrated comedian, Mr. King, were removed from his late house, No. 9, Store-street, Bedford-square, for interment at St. Paul's church, Covent-Garden.

25. The *Victory*, with the remains of the ever-to-be-lamented lord Nelson, arrived off Sheerness on Sunday. On the following morning the body was removed from that ship, and placed on board the *Chatham* yacht, under the direction of commissioner Grey, at Sheerness, which proceeded immediately on her way to Greenwich.

Oxford, Dec. 26. A very reprehensible *hoax*, as it is termed, was played off last week on the mayor of Oxford.—A packet, bearing the official seal of the treasury, announced to him the entire defeat of the French army, and the death of Bonaparte. The intelligence communicated in the packet was not signed with any name: the mayor, considering the seal to be of sufficient authority to warrant the truth of the story, caused the bells of the town to be set ringing, and preparations were about to be made for more *solid* demonstrations of joy, when it was discovered that the seal had been curiously cut from some other *envelope*, and carefully pasted on that, for the purpose of imposing on the credulity of the magistrate.

Portsmouth, Dec. 27. The trial of sir Robert Calder concluded yesterday, and by the sentence of the court-martial he was ordered to be severely reprimanded. Upon the sentence being pronounced, he seemed to be deeply affected, and retired without speaking a word. He was accompanied by a great number of friends; and on descending from the deck of the *Prince of Wales* into his barge scarcely lifted up his head, which was apparently bowed down by the weight of the sentence pronounced upon him.

Sir John Borlase Warren returned to the George inn, from London, this afternoon, at two o'clock, and this evening he embarked with his secretary, S. Prynn, esq. on board the *Foudroyant*, with the intent of putting to sea to-morrow morning from St. Helen's, with eleven sail of the line, in search of the French squadron which lately escaped, and which, it is said, is gone to the West Indies. The *Ramilies*, *Illustrious*, and *Canada*, are going with sir John.

28. On Wednesday evening a melancholy circumstance happened on board the Robust, at Portsmouth-harbour, hulk to his Majesty's ship Africa. It being Christmas-eve, the midshipmen of that ship were invited to dine with the officers in the ward-room. One of them, between eleven and twelve o'clock, behaved improperly, and he was requested to leave the company. He went out, armed himself with a brace of pistols, and meeting with another midshipman on the quarter-deck, provoked him to fight a duel. The latter declined the challenge, and was going towards the ward-room to acquaint the commanding officer of the outrageous conduct of his messmate, when the refractory midshipman fired the pistol at him just as he opened the ward-room door, which lodged its contents in the breast of the commanding officer, lieutenant Finch, just as he was rising to enquire into the matter. The ball remains in his breast, and he lies in great danger at Haslar Hospital. The midshipman is in custody. His name, we understand, is A. Turner, master's mate.

London, Dec. 30. Between seven and eight o'clock yesterday evening a fire broke out in the stables belonging to the Swan with Two Necks, in Lad-lane, which for a time threatened destruction to the whole of that extensive concern. The alarm was soon circulated to all quarters of the town,

and a number of engines, well manned with firemen, and tolerably well supplied with water, were plied so effectually, that they confined the fire to the demolition of that quarter of the stables where it began. The horses were for the most part out in the mail coaches; those at home were fortunately got out of the stables alive, but with extreme difficulty. A part of the back house and premises, that about Love-lane, Aldermanbury, caught fire, but was soon extinguished.

31. Yesterday morning lord Hood, the governor of Greenwich Hospital, attended lord Hawkesbury, at his office in the Treasury, respecting the final arrangements for the ceremony of the remains of lord Nelson lying in state; when it was settled, that it should commence on Sunday morning, and continue during that day, Monday, and Tuesday. The procession on the Thames on Wednesday, and the funeral to take place on Thursday. The solemn procession will begin to move at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, from the Admiralty. Those who go in the procession will enter the Admiralty by the door in the Park.

BIRTH.

Dec. 25. At Roxton, Bedfordshire, the lady of major-general Onslow, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

27. At Ashborne, in Derbyshire, sir H. Fitzherbert, bart. of Tissington, in that county, to miss Agnes Beresford, daughter of the late rev. T. Beresford, rector of Sunning, in Berkshire.

Robert Baret, jun. esq. of Horstead, to miss Bowles, of the same place, daughter of captain Henry Bowles, on the Madras establishment.

DEATHS.

Dec. 20. At Edinburgh, after a very short illness, Mrs. Duff, wife of lieut. col. Duff, of the Inverness-shire militia, daughter of lady Louisa Manners, and sister to the duchess of St. Albans and lady Heathcote.

25. The hon. John Scott, son of the right hon. the lord chancellor of England, and member for Boroughbridge. Mr. Scott was one of the most amiable young men of the age; his manners were engaging, and his talents of a superior order. He had an unfortunate hesitation in his delivery, which would have prevented him from shining in public; but his attainments and judgment made him truly dear to all who knew him.

At her house in Lincoln's Inn-fields, the hon. Mrs. Erskine, wife of the hon. Thomas Erskine, M. P.

At Clanville-lodge, in Hampshire, in the 78th year of his age. after a few days' illness, general Mathew, colonel of the 62d regiment of foot, many years governor of Grenada, and commander in chief in the West Indies.

28. At Bath, in the 66th year of his age, sir John Brisco, bart.

Francis Knowles, esq. of Ferne-hill, near Windsor.

30. At Portsmouth, Mrs. Jane Lenox, sister of major J. B. Savage, royal marines.

A general bill of all the christenings and burials, from December 11, 1804, to December 17, 1805.

Christened in the 97 parishes within the walls, 1039—buried, 1141.

Christened in the 17 parishes without the walls, 467[illegible]—buried, 3630.

Christened in the 23 out-parishes in Middlesex and Surrey, 10,869—buried, 8113.

Christened in the ten parishes in the city and liberties of Westminster, 4214—buried, 1681.

Christened	Males - 10,513	In all 20,295	
	Females 9782		
Buried	Males - 8874	In all 17,567	
	Females - 8691		

Whereof have died,

Under two years of age	5204
Between two and five	2199
Five and ten	826
Ten and Twenty	514
Twenty and thirty	1283
Thirty and forty	1765
Forty and fifty	1829
Fifty and sixty	1504
Sixty and seventy	1187
Seventy and eighty	757
Eighty and ninety	320
Ninety and a hundred	82
A hundred	5
Increased in burials this year,	527

INDEX

TO THE

ESSAYS, LETTERS, and other PIECES in PROSE.

A.

ANECDOTE of Macklin, 31
———— theatrical, 83
———— of George II. 425
———— of the king and queen of Prussia, 548
———— of Tiberius, 661
Anecdotes, 86, 342
———— biographical of Master Betty, the Young Roscius, 59
———— of lord Nelson, 601, 636, 690
———— of Voltaire, 648
Angler, the, 548
Apologue, an, 284
Areka, observations on the Chinese plant, 698
Aunt, the economical, 627
Autumnal or winter garden, directions for forming an, 461, 531, 584

B.

Bachelor, old, extract from the will of an, 323
Batavia, character and manners of the inhabitants of, 473
Beauty, on the country of, 369
Betty, master, anecdotes of, 59
Botany for ladies, by Dr. Thornton, 115, 171, 283, 337, 623
Brasilians, character, manners, and dress of the, 187
Breslaw, description of the city of, 139

C.

Calumny, on, 120
Character of Mr. Gibbon, as given by himself, 43
————, manners, and dress of the Brasilians, 187
———— and manners of the inhabitants of Batavia, 473
———— of lord Nelson, 566
Chronological list of remarkable occurrences in the year 1805, 706
Country of beauty, on the, 369
Country town, the, a comedy, 44, 87, 148, 199, 313, 374, 426, 482

D.

Dacre, lord, account of the monument erected to the memory of the late, 507
Dalidor and Mulee, a tale, 541, 592
Dear deceivers, the, 652
Defence of Mrs. Woolstonecraft Godwin, 77
Description of the city of Breslaw, 139
Directions for forming an autumnal or winter garden, 461, 531, 584
Disputation, on the love of, 338
Dissimulation and compliment, on, 284
Dresses of the ladies on her majesty's birth-day, 35
———— on his majesty's birth-day, 304

E.

Eliza, or the hermit's cell, a novel, 191, 246, 308, 358, 415
Evelina, from the Irish, 325
Exeter, remarkable incidents in the life of the late marquis of, 319
Eliza, a fragment, 700

F.

French, on the present manners of the, 379
French theatres, and theatrical management, on the, 489
Frugality, the lesson of, 77
Furniture, modern, 46

G.

Generous guardian, the, 653
Ghost, the, 646
Giant mountains of Silesia, visit to the, 133

H.

Haarlem, account of the town of, in Holland, 466
Harlequin's magnet, account of the pantomime so called, 680
Heroic orphan, the, a tale, 227
———— lover, the, a Portuguese anecdote, 312
Highlanders, dress and manners of the, 429
Honey-moon, account of the comedy called the, 98
How to rule a husband, account of the comedy so called, 33
How to shorten a story, 536

I.

Installation of the knights of the garter, account of the, 172
Intrigue, the, a tale, 25, 94, 152, 204
Iron-moulds and ink-spots, method for taking out of linen, 321

INDEX.

L.

Lady of the rock, account of the melo-drame so called, 99
Lesson of frugality, the, 77
Letter addressed to the ladies, 421
Letters from a lady to a gentleman, 356
London fashions, 32, 156, 213, 264, 321, 369, 425, 481, 536, 601, 648
Love of disputation, on the, 338
Love rewarded, 678
Lovers who were persuaded to be in love, the, a tale, 25, 94, 152, 204
Letter humourous, 712

M.

Macklin, anecdote of, 31
Maiden, the, reconciled to marriage, 412
Malta, account of the conformation of that island, and the contiguous ones, Cumin and Goza, 675
Manners of the French, on the present, 379
Matilda, poor, a fragment, 143
Matrimony, on, 6
Melos, don, or the heroic lover, a Portuguese anecdote, 612
Miscellaneous thoughts, 31, 100, 232
Monks and the robbers, the, 83, 116, 259
Moral zoologist, the, 40, 74, 265, 285, 339, 433, 510, 567
Mysterious protector, extract from the novel with that title, 653

N.

New-year's day, on, 5
Noontide walk in October, 698
——— in November, 642
——— in December, 696

O.

Observations on the Windermere lake, 317
———, literary and miscellaneous, 423
Order of the garter, origin of the, 255
Origin of Villa Viciosa, 119

P.

Parisian fashions, 32, 64, 156, 213, 264, 321, 369, 425, 481, 536, 601, 648
Poetic genius, extraordinary instance of, 477
Poetry, on, 190
——— and genius, on, 243
Prior claim, a, account of the comedy so called, 590
Pyrenees, romance of the, 9, 65, 121, 177, 233, 289, 345, 401, 457, 513, 569, 625, 681

R.

Reflections, miscellaneous, 100
Restoration of persons apparently dead, methods for the, 322
Richardson, Charlotte, account of her extraordinary genius for poetry, 477
Roasting, essay on, 19
Roscius, the young, anecdotes of, 59
——— letters from Mr. Smith to, 155
Rugantino, account of the melo-drame so called, 509
Russian saints, the, an anecdote, 425

S.

Sadi and Amina, an Eastern tale, 395
School of reform, the, account of the comedy called, 33
School for friends, the, account of the comedy so called, 624
Sensibility and delicacy, on, 23
Serious reflections addressed to unmarried women, 529
Sleeping beauty, account of the melo-drame so called, 625
Susannah, a tale, 624
Suicide, the, a fragment, 711

T.

Theatres, on the French, 489
Thoughts, miscellaneous, 31, 100, 232
Tiberius, anecdote of, 661
Tittletattle, 599
To marry or not to marry, account of the comedy so called, 145
Toilette, the, 481

U.

Unmarried women, serious reflections addressed to, 529

V.

Villa Viciosa, origin of, 119
Village, the, or the world's epitome, account of the comedy so called, 378
Vincentio and Juliana, a tale, 490
Voltaire, anecdotes of, 648
Volunteers of Britain, animated address to the, 22

W.

Welsh wedding, the, 30
Who wants a guinea? account of the comedy so called, 210
———, scene from, 258
Widow and daughter, the, a tale, 563
Will of an old bachelor, extract from the, 323
Windermere, lake of, observations on the, 317
Winter garden, directions for forming a, 461, 531, 584
Will, lord Nelson's, 694

Z.

Zoologist, moral, the, 40, 74, 265, 285, 339, 433, 510, 567

INDEX.

INDEX to the POETRY.

A.

ADDRESS to a snow-drop, 214
———— to the heart's-ease, 551
———— to a rose, 606
Acrostics, 48, 104, 215, 438, 439, 551, 714
Amelia's grave, 159
April alphabet 158
Astrologer, la Fontaine's 662

B.

British Roscius, the 495
Billow, the, 713

C.

Camp, the, 326
Content, on, 549
Cottage, the, 552
Curate's petition, the, 328

D.

Door that opens with a latch, the 382
Drum, the muffled, 439
Dyer, Mr. G. verses by, 216
Dying lily, the, 664

E.

Elegiac epistle, written from Maker-heights, 492
Elegy on the death of Miss Mary Cooling, Lincoln, 215
Ellen of the vale 328
Epigram, 384
Epilogue to the comedy—A Prior Claim, 607
Epistle, elegiac 492
Epitaph on a deaf mechanic 102
———— the soldier's, 104
———— on a lovely infant 440
———— a young lady, who, being at a theatre, in consequence of a false alarm of fire, was crushed to death in endeavouring to escape, 552
Epitaphs, 103, 439, 440
Evening, 440
Euphemia's ghost, 718

F.

Fair Anna's fate, 159
Fair Kitty, 607
Fancy, to, 101
Farewell, the 550
Fontaine's (la) astrologer, 664
Forsaken swain, the, 551

G.

Gravity, the power of, 383

H.

Happy man, the, 437
Henry's tomb, 664
Hint, matrimonial, to Stella, 283
Hope, 608
—— sonnet to, 664

J.

Jessy, 382
Judge if my wife is a scold, 272

K.

Kiss, the, 552

L.

Lily, the dying, 664
Lines from the Latin of Bonifonius, 104
———————— Secundus, 104
—— upon a picture representing the death of Mark Antony, 157
—— to Miss Ell—s, 159
—— on seeing the bud of a carnation very fresh late in November 1804, 271
—— on a butterfly which came forth from its chrysalis in a lady's hand 272
—— to Miss Jane C—k—g, 327
—— to the Misses C—k—g, on their going to America, 327
—— written by sir Walter Raleigh the night before his execution, 384
—— to Miss C—k—g, in answer to her lover's list, 437
—— on the illness and recovery of a beautiful young lady, 494
—— to the memory of Mrs. Payne, 496
—— addressed to Mr. Coote, 551
—— on the late victory and death of Lord Nelson, 605
—— to Miss J. B. 608
—— on parting with a friend going to America, 714
Lover's list, a; 103, 381
Lucretia, 663

M.

Maniac, the, 103
Matrimonial hint to Stella, 283
Maud, the market-maid, 549
Miranda's grave, 606
Modesty, 551
Muffled drum, the, 439

N.

Nancy, 381

O.

Ode for the new year, 47
—— his Majesty's birth-day, 326
—— by Clio Rickman, 382

INDEX.

P.

Parting, 159
Peter Pindar, verses by, 159
Petition, the curate's, 328
Power of gravity, the 383
Prologue to the School of Reform, 101

Q.

Queen's garters 272

R.

Rondeau in the Sleeping Beauty, 663
Roscius, the British, 495
Rose, the, to Ela 664

S.

Song by the rev. Dr. Dwight, of Philadelphia, 438
Songs, 439, 549
——— in the Sleeping Beauty, 663
Sonnet, on visiting Windsor, after a long and painful absence, 440
——— to Miss A. H——n, 438
——— by Clio Rickman, 662
——— to Hope, 664
——— addressed to Charlotte Richardson, 714
Sonnets, 48, 101
Stanzas, 382

T.

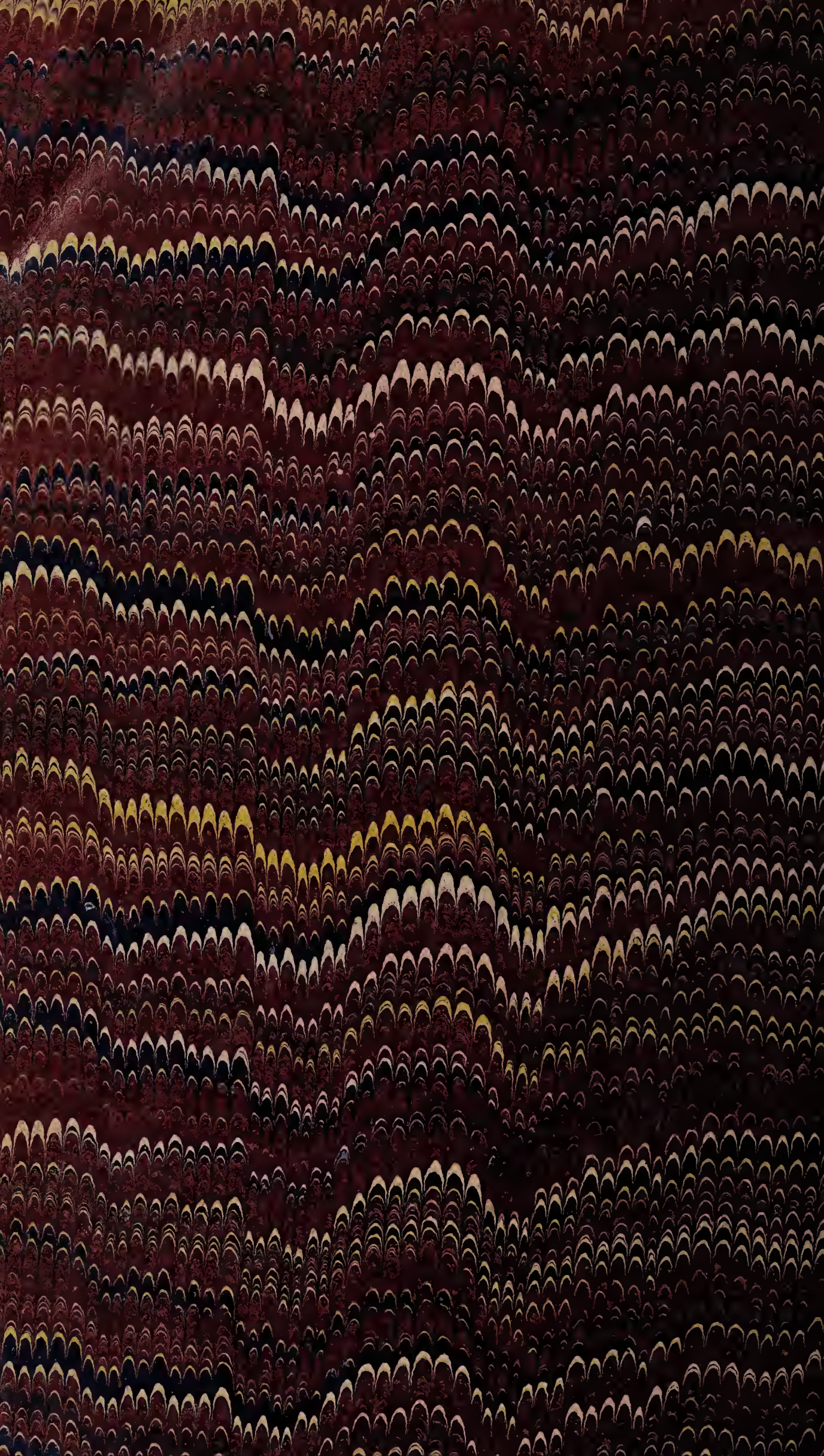
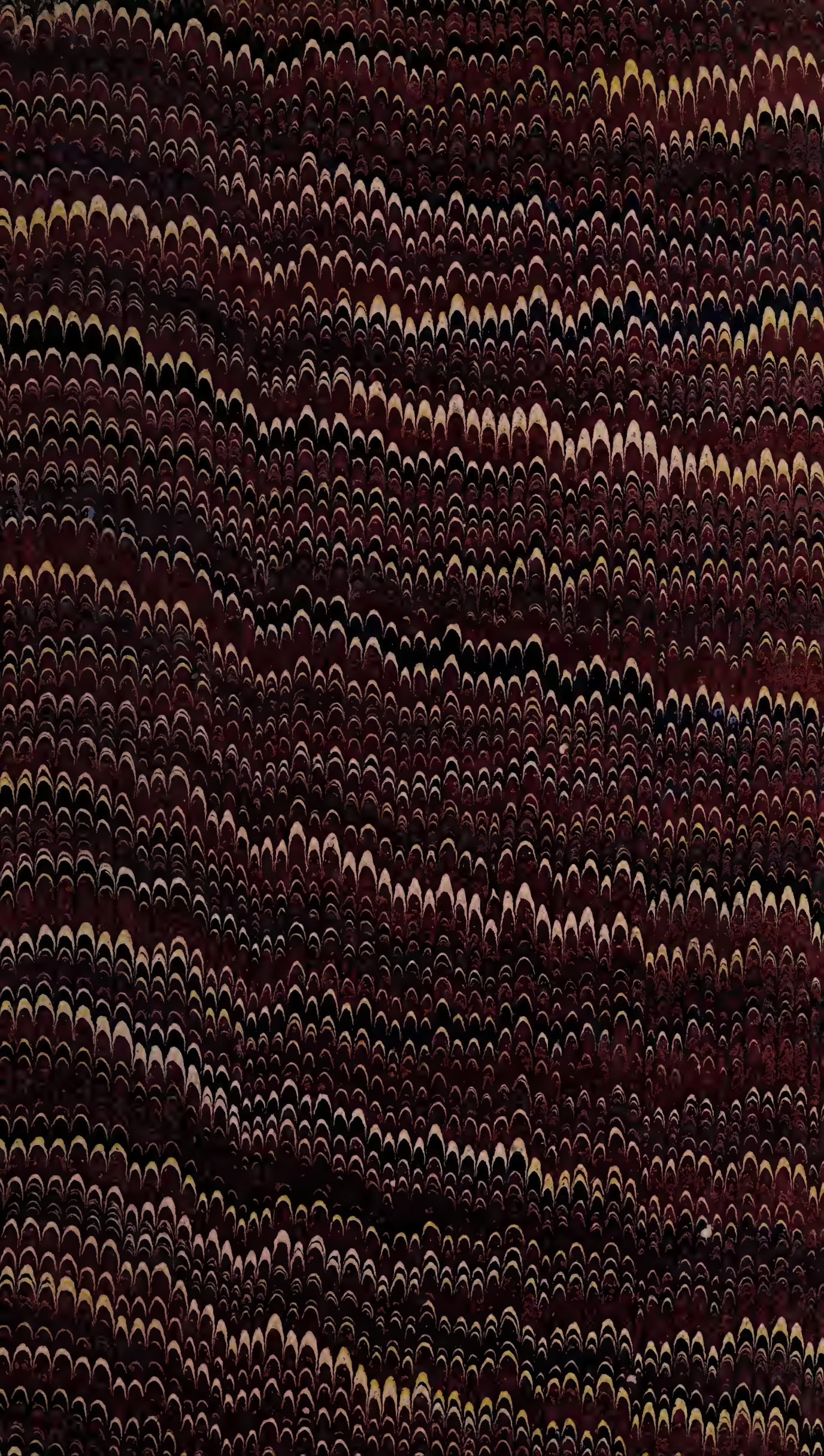
Tear, the, 496

V.

Valentine, a, 102
Verses on hearing a blackbird sing during a thunder-storm, 102
——— to Miss Ann Park, 104
——— to Miss A—s P—t, 160
——— to Miss S. J. B—t, 159
——— to Bloomfield Webb, on seeing him feeding some birds on a severe frosty morning, 214
——— on leaving H——n, 214
——— addressed to Miss Harrison, Lincoln, 215
——— to an enthusiast, 216
——— to Mis Jane C—k—g, 327
——— to the Misses C--k--g, on their going to America, 327
——— to Vertumnus, 327
——— to a lady, with a present of violets, 383
——— on seeing some poetical compositions of a very young lady, 384
——— to Miss J—— B——, 496
——— to Belinda, 550

DIRECTIONS to the BINDER.

The frontispiece to face the title-page.
Paris dress for January, 32
The common bee-eater, 40
Portrait of master Betty, 59
Paris dress for February, 64
Garcias carrying Victoria to the dungeon of Gonzalvo, 66
Botany, plate 1, 115
Botany, plate 2, 116
London walking-dress, 156
Botany, plate 3, 171
Victoria entreating count Vicenza to leave her 179
London afternoon dresses 213
The heroic orphan, 227
London morning and evening dresses, 264
Botany, plate 4, 283
Botany, plate 5, 283
London fashionable full dress, 321
London walking and full dress, 369
Sadi and Amina, 395
London fashionable full dress, 425
The greater bird of paradise, 434
View near Haarlem, 466
London fashionable mourning dresses, 481
Vincentio and Juliana, 490
Mausoleum of the late lord Dacre, 507
Matilda defying the violence of Don Manuel, 526
London walking and full dress, 556
The widow and daughter, 563
The bulfinch and greenfinch, 567
London walking and full dress, 601
Admiral lord viscount Nelson, 602
Botany, plate 6, 624
Botany, plate 7, 624
London fashionable full dresses, 648
View of Valetta, in the island of Malta, 675

END OF VOL. XXXVI.

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